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ADVERTISING

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THE BROTHERS

BY CHARLES M'EACHE.

We are but two, the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two, O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart, the sacred flood
That warms us is the same,
That good old man, the honest blood
Alive we fondly claim.

We in our mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two, be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Tall side by side we lie.

From the Home Journal.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

BY MRS. NEIL SMITH.

One Saturday afternoon, some years since, about the bar-room of the only public house in the little village of S——, on Lake Erie, were gathered a number of gossiping idlers, seafaring men and farmers. Although early in the afternoon, the heavy clouds of an approaching storm so darkened the shore that candles were lit and in their dim light the gathering crowd listened to the beating of the waves upon the beach, and the distant roll of thunder that announced the coming strife. It was one of those scenes that occur when a mighty tempest comes down on Erie's inland sea, and the dullest seemed struck with its impressive grandeur. Sailors drank from their poisoned cups with less noise, and the village politicians were less absorbed in the Presidential Election. One of the number seemed more uneasy than the rest. A young man, of mild, prepossessing appearance, with a rifle in his hand, and a powder horn slung over his shoulder, for he had but a few minutes before come in from gunning, paced to and from the door, looked at the troubled bay and cloudy sky, and frequently asked an old captain of a schooner when he would be able to sail—to night?

"To-night? No, sir!" he responded to one of these inquiries; "nor to-morrow—nor next day, I expect. This 'ere storm looks as if it was goin' to last off a dance for a good many fittin' ones, and I don't believe in puttin' out in such company—it corrupts good manners, as the sayin' is. You seem to be in a great hurry, comrade?"

"I am. The Sea Gull brought me ill news from home this morning, and I will double your passage money, if you run me down to C—— to-night."

"Not I. I wouldn't undertake it for four times the money."

Silenced by this reply, the young man returned sadly into the house; and, sitting down thrust his hands into his pockets, with the dogged air of one who makes up his mind to be content with a positive evil.

M—— W—— had been in S—— but a few weeks, and although a stranger, had impressed its inhabitants favorably—so quiet, reading, and as all thought, kind he be in manner and disposition. The business that brought him to the place was by no means settled, and the intelligence he had received must have been of a very pressing nature to make one naturally so timid anxious to brave a storm that caused the hardiest sailor to shrink from duty. He had been sitting with a look of gloomy discontent but a short time, when the clatter of horses' feet were heard in the street, and a man, pale and trembling stood within the door way. His first discordant utterance was the word "Murder!" No expression of pain or terror can send the same deathly chill to the heart as that one word of terrible import; and, paralysed with stupid surprise the gathered crowd inquiringly gaged at the breathless messenger of evil. Before he could relate what seemed to choke his utterance, the Sheriff of the County hastily entered and arrested M—— W——.

"For what?" faltered the young man.

"The murder of Millie Woods," was the stern reply.

It wanted only this to swell the horrible sensation that had fallen upon the crowd. Millie Woods, a little girl ten or twelve years of age, was an only child of respectable parents living within a mile of S——, and in her sprightly loveliness had won the affection of all the villagers. The circumstances attending her death were as follows: The parents, it was frequently their custom, left the house under the charge of Millie, and had been, the greater part of the day making purchases and visiting in the village. Hurrying home before the coming storm, the agonized parents found their house robbed, and their only child brutally murdered. The news spread rapidly, and soon the curious and cooler neighbors were looking carefully on all marks the violence had left in the premises. The house, a large one, stood some distance from the road. The front door was found open, all the inner-doors unlocked or broken, every drawer, closet, press, or cupboard forced, and their contents scattered over the floor. In the garret, to which place the poor little creature had probably fled, Millie was found covered with blood that flowed from a stab in her side, her little hand grasping an old bed post, while around her neck a white handkerchief was slightly knotted.

