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Summer Days.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days, dear summer days! how sweet
ye are and fair,
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes
throughout the earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests in loving
couples twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing
down the wind.

The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson,
white and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet
mornings through;
The humming bird hangs poised above the lily's
nectar-store,
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest above
the door.

The grandsire sits beside the porch, where coolest
shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go
flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows
come and go,
But rests upon his chin and staff, and thinks of
long ago.

I ask him if these summer days are not a rare delight,
They rise so fair, and glide so slow into the golden
night.
"Ah me!" he says, "I dream upon the years
which used to be;
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all
alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time when I
shall say,
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the
day;
When birds will sing above my head their chorus
glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my
ear?

I wonder if I too shall sit and dream an old man's
dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten
themes;
While all the hues and symphonies of sea and sky
and earth
Pass vainly by my heedless sense like trifles, nothing worth?

Ah, no! whatever change may come, that change
can never be,
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm
for me;
Not all the sorrows time can bring, not all life's
mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from
the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and lose
their keenest power,
Yet when the sparrow comes and sings at early
morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song can never
cease to hear—
I know the clear ecstatic voice will pierce my
heavy ear;

And I shall see the rose blow, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fireflies come;
And though my eyes may have as yet the bitterest
tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and
red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because my
cheek is wan;
The peach-tree will not fail to blush because my
bloom is gone;
And all the mists which mournful age may bring
to cloud my view
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious
blue.

This beauteous world, which every year renews its
youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's
time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and
gloom
To him who sees the swallows build, the morning-glories bloom.

A Touching Incident.

The following incident of travel is narrated by a correspondent of the Daily Saratogian. It took place on the Rensselear and Saratoga Railroad, on one of the Northern trains, between Saratoga and Whitehall:

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man of about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man; his clothes were poor; he looked poor. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child was dead.

This man was rough in exterior, yet his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child, for they had come from the far West; and as he placed his hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart that even tears could have been a relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a mystery.

The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired; it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick and so it cried. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks; the father wiped away the dewdrops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship—and he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who, in his life of labor and privation, had been his solace and comfort! An unbidden tear started to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman richly appareled, with an infant resting on the lap of his nurse beside her—she had been watching the man—said in a gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor fellow looked up at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars, fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child, and when, on her gentle bosom, the little one lay in calm and unvexed sleep, she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion, "Thank you. I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet; you will wake him"—and for mile after mile that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with its father.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER SON.—The Des Moines (Iowa) State Register tells this story:

"Governor Merrell, on Monday, pardoned Mrs. Catharine Macardle, the old lady who has been in the State penitentiary for four years. This old woman, full of maternal devotion, heroically sacrificed herself to save her son from the gallows. The son had killed his father, and the mother, to avert the doom from her off-spring, claimed and confessed that it was she who had committed the murder, and on her own confession was condemned to be hung. Gov. Stone commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life. The poor woman, after one or two attempts to commit suicide in the Jackson county jail, was finally sent to the penitentiary, and in the gloomy clasp of that prison she has been for four years, waiting and praying for death. When we visited the penitentiary last fall she was shrivelled in body, and nearly so in mind. For four years she had received no word or tidings from her friends; sixty-five years old, with her right arm palsied and helpless, abandoned by all her blood, a victim to heroic motherly devotion, and with the light of earth, and seemingly that of heaven, shut from her, she was truly as sad an object as ever tread the wine-press of woe. Many persons have interested themselves in her behalf, and at last, through the kindness and considerateness of our noble governor, the disgraceful chains are stricken from her aged limbs, and she is once more free, but, we fear, not happy."

The Little Old Gentleman.

[From All the Year Round.]

"Would you like to look at the Times, sir? Singular trial that of Risk Allah Bey against the Daily Telegraph."

The speaker was a curious little old man, cleanly dressed, cleanly shaved, with short, crisp, white hair, and a face like a red pippin; such a face as is hardly ever seen out of this country, and even here rarely, save among farmers, game-keepers, or others who are much in the open air, and at all seasons. This little—for he was very small indeed as to size—this little old gentleman, was encountered in a first-class smoking-carriage on the Southwestern Railway.

"Curious trial that before the lord chief justice," continued the old gentleman, as if he wished to promote further conversation. "I was once tried for murder myself,"—with a pleasant smile. "Yes," said the little old gentleman, "and" (looking pleasanter than ever) "very nearly hung too. I did not get off free. I was sentenced to transportation for life; went through seven years of it; and then they pardoned me for what I had never done.

