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POETRY.

"I SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN!"

"I shall see in Heaven!"
So murmured, in a low but gladsome tone,
A dying girl veil'd from her soft blue eyes
Were all the beauties which God's hand had thrown
O'er this fair earth and richly-jewel'd skies;
Her glance had never mark'd the opening flower,
Nor watch'd the blending tints at sunset's hour.

"I shall see in Heaven!"
No curtain'd vision there, nor tear-dimm'd sight
To hide its glories, or their splendor paint
The griefs and trials of life's weary night,
Pass not the limits of this shadowy vale;
In brighter regions all shall see "face to face,"
And never wearied, countless wonders trace.

"I shall see in heaven!"
With this bright hope her spirit pass'd above,
Leaving death's impress on her marble brow;
Weep not for her: the Saviour's smile of love
Hath beamed upon her, and she seeth now!
Forgotten now are the regrets and fears,
Which gathered round her thro' her darken'd years.

"I shall see in heaven!"
O, is not this a cheering thought for me,
Now struggling on through darkness and through strife!
For all around is fraught with mystery,
And strange is the enigma of one's life:
And oft with feverish longings for the light,
I grope my way, and trust that all is right.

"I shall see in heaven!"
How truths which once so widely parted seem'd,
By links invisible to mortal ken
Were intimately join'd; how things we deemed
So adverse to the real good of men,
Were its promoters: Low from grief and care
God's touch evolved such joys as angels share.

"I shall see in heaven!"
The loving and the gentle-hearted friends,
Long the companions of my checker'd path,
Whose hallow'd memories such enchantment lends
To evening musings by my peaceful hearth,
O, when within our Father's house we meet,
How joyfully each other we shall greet!

"I shall see in heaven!"
The Saviour—"whom not having seen" I love;
And gaze through all eternity on him,
Enthroned amid rejoicing saints above;
When caught of earth his radiant charms can dim,
Hate, sin and sorrow off his glories hide;
Tears, I shall dwell forever at his side!

SONNETS.

BY WILL S. PETERSON.

MORNING.

Far o'er the eastern mountain's snow-crown'd crest
There hangs a misty veil of sombre grey,
And now the giant shades begin to sway
Backward and forward slowly, ill at rest.
The lightning glances of Sol's waking eyes
Anon like arrows pierce the breast of night,
While ghostly shadows stride across the sky,
And hide in Western forests from the light.
Before the Morning Star the sunbeams dance,
While she shrinks backward from their ardent gaze.
And, as Apollo's fiery steeds advance,
Infest amid the golden dust they raise!
And so are, throwing off the robe of night,
Bathes her fair face in the floods of crystal light.

EVENING.

The Sun goes down in splendor, and his smile,
From which the skies their crimson glory borrow,
Gives promise of a cloudless day to-morrow.
Thy's mighty monarch leaves us for awhile,
To visit t' other side of earth and heaven,
Lest his imperial power should there be waning,
For night, though often from her dark throne driven,
O'er half the sun's vast empire still is reigning!
But scarcely from the Western firmament
Has disappeared the chariot of Apollo,
Ere Eve creeps softly up the Orient,
And beckon's to her mother, night, to follow!
Thus for six thousand years, o'er land and water,
Day has chased night, but never yet has caught her!

MIDNIGHT.

From the clay prison where she fettered lies,
My soul looks up unto the glorious stars,
As a poor captive, thro' his iron bars,
Looks towards his native land with longing eyes.
And cheering thoughts within my heart arise
Of that blest moment when the soul shall throw
Aside the shell that now her beauty mars,
And, from the restraint of mortal foes
Shall gaze with unveiled eyes upon the glow,
And majesty, and glory of the spheres!
Oh, for an angel's pinions! I would soar
Upward, away from this dark dwelling place,
To the celestial regions, and explore
The mysteries of planet-peopled space!

EMIGRATION FROM VIRGINIA.

