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Poetry.

'TO MY HUSBAND.

'I WOULD be with thee!
To share thy joy and gladness,
To listen to thy voice of glee,
To chase away thy bosom's sadness,
By heartfelt sympathy;
To stay thee in thy sorrow,
To bid thee trust in God and me,
Ever to hope a brighter morrow
Will light thy destiny.

'I would be with thee!
When mingling with the gay,
Some simple strain shall mind thee
Of hours long passed away,
Hours worth years to thee,
And when thy silent tears,
As memory's tribute fall
To the long-vanished years,
Those magic tones recall.

'I would be with thee!
At the day's decline,
To watch thine eye's deep meaning,
To clasp thy hand in mine,
On thy fond bosom leaning;
Or when, in foreign clime,
At evening hour alone,
The mournful vesper-chime
Calls back the absent one.

'I would be with thee!
When weary and depressed,
Left by the world alone,
That precious head shall long to rest
On the heart all thine own:
In dark temptation's hour,
To warn, to guard, to shield,
By the resistless power
Undying love can wield.

'I would be ever with thee!
In sickness and in health;
Through fortune good or ill,
Content, in poverty or wealth,
If thou did'st love me still.
To counsel, to caress,
To lead thee on toward heaven,
Showing what power to bless
To woman's hand is given. J. K. L.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis morn—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew;
Its perfumes rise in every grove,
Like incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits, o'er yon welkin clear,
But I am sad—thou art not here.

'Tis noon—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep;
A soft haze like a fairy dream
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad mangolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lonely star,
But I am sad—thou art afar.

'Tis eve—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes:
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms on the wave below,
And, like an unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees—
Breathing its music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not.

'Tis midnight—with a soothing spell
The far off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as the mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art away.

I sink in dreams—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here.

Choice Miscellany.

From Sharp's London Magazine.

THE FISHER GIRL OF NEW HAVEN.

New Haven is the most famous fishing place in Scotland—or perhaps, in all Great Britain. It is situated about a mile from North Leith, and three miles from Edinburgh, on the shore of Firth of Forth, and is inhabited by a colony of fisher folks, who are a peculiar race, speaking a peculiar dialect, and as different from the ordinary Scotch people living around them, as the Indians of North America are different from the pioneers who pierce their forests. They intermarry solely amongst themselves, and during my residence amongst them, I often saw reason to believe that they held all other people in contempt. It is an interesting thing to take a stroll through the village, and watch the stalwart fishermen drawing their open boats ashore, spreading their sails and nets to dry, and overhauling their tackle; and to watch the fisher wives sitting in groups mending the nets or baiting the hooks, or preparing the fish for market. They carry the latter in *creels*—a species of huge wicker-basket, borne at the back; and the weight they carry with the greatest apparent ease is incredible. It is a joke in the locality, that when the fisher wives have trudged all the way to Edinburgh with a heavy creel of "had dish," or oysters, or "poortiss" (crabs), or what not, and sold them, they feel so *unchancy* with the empty creel, and they fill it with stones on their return. They are, at any rate, a hard working people, and perhaps present the most picturesque appearance of any class in Great Britain, wearing exceedingly short petticoats, with gowns of yellow, and other bright, gaudy colors, looped up in front, over which is a huge jacket of dark coarse blue cloth, and a handkerchief bound snood fashion across their heads, and another crossed over their bosoms. They are frequently very good looking, and many a time have I listened with delight to their clear, powerful cries, as they plod along the streets, seeking customers for the contents of the creels at their backs. There is something in all their cries that has often struck me as being remarkably plaintive—especially "calling herrin'" (fresh herrings). The song of "caller herrin'" is truth of itself:

"Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They bonnie fish and hallsum fairin;
Wha'll buy caller herrin'
Now drawn frae the Forth?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh! ye may ca' them vulgar fairin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men!"

The fishermen themselves are so exceedingly superstitious, that when their boats are quite ready to sail on a voyage, if they happen to meet with any stranger whose face they think "unlucky," they actually defer their voyage a day or two! The story I am about to relate has some connection with this superstition.

About twenty-two years ago, the prettiest girl in New Haven was Lillias Rae, the only daughter of an old fisherman, who was a widower, and possessed a half share in one of the boats. She was betrothed to a young man—of course of the same profession—named Larry Stirling, who was reckoned the best dancer and the smartest young fellow in the place. Everybody thought it a good match, and the preparations for the wedding were so far completed that it was arranged to take place after the first return of Larry from the herring fishery, which usually commences about the middle of July.

