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R. T. VAN HORN, Editor.
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TRUSTING TIME.

BY MRS. W. WARD.

It was not for her twinkling eye,'
Nor for her witching smile,' that I
Loved one, I may not name to thee,
Tho' her sweet name was dear to me.

I can not tell you what it was,
I wish I could, that was the cause
Of that warm thrill of joy that stole,
When fast I saw her o'er my soul.

I will not tell you all—O no,
I could not think of doing so;
But I may say the month was June,
And round and gorgeous shone the moon.

Beside an opening window sat
We two, and talked of this and that,
Until the hour grew late, and then
We wished the night begun again.

Midnight! the watchman cried, and so
I hinted that 'twas time to go;
She looked so loth, and answered not,
I felt that something I'd forgot.

I knew not what it was I said,
Nor why it came into my head;
But where it came from I'll impart—
Up from the fulness of my heart.

The moon shone clear upon her face,
And on her brow disclosed a trace
Of anxious thought; but in her eye
I read her happy heart's reply.

Her look was love, serene and bland,
And in my own her lilly hand
Lay nestling like a timid bird;
It seemed to sleep, so slight it stirred.

This thought is Willis's, but then
I cannot write the lines again;
This saves it from the critic's curse—
For being his, 'tis none the worse.

I kissed it once, or think I did,
And watched with joy the trembling lid
Of her moist eye; I see it still,
My faithful memory ever will.

Ah me! I turned at length to go;
What happened next you'll never know;
I wish that I could all forget,
The recollection chills me yet.

And this—you surely understand,
Was long ago; bless me, that hand—
Why, *now* 'twould no more lay in mine
Than I would mine to her's resign.

Perhaps 'twas Pa, perhaps 'twas not;
I never asked; but there's a spot
Upon my head—if 'twere not telling,
I'd say how long the bump was swelling.

I left with some precipitation,
Each nerve in quivering agitation;
Alas! that such true fond love-making
Should end in such a cold leave-taking.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The inertness of the mind is often taken for its peace.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

Man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

There are men, who by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Neither the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

It was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

The poet who knows how to express and paint the affections and passions of the soul, will always be read with greater delight than the most exact observer of inanimate nature.

He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honor and applause.

Some people think that the heart can never be affected till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases; and they drive nails into us by way of touching our feelings.

Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether unthought. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

☞ Some folks are easily glorified. We knew a man who became so elated because he was elected first sergeant in the militia, that he went home and put a silver plate on his door. Ollapod, in speaking of this kind of people, makes mention of one Sabin, who was so overjoyed the first time he saw his name in the list of letters advertised by the post-office, that he called his friends together and put them through on a woodcock.

A SERIES OF VILLANIES CONFESSED.

A Confederate of Monroe Edwards.—The San Francisco Herald contains the confession of Robinson, one of the three men hung at Sacramento City by the people, which is an account of a series of successful villanies, without a parallel, in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. The following, embracing his operations in Baltimore, is interesting:

November, 1837, I was in Albany; I then became acquainted with Monroe Edwards, at the Exchange Hotel; he enquired for Mr. Hunt; he said he was very anxious to see him; I told him he was at the Howard House, New York; I went with him, and found him there; they consulted together for some time, and then concluded to make me their partner, as I was a very good scribe; I was dressed rather rough, so they expended about $300 in jewels and clothes to make me look genteel and not suspicious; then we went to business; we forged a check upon Hodges, Beals & Co.; I presented the check; they told me that the firm had not so much money on deposit as the check called for; I returned to my partners and told them what had happened.

Mr. Hunt took $300 and made a deposit in the name of H., B. & Co., by this means ascertaining the amount; he drew another check to the amount of $20,000; I presented it; they paid it without hesitation; I got three $1000 bills and the balance in $500's; I took it to our room and my partners gave me $2,500.