The Kanawha Republican thus speaks of the emigration from Virginia:

Much has been said of the emigration from Virginia within the past few years, but we do not believe the half has been told. However great the disposition has been, in years past, among our people to leave the Old Dominion and seek new homes and a fortune in the new States and Territories of the West, there has been no parallel to the present year in this section of the State, at least. Every terminus upon the Ohio River of any considerable outlet through our State will bear testimony to the fact above stated. Since the opening of navigation in February last scarcely a boat left the Kanawha River for Cincinnati that has not been pretty well thronged with emigrants from this region. For years past, in the fall especially, no one ardently desiring the progress and prosperity of Virginia could, without painful sensations, stand upon the western border of the State, and witness the stream of emigration moving off to the far West. It is not composed, in any part, of that portion of our population that might be spared without detriment to the commonwealth, but almost exclusively of that portion which is in reality the very bone and sinew of any State—the intelligent, enterprising young men, the well-to-do, intelligent farmers and mechanics, with habits of industry, with their healthy and growing families—the very people by whose emigration our own State is weakened, and the young giant States of the great West are built up.

☞ A farmer going to get his "grist ground" at a mill, borrowed a bag from one of the neighbors. The poor man was by some means knocked into the water, by the water wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the news was brought to his good wife, she exclaimed:

"My gracious! *what a fuss there'll be about that bag!*"

☞ A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China!

WAS IT NOT PROVIDENCE?

About forty years ago, in the western part of New York, there lived a lonely widow, Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the old family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventime slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the idea that something strange was going to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, unbosoming herself to her friends—especially her daughter. With her she remained most of the day, repeating several times the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurance that her good mother had never done injury to any person, and finally added,

"I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world."

On her road home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter.

"You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime—surely no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here, Rover," said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor, "here, Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher and take care of her."

Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside; and as the widow relied upon his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she was awake, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.

The dog neither moved nor barked. Next, there was another sound, as if some one was in the room, and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but, for the first time, felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and, at the same moment, something fell to the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she awoke, and the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man stretched on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a death grasp, and neither man nor beast could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by his sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give up her property to him and his, as the only heir-apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution awaited him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind, and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of woman who loaned her the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained, without reference to that Providence which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrows fall, and "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."—*Harper's Weekly.*

☞ The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleborough, was slightly eccentric in his habits, and this encouraged his people to be free and easy with him.—One time he was wandering over the hills, and got lost in the woods. At last he came upon a party of men burning wood for charcoal, but they were so blackened that he did not recognize them, though they were his parishioners. Approaching them, he said:

"Can you tell me who I am, and where I am from, and where I am going?"

To which they replied;

"You are Parson Peters, you come from Attleborough, and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson responded:

"From the looks of the inhabitants I should think I had got there already."

CONUNDRUM OF DRUMSTICKS.—"My dear sir,' said our friend Drumsticks to a young married gentleman who had just been made to feel the joys of paternity, "my dear sir, can you tell me in what your present status varies from that of the same individual one year ago?"

"Can't say that I can, Mr. Drumsticks."

"I will tell you. One year ago you were a sighing lover—now you are a loving sire.'

THE TABOOED QUESTION!

Albert Barnes, in his book on the Church and Slavery, has some temperate and well-considered remarks upon this subject:

"The spirit of the age and the spirit of the Gospel, as I understand it, demand, not that the subject of slavery should have any undue prominence in these discussions; not that it should be *forced* into the publications of the Tract Society and the Sunday-School Union; not that it should occupy the sole place in the pulpit; but that *it should be treated just as all other acknowledged evils and wrongs are:* as contrary to the Gospel of Christ, as preventing the salvation of men, as a violation of the spirit of the Gospel, and as an evil not to be perpetuated, but to be removed. For one, I am weary—and I am sure that in this I speak the sentiments of many thousands of others—of the perpetual deference shown to the holders of slaves in the pulpit and in the religious literature of the land. I am weary of the care taken, more than in other cases of wrong, to conciliate their favor and to avoid giving them offense. I am weary of the anxiety evinced that every approach to this subject, in so large a part of the literature of the land, should be cut off, and that at so many points we meet this as a matter that is by common consent to be regarded as inapproachable. Why should this be so? How has it happened that in a christian land mighty organizations have grown up, with vast power and wealth, from which all reference to slavery is excluded on principle, and that it is impossible through any national organization, though having their seat in the North, and sustained chiefly by Northern funds, to utter one word—yes, *one word*—in behalf of the slave? one word, even to a Christian master, that shall direct his attention to his duty to a fellow-man that he holds in hopeless bondage? one word to induce him to treat him in all respects as a brother for whom Christ died? It is clear to my mind that a great change should be effected on this subject in the Christian literature of the land, and that in religious newspapers, in the publications of the Tract Society and of the Sunday-School Union, and in all other publications, the subject of slavery should be approached *precisely* as any other admitted evil or wrong is approached.