News arrived at New Haven that a large drove of herrings had appeared on the coast of Berwick and St. Abbs Head, a fortnight earlier than was expected; and great was the bustle among the fishermen to set sail to share this god-send, as in the early part of the season fresh herrings sell for about two or three a penny, and as it advances, and the fish become abundant, they cheapen to a dozen for the same price. A boat, therefore, which is fortunate to get a good haul at the very commencement of the season, enriches the crew as much by the first voyage as it does in a half a dozen subsequent ones.

Larry Stirling and his three messmates were among the first to get cleared for sea. An hour before putting forth on their adventure, Larry visited his sweetheart, to whom he was to be united on his return from the voyage, according to agreement. He was full of hope, and dilated on the cheering prospect that this unlooked for early advent of the finny tribe would provide him with the means of solemnizing his nuptials with great *eclat*.

"Eh, lassie, what does you think?" cried he. "Jock, David and Allan, (his three messmates and partners in the boat,) are chiels wi' hearts o' gould, and they a' swear they'll club their shares o' profit frae the v'y'ge to me ain, to help our wedding feast!"

"Eh, mon, it's no possible!" exclaimed the delighted Lillias.

"What for no? I tell thee, lassie, we'll hae siccan a plore as the like was ne'er seen afore in these parts. We'll hae the hail toun to our jinks, an' auld Mellun, the blind gut-scraper, an' Sandy Maclaran, an' Wully Links, wi' their pipes, an' they shall scrape an' drill till a' the rafters ring! An' a' the braw lads an' bonnie lasses shall fling an' caper; an' we'll hae beef an' bannock, wi' punch an' wasky enough galore to swim a ship!"

Gude grant it a'!"

"Ne'er doot it, lassie; an' ye maun noo kittle up yer we bliss o' finery, for it'll no be abune sax days I gang back—and then hey for the gold ring! An' see ye, my lassie, here's summat I hae got for ye. I ganged till Edinbro' last nicht, an' bou't it frae one o' the grand shops i' the New Toun."

He produced a necklace of bright beads, large as filberts, and exultingly strung it round her neck; and the girl was as much delighted with the gift as a titled lady would be if her betrothed presented her with a superb aigrette of the most sparkling diamonds the mines of Golconda ever yielded.

"An' noo I maun e'en gang, for Jock an' the rest are abroad, an' waiting for me. Wull ye gang wi' me down to the craft?"

Lillias readily consented, and after carefully putting up the precious necklace, and giving the donor I don't know how many kisses as an acknowledgement for it, she accompanied him to the jetty, where the boat lay. On their way they met a stranger of peculiarly forbidding exterior, whose sunken eyes gleamed with a strange expression as he fixed them on the shrinking fisher girl.

The moment he was passed, Lillias seized the arm of her lover in a convulsive grip, and, pale as death, whispered to him, "Larry, did ye no mark him?"

"Him, who?" exclaimed Larry, much astonished, for he had been too much occupied with dreams of his coming happiness to notice anything.

"Yonder mon—eh, Gude beward us! It's a fearful sicht! He has an evil eye—if ane ever glowered oot o' mortal head. Oh, Larry, ye maunna gang this day. Sorrow and woe will befa' us a' if ye do go."

"Deil hae me, what's come to ye? I wish the mon at the bottom o' the Red Sea afore he gev thee sic a turn. Pugh! it's a fancy."

"It's no fancy, Larry, but the Gospel truth. He has the evil ee I tell ye, and maunna gang this day."

"Evil ee! an auld wife's tale! I carena for a' evil ee's o' a' the heads o' a' the ill faurd chiels frae John o' the Groats to the land's end!"

"Dinna speak sae," cried the terrified girl, who was profoundly impressed with all the superstitions of her race. "For the luve o' God, dinna set at naught siccan a warning. Evil wi' befa' if ye sail noo."

Larry laughed, but not very heartily, for he by no means was proof against the notions of his people. He had set his heart, however, upon sailing with all expedition; and as he knew well that his messmates themselves would obstinately refuse to sail were they told what his sweetheart had seen, he determined to keep it from them.

"That, for a' the evil ees, and a' the auld wife's joucks!" cried he, snapping his fingers with an air of a bravado.—"A' the spells o' darkness shall no keep our bonny boat frae hoisting its wings to the blast, an' coming back in sax days wi' caller herrin' to fill the creels. Ye ken the auld song, lassie:

'Weel may the boatie row,
And weel may she speed,
Weel may the boatie row,
That earns the bairnies bread.'"

