

PICKINGS AND STRALINGS.—The Bulletin says it is generally understood that the perquisites of a member of Congress, are worth more than the "regular pay." It is the position and the opportunities that are offered which induce rogues and fast men to become the Representatives of the people in the National Legislature, rather than the honor. We trust, and believe, that the representatives of Louisiana, past and prospective, have not been, and will not be, influenced by any such sordid and base considerations.

A nice sample of this palm-itching class of Congressmen is furnished in the following article from a New York Democratic exchange:

"Political Warfare.—Richard H. Stanton, who has been a member of Congress from the Tenth Congressional District of Kentucky, and is now a candidate for re-election, had a competitor for the nomination who had long been his confidential friend, both personally and politically, and whom he is said to have pledged his support for the succession. When the convention met, Stanton refused to withdraw, and again asked a nomination. The disappointed friend has turned upon him, and is now trying to defeat him, at the expense of his own name. Stanton, who is now in the city, is publishing in the Kentucky journals, and one of which we give below. To make its bearing more intelligible to the general reader, we may state that Mr. Stanton has been a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds in the House, and as such has had a hand in the enlargement of the capitol. The following letter derives interest and intelligibility from a knowledge of that fact:

"If I could stay here [Washington] a month, I could make \$50,000. As it is, I fear I shall have to hurry off without even completing the business I came on. I have a fine estate in Philadelphia and here, and want my services, and am willing to pay for them, and pay for them well. If I can be re-elected, I can make a GREAT DEAL OF MONEY. But this is between ourselves. Give my respects to all friends, and believe me yours, sincerely, R. H. STANTON."

Should the telegraph to-day or to-morrow bring us intelligence that Mr. Stanton's election, we presume we may put him down at once as a millionaire. If defeated how will it be?

THE ISLAND OF MADRIDA.—The Washington National Intelligencer, of the 23d inst., publishes the following extract from a private letter written by a gentleman of Madrida, who is traveling for his health. The intelligence conveyed is truly melancholy. "We fear there is no doubt of its authenticity:

"I have letters from Madrida of the 22d of June. Alas for the dear island! There will be no wine there this year. I am persuaded it will be necessary to look up all the vines and get fresh cuttings from abroad, so that many years may elapse ere good wine be made there again. I fear the glory of the place has departed; certainly for a season. The people can only be relieved by emigration. Without this outlet being opened for them, hundreds will perish. The letters that have lately appeared in the papers will prevent much more aid being sent from this country, unless vigorous efforts be made to counteract the false impressions and put before the public the plain facts; that the means which chiefly supported the population of the island (125,000) have been swept away suddenly, completely; that the produce of the vineyards supported the people for nine months out of the twelve; that there is no immediate means of relief, and that the only plan to root them out seems the only plan and plant fresh cuttings, involving the necessity of waiting for at least three years ere they can get any return."

SHIP OF THE LINE PENNSYLVANIA.—The New Jersey State Gazette recently briefly noticed a visit to the Pennsylvania, lying in a receiving vessel near the Gosport Navy Yard opposite Norfolk. While there we renewed our knowledge of some particulars concerning this mammoth specimen of naval architecture. Her keel was laid at the Philadelphia Navy Yard more than thirty years ago, but she remained upon the stocks until 1837. During the period her construction she was visited by thousands, and just sixteen years ago, lacking a day, she was launched into her destined element amid the cheers of an immense crowd of spectators and in presence of the then Secretary of the Navy. She was at that time the largest ship in the world. After being rigged, she was put under command of Commodore Stuart and sailed for Norfolk on the 10th of August, 1852, and she was better adapted to a comfortable berth in safe harbor than voyaging at sea, and she is accordingly kept at home as a receiving ship.

"As she now lies, she looks like an immense floating battery with four tiers of guns. She belongs to that class of vessels styled three masted, and is rated as a sailing ship, though she can mount 140. Her length is about 250 feet, breadth of beam 60, height from water line to top-rail 36 feet, and from the same line to main track 240 feet. When equipped for sea she requires nearly seven acres of canvas. Her burden is about 3,000 tons.

Most of the money expended upon this levitating way be estimated as sunk. The vessel has been properly equipped, and has furnished our slender navy with five or six additional seaworthy men-of-war. She renders some service, indeed, as a receiving ship, by taking on board and retaining enlisted recruits, until a requisition is made by a commissioned vessel for the complement of seamen, ordinary seamen and other details. The men on board are disciplined and exercised according to naval regulations, and their duties are such as to educate them for active service at sea. The same use, however, could have been made of vessels inferior and partially worn out, and though the Pennsylvania is admirably adapted to her present employment, very body regrets that Uncle Sam failed to make a good sea-boat of one of the largest ships in the world.

EDWARD EVERETT.—The Louisville Courier, speaking of this eminent patriot, says: "This distinguished orator and statesman has been invited by the Southwestern Agricultural and Mechanical Association to visit Louisville early next October, and make the annual address before that Association on the occasion of its Fair. Everett has for years been desiring to visit the Great West, and it is thought will most probably accept the invitation. The Ohio Valley will give him the warmest kind of a welcome, and send greetings back to old Massachusetts, as well as to his heart good."