"You see," said the little old gentleman, smiling more than ever, as the five other smokers in the carriage stared at him—"you see, I was for many years a cattle-merchant in London. My business consisted in receiving from abroad—from Holland, Germany, Normandy, or wherever I could form a connection—oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, some on my own account, others to be sold on commission for correspondents who sent their animals to me for sale. The trade was a profitable one. Every beast sent over on my account was fully insured, so that, if it died on its passage, I came upon the insurance company. I had very few bad debts; and, taking one thing with another, I may fully have calculated upon realizing at least twenty-five per cent. on my capital every three months. In other words, I got a profit of a hundred per cent. per annum on the money I had commenced business with.

"But with money comes the desire for more. There was a time before I began to deal in cattle, when I thought myself rich if, at the end of a year, I had a couple of hundred pounds in bank over and above my expenses for the past twelve months. Now it was otherwise. I lamented that I had not always an idle balance of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. I was fond of money for money's sake. I could not make money fast enough for my wishes in the cattle trade, and therefore determined to do a little in the loan and discounting way.

"It is nearly twenty years ago, and I have gone through a deal of trouble since. My system was never to put too many eggs in one pot—never to lend very much to any single person—but to lend many small amounts to various people. I used to answer the advertisements of tradesmen in difficulties, and if I found that a borrower had good security to offer, I would lend him perhaps thirty or forty pounds, taking ten pounds for the accommodation, and much more in proportion for longer periods. One of my clients was a printer with a small business, near what was then called the New Road, now Marlebone Road. He had often borrowed twenty, thirty, and once as much as sixty pounds from me, and had always repaid me to the day. The security he gave me was always the same, the joint note of hand of himself and his brother, a grocer up Hackney Way. The name of this borrower was Strange—Edward Strange. He was in a delicate state of health, always suffering from his chest, and in severe winters he used to be laid up for weeks together with a bad cough. He was a widower, without children.

"One day Strange came to me and said that he had a very excellent offer to enter into partnership with a printer who had been established in business several years. The sum required to be paid for the partnership was three hundred pounds, and he asked me to advance him that amount upon the security of a policy of insurance for one thousand pounds upon his own life. On inquiry, I found that, years before, Strange had, when a young and healthy man, effected an insurance upon his life for five hundred pounds, and afterwards increased it to one thousand pounds. This policy he had always managed to keep up, and still wished that it should not relapse. As it had been running on for nearly twenty years, and as he paid a very small premium, and was now in bad health, the insurance company would have been glad to purchase it back. Therefore, after looking at the affair in every possible way, I came to the conclusion that the security was good, and that I might safely advance the sum of three hundred pounds upon the security of the policy being indorsed over to me. This was done, and I advanced the money! Gentlemen, the worst day's business I ever did in my life.

"In general, a creditor sees but little of his debtors, whether they are few or many. The man who owes money generally avoids the individual to whom he owes it. But it happened otherwise with Strange and myself. With the new business that he had bought, he was not expected, nor even wished, by his partner to interfere; and his own indifferent health made it very desirable that he should be as free as possible from the confined air of the close printing-rooms. The partnership he had purchased secured him a certain amount of income which, together with what he had besides, allowed him to go about in divers parts of the country, traveling being much recommended by his medical attendant. Knowing that I had to make weekly trips to Harwich, and that I had often to go to Rotterdam in the way of business when looking after cattle, he asked me whether he could be of use to me as a clerk? He asked for no salary, only his actual traveling expenses; and for this he was to keep my accounts, write and copy my letters, and make himself generally useful. The bargain was a good one for both parties. On the one hand my business was increasing every week, and having to knock about a great deal at fairs, and to see a great many dealers, I had no time to look properly after my accounts, which sometimes got rather complicated. On the other hand, Strange had enough to live upon, but not enough to pay traveling expenses with comfort. Having been friends for several years, when we traveled together we always had our meals in common; and in country places, or where the inns were very full, we generally took a double bedded room between us.

"After a time I found Strange's assistance of such value to me that I was able to increase my connections very materially indeed. Being a shrewed man, he was able at the end of a twelvemonth to make purchases and conduct my business as well as I could. This led, naturally enough, to a partnership being formed between us, by the terms of which I was to lend him five hundred pounds to put into the business, of which he was to have a fourth of the net profits. As surety for the five hundred pounds, he insured his life for another thousand. Thus, when we commenced working together as partners, Strange owed me eight hundred pounds, and I held policies of insurance on his life for two thousand pounds.

