

Discovery of Van Dieman's Land.

SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.—Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the child of a rich papa, who was Governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden like praverity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skillful in his business, but had no pockets, nor use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight; the doing so, he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the south pole; and Van Dieman determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Dieman therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set in the year 1642; and like an enamored swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Dieman's land, and put Miss Van Dieman's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Dieman's land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the 13th of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moondemar's (Murderer's) bay, because the natives there attacked his ships and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings because he saw them on the feast of the epiphany, and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the states of Holland: Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria—for he had gone out resolved, not indeed to "carve her name on the trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank and fortune. Governor Van Dieman got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not like another journey to New Zealand; it remained undiscovered until 1769, when it was rediscovered by Capt. Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

A FOOLISH MISTAKE.—Some people make strange mistakes as to the nature of angels. They talk of women as "angels." There's not a word in the whole Bible about female angels. They are always of the other sex.

REVERBERATING HALLS.—The difficulty occasioned by the reverberation of sound in the new Capitol at Nashville has been remedied by spreading a thick layer of sand dust on the floor, covering it with a heavy carpet and curtaining the windows with heavy curtains. The Ohio Constitutional Convention remedied a similar defect in College Hall, Cincinnati, by covering the walls with canvas.

Success makes men witty. Santa Anna in reply to Gen. Gadsden's proposition for a new treaty, said that he did not see why the United States wanted another; they had one treaty ratified which they refused to observe, and two negotiated which they refused to ratify.

Among the lower animals tenacity of life is the most remarkable in the polypi; they may be pounded in a mortar, split up, turned inside out like a glove, and divided into parts, without injury to life; fire alone is fatal to them. It is now about a hundred years since Trembley made us acquainted with these animals, and first discovered their indestructibility. It has subsequently been taken up by other natural historians, who have followed up these experiments, and have even gone so far as to produce monsters by grafting. If they be turned inside out, they attempt to replace themselves, and if unsuccessfully, the outer surface assumes the properties and power of the inner, and the reverse. If the effort be partially successful only, the part turned back disappears in twenty-four hours, and that part of the body embraces it in such a manner that the arms which projected behind are now fixed in the centre of the body; the original opening also disappears, and in the room of feelers a new mouth is formed, to which new feelers attach themselves, and this new mouth feeds immediately. The healed extremity elongates itself into a tail, of which the animal has now two. If two polypi be passed into one another like tubes, and pierced through with a bristle, the inner one works its way through the other, and comes forth again in a few days; in some instances, however, they grow together, and then a double row of feelers surround the mouth. If they be mutilated, the divided parts grow together again, and even pieces of two separate individuals will unite into one.

NUMERICAL LAWS OF THE SEXES.—The last census develops some curious facts. It fixes the numerical law of the sexes thus:

1. There are more males than females born, by about 4 per cent.
2. At 20 years of age this preponderance is entirely lost, and there are more females than males.
3. At 40 years, the balance is again the other way, and there are more males than females.
4. At 70, the sexes are about even, and the ultimate age of the human being is reached without any decided advantage to either sex.

Between 70 and 100 years of age, there are 15,311 more white females than males, being more than 5 per cent. of the whole number. Beyond the age of 40 years, the probabilities of longevity are much greater for American women than for men. This contrasts singularly with the fact, that the physique (relatively) of American women is inferior to that of American men. That fact, as is shown, however, tells tremendously on women between the age of 20 and 40, when their mortality is very great.

The longevity of some women is extraordinary. There are 430 American women above 100 years of age.

A HIT.—The Boston Post has the following hit at the Knud Iverson monument affair:

"Out West," remarked Aunt Kitty, looking up from the newspaper "they build monuments to persons who don't steal." "I suppose that to be the reason," replied Roger, "why there are so few monuments in that country."

A Nocturnal Sketch.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Even is come; and from the dark park, hark! The signal of the setting-sun—one gun; And six is sounding from the chime, prime time To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain, Or hear Orhelo's jealous doubt spout out; Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade, Denying to his frantic clutch much touch; Or else to see Duerow with wide stride ride Four horses as no other man can span; Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split Laughing at Liston while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things Such as with his poetic tongue, Young sung; The gas up-blazes with its bright white light, And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl, About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sall, Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash, Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep, But frightened policeman B. 3, flee; And while they're going, whisper low, "no go!" Now pass, while folks are in their beds, tread leads, And sleepers waking, grumble, "drat that cat!" Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will. Now bulls of Basham, of a prize size, rise In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy nilly; But nurse-maid in a night-mare rest, chest-press'd, Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games, And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's bann's, And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice; White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out, That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly, for the precious ones, around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shown upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay save those your hands may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of Love; no trembling lips to murmur, 'O it is so sad.'

There is so strange a hush in every room, no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at the nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems a knell on the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day that clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too—of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often, that the grave cannot keep her.

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment: "Why, you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative answer, "I do not want to swing a cat."

The same old lady who, on a moonshiny evening, remarked that "it was as light as a cork," in describing some hard swearing the other day, said "The man swore as hard as a rock."

How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville, state of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Wal, I give it up—for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a *district*, and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my object, interducing myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the *district*. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in arithmetic and jography, or showing my hand-writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his *gait*."

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell jis' well's I'd heard you examined," says he.

"He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'able frustrated, and didn't mind much; so turned about and walked off as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough—then I s'pected suthing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shut and Snickles was gone!"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no, I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was against me."

HOW MANY POUNDS OF PORK WILL A BUSHEL OF CORN MAKE?—From an experiment made by Samuel Linn, of this county, with 58 hogs, as reported in the Patent Office Report for 1849, 6½ lbs. of corn produced 1 lb. of pork.

From the experiment of the Hon. H. H. Ellsworth, reported in the Patent Office Report for the year 1847, it appears that 3 4-5 lbs. of cooked meal made 1 pound of pork. This experiment was on a small scale.

Assuming that it requires 6½ lbs. of corn to make 1 lb. of pork, the cost of its production will be seen from the following table. The labor of feeding and taking care of the hogs is not included in the estimate:

When corn costs 12c. per bushel, pork costs 1c. per lb.; at 17c. per bushel, 2c. per lb.; at 22c. per bushel, 3c. per lb.; at 33c. per bushel, 4c. per lb.; at 42c. per bushel, 5c. per lb.

The following table shows what the farmer realizes for his corn, when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3c. per pound, it makes the price of corn 25c. a bushel; at 4c. per lb. 33c. a bushel; at 5c. per lb. 42c. per bushel; at 6c. per pound, 50c. a bushel.

BIG PIGS.—There is quite a strife among the big pigs this year. We have recorded some not small ones, but the cry of those yet unheard is "Excelsior." Dorcas Blake, of Ashfield, killed one 16 months old that weighed 551 lbs. Parks & Squiers of Westfield, have just killed two 14 months old, fattened by Geo. Nelson, which weighed 550 and 475 lbs. respectively, total 1,025 lbs, which netted \$82. The News Letter thinks this beats the world, but its brother of the Standard takes them all down by two pigs 15 months old, raised by James Noble 2d, on Westfield corn in the ear, which footed 1120 pounds, or 560 each.—Springfield Republican.