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POETRY.

From the London Spectator.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain-lances dash
Over mountain and river and town;
Thick the battle drops fall—but they drip not in blood,
The trophy to war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement and sweep from the eaves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver thrown wide his own swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor;
And his wife brings her flower pots to drink the sweet rain
On the step by her half open door:
At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud beaded heather nods to the shower,
And the hill torrents lift up their voice:
And the pools in the hollows mimic the flight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows and thick growing wheat:
So the voice of Hope sings at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHIEF JUSTICE HALE.

A gentleman who possessed an estate in the eastern part of England, worth five hundred pounds a year, had two sons, the oldest being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died. The younger son destroyed the will and seized on the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed witnesses to attest it. In the course of time, the elder brother returned, in miserable circumstances. The younger repulsed him with scorn, saying that he was an impostor and a cheat—that his real brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it.

The real brother, having neither money nor friends, was in a dismal situation. At last he found a lawer who agreed, (as he had nothing to pay him,) that if he would give him one thousand guineas, if he undertook and gained the cause he would act for him; to which he assented. The case was to be tried at the next General Assizes, at Chelmsford. Essex, the lawyer, being engaged, set his wits to work to obtain success. At last he thought he would consult the first Judge of that age. Lord Chief Justice Hale; accordingly he hastened to London, and laid open the cause and all its circumstances.—The Judge, who was a great lover of justice, listened attentively, and promised all the assistance in his power. The lawyer, having taken leave of the Judge contrived so as to finish all the business at the King's Bench before the Chelmsford Assizes began. He started for Chelmsford, and when within a short distance of that place, he dismissed his horse and sought for a private house; he found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself very agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him, and as the Judge had a good suit on, the miller did not object; accordingly the Judge put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Adorned with a miller's hat, shoes and stick, away he marched to Chelmsford, where he procured lodgings against the Assizes next day. When the trial came on, he walked liked an ignorant fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall, and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall the miller drew up to him.

"Honest friend, how is your case like to go to-day?"

"Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I'm ruined for life."

"Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know. Every Englishman has a right and privilege to except to any one juryman through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power.

Accordingly when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended at this.

"What do yon mean," said he, "by excepting to that gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said:

"Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance. I will grant it. Whom would you like to have in place of that man excepted?"

After a short time taken in consideration, the plaintiff said:

"My lord, I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking around, said, "there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please," Acordingly the miller was chosen.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten carolouses, into the hands of the eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five.—He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor in a soft whisper, "how much have you got?"

"Ten pieces," said he. The miller did not say what he had.

The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor. The defendant had a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed that they were in the self-same county when the brother died, and saw him buried; and everything went with a full tide for the younger brother. The judge summed up with great gravity and deliberation: "And now, gentlemen of the jury bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just." In a few minutes the judge said: "Are you agreed? Who shall speak for you?"

"We are all agreed; our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed."

"Why," said the judge in a surly manner, "what is the matter with you—what reason have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "First, they have given all the gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and me only five, which is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasoning of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such a vast penetration of judgment and extensive knowledge of law, that it astonished the judge and the whole court. As he was going on, the judge, in surprise, stopped him.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?" he asked.

"I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller. My name is Mathew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from the seat you are in no way worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the whole case over again."

Accordingly Lord Mathew went up in miller's dress and hat, began the trial from commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood; he evinced the elder brother's right to the estate, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

WHY SHOULD I GIVE?—Where God is forgotten, it is pitiful to see how riches harden the heart of him who gains them. Sometimes the man who was liberal while he was poor, becomes niggarly as he becomes wealthy.—The tendency of gain is to nourish selfishness it the Hand that bestows it is overlooked, and the thirst of selfishness can never be slaked. The reservoir of the covetous overflows. Recognizing no obligation, he yields to no claim A man of this sort once said, "Others never give to me, why should I give to others?" Infatuated man, is there none that ever gives to thee? Who gave thee reason, life, success? Who prospered thy plants? Who gave the power to get wealth? Who has kept thy dwelling safe? Who has warded off from thee a thousand calamities which have overtaken thy fellows? And art thou indebted to none—has none a right to thy bounty? Wilt thou rob God? Shall he have no share of what is his own?