"Our business trips used generally to last from a week to a fortnight. Sometimes we were detained at the port to which we had brought the animals, for four or five days, awaiting the means of shipping them to England, for it is not every steamer that will take bullocks, or sheep, or pigs, as cargo. Sometimes one of us would remain in London conducting the sales of such animals as his partner sent him from abroad. And this had happened when the event of which I am now going to tell you took place.

"As Strange could speak French very well, I often sent him alone to the fairs in Normandy and Britanny, nearly always going myself to those in Holland and the north of Germany. It was somewhere about the end of a certain May that he went over to France, intending to remain there about six weeks, and go from one fair to another on a certain round. Three or four consignments of beasts had reached me in London, and the last was to come over in a day or two. My partner had visited all the fairs he intended to go to, and was to join me. I wrote him at Southampton, where he was to land, saying that I would meet him there, take a look at the cattle he had bought, and send some to London, and go with the rest to some of the southern counties, where there was likely to be a market that would suit my book.

"I had reached Southampton on the day named, and met Strange. We dined together in the afternoon at a small inn near the docks, and, finding we could not get two bedrooms, engaged a double-bedded room for the night. Then we began to square up accounts, and spent the afternoon seeing how we stood in the matter of money. But something that Strange had done vexed me sorely. He had, in the face of what I had written to him in London to the contrary, paid some two pounds a head more for about thirty or forty beasts than we should ever realize. When I told him how foolishly he had acted, he answered me back that he had done his best, and that he had as much right as I had to speculate with our joint funds. To this I replied that, although he was undoubtedly a partner in the concern, it was I who had put in all the capital, and that he had only an interest of twenty-five per cent. in the profits. His rejoinder I remember well. He said that, if he died, I would get all the money he owed me and more. To this I retorted in a passion, that I knew it, and that I did not care how soon he died. All this wrangling took place in the coffee-room of the inn, before the girl who waited on us, the cook of the house, the barmaid, the landlady, and the landlady's husband. The latter, when he saw we were getting angry, tried to make friends between us, but in vain. We were each annoyed at what the other had said, as well as at our own folly, and neither would be the first to say he was sorry for what had passed.

"About six o'clock I took my hat and went to see some friends in the town. When I got back it was past eleven o'clock, and Strange, the housemaid told me, had been in bed and asleep more than hour. I paid my share of the bill, for I intended starting early, went up stairs, found Strange fast asleep, and went to bed myself. Next morning I was called at five, packed my bag, swallowed a cup of coffee, and in half an hour was on my way to London. On leaving the inn I told the porter that my companion was asleep, and that as he was only going by the ten o'clock coach to Brighton, they need not call him yet. I should not forget to tell you that, while I was dressing in the morning, Strange awoke, and that we shook hands over our dispute of the previous day. We moreover agreed to change our plans, and Strange was to meet me in London on the next day. As I was closing my carpet bag he asked me to lend him one of my razors; a thing which I had the greatest objection to (for if I am particular about any thing I possess, it is about my razors), but, having just made up my difference with him, I could hardly refuse him so small a favor.

"The days I am writing of were before railways had extended to Southampton. Leaving the latter place at half-past five in the morning, it was half-past six in the evening before I got to town. I went to bed, got up next day, and, while I was sitting at breakfast with my wife, our servant told me that two gentlemen wished to speak to me. I went down to see them, and before I could open my mouth to ask them what they wanted, found myself with handcuffs on, arrested for the murder of Edward Strange.

"It seems that, finding Strange did not come down by half-past nine, the porter went up to call him. He found the door locked, but no key in it. After knocking some time on the outside, the door was broken open, and poor Strange was found, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and a razor in his hand. The key of the door was afterwards found in the coffee room, under the very bench on which I had sat to drink my cup of coffee before starting.

"I was brought before the magistrate at Bow Street the next morning, and was by him sent down to Southampton to await the result of the coroner's inquest upon my partner. The verdict was wilful murder, and, after commitment by the magistrate to the sessions, I was put on my trial for my life at Winchester.

"The trial lasted only a few hours. It was fully proved that Strange and myself had quarreled and had high words the night before, and that I had said I did not care how soon he died, so that I could recover the money I had lent him. A great deal was made of the fact that by Strange's death I should be entitled to the insurance upon his life to the amount of two thousand pounds, by which I should be a clear gainer of one thousand two hundred.

