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[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Onward, upward! never faulter,
Till yon eminence is gained,
Thine shall be the brightest laurel
Genius ever yet attained.

Onward, upward! never faulter,
See thy star shines bright above;
When thou hast climbed the mount of glory
Thou shalt reap undying love.

Onward, upward! never faulter,
Men must know thee as thou art,
And thy name be bright in story
As thine image in my heart.

Onward, upward! never faulter,
Till thou hast reach'd the far off goal,
Then for thee I will awaken
All the worship of my soul.

IDA LIVINGSTON.

COAL'S MOUTH, June 4th, 1854.

UPWARD, TOWARDS HEAVEN.

"Take Cardinal Wolsey's advice to Cromwell:—'fling away ambition.'"

Gone, the last fetter from my mind,
I give ambition to the wind;
I view its thraldom in disdain,
My soul shall never bow again.

I bid thee not to mount on high,
Save on the path to yonder sky,
I ask no hand thy name to trace
On page which time can e'er efface.

No praise but praise to *goodness* due,
And that from *honest* hearts and true,
Bring not for me vain *earthly* treasure,
But LOVE which naught on earth can measure.

I point thee to no *far off* goal,
I ask no wealth but wealth of SOUL;
No laurel wreath, no crown of fame,
No GLORY, save—A SPOTLESS NAME.

IDA LIVINGSTON.

COAL'S MOUTH, [illegible] 1854.

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

TO MY COUSIN ON HER MARRIAGE.

Dear Cousin, and my much loved friend,
On thee, may Heaven its blessings send,
May bright hope with flowers bestrew,
Whatever path thou dost pursue;
May he whom thou hast chosen be
A guide, protector, friend, to thee,
A spouse, whose love shall ne'er decline,
Alike in morn and evening shine.

Dear Cousin, there has come a spell
Upon my soul to-night,
I feel the flow from mem'ry's fount,
Of all our past delight;
Now thou hast learned another's love,
Is to thee most beautiful of life,
Now thou wilt know, as I have known,
The worship of the wife.

And when amid thy brightest hours,
When all around thee sunny seems,
Oh do not let one harsh word come,
To rudely wake thee from thy dreams;
May life be ever sweet to thee,
Like a meadow's streamlet flow,
That thy sunny life may have no cloud,
I'll pray God to keep it so.

Thou hast had sunshine, hast had flowers,
Thy path is still unshaded,
I will not tell thee of the hopes,
That from my heart have faded,
But with the tear that's pastward given,
May smiles come trembling on,
Born of the hope that life may yet
Be bright as was its dawn.

Oh it is indeed a solemn hour,
When woman gives away,
Her hopes and happiness to one,
To live beneath his sway.
How much, oh man, she trusts to thee,
Her all of life and joy,
A treasure when compared with this,
Wealth is an idle toy.

And thus I thought as there she stood,
And the plighting hand bestowed,
For well I knew how in her heart,
The pure affections glowed;
And to our blessed Father's throne,
Up went the fervent prayer,
That you might ever feel that vow,
And live a happy wedded pair.

PLEASANT HILL, Ohio. NAN.

AMERICAN SALT MEAT IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial writes:

"The amount of salt meat arriving at this moment from the United States at the principal French ports is enormous. Already at Marseilles the competition has reduced very much the price of fresh meat. At Bordeaux they sell the salt meat at public auction in quantities of from two to six pounds. The price realized is not above nine cents the pound. This beef is said to be taken from the best parts of the animal, and makes an excellent *pot-au-feu*. The French method of freshening it is to suspend it for one hour in a vessel of tepid water, taking care that it does not touch the bottom. The amusing part of the history of the introduction of American salt beef into the French market is, that the impression is very general here that this meat is derived entirely from the wild cattle that are supposed to be found in abundance in America, and it is hinted that such an industry being capable of a large development on account of the foreign demand that will go on from this time increasing, the French people should keep an eye to the matter. At this moment the particular mania of the day in France is the formation of large companies for the *exploitation* of industrial pursuits; so it will not be surprising to see a company formed in France for the capture of wild cattle in America for the supply of this salt meat demand in Europe."