"Larry, dearie, ance mair, for the luve o' God—for the luve o' me—dinna be sae daft and reckless. Auld Tam Fairly was just sae. He wadna take tent when he met the evil ee, and he sailed the same nicht, an' was drooned wi' a' on board. An' then, there was a young Abbie Suewlie, who used to laugh at his auld grandmither when she——"

"Ye're na better than an auld grandmither yersel', to maunder at that rate. The wiud's fair, an' the sky's clear, an' a' promises weel. Gude sake, dinna haud me back sae!" for they were now on the jetty, and the poor girl, in her terror and anxiety to detain her lover, was clinging to his back. "See, if Jock an' Allan are na laughing at us enough to split. We'll be the toun's jouk i' ye carry on sae."

Hastily, and even roughly, disengaging himself, Larry gave her a hearty kiss, and leapt into the boat, which had its sails ready hoisted, and bagging with the breeze. The rope was cast off, and the little bark swiftly cut through the waves, impelled by its heavy red sail—Poor Lillias waved her hand in adieu, and burst into tears.

She watched the boat till it was but a mere speck, and was hid from sight by an island, as it sailed down the Forth for the open sea. Filled with dire forebodings, she walked slowly home, and mechanically set to work knitting a new net.

In five or six days several of the New Haven boats returned, with the sad news that not one herring had been caught, and that the rumor of their appearance was altogether false. Larry's boat was not of the number, and when Lillias eagerly questioned the arrivals concerning him, they one and all expressed their surprise that he had not returned before them, for they said he was the first to give up the bootless adventure, and spread his sail for home before any of them.

The poor unhappy girl was now half distracted. She felt certain that the boat had foundered, remembering the warning of the evil eye, and how madly her lover had laughed it to scorn.

When Larry and his crew were on the homeward voyage, they had outsailed all their brother fishermen, and were running up for the Forth. When off Bass Rock, one of them noticed some black objects rising and sinking to the leeward. They bore up to them, and found they were four or five rundlets of French brandy, evidently cast overboard by some smugglers. Here was a temptation to the poor fellows, dispirited as they were by the ill success of their voyage.

But they all knew that the strict revenue law forbade them to pick up any cask of spirits at sea, if of less capacity than forty gallons—the reason being that frauds were frequently practiced by smugglers bringing in small casks, and alleging they found them floating on the sea. The duty, therefore, of the fishermen was, not to touch the casks, but to give notice to the officers of the customs, that they might secure the "waifs and strays" in question.

Larry felt the temptation with peculiar force, owing to his position. He was returning with an empty boat to claim his bride, and, although at any other time his natural rectitude would have saved him, he now weakly yielded, and his opinion, as skipper of the boat, decided any doubts of qualms of conscience on the part of his crew. They therefore hauled the rundlets on board, and hiding them under the nets, put towards land, and at nightfall attempted to *run* the booty on the coast. They were seized in the act by some revenue officers, and Lillias soon heard that her betrothed was lodged in Leith goal, awaiting examination on the charge of smuggling.

The unhappy girl and many of the fishermen attended the next morning at the hall of where the magistrate sat in judgment. The evidence was too clear for any defence to avail; but Larry took all the blame on himself, and so strongly averred that his own influence, as skipper, had alone induced his crew to take part in the act, that the magistrates mercifully discharged them, with a strong admonition to beware of the future; but the boat was forfeited, and Larry himself was doomed. The presiding justice read over in the court the clause of the act defining the penalty incurred by the latter, as follows:

"Every such person, so convicted as aforesaid, shall, immediately upon such conviction, pay into the hands of such justices, &c., for the use of His Majesty, the penalty of one hundred pounds, without any mitigation whatever, for any such offence of which he shall be so convicted as aforesaid, or in default thereof——"

"A hundred pounds!" ejaculated the miserable prisoner; "an' where, in God's name, d'ye think the like of me is to get a hundred pounds?"

"In default thereof, the said justices, or governor, &c., shall, he and they is, and are hereby respectively authorized, and required, by warrant under his and their hand and seal, or hands and seals, to commit such person, so convicted as aforesaid to any goal or prison, there to remain until such penalty shall be paid: 'Providing, always, that if the person convicted of any such offence or offences, shall be a seaman, or seafaring man, and fit and able to serve his Majesty in his naval service, it shall, and may be lawful for any such justices, &c., and he and they is, and are hereby required, in lieu of such, by warrant under his or their hand and seal, or hands or seals, to order any officer, &c., to carry and convey, or cause to be carried or conveyed, such persons on board his Majesty's ships, in order to his serving his Majesty in his naval service for the term of five years."