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this respect. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and the big ones thump in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon they would meet in our school house for one of those contests.—As the time was short most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our cares and anxieties proportionably great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house & the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book 'by heart.' At length the number was reduced to one on each side.

Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers who had set up night after night while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitment.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitress came and set down by my side and congratulated me on my success, enquired my name and age, also flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school —"O, you need't feel big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face. My heart seemed to rise in my throat and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back, and as soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner-basket, and unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart for my home. But what a home. "My folks were poor and my father was a drunkard" I could not prevent my father's drinking, and assisted and encouraged by my mother. I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G that if I was a drunkard's son I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his haughty words and taunting manner. In this frame of mind my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached my home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble and enquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying said:

"My son, I feel very sorray for you, and regret that your feelings have been injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind my son Be always honest; never tast a drop of intoxicating liquor: study and improve your mind Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father when sober, could have witnessed this scene and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. It was so unjust and so uncalled for. Now boys, always treat your mates with kindness Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part of this story.—The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him, I said I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling-school and a rude, thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for california, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand in token of forgiveness. Did I do right. You all say yes. Well then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.—*Buffalo Courier.*

LIFE AS IT IS.

Let us make an excursion down the street and see what we can learn. Yonder is the wreck of a rich man's son. He was permitted to grow up without employment, went and came as he pleased, and spent his time in the gratification of spontaneous passions, desires and inclinations, with no one to check him when his course was evil, or encourage him in the way of wisdom. His father was rich, and for that reason the son thought he had nothing to do, despised honest labor to perform.

Well, the father died, and the son inherited a portion of his abundant wealth, and having never earned money by honest toil, he knew not the value of it, and having no knowledge of business, he knew not how to use it, so he gave loose reins to his appetites and passions, and ran at a rapid pace down the broad road to dissipation. Now behold him—a broken down man bowed with infirmity, a mere wreck of what he was both physically and mentally. His money is gone, and he lives on the charity of those whose hearts are open with pity. Such is the fate of hundreds and thousands that are born to fortune.

And there, on the opposite side, in that comfortable mansion, lives the son of a poor cobbler. Fifteen years ago he left the humble roof of his parents, and went forth into this broad world alone to seek his fortune.—All his treasures consisted his chest of tools, a good knowledge of his trade, honest principles, industrious habits, and twenty-five coppers. Now he is the owner of that elegant mansion; he is doing a thriving business, possesses an unbroken constitution, and bids fair to live to a good old age. Such is the lot of hundreds and thousands who never boast of wealthy parentage.

Go into the city, and you will almost invariably find that the most enterprising men are of poor parentage—men who have had to row against wind and tide; while on the other hand, a majority of the descendants of mediocrity in talents, live a short time like drones, on the labor of other, and then go down to untimely graves.

What a lesson should this be to those who are by all means, either fair or foul accumulating treasures for their children.

If the rich would train up their children to regular habits of industry, very many of them would be saved from intemperance, misery, and an untimely end.

ELOQUENT BREVITY.

That "brevity is the soul of wit," has been uttered again and again, until it is as "familiar as household words," and many are the examples given in proof of the asseveration.—But we heard recently of an instance in which brevity was not only witty but eloquent, if by eloquence we are to understand the accomplishing of the object in view.

In this case, the eloquence was the result of accident and not design, but none the less powerful for that—but to the story:

Once upon a time, in a certain city, there, lived a merchant, whose name is not at all necessary. Times were hard, as they are now, and the merchant had received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, a letter stating his difficulties and requesting time.