THE THREE HUNCHBACKS OF DOUAL.—At a short distance from Doual, France, there stood a castle on the bank of a river, near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding she had given him an immense head, which, nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders; he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage. Spite of his deformity, this burgher bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgher of Doual. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him.

After the nuptials he was as much an object of pity as she; for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquility night nor day, but went prying and rambling everywhere, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle. One day during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three hunchback minstrels. They saluted him as brother; as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money, over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return, on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily, and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother hump of the castle. He on his part, without paying further attention, went to walk in the fields.—The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed; fortunately the lady perceived in a neighboring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband.—He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife, as usual, and after a short stay went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners; for night was approaching, and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay when she found them all three suffocated.

Lamentation was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran to the gate, and seeing a peasant pass by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river. He asked for a sack, put the carcass into it, and then returned, quite out of breath, to claim the promised reward.

'I certainly intend to reward you,' said the lady, 'but you ought first to fulfill the conditions of the bargain; you have agreed to rid me of the body, have you not? There, however, it is still.'

Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired.

At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—

'How—deuce—come back—a sorcerer!'

He then stuffed the body into a sack and threw it over the bridge, taking care to put the head down, and to observe that it sunk. Meanwhile the lady had changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she showed him the remaining dead body.

'You are right, friend,' said she; 'he must be a magician, for there he is again.'

The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage.

'What the duce—am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?'

He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round his neck, threw him into the middle of the current, and threatened if he came out again to despatch him with a cudgel. The first object that presented itself to the clown on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle, returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could not restrain his fury.

'Dog of a hunchback are you there again?'

So saying, he sprang upon the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulder, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

'I'll venture a wager you've not seen him this last time,' said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated.

She answered she had not.

'You were not far from it,' replied he; 'the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him; be at your ease, he will not come back now.'

The lady comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with great satisfaction.

PRIZE ESSAY.—At the annual meeting of the Eminence Agricultural Mechanical Association for 1854, a premium was offered for the best essay on the cultivation of Indian corn. The committee to whom the essays were referred awarded the prize to Mr. S. T. Drane, of Henry county. Mr. Drane we know to belong to the *progressive school*, and may be classed among the best farmers in the State, and we are glad to see his endorsement of the drill system. We have planted corn, both upon the drill and upon the check or common plan, and we have found that, with a thorough preparation of the ground before planting, and timely cultivation, upon the plan laid down by Mr. Drane, the advantages are largely in favor of the drilled corn.

We think the managers of agricultural associations in our State would do well to offer reasonable premiums for the best essays on the cultivation of the various farm crops, farm management, manures, &c.

The following is Mr. Drane's essay:

Lou. Jour.

In writing an essay on the cultivation and management of a corn crop, the writer of this will not strive so much to maintain a system in writing as merely to contribute what he may know from practice.

Among the many requisites to insure a good corn crop, the period of breaking the land according to its kind, whether it be turf, stubble, or land which had produced corn the preceding year, is of great consequence and should be varied according to its tendency to wet or dry; and I will remark here that I have but little faith in the benefits resulting from fall or early winter plowing, because, if it be done earlier than November, the effects of the sun will prove injurious to the land thus exposed, and it will be sure to want rebreaking before it should be planted.

If the land is broken in November, December, or January, it is still not exempt from the necessity of rebreaking, but it is liable, if the winter be a wet one, to excessive washing, and the consequence is, the valuable liquids are drenched out and the products will consequently be diminished. These remarks are intended to apply to stubble and sod lands.

From my observation and experience, I would say that February is preferable in Kentucky to any other time for breaking turf or sod land, and no farmer should, if he can avoid it, let a day pass, when this period arrives, without having some plowing done, when the ground is sufficiently clear of frost to do so.—Stubble lands may be broken in this month also, but should give precedence to turf land. Experience has proved to me, and I think will convince any one who will try it, that turf or stubble which is turned under in February will rot as soon as that which is plowed earlier, while it is not liable to the injuries mentioned above.