Upon the floor of the hall, one of the neighbors picked up a squirrel, with one fore-paw gone, and its head scalped by a rifle ball. A young man who had been chopping wood in a neighboring grove, immediately recognized it as one W—— had shot that afternoon; he was by, and, picked it up, remarked to W—— the excellent shot. W—— left in the direction of Wood's house, with the squirrel in his hand. The handkerchief unwound from Millie's neck had the letters M. W. in one corner. True these were the initials of Millie's own name, but her mother positively avowed she owned no such article. Satisfied with these circumstances the officer at once arrested W——. From the time the murder was discovered to that of W——'s arrest was just two hours.

The prisoner was hurried to the nearest magistrate, and the evidence I have detailed, given before him. In addition to this, spots of fresh blood were found on his coat sleeve, and as Woods had been robbed of some gold and silver coin, of a peculiar character, two or three of the pieces were found upon the unfortunate man's person. This rivited the final link and the crowd grew furious. Little Millie, so loved and loving, all remembered as a child of their own, and she to be butchered for gold—the law seemed too slow and mild for vengeance; and the great crowd, now swelled to hundreds, swayed to and fro, shouting angrily for blood.

A convict, but lately from prison, hastened forward with a rope, threw it over a post, while some of the citizens, in answer to this mute suggestion, hurried the unfortunate prisoner towards the impromptu gallows.

"Oh, gentlemen!" screamed the young man, frightened at what appeared his inevitable fate. "Have mercy upon me—I am innocent—indeed I am—have mercy."

His voice was drowned in a roar from the crowd. "Who had mercy on little Millie? Kill him, kill him!" And again they pushed him towards the fatal post.

"Oh, God!" cried the unhappy man in bitter anguish, and trembling like a child; will no one pity m? I have a widowed mother—mercy—mercy—wait a little while—only a little while."

One, alone, answered this last appeal. A young lawyer of eminent ability, and personally popular, sprung forward severed the rope, and then, in a clear, silvery voice, that rang out high above the tumult, said:

"My friends, be careful of your acts. You are about to do what in this man you condemn—an awful murder. Chain him down—do what you will to secure the criminal, but respect the law—"

"And give Squire B—— a chance to clear him," interrupted the convict I have mentioned.

"To that man, fresh from the cells, I have nothing to say. But to my companions, neighbors, friends, I appeal—earnestly appeal. Why will you do this cruel thing? What right have you to commit a murder? How will you answer to the great Giver of all good for this? Where is your authority?"

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," responded a harsh, solemn voice, and the crowd turning, saw, where a torch waved over a stern, unfeeling face, the countenance of their preacher! It was a time when the gathered feeling checked by some great obstacle, pauses in its rash career, and, for a moment, there seems a doubt which way the tide will flow. The awful passage, so solemnly quoted, fell on the crowd at that moment, when the slightest word would have turned them from their purpose, and, stimulated as it seems to them by a command from Heaven, they once more seized their trembling captive, when the old captain, whom W—— had importuned for a passage, claimed to be heard:

"Comrades," said he, "Squire B—— thinks we hadn't ought to hang this fellow. Well, I'll tell you what what we'll do. He wanted to sail with me this day. He shall do so. We'll take him outside the Bay—tie him in an open boat, and send him adrift. Then the Lord have merch on him. What say you?"

A shout of approbation was the response, and they hurried W—— to the shore. In the meantime the storm grew loud, and when in the dark night, their torches beaten out by the wind and rain, the crowd heard the angry waves dashing over the rude pier, their courage failed, and seven only were found ready for the enterprise. Clambering upon the deck, with their victim in their midst, the cables were cut, and the little bark, like a frightened bird, flew out to sea.

Perhaps no scene ever painted itself on the canvass of real life so startling, wild, and strange at this. While the stout-hearted skipper steered the bark, the convict, assisted by four of his companions, tied W—— to the open boat, and the preacher, kneeling upon the deck, was heard between the pauses of the thunder, for above waves and wind, calling upon Heaven to bless their unholy act.

