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The Man in the Reservoir.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

You may see some of the fast society in New York in the top of the Distributing Reservoir any of these fine November mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senators of looking mortgages with young children, pacing the parapet, as we looked there the other day in the sun. Some—men, watching the pigeons that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

'They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa,' mutttered an idling sophomore, who had found a way thither during recitation hours 'but the Croton in crossing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten-Duyvil, and bursting to signal again in this tubbed pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, sir, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis!' But the painted foliage on those crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their grayish olive groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscapes by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. Did you see that pike break, sir?'

'I did not.'

'Zounds!' his silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool.'

'The place seems suggestive of fancies to you!' we observed in reply to the rattle pate.

'It is indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards, where that fish broke just now.'

'A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir!'

'You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell until he is tried in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though!'

'Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you would tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is dashed against the stone work in yonder corner!'

'That ladder,' said the young man, brightening at the question 'was the position, perhaps, the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?'

'Pray do.'

'Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as inferring nothing more than that one should not spoil the temperance potations of our citizens by sleeping fish in it, of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of double wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle. I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the usual time we closed to visitors, I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top.—All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane rod with me which would reach to the margin of the water, and never a fish feet beyond, if necessary. To this was attached the wire about fifteen inches in length. I paraded along the parapet for a considerable length of time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade, that wholly baffled my vigilant gaze. I was convinced that should they come up the key, my whole tackle and bait would be thrown away. 'Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get near upon a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?' The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had leaped over the iron railing. Do you look around you, you will see now that there are some half-grown weeds growing here and there amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from which one of these spring I planted a hook, and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller then it is now, and a few entries would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the right stone I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me. In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way, as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in a critical point, as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight as I rose to the surface the next instant, somewhere in the stone partition, where I must swim for my life. Heaven only knows how long I am a capital swimmer, and this, naturally gave me a degree of self possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not eventually succeed. I tried the nearest spot. The consolation of the wall was so natural, that it did not even recall me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Sure is I thought, there must be some fissure like those in which that ill-omened weed had found a place to root? There was none. My fingers became sore in battering themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way, on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky rivet upon which I could stay myself. Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half filled bogshead? how he swims round; and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim, as if he would look himself out of his watery prison. I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched them battering against, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir, boys, women and savages. All children are cruel, cruel from a want of thought, and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is an tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to his own young as a lioness is to a favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half filled cask of water, and letting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

'The moon is well enough in her way, however you may look at her, but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him. (The young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered twice or twice before he went on, musingly.) The last time I had seen the planet with any consciousness she was on the wane. Mary was with me. I had brought her out here one morning to look at the top of the reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our and our children loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content. There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she paused to the waning planet, concerning it like a fairy grub in the weaving, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall. 'Strange girl' did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of beauty, were there to remind us of the gone forever? 'They will all renew themselves dear Mary,' said I, encouragingly, 'and there is one that will ever keep tryste with us here and Nature through all seasons, if we only will but be true to one other, and remain as now a child of nature.' A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock.' And yet dear wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir, but I, looking at the moon, as I floated upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness. And how often we have talked, too, of that Caitan shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do, on the luxurious planet! Who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who from our own undegenerate wonds will evoke their yet undelected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants that never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhaustless and all embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless! Alas! companionless forever—save in the exciting stages of some fresh flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's core she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has fashioned endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

'How anxious she will be lest the coroner should have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

'I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind, partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me. In case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis!

'The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. Here, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to dwell steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of the night. I think indeed I must have been most of the hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated will pass through my brain even as I have detailed them. But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action. I would begin at that corner (said I) and swim round the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly, and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. In the I must, in one period of level, sink well, dived through exhausting effort, but with from more buoyant in sustaining myself in the morning shall bring relief. The sides in one place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my waters course between them. It was one altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of ein than in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow, it looked to me more cheerful beyond of the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight, I had the hope of making some discovery which I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked vicariously bright to me from the bottom of that well, there was such a company of them; they were as glad as their luminous revelry; and did such space to move in! I was alone, and to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could feel companionship. I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I as yet formed a part—my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing, of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of dawning prime, with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, hurling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought to be set for my undoing. The Romans could never have willed this thing! I could not and I would not perish thus, and I grew strong in resistance of suffocation. I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side. Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret of sorrow, oh, infinite for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant to redeem another fellow-creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vocal spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating, while one, in pitying, grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

'And then I prayed!

'I prayed—why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear—it could not have been to hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. I did not pray—I prayed of itself my soul within me.