"The same is true in regard to preaching. I would not have the pulpit depart from its legitimate object. I would not have it placed on the same level with the lyceum. I would not have it a place of vituperative language, or of declamation on political subjects. I would not have it a place where party politics should be discussed, or where the opinions of one political party should be defended, or where any political measure should be advocated. I would not have it a place where the interests of one section of the land should be arrayed against another; nor would I have it abused so as to embitter one part of the country against another. I would not have it a place where *disunion* should be advocated; nor would I have it a place where *union* should be advocated at the expense of justice, mercy, humanity, liberty. The pulpit is a place where everything should be discussed in its proper proportions, that bears on the progress of religion and the salvation of men. Everything that tends to promote religion should be defended and enforced; everything that hinders it should be rebuked and condemned. There is no subject whatever which bears on the subject of human salvation that can properly escape the notice of the pulpit. There is nothing that can claim to be exempted from that, however shielded and protected by laws and by the established customs of a nation, or however incorporated into civil constitutions, that tends to destroy the soul, or in any way to hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Chesterfield was at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him:

"My Lord, I know you are a judge: which are the most beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterwards, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield; a lady in the company, prodigiously rouged, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up and tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated.'

"My Lord, said Voltaire, "I scorn to be taken by an English Craft under French colors."

☞ This world should not be one of gloom to its inhabitants, but sho'd be enjoyed by all. With this object in view, read and laugh at the following:

A man once traveling by a stage-coach in Michigan was unfortunate enough to be on a poor road and carry a fence rail to help pry the stage out of mud holes. Becoming exhausted and impatient, he addressed the driver:

"Look here, old fellow, I've no objection to going on foot, but I'll not carry this rail another rod."

☞ A mechanic in Hartford, Connecticut, named Carimill, was walking out with his wife in that city a few days ago, when the latter suddenly burst a blood vessel, and the blood gushed from her mouth in a stream. Her husband at once supported her, but she died in his arms. As soon as the husband discovered she was dead, he fainted away.

A QUEER OLD MAN.

The New York Tribune, of a late date, says:

A resident of Illinois, one hundred and ten years of age, arrived in this city a few days since, who had walked the entire distance from his home in that State. The greatest day's travel upon this tedious journey was 12 miles. The old gentleman came to visit the east end of Long Island in search of evidence of his services in the Revolutionary struggle by which to establish his claim to a pension.—The reason of his walking was that he would not incur the risk of shortening his mortal career by riding on railroads. So strong was his prejudice against this mode of travel, that while in the upper part of this city and desiring to come down to the Brooklyn ferries, on his way to his destination on Long Island, he could not be induced to ride in the Second Avenue horse power railroad cars, but walked down, crossed the ferry, and pressed on to the end of his journey.

HOW LONG SHALL I LIVE?—Dr. Powell, of Kentucky, has published a book, in which he professes to have made a great discovery. It is that every son and daughter of Adam has what he calls "a life line," which indicates, with unerring accuracy, how long a lease of life belongs to each individual. He assures us, that if we draw a *true* line from the centre of the OCCIPITAL BONE, (the most prominent bone at the hinder part of the head just above the neck,) and extend this line to that portion of the skull which we can touch with the finger's end placed under the eye-brow, (the orbit or inferior angle of the OS FRONTIS,) if we make a *true* line with a piece of stiff paper folded perfectly straight, we can, by measuring the distance between this line and the hole of the ear, tell the amount of life-force each person possesses.

We are told, too, that this rule applies to all persons, without reference to age, sex, or temperament; and that no form of disease, whether acute or chronic, proves fatal, so long as there is is a respectable endowment of depth to the base of the brain. In a brain of medium size one inch places the individual considerably beyond the reach of an early death, *except by accident or violence.*

How important, then, that those who desire a long life should use all the efforts in their power to increase the length of their line? And this is a thing that the doctor assures us may be done. He has, in fact, so he gravely tells us, increased the length of his own life line three-quarters of an inch in about ten years, and, so far as we are able to comprehend his theory, he may go on increasing it indefinitely. And if, as we are told, "*one* inch places the individual *considerably* beyond the reach of an early death," how perfectly safe from all the shafts of the king of terrors must he who has managed to extend the life-line to an inch and three quarters! In the mass of absurdities gravely paraded before a gullible public as scientific discoveries, we have met with nothing more repugnant to Scripture and common sense than this tehory of lengthening the span of human probation.