"It was further shown that the razor found in poor Strange's hand was mine, and three medical men declared the conviction that, although that instrument was undoubtedly used to kill the dead man, it must have been placed in his hands after death. Moreover, there were not only evident marks of a struggle about the bed and bedclothes, but Strange's throat was cut from right to left, which no one could have done unless he had been a left-handed man, which Strange was not. Then, again, the fact of the bedroom door being locked, and the key hid close to where I had breakfasted, told fearfully against me. It was clear that Strange could not by any possibility have cut his own throat, and then locked the door of his room on the outside. It was attempted by my counsel to throw discredit upon this part of the evidence. The learned gentleman tried very hard to elicit something which might even lead the jury to imagine that the door had been locked after the murder, and that some person unknown had unknowingly let the key drop in the coffee room. But it was of no avail whatever. It was clearly proved that the key had been inside the door when I went up to bed, and that it had never been seen again until it was found in the coffee room. My defense tried very hard to make out that some person likely to commit the murder might have been in the house on that day, but all of no use. As the trial went on, even I, who knew my innocence, could not help allowing to myself that the evidence, though purely circumstantial, was very strong against me. The only points in my favor were, that, on the day of the murder I was supposed to have committed, I traveled up to London, and had not the least appearance of a man who had anything on his mind. Again, Strange was known to have had on his person a gold watch, and a purse containing a few sovereigns and twenty five-pound notes, the numbers of which latter were ascertained at the bank at Southampton, where he had procured them in exchange for a bank-post bill. The watch had been taken, and was never traced; the sovereigns had also disappeared; but the bank notes had been exchanged at the Bank of England on the day after the murder, and before I, as I fully proved, had any communication whatever with any one in London. Of this last point my counsel made the most, but it did not help me much, if anything. The jury retired, and, after deliberating about half an hour, returned into court and declared, through their foreman, that I was guilty of the willful murder of Edward Strange.

"Gentlemen, a man who has gone through that ordeal—who has heard the jury pronounce him guilty of capital crime, and heard the judge pass sentence of death upon him—a man, I say, gentlemen, who has gone through that ordeal, and still lives to tell the tale, may (or am I presumptuous?) be looked upon as a man who has really gone through what, in these days, would be called a sensational time. I heard every word the foreman of the jury said, and found myself wondering what the judge's black cap—of which every one has heard, but few have seen—would be like. Then I was in a kind of dream for a time, until I heard the words condemning me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. A sensational effect upon me, gentlemen, or am I presumptuous? And will you favor me, sir, with a light?

"In spite of appearances," said the little old gentleman, smoking with exceeding relish, "my friends did not believe me to be guilty of the fearful crime for which I was to be hanged by the neck until I was dead, in ten days after the trial. They moved heaven and earth to obtain a commutation of my sentence, and, after a great deal of trouble, they succeeded. At the time of which I speak, there was in England a temporary, but very strong, reaction against capital punishment. I cannot recollect all the circumstances of the case, but in a trial for murder two men had been condemned to death and duly executed, and, shortly after *they* had been hanged by the neck until *they* were dead, their supposed victim made his appearance, well and hearty. The public press took up the question of not hanging upon circumstantial evidence, and I benefited to the extent of my life by the temporary excitement. I was respited, and condemned to transportation for life, and very shortly afterwards—for in those days transportation was in full swing—found myself on my way to Van Diemen's Land, a convict 'lifer.'

"For seven long years, gentlemen, did I undergo this punishment for a crime of which I was perfectly innocent. Curiously enough, the man who really had murdered poor Strange, as he afterwards confessed, went out in the same ship with me, condemned to seven years' transportation for burglary. He must have heard me tell my story and declare my innocence over and over again; for in the colony we worked a long time together in the same gang. He was afterwards assigned to a master who lived near the prison where I had to slave out my time, as in those days 'lifers,' whose sentence had been commuted for capital punishment, were never allowed to leave the chain gangs. But, after three years in Van Dieman's Land, this real murderer took to his old trade of burglary. To avoid being captured, he fled to the bush, and, on a party of police being sent after the band to which he belonged, he shot a constable in cold blood. He was captured, sentenced to be hanged by the neck until *he* was dead, and, two days before his execution, confessed that he had murdered, at Southampton, a person called Strange, for which offense another man had been sentenced to death.

His statement was taken down, and it was exact. It appeared that he had been hidden for several hours in the inn, intending to steal whatever he could lay his hands on. Early in the morning he had found his way into poor Strange's room, hoping to pick up something before the house was astir. But his entrance awoke Strange, who struggled for a few minutes with him and kept hold of him. The razor which I had lent Strange being still lying on the bed, he murdered his victim with it, and then put it into Strange's hands, in order to make it appear that he had committed suicide. He secured the watch, the purse and bank notes of the murdered man, and stole out of the house, locking the door of the bed-room on the outside, and hiding the key. He declared that he had got into Strange's room before I left the house, and that, for some time after, his fear was lest I should come back. Had I done so, the murder would, in all probability, have been prevented.