'Was the calmness that I now felt similar to that precedes dissolution to the strong swimmer, who, sinking from exhaustion, must add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention, as it dashed through the water by me. I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, come again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last driven towards the south-east corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen bull, which, every time the fish rounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be free. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

'The water is low now and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip-noose, however, but standing upon the ledge, hauled the rod in a workman-like manner, as I flung that pound pocketed over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy strong bass rod, which I had borrowed in the Spirit of the Times office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it entwined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and, for fear of similar accidents, they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir.'

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and, although strongly tempted to 'work it up' after the fantastic style of a famous German namesake, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity.

MR. WHITESIDE'S GREAT SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF SMITH O'BRIEN.

We copy from the report of the Freeman's Journal the magnificent peroration to the defence of Mr. Whiteside, counsel for Smith O'Brien. It will rank among the most splendid specimens of forensic eloquence.

I have now told you all, and it is for you to say whether the charge preferred against my client has been made out. I have explained to you the principles of the law, and I have shown you that the fact of appearing in arms is no enough—that it must be treason within the indictment, and that it that be not proved, you are bound to acquit the prisoner. I have observed upon the evidence and considered, so far as my humble talents would permit, the great question involved in this solemn trial—namely, the guilty intent of the prisoner.

Even, although the explanation of his conduct may be in some respects unsatisfactory, yet it falls short of the tremendous guilt of treason—that is, an intent maliciously formed and put in execution to compass the Queen's death, or levying war against the Queen, acquit him you must. Will do I know and feel the weighty difficulties of his case. With some, prejudice has blocked up the avenues to the understanding, in others, calumny has done its work.—The impracticable politician has been condemned to a fate he has provoked and deserved.—Driven to excess he did not contemplate in order to preserve his personal liberty, he must pay the forfeit of his presumption with his life. Had he been a hypocrite who assumed patriotism as the mask of selfishness, he would even now have received the rich reward of his political baseness.

Had he been willing to sell his principles, he would have been promptly paid his price. He had only to cheer an inconsistency when most flagrant, to applaud what he had condemned, and to condemn what he had applauded—to unsay what he had said, and to say what he did not honestly believe, and the attended trimmer would have been a patronized placeman. He might have flourished in individual prosperity after he had trafficked with sufficient tact in the miseries of his country. Obstinate, perverse man, having adopted political opinions sincerely, no matter how erroneous, he has acted with rigid honesty and consistency in an age of shifting temporization and deception. He is now hunted by all parties, for he has flattered and he has escaped none.

This silence against party is worse than his mouth to kill the Queen—for he has unmasked facts so and exposed meanness and corruption.—Therefore, let him die in his impracticable folly. Whither can he turn for sympathy? From whom expect justice? Slandered, blackened, and vilified, his motives misigned, his conduct misrepresented, unknowned traitor, shackles the foe of social order, property and law—whither can he look for refuge? A price was set upon his head, he has been caricatured, hunted through his native country—no epithet of abuse was to gross to be applied to him.—Where can he expect a temperate consideration of his motives and entire pulpiest career? Nowhere but from you. And yet he honorable prejudices of your nature may be enlisted against him—you may have been taught to consider him the ultimate enemy of your country's peace.—He hope ought alone to be where the law has placed it—in the honor, the integrity, the discernment, the humanity of a jury.

A rampart of defence to accused men, that jury was assigned to be, prosecuted for political conduct or political excesses, by the weight of the Crown. Judges must be unbending, juries may regard the frailty of human nature. Juries—sprung from the people—cast the ample shield of their protection over their fellow subjects where they can—believe his heart, his motive, and his purpose were not guilty, equivocal although some of his acts may be. Such is the high task and office designed for you in that famous constitution, whose foundations have been laid in the deepest wisdom, and which has been through successive ages cemented by the patriots blood, and consecrated in the martyr's fire. Your countryman, your fellow mortal is in your power. Seek not with severe anxiety, for proofs on which to send him to a bloody death; rather regard the evidence which enables merciful men to save what may yet prove a useful life to his family and country.

The boast of British law is, that it abhors the shedding of human blood. Yield to its benign principles, to the generous impulses of your nature, and stand between the prisoner and his grave. A horrible death—a grave he must not have—await him. Save him by a humane verdict from a fate so dreadful. Review his life.—From his mother's breast he drank in a love of country—from a father's patriotic example the passion grew to a dangerous height. He has indulged, perhaps, a vision, in the peril of his life, that Ireland might be a nation, and you her guides to wealth and greatness. Is not death on the scaffold a terrible punishment for the belief, although misguided, that Irishmen had intellect enough to rule the country of their birth? In his childhood he heard that the Union with England was carried by corruption. He heard from an Irish Senator—whom money could not purchase—whom title could not bribe—who gave his honest vote and would have freely given his life, to save the perishing Constitution of his country.