April 4th, I met them in Philadelphia, at Jones' Hotel, in Chesnut street, above Sixth street; after being there two days they asked me to write Ridgeway's name; I practised three or four hours every day, for three or four days; by this time I could counterfeit very well; there was laid before me twenty bank checks; I wrote on them all, and out of the number got one with a perfect signature; I filled the check for $20,000; then Edwards finished the check by writing Brown & Co. at the end of Ridgeway, which made the firm Ridgeway, Brown & Co.; Hunt took the check very coolly, and put it into his pocket, and walked out; presented it to a certain bank and drew $20,000, all in $100 and $50 notes; he came back with his wallet full; it was divided, and I got $6000; I sent $4000 to my mother, and wrote to her that I drew it in a lottery.

Edwards said we must put the Baltimore banks through next. On the 16th of May we met in Baltimore; Edwards wanted me to draw a check for $15,000, signed Koths, Coles & Co., he gave it to me and told me to get the money on it; I refused to do it; says he what are you afraid of? I am afraid of nothing, but I will not take that check there; by that, says Edwards, I will go to the bank and get some gold for paper money. I then agreed to go and take the check; he told me to let him go and get some gold, and when they are paying me, you present the check. I did so; the cashier merely looked at the check, and told the teller to pay me; he gave me $2000 in $100 notes, and the rest in $500 notes; Edwards said there some time afterwards, in order to deter any suspicion. We separated, and met in Wheeling, Cumberland and Cincinnati; we were in Cincinnati in January, 1841; remained there about four days; Edwards and myself forged a check on the Gas Light Company Bank, belonging to Hodges & Co. I signed Hodges as President, and Edwards signed Willis' name across the back of the check, which had to be done before the check was good; Hunt signed the cashier's name, took the check, and drew the money; the amount was $20,000; they gave me $5000; Edwards said he despised a check that was drawn for less than $20,000; he either wanted to get a big raise, or none at all.

We then went to Louisville together, and Hunt and Edwards forged a check on Hiram Goodrich for $20,000; Edwards presented it at an Exchange office at a heavy discount for the money; the banker said he had not that much money in his office, [this was after banking hours, which was the reason he offered it at discount,] but would conduct him to the cashier of the bank it was drawn on; we went to the cashier; I presented it; he told me to go to the President; we saw him, I presented it, and he ordered it paid; they would not give me any of that money; we had a quarrel, and parted; they went to New Orleans, and I in another direction.

They forged checks on the New Orleans and Mobile Banks; they returned to New York, and forged a note there which caused their conviction; I was not interested in the three last crimes. Not having time, I am compelled to close my confession in reference to Edwards and Hunt.

On the scaffold, this fellow made another confession, implicating some of the most respectable men in California in his villanies. His last confession, we believe to be occasioned by spite, because those persons did not interfere to save him. In his last confession he said his name was William Benjamin Heppard.

It appears that Robinson was found enlisted in the mounted rifles, on his way to Oregon, which seems rather strange, after several years of successful villany, and making his thousands.

More Curiosities.—The rule of our conduct in two joints.
An eye of the wind.
Horn of a buck-et.
A gun used in the war of the elements.
A link of chain lightning.
Snow gathered in "the winter of discontent."
Fears from the foot of time.
A musquito's bill receipted.
A spoke from a wheel of the chariot of the sun.
Hair from the head of navigation.
The point of a joke.
Fruit from an axle-tree.
A pair of bellows from an ox.
A frame of mind.

RED JACKET'S STUDY OF ORATORY.

We copy from the proof sheet of Turner's forthcoming History of Phelps and Goram's purchase, the following unpublished reminiscence of Red Jacket.

"Many years ago," says Thomas Maxwell, Esq., of Elmira in conversation with Red Jacket at Bath, after a little fire-water had thawed his reserve, the chief remarked, that when a boy, he was present at a great council fire held on the Shenandoah.—Many nations were represented by their wise men and orators, but the greatest was Logan, who had removed from the territory of his tribe to Shemokin.