☞ In 1852 a few grains of wheat were discovered in the tombs of some mummies found in the south of France, supposed to have been two thousand years old. These grains of Egyptian wheat were planted, and produced, to the surprise of every one, 1,200 to 1. The government took the affair in hand, and consigned the management of it to the farmers of the government farm at Rambuillet. The result has been most astonishing. Each year the product has been magnified in such an immense proportion over the preceding year, that the Minister of Agriculture is now enabled to distribute over France a large quantity of this wheat to each of the departments gratuitously, with instructions from the government farm as to the best mode of cultivation. At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, the Baron de Henneville presented several stocks of this regenerated Egyptian wheat, which were six feet high and bore each several fine ears. A French lady explained in my hearing the other day, the great multiplying power of the Egyptain wheat, by the long rest it had had. It is a great and important discovery for the study of agriculturalists.

☞ The Germans have to following curious proverbs:

Women have long hair and short wits.

There is only one bad wife in the world, but every one thinks he has her.

A woman spills more with her thimble than a man draw with a bucket.

A woman always keeps secret what she does not know.

Rich wives make poor children.

There are only two good women in the world; the one is dead, and the other can't be found.

The echo in the woods, the rainbow in the sky, and woman's beauty, soon pass by.

A FAST CITY.—A St. Paul paper says;

"Some ground was leased on Third street, just above our office, on Wednesday, a contract was entered into for the building on Thursday, the building was commenced on Friday, framed on Saturday, rested on Sunday, was raised on Monday, and fell down on Tuesday afternoon—all in the pace of five days!"

☞ A gentleman with a large six-shooter in his hand, was asked:

"Is that a horse pistol?"

"No," he replied, "it is only a Colt's."

MANLY, CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS.

Rev. T. M. EDDY, of the N. Western *Christian Advocate*, thus closes an able review of the decision of the DRED SCOTT case. We honor the man that thus dares to speak for freedom, though the minions of the slave power would silence every pulpit and every religious press. The cause of Freedom is the cause of Christ, and that preacher is traitor to his Master who can see it struck down, whether by tyrants, or a despotic throne, or by pro-slavery judges on the bench, in Republican Christian America.—These are the sentiments Mr. EDDY has preached from the pulpit for years. We rejoice to find him advancing them in his paper:

Warned by the undue expansion of this article, we ask, What will be the effects of this decision? To this, full answer can only be made by Him who seeth the end from the beginning. But some things "do appear."

1. It will not quiet agitation. The frail old man who read it in tremulous tones doubtless believed that it would stop all discussion, and restore peace. So they thought who secured the passage of the fugitive slave law. So, too, it was said when the Missouri Compromise was destroyed. It will not quiet the surging waves—will now still the wildly-sweeping tempest.

2. It will drive into activity anti-slavery ranks many who have heretofore been neutral. They will not see that neutrality is treason to freedom.

4. It will inaugurate a new spirit in anti-slavery men. Heretofore they had aimed to hedge slavery about, to shut it within its primitive enclosure, and let it work out its own destiny. Hence they meddled not with slavery where it was. It was a Southern institution, and the South might have it with all its blessings and its curses. From this ground the Supreme Court has driven them. They are told that slavery is not *sectional* but *national*, not Southern but American. They will act accordingly.

4. Consequently the anti-slavery warfare will henceforth be, "the extirpation of slavery." The supreme court has brought freedom and slavery together, not in a fraternal embrace—that is impossible. No, they meet in glowing hate, armed for deadly war.

In behalf of freedom, which, by this decision—worthy of Jeffreys—has been declared homeless, has been wronged of her heritage to make room for human slavery; in behalf of freedom, now chained and scourged; in behalf of Freedom, the INALIENABLE RIGHT of all MEN, we welcome the conflict! Let it be no child's play. Let the friends of freedom now band themselves together. Let the rallying shout be, "The entire destruction of slavery upon the American continent." To this we are driven, and we welcome the issue.