"Five years!" again interrupted poor Larry Stirling: "then hae mercy on me! I'll never see New Haven again."

The fine could not be raised, and a brisk demand was then required to fit out a squadron for the West Indies. By the law, a month grace was allowed to each "seafaring man," convicted under the act, and if he could not raise the penalty in that time, he would be delivered over to the officer commanding a tender then lying in Leith Roads.

The month expired, and Larry Stirling was conveyed and carried in a state of desperation, leaving Lillias broken-hearted behind him. She subsequently ascertained that he had been drafted to the Northumberland, a line-of-battle ship, which had sailed for the West Indies.

Now comes the most extraordinary part of this romance of reality in humble life. For several months Lillias was absorbed in grief and appeared to have lost all relish for existence. She cried "caller herrin" with as much vigor as ever, and seemed quite reconciled to her cruel lot. But suddenly she was missed from New Haven, and nothing heard of her till a sailor belonging to a Leith smack came to tell her friends that she had made a passage in the vessel to London, and charged him to bid them have no concern on her behalf. What her object was in thus secretly quitting her home, and going to the great city, no one could conjecture. Time rolled on, and nothing further was heard concerning her.

On her arrival in London, she bought a sailor's suit of clothes, chest, and hammock, and dressed herself as a tar. She was, like all the girls of New Haven, very robust, and by no means unconversant with a portion of seamen's duties. Her idea was to follow her lover, and ship in the man-of-war. She obtained a berth before the mast in a merchant brig bound for Havana, and during her whole voyage nothing occurred to create any suspicion of her sex. She performed every sailor's duty alow and aloft, and laid out on the yards to reef topsails on stormy nights. All that was remarked by her messmates concerning her was her singular taciturnity and reserve, which they set down as Scott habits and feelings. On arriving at Havana she managed to learn that the Northumberland was cruising off Port Royal, Jamaica, and forthwith shipped in a small schooner about to sail for that port. When she reached it, the man-of-war in question was anchored in the harbor, and her first act was to hire a boat to take her alongside. When she came within hail, the sentinel on the gangway called out to her two boatmen to sheer off, as no boats were allowed to approach.

There were at this moment a group of the officers under an awning on the quarter deck, and numerous seamen visible, but Lillias could not see him she was in search of among them. Here her mother wit stood her in good stead.—Standing up in her boat, she sang out at the pitch of her clear and powerful voice, "*Collar herrin'! Sax a penny, collar herrin'!*"

The officers pricked up their ears at this startling cry. Again and again it was repeated, ringing out louder than before.

"In the devil's own name what does he mean!" cried the Captain.

Nobody knew; and, indeed, whoever hears the cry of "caller herrin'" for the first time, will have no more conception of its meaning than if he listened to Cherokee.

Still "caller herrin'" echoed across the still and quiet waters of the bay, and the boat drifted nearer the ship, in spite of the threatening musket of the sentry, and his angry hail to sheer off.

The seamen of the Northumberland gazed anxiously over the nettings, and among the number was Larry Stirling. He knew what the extraordinary cry meant; but he did not recognize—how was it likely?—his betrothed in sailor's disguise.

"Do any of you men know what yon mad fellow in the boat is calling out?" asked the Captain.

Larry touched his cap, and explained the cry. The Captain was in good humor, and also dimly fancied that the young sailor in the boat wanted a berth, and had adopted this novel method of advertising himself as ready to ship.

"Let the boat come alongside, and take the fellow on board, that we may know what he means by his buffoonery," said the captain.

In a twinkling, Lillias ascended to the deck, and to the amusement of all, and especially that of Larry himself, she instantly sprang into his arms with a wild cry of joy, and then fainted away.

Larry then recognized her—and, alas! her sex was recognized also.

In a few minutes she was ordered into the cabin with her lover, and the whole story told. So affected was the Captain with this, that he gave Larry an immediate discharge. The news flew like wild fire throughout the ship, and officers and men alike joined in a subscription for the happy pair, to enable them to return to their happy country, and purchase a boat in lieu of the one forfeited. Every soul on board, down to the youngest boy, gladly gave his mite, and nearly eighty pounds was the sum total.

They were married the next day in the presence of a large party of Larry's messmates, permitted to attend; and if they had not old blind Mellum, the fiddler, and Sandy Maclaren and Wully Lings as the pipers, the wedding was not without music and dancing, you may depend.