Land from which a crop of corn was taken the year previous should not be broken before March, but I hold that it is bad economy, except upon land of great fertility, to tax it with two consecutive crops of corn. It is not only too exhausting to the land, but it is always attended with more difficulty in the cultivation from grass and weeds—an important feature in the production of a good corn crop. The plowing should be deep and thoroughly done, and, if practicable, the subsoil plow should follow the ordinary plow; for upon the complete preparation of the land depends, in a great degree, the success of the crop. The planting should not be done until the ground becomes dry and warm enough to insure the speedy germination of the seed, so as to make a good stand, to avoid replanting the vacancies, and sometime furrowing out entirely, which, if done without rebreaking, seldom produces a good crop, and is difficult to cultivate. It would be infinitely better for the farmer to attend to some other job until the proper season arrives.

An important point in this matter is the method of planting. There are, as I conceive, but two definite methods of planting corn, one of which is by crossing off the land with a plow, the required width, and planting the crop so as to form rows each way; and the other is to drill it. Drilling is either performed by hand or by some of the numerous kinds of seed drills now in use. From three years' experience in planting with Barnhill's patent corn-planter, I prefer that to any other method of putting in my crop.

The advantages afforded by this method are:

1st. After I am ready to chock of for planting I can dispense with *three-fourths* of the *laborers* and *two-thirds* of the *horses*, and the planter may from this cause alone been abled to prepare his land thoroughly while the season is arriving when he may plant with safety, and he can thus be enabled to wait upon the weather and for the preparation of the land, which, if he does not, he will seldom fail to regret. I consider the proper time for putting in this crop in Kentucky is about the middle of April; and in most of the land the 20th of April to the 5th and even to the 10th of May would not be too late.

Another reason in favor of the drill system with this machine is, that it deposits the grain at intervals of about 12 to 14 inches apart, in rows say 4 feet to 4 *feet* 3 inches apart. The plants should be thinned out so as to leave but one stalk to each deposite. The corn is thus regularly dispersed over the ground, whereas, if in hills, the amount of stalks on the land would be about the same; but the more uniform distribution of the drilled corn over the surface of the land, I am confident, will produce the largest yield, and if properly cultivated will withstand the effects of drought better than corn planted in hills, while the drilled corn can be cultivated easier and in much better rotation. For instance, if the entire crop is in one field, your working will always be in regular succession from one to the other. The period for working to all parts of the field will be regular. Otherwise, if in hills to be plowed both ways when the field is once plowed over, say from east to west, you turn across and are obliged to rework a part of the corn *immediately with a part that has not been worked* for 8 or 10 days. The system of cultivation that I pursue, and which I believe as successful as any other, is, as soon as the corn is planted and before it is up, if you chose, to run twice in a row with a one-horse Rounder or Livingston county plow, the bar side to the corn. I start half my teams thus; when they have proceeded this way long enough for the land to want stirring again, I start the second half, to follow with Cultivators, twice in a row, which levels the ridges down. As soon as a third working is needed, or when those who used plows in the first case get over the crop, start them with Cultivators, also twice in a row. By this time the corn should be thoroughly and carefully thinned before the fourth working, which should be done with shovel plows. Those who thin the corn should always carry hoes for the purpose of cutting briars, alders, sprouts, &c., that may have escaped the plow. The fifth process, which is apt to be the last, should be with Cultivators twice in a row.

You now have the crop "laid by," as the term is, with the ground in a level condition, to avoid washing and in a good condition to receive small grain in the fall or spring. We have now come to a period when we await the process of maturing, and the further management of the crop will vary according to the design to feed to the various kinds of stock; but it is good economy, as soon as it is sufficiently ripened, to cut and set in stacks (if in hills) of 16 hills square, or, if in drill, a little less than that proportion, as there is apt to be more on the ground unless carefully thinned. There is more danger from too early cutting than too late; and all corn intended to be cribbed should be secured by the first of January—otherwise it is very liable to receive material injury before it can be housed.

The stacks or shocks of fodder should be doubled after the corn is shucked out by laying about one-third on the ground and setting the remainder carefully around.