We have written this leader with a heavy heart—have written it in sorrow not in anger. The utterance of these sentiments will cost us alienation from some whose friendship we prize, will put our paper upon the index expurgatorius in quarters where it is now welcomed.

We will not say that we do not care for all this. We do. It pains us to incur displeasure—it pains us more that in a land of free discussion, so called, there are men so lost to the noble dictates of manhood as to stand, all unthanked at that, as sentinels to keep watch and ward for slavery, and to attempt to frighten free men into tame submission, by the cry, "stop the paper."

But we prize the favor of God and and the peace of conscience. We have lifted our humble voice against the commission of the *worst act of the national authority* during our national history, and feel that we

HAVE DONE RIGHT.

☞ Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seeming unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

☞ You may do certain work in your garden as soon as the ground is dry enough to work safely. Lettuce, onions and early peas may be put in as soon as you please. In clay soils, *never stir the soil when damp.* Currant bushes may be transplanted, or new cuttings set. Manure may be prepared, and that which is well rooted may be spaded in. Mulching may be done, when you do not wish to stir the ground for some months.

☞ A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general.

'Not knowing, I can't tell,' was the reply; 'but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer.'

The young man took the hint, and procured license immediately.

☞ Said Dinah to Sambo, as they were taking a loving promenade,

'What is your 'pinion 'bout de married life? tink it am de most hapiest 'zistence?'

'Well, I tell you, dat 'pends altogedder on how dey enjoy demselbs.'

THE BOY IN THE WITNESS-STAND.

Judge Groth, of Penn., communicates the following to the "Ambassador:"

After the plea "not guilty" was entered, and the jury was sworn or affirmed, a small, very intelligent-looking boy was called to the witness stand. The defendent's attorney objected to his testifying on account of his age, &c. The attorney for the Commonwealth said the boy was unusually intelligent, and reqursted the Court to examine his competency, and I proceeded accordingly, very mildly:

Judge.—What is your name, my son?

Boy.——— ———. (Giving his name very distinctly, which I do not now remember.)

Judge.—Where do you reside, my little man?

Boy.—In this city, sir.

Judge.—Have you any parent or parents alive and residing here.

Boy.—One only; my mother.

Judge.—Do you attend school, my son?

Boy.—Yes, sir.

Judge.—I presume from your intelligence and praiseworthy conduct here that you will soon be allowed to attend the High School, and become a useful man—if necessary, assist your good mother.

This drew tears of pleasure to his eyes, and he replied that by the favor of the School Directors he had attended the High School for the last six months.

Judge.—How old are you, my good boy?

Boy.—My mother says that on tomorrow I will be thirteen years old.

Judge.—Are you here to give evidence to the Court and Jury in this case? (naming it.)

Boy.—Yes, sir; if required so to do.

Judge—Do you know the solemnity of the obligations of a judicial oath, my son? Reflect before you answer.

Boy—(Very modestly.) I think I do.

Judge.—What will be your punishment, my dear boy, if you swear falsely, or speak a lie on oath?

Boy—I will be sent to the penitentiary, (weeping,) and thus break my mother's heart. (There were other eyes besides his in that house overflowing with tears.)

Defendant's Attorney, (frowning.)—Boy, don't you know that if you tell a lie on your oath, when you die you will be endlessly tortured in a fiery pool?

Boy.—That would be an additional inducement to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; but that punishment can be avoided by a timely repentance; but repentance will avail nothing to keep me out of the penitentiary.

Judge.—You are a noble boy! Who gave you these excellent instructions?

Boy.—My mother, sir.

Judge.—Such a mother deserves such a son! May our heavenly Father bless you both! Mr. Clerk, qualify the witness. He has, in this examination, given us more common-sense informatton on the binding nature of judicial oaths than all the musty books in the court room would do. Repeat your laws for the punishment of perjury, add false swearing will be as common as it is now rard. An honest person will speak the truth without an oath; but a dishonest one, were it dot for fear of immediate punishment, would never testify truly, if a lie would, in his estimation, benefit him more than truth.

PRE-EXISTENCE.—It has been often stated that all men have experienced, at some time or other a feeling that what they are seeing or hearing, apparently for the first time, has been seen or heard by them before, though their reason assures them of the contrary. Sir E. B. Lytton, in one of his works, "Godolphin," thus notices this kind of day dream:

"How strange it is, that at times a feeling comes over us, as we gaze upon certain places, which associates the scene either with some dim-remembered and dream-like images of the past, or with a prophetic and fearful omen of the future. Every one has known a similar strange, indistinct feeling at certain times and places, and with a similar inability to trace the cause."