He was the son of *Skikellimus*, who was a warm friend of the whites before the revolution. On the occasion alluded to, Red Jacket remarked that he was so charmed with his manner and style of delivery that he resolved to attain, if possible, the same high standard of eloquence, though he almost despaired of equaling his distinguished model.

He said, that after his return to his then home, at Kanadasaga, near Geneva, he sometimes incurred the reproofs and displeasure of his mother, by long absence from her cabin without any ostensible cause.—When hard pressed for an answer he informed his mother that he had been playing Logan.

Thus in his mighty soul, the fire of a generous emulation was kindled, not to go out until his oratorial frame threw a refulgent glory on the declining fortunes of the once formidable Iroquois. In the deep and silent forest he practised the elocution or tone of his great master. What a singular revelation! Unconciously the forest orator was an imitator of the eloquent Greek, who had tuned his voice on the wild sea beach, to the thunder of the surge and caught from nature's altar his lofty inspiration.

Not without previous preparation and the severest discipline did Red Jacket acquire the power of moving and melting his hearers. His graceful attitude, significant gestures, perfect intonation, impressive pauses, when the lifted finger and flashing eye told more than utterance, were the results of sleepless toil, while his high acquirement was the product of stern, habitual thought study of man, and keen observation of eternal nature.

He did not trust to the occasion alone for his finest periods and noblest metaphors.—In the armory of his capacious intellect the weapons of forensic warfare had been previously polished and stored away. Ever ready for the unfaltering tongue, was the cutting rebuke or apt illustration. Let not the superficial candidate for fame in Senate halls, suppose for a moment that Sa-go-ye-wa-tha, "The Keeper Awake," was a speaker who sprang up fully equipped for debate, without grave meditation and cunning anticipation, of whatever an adversary might advance or maintain.

By labor, like all other great men, persevering labor, too—he achieved his renown. A profound student, though untettered, he found books in the running brooks, sermons in stones. By exercising his faculties in playing Logan when a boy—one of the highest students of moral eloquence, either in ancient or modern times—he has left a lesson to all ambitious aspirants, that there is no royal road to greatness, that the desired end is only to be gained by scaling rugged cliffs, and treading painful paths.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF WYOMING.

Ingham, the painter, has left after him a portrait of the Flower-Girl of Wyoming, which is regarded by connoisseurs as a work of art of great merit. Connected with this picture of the Flower-Girl is the following romantic but really authentic story:

Many years ago a gentleman from England was traveling at his leisure, in the coaches of the United States mail, down the charming valley of Wyoming, and on a certain occasion chanced to tarry for a short time in the village of that name. It was mid-summer, and while enjoying his after dinner cigar in the tavern, a young girl suddenly made her appearance, offering for sale in the innocence and modesty of her heart, a basket of fresh flowers. He purchased a handsome boquet, and when the coach was ready, continued his journey. Weeks past on, but wherever he wandered, he was continually haunted by the surpassing loveliness of the unknown flower-girl of Wyoming, and he found himself once more a sojourner in the village Inn. He had by this time become so deeply interested in the stranger girl that he made many inquiries about her condition, and found that she was the daughter of poor but highly respectable parents. With these parents he finally became acquainted, and in the process of time obtained permission to place the daughter at one of the principal female seminaries of the country.

While she was storing her mind with knowledge, her benefactor was living in England. Time passed on; he returned to Wyoming, found the rustic flower girl an accomplished lady, offered her his hand in marriage, was accepted and married; and, after settling a property on his American parents, crossed the Atlantic with the bride, and settled in one of the pleasant vales of England, where he now lives in the enjoyment of every thing which wealth and education can afford. The picture in question is an actual portrait, and taken from a sketch which the artist painted on the very day the English stranger purchased a boquet of the Flower Girl of Wyoming.

☞ A youngster who had not complete his third summer was accustomed to call water by the ambiguous term, "drink."—One day, while taking a ride with his parents, on nearing a canal, he exclaimed, raising both hands with the air of a discoverer, "O ma, see what a *long drink*."

☞ A man in Michigan, not long since, commited suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—"found empty."

ITALIAN OPPRESSION.