"When the statement made by this convict had been duly verified, and when certain references had been made to the home authorities, I was duly liberated. That is to say, gentlemen, I obtained the royal pardon for having committed a crime which I never committed. And very sensible I am, gentlemen, of the royal clemency. Though it seems odd."

"All tickets, gentlemen, all tickets, ready!"

The train had reached the ticket platform at Vauxhall.

"Ah! yes!" said the little old gentleman, producing his; "mine's a Return Ticket; but it had very nearly been otherwise."

The Odd Fellows have ten periodicals in the United States.

The Home of the Humboldts.

The Berlin correspondent of the Providence Journal thus describes a recent visit to the old family residence of the Humboldts:

After leaving Berlin, the road leads for the most part through the so-called Tegel forest, which, however, bears little resemblance to the American idea of a forest. The road has, on the whole, little of interest—excepting, perhaps, the couple of inns on the way, where the tired traveler can make a halt for a little rest and refreshment—for wherever one catches an unwelcome glimpse of the surrounding country through the trees he sees nothing but sandy hills and sterile plains. Among the many impressions which we received while on the road to Tegel, there was one which crowded out all others: in whatever part of the Mark of Brandenberg one may go, he observes nothing but sand and barrenness. One's first thought is: How do the peasantry manage to fight a living out of such soil? Yet with no certain reliance but this sickly mark, containing scarcely upward of five millions of people, great Frederic threw defiance into the teeth of all Europe for seven years, and, after proving himself unconquerable, raised whole provinces from ashes, and laid the foundation for a kingdom which is fast becoming the first power in Europe. With all the bad influences which this great man's life diffused, the reader will have to look far into history for a sublimer example of what energy and iron perseverance can do.

But while musing over such things, we are fast approaching Tegel; and, before we are hardly aware of it, we stand before the grounds of Schloss Tegel, and, entering the gate, we are soon in the garden before the venerable "castle" itself. This beautiful but somewhat antique residence, which has nothing in common with a castle, is, like the Humboldt family, intimately associated with the history of the house of Brandenberg. Even in the time of the electors it had been used as a hunting station. Freiherr, Alexander Georg von Humboldt, the father of Alexander and Wilhelm, was a major in the seven years' war, and afterward became adjutant to Ferdinand of Braunschweig. In this capacity he was often sent with oral communications to Frederic, who, through his frankness and honest bearing, finally conceived a great liking to him. He appointed him to the post of valet de chambre, and after the old major had resigned this office, Frederic always made it a point to visit him once a year at Tegel.

Major von Humboldt and his most amiable and beloved lady had two children, Wilhelm and Alexander. While sitting on the old oaken bench before the castle let us turn back the mind's eye to the year 1778. The old Frehierr was seated, on a beautiful afternoon in June, in the garden. Beside him sat his estimable lady, with the two sons, Wilhelm, a cheerful, robust boy of ten, and Alexander, a weakly and modest child of eight. Before them stood the children's preceptor, Kunth, who had just finished his romantic and stirring account of his visit to Frederick, in Potsdam, and how he, as a poor, wronged stranger, was received and treated by his majesty. But, as if approached by an apparition, what was the surprise and astonishment, as Frederick himself came quietly and stately around the little winding arbor, and now stood before them. The king had left his equipage outside the gate, and had approached quietly, in order to surprise the happy company, and now stood leaning on his cane with a friendly smile and greeting for the little circle. The conversation now turned to a variety of subjects, and all were charmed at the wit and quaint remarks of the king, when suddenly he turned to little Wilhelm, and said, "What is his name?" "Wilhelm von Humboldt!" replied the latter. "How old?" "Ten years." "Then he can now become a cadet," said the king. At this Wilhelm shook his head, when the king exclaimed: "What! He will not be a soldier?" "No," answered the boy, trembling—"one can also be great in other things." "What would he be, then?" said the king. "A man of learning," answered Wilhelm. "A bookworm, then," replied the king, and after some reflections on the loss of all his literary friends, he turned to little Alexander and addressed him thus?" "Name?" "Alexander von Humbolt." "Alexander," said the king—"beautiful name—it reminds me of the conqueror of the world." Then looking the embarrassed little Alexander in the face, he continued: "And will he also be a conqueror of the world?" After some hesitation, the latter replied: "Yes, your majesty, but with my head; I should like to visit all countries, know all languages and peoples, sail on all rivers, stand on all mountains, and, in fact, see and know everything. That is the how I would like to conquer the world, your majesty." "Bravo!" cried Frederic.