The open lake was gained, and the wretched man regardless of his entreaties and screams was given to the foaming waters. In a glare of lightning that was followed by a deafening peal of thunder, they saw their victim rise upon a huge wave and then plunge into darkness and death beyond.

Short time had the executioners to dwell upon their ruthless deed. Their lives were in jeopardy. A storm so violent had seldom been equally, and the little craft was worked save by the skipper, by unskillful hands. Desperate efforts were made to regain the Bay, but the entrance was narrow and intricate, while commands grossly misunderstood were promptly executed, so that the bark ran upon a ledge of rocks and quickly went to pieces. Two only of its strange crew were saved. The clergyman and the convict together reached the shore.

Some three years after these strange events, the Rev. Mr. H—— was awakened one night by a request to come immediately, and administer religious consolation to a prisoner, who in attempting to escape from jail, had been mortally wounded by the sentinel on duty. The Rev. gentleman, folding his cloak about him, and accompanied by the jailor trod their way through the snow and sleet to the prison.

They found the prisoner writhing in pain upon his bed in the gloomy cell, lit by a dim candle, and alone, for the surgeon had pronounced his case hopeless.

"You've come at last," he growled as the clergyman, approaching the bed, took from beneath his cloak a book, and began the duties pertaining to his sacred mission. "You've come at last. I tho't I'd go down before you got here"

"May you be spared for repentance; let us lose no time."

"No you don't! I'm bound to go go down—down. Don't be fooling; I didn't send for that."

"The sands of life are running fast. In a few moments you will be in the presence of your Judge, and repentence then will be of no avail."

"It will not avail me now," said the prisoner.

"Think of your past life—think of the punishment that is to follow!"

The answer to this was a frantic roar of laughter, that made even the jailor's blood tingle with with alarm.

"I will not remain," said Mr. H——, sternly, "and hear this awful mockery. I warn you now—beware!"

"Well, listen—don't you know me?"

The clergyman held the candle to the convict's face, and started with astonishment.

"Oh! you know me, do you? You remember the night we tossed W—— overboard—how he prayed? Oh, ho! look to yourself!"

"I did my duty."

"Ah ha! you did, did you? You did your duty in drowning a poor fellow for a murder he never committed!"

A tremor like an ague run through the listener's frame, and there he stood as one dismayed.

"He never did the deed. I murdered Millie Woods—I chased her to the garret and killed her. I was there robbing the house when W—— came. I heard him speak cheerily to the child, give her the squirrel, and then leave.—A minute after, she was a dead baby, and W—— had the blame."

"Lord have mercy upon me!" groaned the Divine, in an agony of spirit.

"I slipped the gold pieces in his pocket. How he prayed and begged for mercy! It's our turn now! It's our turn now! I don't beg—I won't—I'll die as I have lived—but you can howl. He had a widowed mother. We all went under—but you and I parson, came up together—now we go down—down—down!" The voice ceased—a shudder run through his iron frame, and the wretched criminal was no more.

* * * * *

In time the village of S—— grew to a city. Many of its oldest citizens had emigrated or were dead, and among the remaining, the events I have narrated had faded into an almost uncertain legend, when one sunny afternoon an elderly gentlemen of staid, respectable appearance, accompanied by his wife and children, made his way from the evening steamer to one of the principal hotels.—After securing rooms he walked into the streets. He earnestly scanned the signs as he passed. He stopped before one that read "Attorney at Law;" he paused, and then, with a start, as if the determination had a spice of the desperate in it, he ascended the stairs to the office. An elderly man, with a bald head and wrinkled face, was seated at a table surrounded by books and papers. Inviting the new comer to be seated, he peered at him through his spectacles, and inquired his business.

"Mr. B——, you do not remember me?"

"I cannot say that I do,' answered the attorney, slowly as if in doubt.

"Do you not remember pleading in behalf of a poor fellow about being lynched for murder, some thirty years since?"