They safely returned to New Haven, and there they flourish to this hour. Larry, however, never picks up rundletts of French brandy at sea.

DEAD SUBSCRIBERS.

The story below has been going the rounds of the press for several years; and as it can lose nothing by being old, we give it for the benefit of non-paying patrons, in the hope that they will save us the trouble of publishing their obituaries by making immediate payment:

A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper, after repeated dunnings, promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he was alive. The day passed over and no money reached the office. In the next number thereafter, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subcriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after the announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with a pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence.

"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death!"

"Why, sir, I meant what I mean when I publish the death of any person, viz: to let the world know that he is dead."

"But I am not dead."

"Not dead; then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid and you must be dead; for I would not believe you would forfeit your word."

"Oh no, I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor; but say no more about it—here's the money. And harkee, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week?"

"O, certainly, sir, just to please you; though upon my word, I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified and you have come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

[From the North-Western Christian Magazine.]

A THRILLING SCENE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Permit me to illustrate my views of the traffic in moderate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene, which occurred in Connecticut, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide informally whether neighbors should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending alcoholic poisons.

The town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The leading influences were opposed to total abstinence. At the meeting, the clergyman, a deacon, and the physician, were present, and were all in favor of continuing the custom of license, all in favor of permitting a few men of high moral character to sell alcohol; for they all agreed in the opinion, that alcohol in moderation, when used as a beverage, was a good creature of God, and also, to restrict the sale or moderate use, was an unjust interference with human liberty, and a reflection upon the benevolence of the Almighty. They all united in the belief, that in the use of intoxicating beverages, excess alone was to be avoided.

The feeling appeared to be all one way, when a single teetotaller, who was present by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the speakers who had preceded him. He entered into a history of the village, from its earliest settlement; he called the attention of the assembly to the desolation moderate drinking had brought upon families and individuals; he pointed to the poor-house, the prison-house, and the grave-yard, for its numerous victims; he urged the people by every consideration of mercy, to let down the flood-gates, and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families, by the moderate use of alcohol. But all would not do. The arguments of the clergyman, the deacon, and the physician, backed by station, learning, and influence, were too much for the single teetotaller. No one arose to continue the discussion, or support him, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question—when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her.

"Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of intoxicating poisons, as a beverage in health, is *excess*. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was safe, excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted *you*, and *you*, and *you*," pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of moderate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys, was a good creature of God; the deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bill,) sold them the poison; the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again; you probably see me for the last time; my sand has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poor-house—to warn you all, to warn you deacon! to warn you, also, teacher of God's word," and with her arm high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of God; I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a swift witness against you all!"

The miserable female vanished; a dead silence pervaded the assembly, the minister, deacon and physician hung their heads; the president of the meeting put the question, shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be drank as a beverage? The response was a unanimous—No!

Friends of humanity everywhere,—what would have been your verdict, had you all been there? It must also have been—"No!"

BIBLICAL SCIENCE.

Lieut. Maury expresses his belief that science had advanced to a high state of cultivation in the days of Job. Many passages in the bible convey a mysterious meaning, which the light of astronomical discovery can alone elucidate.—He shows that this passage, "The wind driveth away rain," contains a meterological fact of great importance in the study of the circulation of the atmosphere. He observes:

"The bible frequently makes allusions to the laws of nature, their operation and effects. But such allusions are often so wrapt up in the folds of the peculiar and graceful drapery with which its language is occasionally clothed, that the meaning, tho' peeping out from its thin covering all the while, yet lies in some sense concealed, until the lights and revelations of science are thrown upon it; then it bursts out and strikes us with the more force and beauty. As our knowledge of nature and her laws has increased, so has our understanding of many passages in the bible been improved. The bible called the earth 'the round world;' yet for ages it was the most damnable heresy for Christian men to say the world is round, and finally sailors circumnavigated the globe, proved the bible to be right and saved Christain men of science from the stake.

"Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?"

"Astronomers of the present day, if they have not answered this question, have thrown so much light upon it as to show that, if ever it be answered by man, he must consult the science of astronomy. It has been recently all but proved that the earth and sun, with their splendid retinue of comets, satellites, and planets, are all in motion around some point or centre of attraction inconceivably remote, and that point is in the direction of the star Alcyon, one of the Pleiades! Who but the astronomer, then, could tell their sweet influences? And as for the general system of atmospherical circulation which I have been so long endeavoring to describe, the bible tells it all in a single sentence, "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it is whirled about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." Eccl. ii: 6."