This method of saving provender for stock in winter is by far the most speedy and cheap that can be pursued.

A CURE FOR BONE FELON.—A friend informs us that while suffering with a bone felon, thirty years ago, Dr. F. Lebarrton, late the Apothecary General of the United States, advised him to fill a thimble with soft-soap and quicksilver, mixed, and bind it tightly over the felon. This he did, and in the course of twelve hours it was drawn to a head, when the core was removed, and by appliance of the usual poultices, the sore was healed. Our informant remarks that this is a very severe experiment, but one that is preferred to the customary treatment.—We have heard others, who have used the remedy prescribed, say that it is the most effectual and expeditious. As a good many persons are now afflicted with bone felon, we have been requested to make this publication. May it prove a blessing to the suffering.—*Hannibal Mes.*

ANOTHER CURE.—A felon generally appears on the end of the finger and thumbs; it is extremely painful for weeks and sometimes months, and, in most cases, cripples or disfigures the finger or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can be easily cured if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt take the thin white skin of an egg, which is found inside of the shell; put it around the end of the finger or thumb affected, keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry it will be very painful, and likely to continue for half an hour or more, but be not alarmed. If it grows painful, bear it; it will be of short duration, compared to what the disease would be. A cure will be certain.

NOVEL READING.—The following paragraph which occurs in a sermon preached by Dr. Hawks, may have a more salutary effect upon many of our readers than an essay on the same subject, which they would not read: "No habitual reader of novels, can love the Bible or any other book that demands thought, or inculcates the serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth—with the sober realities that demand his attention as a rational and immortal being, and accountable subject of God's government."

☞ We clip the following from the Congregational Journal—Concord, N. H.:

NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—We find the following remarks in one of our exchanges, which we transfer to our columns for the purpose of exhibiting the weakness, not to say the wickedness, of the attempts of our times to improve King James' version of the Scriptures. Dr. Cox about to re-translate the Bible! He is *too* original for such a work, besides being too old.—He had better employ the evening of his days in some other pursuits that will be more beneficial to the world.

It is surprising how ideas move in a circle in the progress of the world.—'That which has been is now, and that which is to be has already been, and there is no new thing under the sun.' A portion of the Baptists have started with a great flourish of trumpets to give a new translation of the Bible. Their first instalment, or sample number has just been printed, containing some of the lesser epistles. We find the following text given in one paper, as an improved version, and a fair specimen of the light to be shed upon the sacred scriptures. Second Peter, Chap. 1. v. 5. 'But for the very reason also do ye contributing all diligence, furnish in your faith, fortitude, and in fortitude, knowledge, and in knowledge, self-control, and in self-control, patience, and in patience, godliness," etc. The great improvement here seems to be, the substitution of the preposition 'in,' for the preposition 'to.' The word rendered 'virtue' in our translation, is indeed rendered 'fortitude,' which does not, in our view, so well convey the sense of the original. Now as to the change of preposition, it is curious to find that the one now used as a great improvement upon the common translation was used by Wickliffe in the very first translation made of the New Testament in 1380.—This is his version: 'And brynge ye in all bisynes; and mynstre ye in your faith, vertu, and in vertu kunnynge, in kunnynge, abstynence, in abstynence pacience, pacience, pity, in pity love of the brotherhood, and in love of the brotherhood, charitie.' The new discovery of the present age turns out to be 500 years old. Indeed all the translations previous to our verson used the same preposition 'in,' so that King James' translators must have had good reason for the change. The excellence of the present version is unquestionable. When a young or old minister undertakes to improve it, nine chances out of ten he stumbles and falls. He lights upon some old rendering given up long years ago.

We have been told that Dr. Cox has a project of re-translating the Bible.—If so we pity the Hebrew and the Greek, for they will be put to the torture. The greater part of his very original interpretation, will not stand the test of sound learning. And even if they were strictly scrutinized they would be found to be very old after all; cast off notions of the crude scholarship of former generations.