"Mr. M—— W——!' exclaimed the lawyer, joyfully. "Can it be possible? I never forget a face, and yours I saw in a frame work that night that ought to impress it upon my memory forever.—But I thought you dead years ago.

Sit down—sit down, and tell me all."

"After I was thrown from the vessel that night," said W——, seating himself. "I was so frightened that for some time I had no consciousness of what occurred. On becoming more collected I found my boat half filled with water, riding the short heavy waves, and every second I expected to go under or be capsized, and so drown, this not occurring, I began to look about me. I found the cord by which I was tied passed over my shoulder. I managed to get it in my mouth and gnaw it apart. This loosened my hands, so that in a few minutes I freed myself and sat up. With an old cup that I found in the boat I bailed out the water, and then breaking up one of the seats, I managed the little affair so as to ship no more of the waves, and in this way rode out the storm and the night.

"By morning the wind had somewhat subsided, but so exhausted was I by fear and fatigue, that I was forced to lie down, and was soon sound asleep. When I awakened the sun was setting, and as far as I could see on either side was a dreary waste of waters. Strange as it may sound, I was greatly relieved. I feared nothing so much as falling into the hands of that terrible mob.

"The full moon came out, making the scene light almost as day, and a gentle breeze springing up, I took my coat, fastened it on the broken seat, and with this for a sail, drifted as near as I could make out by the stars, in a north-easterly direction. I knew sooner or later I must strike the Canada shore, but how far I had been carried in the storm, I could not of course determine. Through that long night I floated on. I saw the moon go down and the stars fade into the cold gray light of morning, and then the sun came up with the calm clear day, but no land could be seen—nothing but the glimmering water. I imagined once of seeing a sail in the dim distance, but if one, it immediately disappeared. About noon I noticed something floating near me, and on paddling my boat alongside found it a bale of goods carefully corded together. I fastened it almost without motive to my boat, and again lying down was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a shout and starting up, found I was running close to a wooded shore, and a number of men staring in wonder at my appearance. In answer to my request, one of them waded in and pulled my boat to land. I learned to my great satisfaction, that I had reached the Canada side, within a few miles of ——. It was supposed that I had been shipwrecked, to which my goods at once gave coloring, and secured for me a kind reception. On opening this bale, next day, I found it filled with costly silks and velvets, and so admirably packed, the water had little damaged them. This had probably been lost from some wreck in the late storm, and noting the address with intention of repayment some day, I sold the contents, and with the proceeds made my way to New York, where I after my mother's death, joined an expedition fitting out for ——, in South America. In this new home I married, and engaged in merchandise. There I lived until I learned, a few months since, my innocence of that cruel deed had been made known by the confession of the real criminal."

When he had finished recounting his strange escape, the lawyer rising, abruptly, caught him by the arm, and pointed to the open window. They looked and saw a gaunt figure, with sunken eyes, pale cheeks, and long grey hair, in the gloom of the evening, move silently along.

"That," said the lawyer, "is Mr. H——. Since the night of the criminal's confession, his intellect, never very strong, has been a complete wreck. Every evening he wanders to the lake.

If stormy, no entreaties can induce him to seek a shelter, but, hour after hour, he paces the shore, as if every moment he expected some revelation from its troubled waters."

A SINGULAR STORY.

DREAM OF THE HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The Washington correspondent of the Quaker City, published in Philadelphia, communicates the following curious account of a recent remarkable Dream of Mr. Calhoun;

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 12, 1850.

Mr Editor:—The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face softened in its expression round the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow white. He is tall, thin and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner.—He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a flurried manner—'Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose.'

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company—but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—

'What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they a have a good deal of truth in them.'

'But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream,' said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his hand; 'However, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it.'

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singular sweet voice, Mr Calhoun related it.'

'At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered, and, without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should not be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should not be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke:

'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?'

'I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union, (you know gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.) To this the intruder replied in the coolest manner possible:

'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand—your right hand?'