In one of the departments of France, a young girl on a visit to her friends was so frightened by imaginary danger, while walking in a wood, that on her return she was attacked with fever, and the next day her skin changed color and became almost black. This was the effect of a very rare disease known as black jaundice. Although the doctor assured her that the discoloration would disappear, she took it so much to heart that she watched an opportunity and committed suicide by throwing herself into a well.

The number of the religious sects in the United States is twenty, without counting the Chinese Budhists in California, o sundry minor Christian denominations. The whole number of edifices of worship is about thirty-six thousand, capable of accommodating fourteen millions of people. The total value of the church property held by these twenty denominations is nearly ninety millions of dollars. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is twenty four hundred dollars.

Why are postage stamps like lazy schoolboys? Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

[From the Home Journal.]

PRETTY FEET AND HEELS TO LADIES' SHOES.

A writer in one of the English Quarterlies says that "the ladies of the United States have, as a class, much better feet than the ladies of England." He adds, however, that "they are said to victimize themselves wholesale by the indiscriminate wearing of *tight slippers in all weathers*." This writer's general philosophy as to shoes and their make and wear, is worth commending to our fair readers. He says:

"Many women who spend much time and much money in adorning their bodies, utterly neglect their feet. But no one is well-dressed who is not *bien chaussee*. Even a man well gloved and well booted may carry off a seedy suit of clothes. With women it is essential to anything like success in costume, that they should pay attention to the decoration of their hands and feet. The latter may be little seen; but they are seen. As to the extremities themselves, the real state of the case may generally be gathered from inference and association. It seldom happens that a woman with large, misshapen, or flat feet, moves gracefully and well.

"We have said that women with large of misshapen feet seldom or never move gracefully. They can neither walk nor dance well. And running is an impossibility. To real grace of movement, it would seem almost essential that the foot should be *arched*. This is coming to be better understood among us. Flat feet are too common in England—but dress, as we have before said, is a great leveller; and high-heeled boots, now so generally used, give an artificial hollow to the foot. The frightful habit of turning up the toes in walking, is thus almost entirely destroyed. Indeed, nothing is more observable than the improvement which, in this respect, has taken place in England during the last two or three years. Our women walk better than they did, and are better shod than they were. How it happened that we were so long in discovering that kid-topped boots are far more sightly than those made of cloth or cachemere, we do not pretend to know; but certainly the discovery is one of the best that has been made of late years in the region of costume.—High heels came in simultaneously, and may almost be regarded as part and parcel of this becoming innovation. Our streets are consequently far less disfigured than they were by the spectacle of shoals of women all showing the soles of their feet to people meeting them from their front. These high, or 'military heels,' necessarily force down the toes, and compel the proper movement in walking—the proper exercise of the right muscles. The tendency of this elevation of the heel is to throw the calf of the leg out of the ankle, where, under bad treatment, it is too apt to settle.—It is said, that, in this respect, the conformation of French women is better than that of our own, because the absence of *trotoirs*, or side pavements, from so many of their thoroughfores, and a very common use, in the large towns, of thin shoes, compels them to pick their way on their toes. We think that it is Dr. Arnott, who, in his *Elements of Physic*, illustrates the effect both of wearing thin shoes and standing on one's toes, by comparing the legs of two men, *ceteris paribus*, taken from the same station of life, the farm laborer, and the other a London footman. The thin shoes of the latter, and the habit of standing on his toes, behind her ladyships' carriage, develop the calves and refine the ankles of These as, whilst the heavy hobnailed boots of Hodge have an opposite effect, and reduce his legs to a perfect cylender.

"It may, perhaps, be thought that we have devoted too much consideration to this matter of the *chaussure*; but we look upon it as the very keystone of the architecture of dress, and that any inattention to it will loosen and destroy the entire fabric. How common is it to see, in this country, the becomingness of a whole toilet entirely nullified by a mistake of this kind, and, in spite of bonnet, shawl, and gown of the best character, the vulgarian betrayed by the boots. It is essential that the *chaussure* should be in keeping with the rest of the apparel; but the spectacle of really, in other respects, well-dressed women, with heavy black boots, under dresses of light color and fabric, is one of the commonest in the world. Women so attired look like men in disguise."

Speculations in Produce.—At New York, April 25th, there were some heavy operations in the produce market, stimulated by the small stock on hand, and the light receipts from the interior. A sale of 3,000 barrels of flour was made at $8 75 for common State, deliverable in June, and 96 for July. A sale of 500 barrels of pork is also reported at $16 50 for mess, deliverable in June.