The Boston Transcript publishes the translation of a letter from a gentleman of that city, from a Signor [illegible], giving the particulars of a persecution which he was subjected lately, in Italy. Signor G. has resided in Boston, and visited the Italian shores recently for the purpose of seeing his parents and friends. It appears that he was dogged and watched by the officers from the day of his landing, and he was resolved to return to this country. He says:

Having obtained my passport, and fixed the day of my departure, the evening previous thereto, my friends assembled at a farewell supper, among them was a Jew, who been [illegible] friends. In the social hour, [illegible] toast in honor of the United States. All the company responded with high zest, when all of a sudden the room was assailed by the Duke's satelites, and we were all arrested and marched off to the public prison. As the chief promoter of the "political club," as the authorities called our little gathering, I was shut up in a damp and unwholesome apartment, debarred from seeing family or friends. A trial took place, and my companions were sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the fortress at M., while I was sentenced to *ten years' imprisonment in the galleys!* The tears of my mother and the intercessions of relatives procured a commutation of my sentence to three years' imprisonment in the fortress.

I was rigorously prevented from seeing my family, and dispossessed of my paternal heritage, and exiled from the state. On the day of our removal, we [illegible] chained like beasts, placed [illegible] and conducted to the place of imprisonment about thirty miles from Modena. When near the Alps a deluge of rain poured down accompanied with snow, which compelled our guard, four in number, to screen their faces. One of my companions noticed that a portion of the chain which confined us chafed on one of the wheels of the wagon, and was almost entirely cut through. Taking advantage of this discovery, we cautiously succeeded in unloosing ourselves, and amidst the torrent of rain that favored us, we rushed upon the guard. Two of them took to flight, and we disarmed the other two, who also fled. They afterwards returned to secure us. What was the result of the discharge of our muskets, I know not. I will simply state that I, with four of my companions, got away.

Without aid, and without provisions, we wandered over mountains and through the woods, in the hope of arriving at Piedmont, a place of safety. After escaping, under cover of night, the Parmesian guard, who mistook us for smugglers, we at length arrived at Piedmont.

We are now in Genoa, whence I hope to pass over to America, with one of my companions in misfortune. Our means were exhausted during our pilgrimage, however, and God only knows when we shall reach the land of liberty. Long live the United States of America!

Kean's Intrepidity.—Of the elder Kean's skill as a fencer, one anecdote must be recorded, as marking not only his quickness of eye and dexterity of hand, but also his firmness, intrepidity, and self-command. He was one day, when quite a strippling, opposed in the academy to a black man, who was celebrated for the rapidity of his passes, and the certainty of his hits. Kean, however, baffled all his attempts to evade or beat down his guard; but, on the contrary, had the mastery in several passes, which so enraged his opponent that in a sudden paroxysm of wrath, he struck his foil on the ground so as to break off the button, determined by a sudden and desperate assault, to inflict summary vengeance on his conqueror. Kean perceived the movement, and at once saw his danger, but with perfect composure awaited the attack, and disarming his assailant, he caught the foil as it sprung from his hand; then presenting it to his treacherous friend, "unabated" as it was, he bid him keep his own secret, and turning upon his heel, left the academy. This circumstance he never mentioned, till many years afterwards, when the death of his opponent, whose name he even then concealed, removed all scruple as to the disclosure of the fact itself.

Freezing Machine.—The Scientific American gives an interesting account of the new method of producing ice and snow by machinery. Steam is actually converted into snow by the aid of steam, and solid blocks of ice are produced in a few moments.

It is said that the process was exhibited in one of the refreshment rooms of the World's Fair, where crowds were refreshed with ices made by steam. One hundred quarts of desert ices were produced in fifteen or sixteen minutes, and sixty different kinds made by one machine. This is much better than the tedious process by which our ices are prepared for the table; and what is of great importance for us to know, the machine can be made to suit the convenience of small families. Rooms are said to be delightfully cooled by converting steam into snow. Mr. Masters of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, England, is the Patentee.—We may be sure that our ingenious countrymen will soon introduce this new invention into this country. In our sultry climate it will be a most valuable acquisition.