Leaving our various reflections, however, let us now enter the Castle, and through the kindness of the housekeeper examine the fine and rare statuary with which its antique halls are decorated. The pieces are not numerous; but one may well suppose that a man of the immense classical culture of Wilhelm Von Humboldt would only select the fairest gems as the companions of his dear, romantic home. On entering we observe in the main hall a beautiful statue of Hope with a Lotes; but while lingering on its beauties we are invited into the drawing room, whose classic walls have seen so many of the great and learned. In the corner, on entering, stands a masterpiece, on which one might gaze for hours. It represents Venus showing Mars her wounded hand. But our time is limited. Soon two doors are thrown open, and in a little inclosure we behold two Torsi—a youth and a Bacchus. Though nothing is preserved but two faded trunks, one is still delighted at their exquisite harmony of form. They were discovered in Rome in 1808. Passing several works of minor beauty, we come to the bust of Medusa, a curious cony, in porphyry, which was presented to Wilhelm Von Humboldt by Pope Pius VII, and whose novel expression, both in feature and through the material in which it is molded, attracts great attention from all visitors. There is another work, a copy of Clytia—of which the original is in the British Museum, which forms a curious study for lovers of statuary. The bust is set in the cup of a flower. Then the author has entirely departed from the Grecian in this case of the nose and lips, which gives to the physiognomy an expression as beautiful as it is original and singular. Besides this, although curly, as on all Grecian busts, the hair is confined low and straight on the forehead, which gives to the whole the strangest cast imaginable.

But gladly as we would refer to the beauties of Ranch's statue of Wilhelm Von Humbolt's daughter and to the curiosities of art and nature which are here deposited, time forbids, and we must give away to the impatience of the amiable lady, who has kindly conducted us through these classic halls—and who is waiting for the customary *Trink Geld*," (drink money,) which is expected from all visitors. Let us then bid adieu to Schloss Tegel, and stroll slowly through the beautiful park, to receive our last impressions at the graves of the Humboldt family. Ascending leisurely a beautiful shady bower, we soon reach a fine eminence from which one has a splendid view of Spandow, the strongest fortress of Prussia, and also of the pretty Tegel lake, stretched out before us. Then descending slowly into the "Valley of Death," we soon find ourselves in a sweet, quiet, balmy cypress grove, where, around the chaste and beautiful column of Hope, repose the ashes of the Humboldts.

Approaching the little iron fence which surrounded the graves, we looked over, and the first that lay before us was that of Alexander. Is that all then, thought we. What has the grave of Alexander von Humboldt more than any other man's? There is no monument here, but a little head and foot stone, just large enough to inscribe the name, birth and death upon; and the little evergreen that grows over his clay, also ornaments the grave of many a beggar. After some moments spent in reflection, we slowly left this solemn spot, and bid good-by to Tegel—more fully than ever in our lives convinced that it is not the wealth and show and title of a man which make him great, but the imperishable impress which his works have on posterity. The name of him who "conquered the world with his head," and stole away from the company of kings, to give the world the benefit of his conquests, will outlive marble, and be sounded, when perhaps the little cypress grove which now incloses his ashes shall itself be burned.

APPETITE FOR PINS.—The Portland Advertiser says:

"A young lady in Cumberland county, Maine, healthy, and possessing apparently a very robust constitution, indulged in the foolish habit of keeping pins in her mouth in the night, and even practicing eating with them in her mouth. As a consequence, for the last five or six years she has suffered severely with gastric irritation, nausea and vomiting, being able to retain but a very little food in her stomach, living for weeks together on a little sweetened water. She is now emaciated, nervous and failing in strength. The points of of some of the pins she has felt at times pricking through the skin opposite her stomach, but not sufficiently distinct to have them removed. Her sufferings, and probable doom, so far as recovery from disease is concerned, should be a warning to all not to indulge in the dangerous practice of holding pins in the mouth, as this is only one of the many instances of disease, and probably death, which have resulted from such a habit."

E. D. Lowe was killed at Durant, Miss., last Saturday evening by a Mr. Mullins. Mr. Mullins was tried on Monday before Justices Williams and Stroud who required him to give bond for his appearance at the next circuit court in the sum of two thousand dollars.

Water Spouts.

EXCITING SCENE ON THE STEAMSHIP NEVADA IN THE PACIFIC—THREE LARGE WATER SPOUTS SEEN.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

STEAMSHIP NEVADA,
OFF THE COAST OF GUATEMALA,
June 3, 1868.