That father recounted to my client what Plunkett, Burke and Grattan spoke on the last memorable night of our National existence. How he had been persuaded by the gravity of their arguments, influenced by their ardor, and transported by their eloquence! His youthful imagination, fired by a sense of Ireland's wrongs, dwelt on the days when we had a gentry and a Senate with intense constancy, and the passion grew that he might restore a Parliament to the land he loved. This, his real crime, all his actions were directed to this end, and he has been misled by the too implicit reliance on doctrines unfortunately acquired by great lawyers in the heat of debate, which they could not recall and which have misdirected many. Your country, men followed up these as he believed, unconstitutional opinions. He wished posterity to review the political transactions he had been taught to condemn.

This was the source of all his errors.—Bitter disappointment has crushed all his ardent hopes; but a preliminary constitution he wished and meant to have given to Ireland. No man's property would he have touched—no law of God or man would he have broken. He was misled into the delusion that Ireland's gentry were qualified for freedom. Loved by those who knew him, generous disinterested, utterly unselfish through life, humane and tender-hearted—he now stands at the bar of his country, to answer for having meant to kill the Queen, and subvert the constitution, which in his heart he adores. His true offence is that he counted for you what is England's glory, and blending and pride. Darkly he may have erred in the pursuit of his darling object—will you avenge his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death?

You may do so, and no earthly influencement will tempt me to say that if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty—that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn my client he will be ready to meet his fate with the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. [Sensation.] The last accents of his lips will be a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall provide his mortal agonies will be cheered of through his sufferings and his sacrifice some system of government shall arise—which I ever has ever existed—just comprehensive, impartial and above all, consistent which may conduct to wealth, prosperity and greatness the country he has loved with warm, perhaps, but too well.

Would to God, Mr. Smith O'Brien, were my only client. The future happiness of an honorable, absolute, loyal family is here at stake—the Church, the Bar, the Senate—each through relatives near and dear to this unhappy gentleman, who although they differ in political opinion, have hastened to give him brotherly consolation on this unmeldy day. Ireland has been the scene of their benevolent exertions—the source of their joys, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With bolder hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must bend forward struggle on through a cheerless existence, laboring in sorrow for the country they love.

A venerable lady who has dwelt amid an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was raised, diffusing her charities and her blessings around, awaits now with trembling heart your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death—that heart will quickly beat no more. Still more dreadful still—six innocent children will hear from your lips whether they are to be stripped of an independence which has descended to his family for ages—whether they are to be driven fatherless and beggard, upon the world, by the rigor of a barbarous and cruel law—whether they are to be restored to peace and joy or plunged into the uttermost depths of black despair. There is another who clings to hope—hope may it be blessed to you! Her love's bright world be gladly shed to save the object of her youthful affection—you will not consign her to an untimely grave.

(During the delivery of this passage, the entire audience became visibly moved, and for the first time since the trial Smith O'Brien's lip quivered and his eye filled, as the idea of a mother, brother, children and wife mourned over their possible fate was visibly presented to his mind. For a moment he bent his head on his hand; he firmly pressed his brow for a few seconds, and again resumed his wonted calmness. Not so the audience, the bar, the jury, the occupants of the benches, all continued deeply moved, and from many a manly eye to which tears had long been strangers, the big drops rolled rapid succession. We never remember to have seen so profound a sensation as that produced by the gifted advocate whose action and tone, far more eloquent than even than his living words, expressed the deep emotions with which his own heart was moved at the contemplation of an adverse verdict.)

In case of doubt, at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened—a husband's love be moved. Let Justice be administered—but Justice in Mercy. In no painful strain do I seek compassion for my client, even in a case of blood. I ask it solemnly in the spirit of our free constitution—in accordance with the rooted principles of our Common Law. This is a cause between the Subject and the Crown, wherein these great principles might shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal in accordance with this Divine doctrine will not be a triumph over the Law, but the triumph of Law. When the Sovereign seals, by her coronation, the great compact between the People and the Crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgements, Justice in Mercy. (Sensation in Court.) That same Justice you administer—no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code—but Justice in Mercy.

Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that intent not treasonable, or even culpable, then, by the solemn obligation even of coldest duty, you should yield to mercy, (great sensation.) In nothing, though at an immeasurable distance still, do men so nearly approach the attribute of the Almighty as in the administration of justice will be tempered with mercy, or dismal would be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the great Judge grant it this day. The awful issues of life and death are in your hands—do justice in mercy. The last faint murmur on your lips will be for mercy ere the immortal spirit shall wing its flight to, I trust a brighter and better world.

[After a moment of deep emotion, loud and long continued applause fell on the close of this magnificent address. The learned advocate had thrown himself with such earnestness into the case of his client, and felt so profoundly the weight that was upon him, that he seemed quite exhausted as he lay back rather than sat upon the bench. After about three minutes he retired from the court, when the applause was again renewed.]

AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, sums up the life of an editor in the following graphic manner:

As a general thing, the habits of the daily journals are very regular—its being regularly employed till two o'clock in the morning and rising at ten, the next day, at breakfast, on hard eggs and cold biscuit.—As to 'domestic felicity,' 'keeping whole-some hours and all that sort o' thing, he has read of them to be sure, but so he has of the diamond valley of Sindbad—and that's all he ever knows about them. His wife and children get a glimpse of him for the first time in the week on Saturday morning—provided the foreign steamer does not (which it generally does) arrive on that day. His brain from constant pumping and squeezing, is very much in the condition of a well sucked orange; through which dribbles an ocean of the highly concentrated essence of old newspaper 'in one weak, washy, everlasting flood.' Law, cookery, political and moral ethics, engineering war, watermelons, tremendous squashes, and farmer's clubs, daguerreotypes, washing machines—are all legitimate subjects of his pen; and some of the finest things he does are upon the incalculable advantages of the baby jumper and the danger of a national debt. Physic, architecture, music and millinery, are also topics upon which he is completely at home; and as to reviewing books, Hiram Ladd is no touch to him.

Travel up the North River continues as expensive as ever, far advanced, though the season is. The 'Isaac Newton' left for Albany, on Monday evening, with twelve hundred passengers, and the other boats had a proportionate number, according to the accommodations afforded.—N. Y. Express.

DENTISTICAL — ANECDOTAL — One of our acute acquaintances, the parent of an uncountable number of children with teeth as sharp as a razor, wishes to direct the attention of other parental victims to the fact that Dr. Northall of Cranberry street Brooklyn, has, through a keen knowledge of his profession, that children very to be domestically operated upon by him he has so pleasant a mode of doing it. He makes the drawing of teeth to them a pastime. By the bye we will tell a little story of the Doctor.

Some few months since we sent one of our numerous domestics with a small section of our family, about fourteen we believe to have their dentals inspected by the Doctor. The teeth of the dear babes were found to be in so bad a plight that the Doctor deemed it advisable to pull out about five hundred of 'em and he—'hose it beautiful' One of the children a female child, cried when it left the Doctor's—in every family there is one such child that will always cry—this was one of 'em. The maid took the broad road a baker's shop to quiet her with a theft cake; they all asked for theft cake—a fact which wonted the curiosity of the bakeress, so she lifted up her voice and spake thus

'Se you've bin takin' yer teeth pulled, eh?'

Yes ma'am' was the reply of the intelligent domestic

By who?'—bakeresses disregard the objective mood grammatically.

'By Dr Northall'

'Good hevings!' why when I knowed him last he was only an editor and lived in a wooden house.'

Only an editor! What a country!—[Mercury.

ENEMIES—Alexander's Messenger gives the following wholesome advice. These pithy paragraphs outweigh whole volumes at times, and are the very best charts for the wise. —'Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark —'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are later against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be but a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.'

PLATO.—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand in anger to correct a servant, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied 'I am punishing a passionate man!' At another time, he said to one of his slaves 'I would chastise you if I were not angry.' When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked 'I will so live that no one will believe them.' A friend observing his studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar. 'As long,' said he, 'as I have need to grow wiser and better.'

OLD FRIENDS.—He who never forgets his old friends, and cherishes his attachment for them as warmly as ever, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom Heaven has endowed the earth, that society may not utterly wither, through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness and the constant changes in life. As you advance in life, make new acquaintances, but never forget old friends. How much happier the human race would be if they followed this advice; those who parted me long after as long absence not with lessened interest in each other, as now, but as brothers meet brothers, their affections more glowing than ever.

SMITH O'BRIEN—AN INCIDENT.—During the progress of the trial of this distinguished Irish patriot, a gentleman applied to him for his autograph, when he handed him the following lines, breathing no drooping or faltering of the part of Mr. O'Brien —

"Whether on the gallows high,
Fir in the battle sky,
The fittest place for Man to die
Is where he dies for Man."
"William Smith O'Brien."

The Grand Jury of Allegheny county have found bills against several of the girls who stand charged with having participated in the factory riots in Allegheny city, a few months ago.

Sheep vaccination has been tried with perfect success

"Well, boys, I must go in" said a little fellow the other evening as his Free Soil grandmamma was calling him.—"I must go in; but first let's give three cheers for Old Zach!" "Don't you do it" quickly ejaculated the old lady. "If you cheer you shall go to bed without your supper" Nothing daunted, the little rebellious replied: "Well, here goes—supper or no supper, three cheers for old Zach."

A Greek church has been established in London.