☞ Dr. Franklin, when in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.

"Eberyting, massa, work in dis country; water work, wind work, smoke work, dog work, bullock work, horse work, ass work; eberyting work here but de hog; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day—he walk about like a *gentleman*."

☞ What is the difference between the trunk of a tree and the trunk of an elephant. One *leaves* in the spring, and the other *leaves* whenever the menagerie does.

THE WIFE OF KOSSUTH.

The New York Express, in an article on the expected arrival of Kossuth, relates the following incident, illustrative of the devotion of his wife to her husband after being exiled to Turkey:

With him comes his heroic wife, who after his exile commenced in Turkey, with incredible sacrifices and a devoted disregard to a thousand dangers, traversed hostile territories, submitted to deptivations and underwent sufferings of every kind, joined him at his retreat, by the foot of Mount Olympus. It was under the protection of a passport from the *British* Consul General at Belgrade, that as British subjects, under assumed names, she and her companions were enabled to accomplish this great adventure, and when, on the twenty-eighth day, a courier was sum in advance of them to apprize Kossuth of their approach to Shumla—(he was ill; and on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities would not allow him to leave Shumla and go to meet his wife) the news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; and as it entered the gates she found the streets lighted with hundreds of lights, green, white and red, the colors of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees. And the account from which we have quoted goes on to say:

"When Madame Kossuth descended from the carriage she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor 'Mari P——n' of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings she had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavored to speak and offer husband consolation and tranquility, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and amid the reiterated shouts of Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartment.

In our rejoicings, therefore, at the liberation and the coming hither of the great patriot, let us not forget the heroic adventures of his noble wife, and let the same interest which the British Consul at Belgrade, and the united population of Shumla displayed in her success, the same respect for her virtues, the same joy at her happiness, be manifested by the fathers and sons, the brothers and husbands of American women.

SERMON BY DOW, JR.

Text—"If ye are honest, honorable men, Go ye and pay the printer."

My Dear Friends.—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare—galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potatoe. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

Oh, you ungrateful sinner! if you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society like a Giraffe; be respected by the wise and the good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of the devil, or the hands of lawyers which is about one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for to-morrow—because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promise; an addled egg in the great nest of future; the debtor's hope the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to loose, no character to sustain, and no morals to cultivate.—But, let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your paths to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles—your children will die with dysentery, and yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health.—I once called upon a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I enquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his *printer?* He hesitated a moment, and then said that he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good bye to the world. His desires were immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let him be an example for you my friends. Patronize the printer; take the pay for them in advance; and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

☞ The courtship of the earl of Pomfret and the heiress he afterwards married, was conducted after the following fashion:

"Do you like buttered toast?"
"Yes."
"Buttered on both sides?"
"Yes."
"So do I; don't you think we had better be married?"
"Yes."
The lady's fourth "yes was pronounced before the altar.

BEES.

We have not seen so much as usual this year written on the subject of bees. In some years the agricultural papers abound in advice about the new patent hives, and the modes of hiving new swarms.

It may be that the public have had enough advice of this kind and that they are tired of hives two or three stories high, or of keeping the insects in the chambers of a dwelling house. What has become of all the doctrine about taking all the honey from the hive and feeding the bees on slops through the winter?

What use are the chambers now put to that were once the dwellings of millions of bees? What is now the value of bee-houses that will hold half a dozen swarms and protect the bee moth more effectually than the bee?

After seeing as many patent bee-hives as we could desire, and buying as many as we had money to pay for, we are obliged to confess we have never derived the least benefit from them. They have only proved a bill of cost, unless we may count on the value of the experience we have gained by being cheated.

In regard to the mode of putting bees into a new hive there are different practices in different parts of the country, and some of them seem to us very odd.