Agitated, not with that matter only, but many others, the merchant paced the floor of his counting-room, with arms behind his back and lowering brow. Stopping suddenly, he turned to his clerk and said:

"Mr ——, write to that man without delay"

"Yes, sir."

The paper was ready, and the pen filled with ink; but still the merchant held his peace; his clerk called to him once or twice, and not receiving any answer, left his stool and went to remind him that he was ready.

"Well, write."

"What shall I write?

'Something or nothing, & that very quick.'

Back to his desk went the clerk, rapidly moved his fingers over the paper. The letter was sealed and directed, and sent the office. By return of mail came a letter from his delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of his account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened his letter, and hastening to his clerk he said:

"What did you say to —— when you wrote the other day? Here is the money this morning in full of his account."

"I wrote just what you told me—and kept a copy of the letter.

Going to his letter book, and opening, he found the following:

"DEAR SIR:—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours &c., ——

"By ——'

And that letter brought the money.

A RECIPE FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.—"I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery, than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre." So wrote Sidney Smith in a letter to a friend, and the passage is not less remarkable for its truth than its raciness and pleasantry.

The following beautiful passage is from the pen of Walter Savage Landor: "The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

Letter from McCrea to his Father-in-law.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Sept. 24.

DEAR FATHER: I have, by a former letter, told you that the Court met last Monday; I now propose to give you a history of its proceedings. Forty-eight grand jurors were summoned; out of these the Judge selected sixteen publicly, who, being duly sworn and empanneled, retired to their room. He afterwards *privately* added three to their number, making nineteen, who, on Thursday, came into Court several times for instructions; but instead of giving such instructions publicly, the Judge each time sent them back to their room, and sent such persons as he thought proper in to lecture them in private. Once he sent R. R. Rees, Chairman of the Committee that outraged Mr. Phillips. Still the jury continued to be agitated, divided, and to force their foreman to lead them into Court, who, becoming excited, exclaimed in open Court that the jury could not agree, as there was three in favor of finding for murder, five for manslaughter, and eleven opposed to finding any bill against me. Again the Judge sent them to their room without instructing them that they, in such a case, should report the bill back to Court indorsed "not found;" and thus the Grand Jury continued till Saturday, vainly endeavoring to get their foreman to do this duty in returning the bill to Court indorsed "not found," when the Judge, fraudulently co-operating with my enemies on the Grand Jury, adjourned the Court till the second Monday of next November, and I am, in violation of all law and justice, deprived of my liberty.

This poor, weak Judge makes my case as much a party question as the infamous Stringfellow would if he were on the same bench. When I shall get out of his hands I cannot tell. Another application will in a few days be made by writ of *habeus corpus*, and error taken on that to the Supreme Court at Washington, which I think is my only chance of ever getting out by *law*.

Now, that I am writing, 2 o'clock A. M., the city is all awake and in arms, several suspicious econdrels having appeared assembled about the streets in the evening, in conversation with the bandit Hugnes, who was last night seen prowling about the house of Mr. Phillips, with a gun in his hands. It is supposed that there is a company of ruffians from Missouri, assembled in the bushes near the city, and there is a force of at least three hundred men, well armed, now ready to receive them on the part of our city. It is supposed that they contemplate an assault upon several of the citizens, including myself and the Democratic press in this city, the Kansas *Territorial Register*. Sentinels are posted in every part of the town and in every corner, with a signal. I have heard several persons say they would shoot Hughes; he was shot at last night by a man who was passing by, who saw him watching for Phillips, but missed. The people are determined not to be disturbed by him and his associates much longer, and finding that the judge sides in with those ruffians, having one of them for clerk, have concluded to take the law into their own hands; this Hughes was captain of the band of ruffians who mobbed Phillips, and unless he leaves this town very soon, some daring hand will certainly drop him into h—ll. Matters are progressing toward the formation of a State Constitution—members of the Convention will be elected on the second Tuesday of next month, and we meet in convention on the 24th of the same month, so as to submit it to the people before session of Congress.