This morning we were favored with an extraordinary phenomenon, such as has been rarely witnessed in any latitude or in any ocean, exciting the commingled admiration, fear and astonishment of all hands on board. Within the brief space of an hour, between 8 and 9 o'clock, no less than three large water spouts were visible from the ship's deck; all near enough to arouse dread and apprehension as to the possible consequences. One of them, the most formidable, made directly toward the vessel, moving from the west toward the sun, apparently leaving no chance for the escape of the ship except by changing our course, which was done without loss of time. Another followed directly in our wake at about the same speed as we moved, and only say a quarter of a mile behind, for a time leaving it altogether problematical which would win the race. While this question was pending, as may be readily imagined, the mind of every person on board, not excepting even veteran officers, remained in painful suspense. No precaution was neglected which tended to insure the general safety. As a primary movement, the big gun was got in readiness to attack the strange visitor, should it approach too near, hoping to break the suspended column of water while yet at a distance, and thereby avert the threatened deluge.

The scientific world, equally with your readers, may like a description more in detail, as the phenomenon may well be ranked among the latest of modern wonders. Avoiding technical phraseology, I will premise as follows:

This morning, June 3—latitude 13 degrees 50 minutes N., longitude 91 degrees 52 minutes W., air 86 degrees, barometer 27 degrees 72 minutes—while the sun was partially obscured by considerable masses of showery clouds, two water spouts were seen some two and a half or three miles due west, the ship's course being west northwest. They seemed slowly to approach the vessel, the water beneath them being in great commotion, partly from atmospheric disturbance, and in part from the restive gambols of an enormous school of porpoises, which appeared to have chosen this arena for their exploits. A heavy dark shadow rested over the surface of the water, except in comparatively small space at the terminus of the spout, which for convenience might be called a huge sea-serpent suspended between earth and heaven. At this point of contact, at the base of the column, the spectacle was suggestive of a seething cauldron, or a section of the "cave of the winds" at Niagara, clouds of vapor being drawn upward with terrific violence. Above rested a heavy penumbra of dark cloud, moving sluggishly, until, last, after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes, the serpentine column, at first upright and rigid, could hold together no longer, so oblique was the angle of inclination, and the whole fabric suddenly vanished from sight. The companion spout was separated only by a short distance, but was of less magnitude and disappeared almost simultaneously, after performing evolutions corresponding with those already descrioed; and where lately the sea foamed with rage, calm now succeeded, with nothing to mark the spot except swarms of gulls, attracted, it may be, by carcases of dead fish.

The temporary alarm on shipboard immediately subsided, and conversation relating to this extraordinary spectacle was beginning to flag, when your correspondent observed a small pear-shaped cloud forming overhead, of a whitish ashen color, and, watching carefully through a glass, noticed presently that the stem began slowly to drop or elongate. At the time—as testified to by several witnesses—there was no perceptible disturbance of the water beneath, but within five minutes light feathers of spray began to fly from the crest of the waves at a distance not exceeding 1000 yards, which might easily have been mistaken for the splash of a porpoise or the blow of a whale, and almost immediately upward and descending funnels of white vapor, the latter very dark, met in mid-air, forming a close connection, the shape being serpentine, as before, attended by a gently undulating movement from one extremity to the other. Rapidly this column began to revolve, and acquired a steadily progressive motion; the sea at its base was changed to a bed of foam and vapor, rounded into a fleecy cushion for the support of the lofty superstructure; a sound as of a "rushing mighty wind" became distinctly audible—this alone breaking the death-like stillness.

The scene was sublime beyond description constraining every beholder to silence. Even the occasional reverberations of thunder, noticed a few moments before, were hushed. But feelings of awe and wonder quickly gave way to impressions akin to terror, when it became evident that the ship lay directly in the path of the water-spout, now towering high toward the zenith, and which by this time had grown to hugh proportions, dark and threatening, its approach being heralded by screaming birds and portentous roars. Quickly all hands were ordered below decks, the passengers rushing pell mell down the companion-way, some of them with affrighted shrieks. The brass gun on the forward deck for the moment proved unavailing, the cartridge having been rammed down wrong end foremost, and the priming-wire mislaid. "For God's sake, fire that gun," somebody cried, "or we are lost!" Meanwhile the steam whistle shrieked, and the ship was steered on a different course, one or two volunteers assisting at the wheel. In the interval of extreme solicitude that followed, imagination occupied itself in depicting frightful disaster. "Was it possible the steamer might sink if struck by the sprout?" or, "Where all the light upper-works of the steamer liable to be crushed by the impending deluge?" Suggestions like these were rapidly passed in review, and the hearts of strong men quailed within them.