We hear of cutting of the limb of a tree and laying it on the ground for the bees to wait there till the hive comes, or to shake off the bees on to the ground with a sudden shake and place the hive over them, or to throw a sheet over the hive and sprinkle the sheet with water—exceedingly awkward modes of proceeding when the bees fight so low that they may be trampled, and impracticable modes in case they are out of reach.

There are cases met with which defy the art of the bee keeper. Some swarms are determined to go off; but generally there is no difficulty in hiving a new swarm provided common sense and common prudence are exercised.

We have hardly ever had any difficulty in a practice of fifty years, in securing new swarms when they light on limbs not more than a dozen feet high.

And they very seldom go so high as that when there are numerous peach trees, apple trees or any others that usually are found in our gardens.

Our practice for many years has been to place a table, or some other platform under the bees, and set the new hive on the table *right side up*. It is a very awkward business, to say the least, to hold up the mouth of the hive as you would to catch hail or rain. And it is equally absurd to rap the bush, or jar the bees in the least till the hive is all ready for them to crawl into. They never fly into a new hive—they crawl in.

When we have set our hive on the platform we raise it just high enough for the bees to go under, placing bits of board an inch square under the corners. Next we take a long pole long enough to reach the limb on which the bees rest and rap the limb hard enough to shake the bees off.

We aim to have the main body of them fall on one side of the hive, and there we leave them to find their own way up into the hive. If they incline to gather again on the limb we give it another rap or two and clear it.

Now by taking this course we are more sure of securing the swarm than we should be by scattering the bees on the grass or ground and trusting to the placing of a hive over them before they could have time to fly away.

By taking this method we run no risk of being stung, and are of no need of mittens or a veil over the face. Not a bee is crushed and no ill will is engendered. A woman could secure a swarm in this way without the least danger of being stung, or of giving offence to the bees.

Every one who keeps bees should have low trees or bushes handy for them to light on, and in forty-nine out of fifty cases bees will prefer the green bush to any piece of board that may be set as a trap for them.

Bee houses are a great moth indeed—they are protectors of moths and not of bees. A common hive gives shelter to all within—and as moths are outsiders and entitled to no protection, no house should shelter them. Let the hives stand on separate posts and let the winds whistle and drive away all enemies that have no right to shelter.

We can think of no improvement that has been made in the management of bees for thirty years past unless we except the practice of placing boxes in the upper end of the hive, or on the outside, so as to take away a portion of the honey when there is a prospect that the bees will not want it.

All the learning about queen bees and he bees and he bees may as well be kept in the books as to be displayed where it is doubted, and where it can be of no use.

We were amused the other day on reading a very circumstantial account of a chase after bees, in an article giving directions how to follow them when they go off, the writer chased the bees into the woods, uphill and down, lost sight of them once, and renewed the chase—and to conclude, he said, *he never found the bees.*

Astonishing Fecundity.—The Alexandria Gazette says:

In Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, there died last year a man named Michael Dress, aged forty, who was the father of twenty-one children by his wife Kate Dress, aged thirty-nine. The first child was born in 1829, and the last in February, 1850. She had twins five times, and in February, 1848, had four children at a birth—making twenty-one children in twenty-one years, and *six children in the space of eighteen months!* The four children at a birth were apparently healthy and well formed. One died in about four weeks, another in eleven months, the third a little over a year, and the fourth, a fine boy is still living. There are twelve of the whole number living—seven boys and five girls.

An old Maid.—Miss Maria Linch, of Claremont, New Hampshire, has just emerged from the one hundred and fifth year of her age, with her faculties unimpaired.

CURIOSITIES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Among the many curiosities at the Great Exhibition were the following:

A specimen of silver ore, weighing 350 pounds.

A block of pure silver, weighing more than 140 lbs.

Canister of boiled mutton, supplied to the Arctic Expedition, in 1829, and found by Sir John Ross in Prince Regent's Inlet, in 1849, in a perfect state of preservation.

Working model of a pair of non-condensing steam engines, standing within the compass of a shilling, and weighing three drachms.

Sewing machine, capable of sewing five hundred stitches per minute.