The political aspect is fast changing. The people almost universally repudiate the laws passed by the late Legislature. All respectable persons appointed by that body to office, are resigning.

The cocks are crowing, and I have heard no shot fired. The city never was so still as it is to-night. I hope I shall never again have occasion to allude to such a night as this. I believe that the present demonstration will have a good effect upon ruffians, both here and across the river. I rather guess they will not think it prudent to pay us another visit from Missouri.

Yours truly, COLE McCREA.

To THOS. RATTRAY, Esq., Dubuque, Iowa.

WHY BUTTE IS DEAR.—There is a fine pasture all over the country now, and the price of butter ought to be down to a shilling a pound. Why isn't it! Because the women and girls don't know how to make it.—For twenty years past, the girls' butter-making education has been sadly neglected.—They can play the piano, but cannot churn; can dance, but can't skim the milk; can talk a little French, but don't know how to work out the butter-milk. The women who made the butter in Westchester, Duchess and Orange counties twenty years ago are passing away, and there are none to take their places. That's why butter is so high.—*New York Day Book.*

INTELLIGENT BEINGS.—A cargo of ice not long since arrived at the Sandwich Islands, and a daughter of Governor Keknanoa swallowed so large a pice of the frozen article, that she was in danger of choking. Her father proposed placing a hot iron down her throat to remove the dangerous obstacle.—The ice gradully melted, however, and the lady was restored to her accustomed health. Intelligence must be at a premium in those regions.

A SENSIBLE DAUGHTER.—When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mathews, in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger and "they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities & graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

AGE.—But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break down, or like a candle to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals, which live in general regular and temperate lives, have generally their precribed term of years The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig to seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animals taxes to grow its full size.

When the cartilaginous part of the bone become ossified, the bones cease to grow.—This takes place in men at about twenty years on the average; in the camel at eight; in the horse at five; in the ox at four; in the lion at four: in the dog at two; in the cat at eighteen months; in the rabbit at twelve; in the guinea-pig at seven. Five or six of these numbers give the term of life; five is pretty near tho average; some animals greatly exceed it. But man, of all the animals, is one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to his physiological law, for five times twenty are a hundred, but, instead of that, he scarce reaches four times his growing period; whilst the dog reached six times; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal scarcely feels, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

METHODISM IN INDIANA ON SLAVERY.—At the late session of the Indiana Conference, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of South Eastern Indiana Conference, that non-slaveholding should be a test of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, except in instances where it is satisfactorily ascertained that humanity and the true interest of the slave demand the continuance of the legal relation of master and slave, and that such measures should be taken as will extirpate the great evil from the Church, at the earliest practicable moment.

Resolved, That the Delegates from this Conference to the next General Conference, are hereby instructed to use their best exertions to secure such charges in the discipline as may be needed to carry out the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That we recommend that the Conference do not concur in either of the proposed alterations of the general rule on the subject of Slavery, forwarded to the body from the Wisconsin, Erie, or North Ohio Conferences.

TUNNELING THE NIAGARA.—People are getting to be great *borers*, and many things are run under ground as well as into the ground. The Buffalonians, under the impulse of a general enterprise, which does them vast credit—and which should put sleepy Dlevelanders to the blush—have it in contemplation to tunnel the Niagara, and thus link the great Canada railways with their city. Mayor Cook recommends the project, and with an eye upon the idomitable courage of private enterprise, says:

"I entertain no doubt whatever that a company will be readily organized that will subscribe for and take all the stock necessary and press the work to an early completion; and, therefore, feel justified in saying that, in my judgment, so great will be the demand for this stock, that there is no probability of any demand upon the city to take any part of it."