But a calmer mood returned when the dreaded spout was seen astern, about to dissolve and pass harmlessly away. The last movements of dissolution were like the expiring throes of the dolphin, so rapid and varying were the different phases presented. The column which at first stood nearly perpendicular, dark, rigid and heavy against the clouds, (the upper terminus gently blending with the body of vapor behind it, the lower veiled by fleecy wreaths of mist,) was now attenuated to a mere film—a spiral tube of most delicate texture, within which was observable a tremulous motion, as though the lifting power was being relaxed, and it was uncertain whether the dark body of water within should finally yield to the power of gravitation or ascend heavenward. For a moment the light spiral network of the tube was darkened by the downward rush of waves. Then followed a partial return, when lo! the structure separated in mid-heaven and an immense body of water literally slid down the funnel with a heavy thud, as falling lead, into the bosom of the deep. In other words, the upward motion of the inclosing cylinder of white vapor was reversed, and then followed a headlong rush to the sea, down the inclined plane. But this was not all. The falling column assumed the appearance of a coil in a rope (a lariat, for example)—the film that was drawn upward was also coiled.

After receding a space the lower section seemed instinct with life, and re-erected itself heavenward. The union thus formed was but momentary, for when a clap of thunder was heard, the parts were disengaged, one falling into the sea and the other floating away with the clouds—as the tail of a kite follows the wind if broken from its fastenings. In the descent a dark spherical body was observed, having nearly the apparent diameter of the moon at its full, which was plausibly explained to be nothing more than an end or sectional view of the same object. And thus ended one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most sublime, and it may be said terrific spectacles (for such it was to some in truth) ever afforded in the field of natural science.

MEETING OF NEW YORK GRAIN BROKERS.—A meeting of the Board of Grain Brokers of New York was called at the Produce Exchange, on the 21st, to listen to an address by Col. Myron Coloney, of St. Louis, in regard to the grain trade of the West, and the navigation between New York and St. Louis. The speech was attentively listened to, and at its closing the following resolutions were read and adopted:

Resolved, That we view with pleasure the energy now being shown by St. Louis merchants in efforts for shipping grain on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

Resolved, That we heartily coincide with them in their views in relation to the grain trade between New York and St. Louis, and that we will extend them a helping hand.

Resolved, That the St. Louis grain market be telegraphed and posted on the bulletins of the Produce Exchange.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Coloney for the interest he has taken in the grain trade of the two cities, and the energy he has displayed in bringing it before our board.

After a few remarks on the subject by one or two gentlemen, the meeting adjourned.

The Galaxy finds somebody who has accused Swinburne of stealing his lines—

"I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss
Leave my lips charred"—

from the old poet's monkey, which

"Married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her—
Kissed so hard he raised a blister;
She set up a yell."

NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

OFFICE 64 CAMP ST., NEW ORLEANS.

J. O. NIXON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Official Journal of the State of Louisiana.

To promote the social, material and political well-being of the city of New Orleans, the State of Louisiana, and the great Southwest, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the purpose of this journal. The columns of each day's issue are referred to as an earnest of the faithfulness and success with which this design is executed.

While the stand-point of the CRESCENT is an independent one with reference to all the subjects of newspaper comment and discussion, its opinions will always be found to be candidly, definitely and fearlessly expressed.

A carefully selected corps of

Correspondents, Home and Foreign

add to the usefulness of the CRESCENT, by impartial letters upon topics of moment to the people of this section. Its letters from the people form not the least interesting and valuable feature of its well-filled columns. A large share of each day's issue is given up to

SOUTHERN ITEMS,

carefully culled from our exchanges. In the selection, preparation, and arrangement of News and other Reading Matter, it is claimed that the CRESCENT is not surpassed by any other daily journal in the United States. The

Commercial and Monetary Reviews,

will bear the severest scrutiny as to the fidelity and judgment with which this important branch of newspaper duty is performed for the CRESCENT.

In brief, the proprietor of the CRESCENT proposes to continue to present to the public a LIVE, and, in every respect A FIRST CLASS PAPER, properly supplying the imperative needs of the BUSINESS COMMUNITY AND FAMILY CIRCLE. It will be in the future, as in the past, influenced by the spirit of true progress, aiming at its own continual improvement, for the benefit of its patrons.

The CRESCENT'S circulation and its line of advertisements are sufficient test