And Sir Walter Scott, a man with a sound mind in a sound body, made the following entry in his diary, under date of February 17, 1828:

"I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner-time I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence, viz., a confused idea, that nothing that passed was said for the first time; that the same tropics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. . . . The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of a ship. . . . It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said."

☞ "What are you about, my son,' said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room and casting furtive glances a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I was trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman seeing it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

☞ A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—

"Whatever ye would that men sho'd do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

THE WATER OF THE NILE.—Bruce, in his "Scenes and sights in the East" says:

"The waters of the East, whether good or bad, are all soft. About the analysis of the water of the Nile I have no curiosity, and I would not be pleased to receive information. To be made acquainted with the chemical elements which compose our food or our drink, is enough to destroy all pleasure in eating and drinking; and to subject the substance of the venerable god Nilus to the torture of a scientific analysis looks like impiety. The Nile water is particularly soft; it fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallow'd in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals, every hour or so. In the house the water jar, the admirable Egyptian water jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar, should be at hand day and night continually.

"Much refreshment of soul would be obtained by your rising from bed during the night and taking repeated droughts; allowing them to remain some little time in your mouth, so as to keep up an abiding sense of pleasure on your palate. The passion for Nile water, like the love for everything that is intensely exquisite in its way, increases with its enjoyment.—No one who has once or twice tasted Nile water, and has a capacity for pleasure, will ever after consent to drink of it poisoned with the infusion of any other liquid. Jealous of its own honor, it appears to be the most averse of all waters to join in harmony with wine. Indeed, mixed with wine, it is a most nasuous compound. The illustrious rivet seems opposed to all alliance with ignoble fluids, and to court admiration and love in its own character, "without the foreign aid of ornament." At the hotels the water undergoes filtration. In the cottages through the country it is kept in large vessels which allow the sediment to fall to the bottom.—The small clay jars in which it is placed before you in the hotels are very graceful in form and finely adapted to keep the liquid cool."

GEOLOGY AT A DISCOUNT.—The geologist if he be fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and, besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Professor Sedgwick, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told "Fourpence!" He could not help remarking upon the smallness of the charge. "Ah, sir," said the landlady, "I should ask eightpence of any one else; but I only ask fourpence from you, for I see you have seen better days."

At another time a lady stopped by the roadside, where he was working, made some enquiries, and gave him a shilling, because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment.

A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic.

A DRINKER DEAD—TWO GROG-SHOPS CLOSED.

The liquor sellers are losing caste, everywhere. The following communication to the Georgia Temperance Crusader, records a late death in a grog shop, the public excitement, and consequent action, which led to "shutting up shop;" on the part of two members of the liquor dealers' society:

MONROE, Ga., Jan. 7, 1857.

"MESSRS. EDITOR.—On Tuesday the 30th ult., Mr. Samuel Wilkins, of this county, (an honest and industrious man, though addicted to drink,) got very drunk in this place, and instead of going home at night he remained here in a grocery drinking. About ten o'clock he fell out of a chair he was sitting in with a fit or stroke of palsy, was taken up speechless and senseless, and laid on a bed where he died about one o'clock next day. The two grocery keepers feeling bad at having one of their customers to die so suddenly in their house—proposed that if the citizens would buy them out they would quit the business. And we, too, feeling bad for having killed so many men lately with our grog shops thought it time to close a murdering business at once. So we called a meeting of our citizens, raised the funds necessary, bought out the dead falls—throwed them and broke the triggers, and we are now taking guarantees from all the property holders never to allow any house or lot to be used as a retail grocery. The work is nearly completed, so that the year 1857 dawned on Monroe with all its doggeries finally, and I hope eternally closed. For we do not wish to kill men and ruin their families to get their money.

"Monday, the 5th, was election day, and yesterday Sheriff sale day. Not a drinking man was seen in the place. Some few were grumbling because we had stopped poisoning men, but there was no one went home drunk from the election to abuse his family.

A FRENCH TRANSLATION.—Shakspeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman." A French translation has it, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

From the Water Cure Journal.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN.