A sporting watch, which shows the time to the [illegible]

[illegible] four years in completion, with [illegible] chronological, and other movements, wind organ, &c.

Tuning fork, with chromatic scale, by which any note may be turned at pleasure.

A boot and shoe, made from a single piece of leather.

Patchwork quilt, in 13,500 pieces of cloth, the sole work of the exhibitor, and having occupied his leisure hours for eighteen years.

A horse-shoe, designed to permit the natural expanding action of the horse.

Bedcover of patchwork, the number of pieces nearly 90,000.

Self-acting calculator of surface. The area of any figure drawn on a plane is found by moving the tracer over the outline, however irregular it may be.

Oval medallion of Victoria, produced by a single line of equal thickness, and 266 feet in length.

A piece of white linen, spun and woven by hand, having 7000 threads in the warp.

A lump of gold ore weighing 300 pounds.

A second watch made of ivory, with gold screws and steel moving powers. It works in ten rubies and weighs—glass and vase included—one half an ounce.

An octagonal table of inlaid wood, containing 3,000,000 of pieces; the arms of England alone in a space of three inches by two, consisting of 53,000 of these pieces.

A watch going one year.

The Malstrom.—The Malstrom is a current or motion of the sea of Norway, the effects of which are no less singular than dangerous. Between Lofoden and Moskoe the depth of water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms when it is flood; the stream runs up the country with boisterous rapidity, and the roar of its impetuous ebb towards the sea is scarcely equalled by the loudest cataracts, the noise being heard for several leagues off, and the vortex so powerful as to absorb every ship that comes within its attractions. It is then beaten to pieces against the bottom, and when the water is smoother its fragments are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquility happen only at the turn of the ebb and flow, and last but about a quarter of an hour. Whales frequently come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence. It is then impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless efforts to disengage themselves. A bear once attempted to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, to prey upon the sheep in that Island, was caught by the stream and borne down, whilst he roared so terribly as to be heard on shore. In the year 1645, the stream roared with such noise and impetuosity, that on the Island of Moskoe, the very stones of the houses fell to the ground.

A Safe Bet.—Several gentlemen were riding in a car on one of the Boston railroads a few days since, when the conversation turned on the next Presidential election, and the merits of Webster, Fillmore, Scott, Cass, and others were discussed at large. After some a solemn individual who had listened in silence, addressed the party thus: "My friends, you are all of you wrong. Before the election of 1852, the world will have come to an end, and Jesus Christ will be President of the Universe!" Up started an enthusiastic gentleman from the Granite State, who stutteringly said to the Millerite: "Sir I'll b-b-bet you ten d-d-dollars New Hampshire w-w-won't g-go for him!" A roar of laughter greeted the exit of the Second Advent man, as removed himself to another car.—*Bost. Cou.*

Loss of Confidence.—A Yankee, in one of our New England towns, going into the market to buy a mess of sausages, held out a link to Tiger, his dog.

Tiger rubbed his nose against them, as if to smell a bit and instantly bristled up and showed his denials, upon which the master dropped them like a hot potato.

"What's the matter?" demanded the vender of pork. "Do you find fault with my sausages?"

"No," replied the Yankee, "I've nothing agin the sausages, only *dog won't eat dog*, that's all."

Wants.—A piece of the astonishment the man was struck with.
The Hinges of a lady's gait.
A piece of leather from the Boot the man got in trade.
A portion of the last Link that was broken.
The key that will fit the Auburn locks.

A young gentleman who has just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials, that Nature could not afford it. How full of sugar the honey-moon makes one, don't it! About a year from now he'll be swearing about the house because his foolish wife has been cleaning the cook stove with his best shoebrush.

☞ At a political meeting "up the country" one of the speakers, who is not overstocked with brains, wishing to open with a grand flourish, comenced an address with the Shakespearian exordium, "Friends and fellow citizens, lend me your *ears*." "I rather think you've got *plenty of that arth already*," cried out a raw Yankee of a different school of politics.