The Bible as we have it in our translation is reliable. This is the thought we would leave upon the reader. The plain meaning is generally the true one. Ministers are greatly tempted to hunt for some other in these peculiar times, and when they find it, they commonly lose the truth. People as a general thing will do well, to stick to the obvious meaning of our present translation.

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH.—Some years ago, an individual well known and highly respected in the religious world, narrated in my hearing the following incident:

In early life, while with a college companion, he was making a tour on the continent, at Paris his friend was seized with an alarming illness. A physician of great celebriety was speedily summoned, who stated that much would depend upon a minute attention to his directions. As there was no one at hand upon whom they could place much reliance, he was requested to recommend some confidential and experienced nurse. He mentioned one, but added, "You may think yourself happy, indeed, should you be able to secure her services; but she is so much in request among the higher circles here, that there is little chance of finding her disengaged!" The narrator at once ordered his carriage, went to her residence, and, much to his satisfaction, found her at home. He briefly stated his errand, and requested her immediate attendance. "But, before I consent to accompany you, permit me, sir," said she, "to ask you a single question: Is your friend a Christian?" "Yes," he replied, "he is indeed a Christian, in the best and highest term: a man who lives in fear of God. But I should like to know the reason of your inquiry?"—"Sir," she answered, "I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his late sickness, and for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another infidel die." *Lord's Damascus.*

FOR A DRY COUGH.—Take of powdered gumarabic half an ounce; liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water; squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric two drachms; syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one tea-spoon when the cough is troublesome.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

A DREAM.

BY MRS. A. L. BUTER DUFOUR.

I had a dream, a sweet, wild dream—
I dreamed I was thy bride;
And every pulse thrilled wild with hope
And rapture, love, and pride.
My hand was fondly clasped in thine,
My heart to thine was pressed;
I felt that thou alone wast mine,
And with the thought was blest.

And then our spirits' pinions soft—
Wing softly twined with wing—
Soared on the golden clouds aloft,
Where blooms celestial spring.
We floated on amid the spheres,
Unfettered, swift, and free;
And wild delirium thrilled my soul,
While soaring thus with thee!

Still on we passed 'mid the pale stars,
Twin-spirits true and kind—
The crimson folds of evening's skies
We left—oh, far behind;
And there amid those glorious orbs
Our souls were wedded, love—
Then as one lofty, gifted soul
We entered heaven above.

[From the Herald.]

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

A FABLE.

As a shepherd was one day walking near an extensive forest, which bordered his pasture grounds, he met a large wolf.

'Ah! my shepherd,' exclaimed Lupus, 'I am verily glad to see you, for I have had a matter on my mind for a long time, about which I have been anxious to talk with you, but have lacked opportunity. Now I trust your leisure and inclination are such that I may be gratified by a few minutes' conversation.'

'Most certainly,' said the shepherd, 'I have no straying sheep to look after. My lambs are all in the middle of the meadow, where wild beasts never venture. What shall be the subject of remark, please state it since it presses you."

Wolf.—With your leave, I will do so, though you have already alluded to it. May I, then, be so bold as to ask why you keep those lambs I see yonder so closely guarded within the narrow limits of this meadow? They are never allowed, as I have often noticed, to go outside, nor even to approach the border, without being strictly watched.

Shepherd.—My lambs are young and inexperienced. They are ignorant of the dangers to which they are exposed; and being committed to my care, I am responsible for their safety, and, therefore, I protect them from harm.

Wolf.—Your intention is doubtless good, but you will surely make them dull and mean-spirited.

Shepherd.—Not the least danger of that, and if there was, their safety is the first consideration.

Wolf.—But why can't you allow them to taste of freedom, to visit the forest and mountains, and when they come to years of discretion, to judge for themselves. That is the way we wolves do; we don't want any shepherd to watch our young ones—we let them go where they please, you must allow we are more liberal than you.

Shepherd.—That may do for wolves, but not for lambs. If I should turn them out to taste freedom and judge for themselves, as you say, your whole pack would be in pursuit at first sight.