'He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face.

'Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington; yes, gentlemen, the intruder was no other than George Washington. He was dressed in Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office.'

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company.—Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause:

'Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?'

Mr. Calhoun resumed:

'This intruder, I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse. I extended it. The truth is, I had felt a strange chill pertade me at his touch; he grasped my hand, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington! Gentlemen I shuddered as I beheld the horrible *deadative* look of that visage. After holding my hand a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:

'And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?'

'I answered in the affirmative. Yes, said I, if a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of dissolution. But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, as an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. What is that? cried I alarmed. I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.'

'That,' said he, dropping my hand, that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'

'He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed upon the very table on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

'There,' said he 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian and so are you.' But there was no blotch upon his right hand.'

'With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?'

All the company answered in the affirmative. Toombs muttered, 'Singular! very singular,' at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

STREET SHADE TREES.

We would briefly remind those who can feel the difference between bare lines of building, and dry, glaring, and dusty streets, on the one hand,—and the softness, luxuriance, the interminable beauty of masses of green foliage, and the refreshing shade of the finest forest trees planted in villages and by road-sides, on the other,—we would remind these that the time has now come for action—no delay must be made, if another whole year is to valuable to be lost.

Most of the directions, given in the preceding article on transplanting fruit trees, are equally applicable to shade trees. But there is one all essential part of the work, without which failure is about as certain as the course of water down hill, and that is, the trees after being set out must be carefully protected from the rubbing of street animals. We have seen trees five inches through, which had been moved with nearly a ton of earth on the roots, all destroyed the second year by the rubbing of pigs and cattle. The best, most substantial, and most durable protection, consists of three posts in the form of an equilateral triangle, enclosing the tree, with horizontal cross pieces, or boards securely nailed to the posts. This frame will besides prevent those, who think a tree is very handy object to hitch a horse to, from spoiling it by allowing the horse to gnaw the bark. "You will be exceedingly vexed," says a late writer, in allusion to such a disaster, "but will be *consoled* by the assurance that the owner never knew his horse to do so before—and you will wish him and his horse at——the end of their journey!"

A few brief directions for planting shade trees, may be summed up as follows:—

1. Dig the hole before the tree is taken up, being large, its roots cannot be so easily protected from dying as a smaller tree, and it should therefore be out of the ground as short a period as possible.

2. If the trees are two or three inches in diameter, the hole must not be less that six feet in diameter, and a foot and a half deep, and the roots of the tree taken up, of nearly corresponding size.

3. Cut round the tree two and a half or three feet from the stem, and lift it out without tearing the roots or bruising the stem—not after the recommendation published some years ago, as a *very careful* mode of removing, "cutting the roots with an axe, and dragging the trees out with a yoke of oxen.

4. Cut off or thin out one-half or three-forths of the top, having an eye to the future shape of the tree. This lessens the number of leaves, the draught is less severe on the roots, fewer shoots grow the more rapidly and the wind has less power on the tree.

5. Plant the trees no deeper than before; as some one quaintly remarks, "nature has attended to the growing of trees some six thousand years, and cannot in this particular be improved upon.

6 As soon as the tree is set, then immediately erect the tripod-protection, already described.

7. Cover the ground several inches deep with litter, in a circle six feet in diameter. The soil cannot be easily cultivated, and this mulching is the best substitute.

Trees treated according to these rules, will begin to grow immediately, and will form handsome, rich, dense masses of foliage, in less time than those which are carelessly torn from the earth and hastily planted like a fence-post, can recover from the violence which they have received. It is better to plant ten trees well, than twenty or thirty badly.