An unknown correspondent sends us the following:

Perhaps you may think the inclosed not inappropriate to your Journal.

When the American frigate Merrimac was in Southampton Water, she was visited by the Earl of Hardwicke and his family; and in return for the hospitality of the officers he invited them to his house. One of those officers sent to his friends an account of the doing at Lord Hardwicke's house, and the letter has found its way into the Journal, a paper published at Washington, in North Carolina. Some passages will give the reader a lively idea of its character.

"We sat down to table at half-past seven o'clock. These are always epaulette and sword occasions. Lord Hardwicke's family consists of his countess, his eldest son (about eighteen or twenty, and Lord Royston by courtesy,) three of the finest looking daughters you ever saw, and several younger sons. The daughters—Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, and Lady Agnita—are surpassingly beautiful; such development, such rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and unaffected manners you rarely see combined. They take a great deal of out door exercise; and came aboard the Merrimac in a heavy rain, with Irish thick soled shoes than you or I ever wore, and cloaks and dresses almost impervious to wet. They steer their fathers yacht, walk the Lord knows how many miles, and don't care a cent about rain, besides doing a host of other things that would shock our ladies to death; and yet in the parlor they are the most elegant women in their satin shoes and diamonds I ever saw. The countess, in her caronet of jewels, is an elegant lady, and looks like a fit mother for three such women. His lordship has given us three or four dinners. He lives here merely during the yatching season; and leaves here on Friday for his country seat in Cambridgeshire, where he spends his winter, as do all English gentlemen of means, in hunting, etc.; and when Parliament is in session, he lives in London in his town house. Here he has a host of servants; and they wear the gaudiest livery—white coats with big silver buttons, white cravats, plush knee breeches and vest, with white silk stockings, and low shoes. Lord Hardwicke's brother is Dean of York, a high church dignitary; has two noble daughters, and is himself a jolly gentleman. After dinner the ladies play and sing for us; and the other night they got up a game of blind-man's buff, in which the ladies said we had the advantage, inasmuch as their 'petticoats rustled, so they were easily caught.' They call things by their right names here. In the course of the game, Lord Hardwicke himself was blindfolded, and, trying to catch some one, fell over his daughter's lap on the floor, when two or three of his girls caught him by the legs and dragged his lordship, roaring with laughter, as we all were, on his back into the middle of the floor. Yet they are perfectly respectful, but appear on a perfect equality with each other.—In fact the English are a great people."

The English public knows Lord Hardwicke well, as one of the most respectable Conservatives in the House of Lords; a gallant officer and an authority in naval matters; in debates, as a man in earnest, business like, and high-minded.

Very respectfully yours, B.

[American women, and men too, may get a valuable hint from the above, and try and get on health and strength by similar means.—EDS.]

A SEVERE HIT.—A writer in Blackwood says: "So far are we disposed to put criminals upon the moral sick list, it requires almost court interest to get hanged, and to get transported for life nearly as much as would suffice to get a subordinate clerkship in the Treasury. Sent to jail, the prisoner is petted and every encouragement given to him to renew his visit. In the severest light he is only locked upon as a patient and dieted with the same care and tenderness that patients are in the best regulated hospital, so that there is often more trouble in getting him out than in getting him in."

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—A professor of the dead languages, at Cambridge, a few days ago, received some Greek lines professing to have been communicated through a spiritual medium for Theognis, a Greek poet, who has been dead at least two thousand years. The poetry was veritably Greek, with the exception of a single word, which the professor supposed was a misprint. While wondering at this remarkable fact, he picked up a reprint of the Edingburg Review, and there he found published, as an extract from Theognis, the very words in his spiritual communication, with the typographical error and all. Comment, as the newspapers say is needless.

WELL ANSWERED.—What form of government is the best? This answer, says the "German Grit," is about as just as it would be to answer the question, "Which is the most perfect of living creatures?" by saying *the healthiest*, from which it would follow that a sound puppy is better than a sickly man. So far is this from being true that even a sick philosopher is more than a sound fool; for the wise man may get well, but a fool can never grow wise.

☞ "My brethren," the other day exclaimed the Rev. C. Spurgeon, the popular London preacher, "there is a vast difference between the devil and a deacon. The difference lies here—resist the devil and he will flee from you; but resist a deacon and he will flee at you!"