Wolf.—In the name of the animal creation, I protest against this injustice, and insist that lambs ought to be allowed to grow up without being prejudiced in favor of one kind of pasture rather than another, so that they may choose for themselves. And I am glad to know that my opinion is sustained by men of your own profession, for whom of course, you have great respect. I don't often go to preaching, but I chanced once to be within hearing of the following sensible remarks. "My hearers, sprinkling babies and teaching them to pray, is all humbug—it is; so is Sunday schools and missionary societies.—Let them grow up and judge for themselves about religious matters, and don't try to take the Lord's work out of his own hand.' Now apply that to lambs, and it expresses my sentiment about as well, as I could do it myself.

Shepherd.—You are greatly mistaken, if you suppose I have any respect for such a man. He, no doubt, expresses the wish of all wolves, and the devil, too, but not of the Good Shepherd, who has said, 'Feed my lambs,' and 'Teach these things, diligently to your children.' And the devil will allow children to grow up without interfering with their religious notions, just as much as you wolves will allow lambs to play about your dens without devouring them.

To this the wolf made no other reply than a snarl. So he turned about, and 'got him' to the woods again, but not until he had cast a savage look at the lambs lying on a sunny bank, by which the shepherd was more than ever convinced that all his fine talk about freedom, and unprejudiced views were meant, not for the good of his lambs, but for his own ravenous stomach.—After this conversation, he guarded his flock with greater care.

CHARACTERISTIC BENEVOLENCE.—The *Banner of the Cross*, an Episcopal paper, published at Philadelphia, says that Gerard Harlock, one of the editors and proprietors of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, resides in New Haven, Connecticut, where he supports a church and minister himself. Every Monday morning the minister is expected to breakfast with him, and, on lifting his plate, finds his weekly salary of $42 beneath it.

A PACK OF CARDS.—A nobleman in London, who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order, to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamester.—Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when behold, a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

'My lord,' replied he, 'I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac.'

'Your almanac, indeed! then I desire that you will prove it.'

'Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suites in the pack, that intimates the four quarters in the year; as there are thirteen cards to each suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter, there are also the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in one pack, that directly answer for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely, and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiply by twenty-four and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year. Thus sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac; and, by your lordship's permission, I will prove it my prayer book also.

I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve Patriarchs, from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty; the queen, of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt, the ten commandments, the ten tribes cut off for their vices. The nine reminds me of the nine muses, the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beauties, the eight persons saved in Noah's ark, the eight persons mentioned in scripture to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God, the seven seals wherewith the book of life is sealed, the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man, the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists, the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity, the three hours our Saviour was on the cross, the three days he lay interred. The two reminds me of the two testaments, the two contrary principles struggling in man—virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship and serve; one truth to practice, and one good master to serve and obey.'

'So far is very well,' said the nobleman, 'but I believe you have omitted one card—the knave.'

'True, my lord, the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer.'

The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged the informer.

CHANGES.—The Boston Post states that some important changes in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church are now being agitated.—Among others, that the General Conference shall be composed of an equal number of clerical and lay members; the Annual Conference to be reduced to a practical and convenient size; the presiding elders to hold semi-annual conferences; and the preachers to be reappointed for four years successively to the same place if desired.

A COURTEZAN IN COURT—HARD TIMES.—Notwithstanding the universal complaint of hard times, we occasionally see sights that would lead one to infer that nothing of the sort was ever experienced, in this city. In the police court yesterday, a female, who was arraigned on a peace warrant, or rather for exciting a riot at a rival house, appeared at the bar rigged out in more furbelows, costly apparel, jewels, furs, and robes of price, than was ever seen on one piece of humanity. Her outer dress was of the finest merino, trimmed with silks and sables, over which were the most costly furs. The dress trailed the ground, with what in olden times was denominated the train. Upon her gloved fingers were immense diamond rings of the first water, and in her bosom was displayed, in addition to broaches, a large golden cross, glittering with diamonds, any one of which at a jeweller's estimate could not have cost less than fifty dollars.

This sample of extravagance, however, but verifies the old adage. We see every day virtue clad in rags, while sin fares sumptuously, wears purple and fine linen, and rolls in easy coaches.—But what of the end?—*Louisville Cour.*