The report of Mr. Wallace, an engineer who has made an estimate upon the cost of the work, represents it as feasible. The estimate cost of the tunnel is $659,204. The cost of a tunnel under the river, undera part of the city, and railway through the city, $853,747.—*Cleveland Herald.*

POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words; by bitter and scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted into tears a gentle voice. Who by therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to bitter feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successfull laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul: "If it has pleased God to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which he had for them, Even the convicts among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace, then have they listened to me; then have they given glory to God, and placed themselves in the way of salvation.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?" "Not at all; it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

EMIGRATION.—Emigration from the East to the West never went on more extensively than during the past few weeks. We think that to estimate the number of emigrants who have passed our office in the direction of the Third street bridge, during the last month, at twelve thousand, would not be putting it much too high. Most of them have very tolerable looking horses, good horses carefully prepared to protect them against the weather and make a very respectable appearance.—*Dayton Gazette.*

☞ Bishop Kip, on one of his trips in California, says:

"We passed occasionally small settlements of the degraded Digger Indians, some of whom were sitting not far from the road, engaged in pounding acorns, which, with roasted grasshoppers, form their principal food Almost entirely naked, some were rendered more hideous by being in mourning. When an Indian dies, his body is burned, and the ashes having been mixed with pitch, which they procure from the pine trees, is smeared by the surviving relatives over their face and bodies, where it remains until it wears off."

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting used to send her thick-head husband to church, to find out what text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remmember the words of the text or the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of self satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word of the text without missing a single syllable. The text was as follows: "An angle came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the alter."

'Well let us hear the text,' remarked the old woman.

'Know every word' replyed the husband.

'I am anxious to hear it,' continued the wife.

'They are nice words,' contiued the husband.

'I am glad your memory is improving,' but don't keep me in suspence, my dear.'

'Just get your big bible, and I will say the words for I know them by heart. Why I said them a hundred times on the way home.'

'Well, now let's hear them.'

'Ahem,' said the husband, clearing his throat; 'An ingen came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and Jerked him out of the halter'

BEHIND TIME.—It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most importance affairs, the fortunes of of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself are daily sacrificed because somebody is behind time.' There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake simply because they are behind time.' There are others who put off reformation, year by year, until death sizes them, and they perish unrepented because forever 'behind time.' The allies have lost nearly a year at Sebastopol because they delayed a superfluous day after the battle of Alma, and came up to late for *acoup de main* Just twenty-four hours 'behind time'

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; If there is one error that should be avoided, it is that of being always *behind time.*—*Baltimore Sun.*

HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.—The secret of all greatness may of all happiness, *is to live for a purpose.* There are many persons always busy, who yet have no great purpose in view They fritter away their energies on a hundred things, never accomplishing anything, because never giving their undivided attention to any thing. They are like butterflies, they flit from spot to spot, never gaining wealth; while the ant, who strictly keeps to a certain circuit around her hole, gradually lays up stores for winter comfort. Such persons are doomed to be dissatisfied in the end, if they are not sooner; for they have been passed by all who have a purpose. It is not only the positive drones therefore but the *busy idle*, that make a blunder of life for want of purpose.

☞ INVALUABLE REMEDIES.—Here are a few simple remedies for very prevalent disorders, which we have no hesitation in recommending as infallible:

For sea sickness—stay at home.
For drunkeness—drink cold water.
For health—take 'Ayer's Pills.'
For accidents—keep out of danger.
To make money—advertise in the Chronicle.
For Coughs and Colds—take Cherry Pectoral.
To keep out of jail—pay your debts.
To be happy—subscribe for the Chronicle.
To please all—mind your own business.
To have a good conscience—'pay the printer.'

SIX FOOLS.

1. The envious man, who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealuous man who spreads his bed with stinging nettles and then sleeps in it.

3. The proud man who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferrior.

4. The litigous man, who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man, who buys a herring and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The ostentatious man, who illumes the outside of his house most brilliantly & sits inside in the dark.

The chemist must be a funny man; he has a retort for everything.—*Boston Post.*