Trees which have grown in the open ground are hardier and far better than those taken from the forest. Thick woods afford almost the protection of a green house; and trees removed from them and set out in open air often perish solely in consequence of their tenderness. Those from borders of swamps are often better than those from upland, and soft mucky soil more perfectly admitting the entire removal of the roots. The dissimilarity of soil where they are placed rarely proves of any detriment. As a general rule, such trees have succeeded much the best with us. This is also particularly the case with *evergreens*, which always need a large *cake* of earth to be removed entire upon the roots. This cake should always be large enough to hold the tree still against the wind without any shaking. *When this has been done, we have never lost a single evergreen tree by transplanting.* In the borders of swamps, where the muck is shallow on a hard-pan, the roots of evergreen trees usually form a thick mat of roots, all near the surface; cutting round one with a spade, allows the tree to be taken up with great ease, the whole mass of the roots and muck *peeling* readily off from the hard-pan.

WATER DRINKING.—I am decidedly opposed to the indiscriminate drinking of large quantities of cold water. One cannot understand in what manner these large imbibitions are to operate, so as to be useful in the animal economy. We know precisely what becomes of the water soon after entering the stomach; we can trace exactly what course all this water must take—what channels it must traverse—between its entrance and its exit. We are perfectly well acquainted with certain physiological effects produced by it after it has been received into the system. It dilutes the blood, it lowers the temperature, and therefore diminishes the vital power of the stomach; it puts certain systems of capillary blood vessels on the stretch, to the great danger of bursting, and it overtakes the kidneys. I have seen two very bad cases which were fairly attributable to the excessive drinking of water. * * * Thus, then it seems there are certain well understood and very obvious injuries which the large imbibition of water cannot fail to inflict, while the supposed benefits to accrue from it are altogether mystical problematical, unintelligible. The quantity of water which each person should drink during the day must always depend upon his own feelings. He may always drink when the doing so is agreeable to his sensation; when it is repulsive, never.—*Dr. E. Johnson's Domestic Hydropathy.*

MILLIONS OF PIGEONS ROOSTING.—Letters from Indiana complain that some of the pigeon roosts cover the forests for miles, destroying the timber. A letter from Laurel says:

"I am completely worn down. The pigeons are roosting all through our woods, and the roost extends for miles. Our neighbors and ourselves have for several nights had to build up large fires and keep up reports of fire-arms to scare them off. While I write, within a quarter of a mile there are thirty guns firing. The pigeons came in such large quantities as to destroy a great deal of timber, break limbs off large trees, and even tear up some by the roots. The woods are covered with dead pigeons, and the hogs are getting fat on them. Our old friend Hendrick killed fifty at four shots."

CURIOSITIES IN THE EARTH.

At Mena, Italy, and four miles around it, wherever it is dug, when the depth of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full, and is affected by neither rain nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosine. Under this is found a solid earth which would induce one to think has never been removed, however, under it is found a soft, oozy earth made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire such as walnut trees, with their walnuts still sticking on the stem, and their leaves and branches in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again with leaves, and branches of trees, as before, and thus alternately chalk and vegetable earth to the depth of sixty three feet. —*Goldsmith.*

THE MISERIES OF HAVING A NEW COAT.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harrassed by an apprehension of damaging it.—Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf! How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the nauth traction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust the rain, and the snow; to be panic-striken by the chimney sweep; to be scared by the dust man; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half-way out of a parret-window; to coast the gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney; to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencis; can anything in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery! hence, according to the 'Subaltern,' Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over estimated at sixpence and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows:—[*Blackwood.*

WOOLEN PRINTING.—A great improvement.—Messrs Holt & Brierly, of Lowell, have now in successful operation a new improvement, of their own discovery, which promises to yield a rich reward. It is the printing of woolen goods, in any style of stripe and figure that may be desired, and in perfectly fast colors, such as will stand the test of thorough washing. Mr Thomas Brierly is the original inventor and discoverer of the process of this printing, and has it secured by patent. The colors are of a superior brilliancy, and the style of goods is universally admired.—*Worcester Spy.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.—He, who speaks lightly of female society, is a numbskull or a knave, the former not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and a pair of revolvers.