Mr. Everett is some 60 years of age, and is well known by all means, extend his tour through the Mississippi and look upon the wonders of the great valley. The delta of the Mississippi will give him as warm and as respectful a greeting, as the Ohio Valley, or any other section of the West, possibly can. As a statesman of distinguished merit and worth—as a citizen whose services are undoubted—and as a scholar whose labors have reflected lustre upon the country, his presence will be a great benefit to the West. It is to be hoped he may be able to do so. There are very few such men in the Union, as Edward Everett. Our great men have nearly all departed.

A MODEL RECOMMENDATION FOR OFFICE.—The Knickerbocker for July contains a number of specimens of letters from office-seekers and their friends. We copy one of the best from Mr. Twist to Governor Marcy, on behalf of a gentleman who is ready at any moment to die for his country and a fat office:

The bearer, Mr. Martin Van Buren Phips, is an applicant for some easy office, and I am happy to say, is an out-and-out Democrat.—He voted for Van Buren '40, for Polk in '44, and in '48, being somewhat puzzled with the claims of the contending factions, polled two votes, one for Van Buren and one for Mr. Cass, evincing a spirit of conciliation and a high toned principle, which puts to the blush all other compromise measures. Mr. Phips, I can truly say, is an active, energetic and industrious Democrat, but is unable to discharge very many outdoor duties, as he is suffering under a physical disability, having some two years since, sprained his neck badly. The circumstances attending this physical disability may not be uninteresting, as illustrative of the sterling Democracy inherent in the man. They are these. He was engaged with some young democrats in raising a hickory pole. They had accomplished their object, and young Phips determined to place the stags and end upon the pole. For this purpose he commenced climbing, but, alas! having arrived at the dizzy height of ten feet, the pole gave way, and he was hurled miserably upon the earth, with a severe contusion upon the fleshy part of the leg, and with his left foot sprained terribly. Apparently not realizing the extent of the injury, he waved the doctor's cautions over his confused frame, and gave three hearty cheers for James K. Polk. Such Democracy ought not to go unrewarded; and I hope you will be able to place our unfortunate friend in some easy position, where his physical disability will not be antagonistic to his progressive Democracy.

AN INCIDENT.—The Picayune relates the following incident: "On Friday last an acquaintance of ours was in perfect health; at night he was taken sick with the yellow fever. On Sunday, amongst his friends, he was visited by one who found him very quiet, but unusually ill. In the evening, the very first thing done on the part of the visitor, was to exclaim, most unceremoniously:

"Well old fellow, you appear to be quite sick." (Of course the patient was much obliged for the information.) "Really, these awful times," continued the "really sick man sighing," "never saw anything like this before. They are dying upwards of a hundred daily. Today's reports give one hundred and ninety-four deaths by yellow fever. It's killing every body." "On Sunday the sick man was buried." We have no hesitancy in saying that the fool or brute, (probably he is both), alluded to above, deserves the severest sort of punishment. An indictment for man slaughter, at least, ought to lay against him. He killed the individual he went to see, just as surely as though he had taken an axe and cracked his brains out. The visitations of such creatures are worse than the pestilence. When they are seen approaching the door of a sick man's apartment they should be taken by the collar and kicked so far in an opposite direction that they would not be likely to return during the season. When the system is unnerved by the yellow fever—completely prostrated—the attending friend should be very careful in their language and deportment. The eye and ear are as quick as ever, and very little of what is going on escapes the scrutiny of the sufferer.—Bulletin.

SCENES ABOUT THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—A letter from New York, speaking of the "sights" in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, says: "As if it were not bad enough to have scores of deformed animals on exhibition—wooly creatures, and horses without any wool—monkeys, dancing bears, baboons, rattlesnakes, anacondas, and other like monstrosities, Model Artists Exhibitions have commenced business, in three different shanties. Vulgar paintings of God and Goddesses are hung out for signs to attract the lewd, and though clearly coming within the prohibition of the statute, not the slightest efforts are made by the police to abolish the abomination. The houses in which these disgraceful allures are permitted, are but temporary concerns, the intentions of the proprietors being to demolish them as soon as the Exhibition closes. The ground on which they stand is all leased at enormous prices, for the privilege of putting up a two-story shed in 42d street, to exhibit 'Views of the University' the owner paid \$3000, for 18 months. The other wonder mongers have been obliged to pay proportionately high."

YELLOW FEVER AT SEA.—We published a dispatch from Norfolk a few days since, with regard to the ravages of the yellow fever on board the ship National Eagle, of Boston, from New Orleans, by following the north shore of the St. Lawrence to York Bay. 1,100 miles of this distance may be traversed by Railway to Labrador, via Quebec, which at only twenty-four miles an hour, will be accomplished in 46 hours, and if the Railway is made as good as that of the North River, nearly three days, may be saved. He then proceeds to show that a powerful steamship away from the coast of America, and supplied with excellent machinery and improved paddles, might make more than twelve—would have to do so if the voyage from Labrador were to be completed in five days.—Com. Register.

SAVED BY A WIFE.—We learn, (says the Memphis Whig,) from a reliable source, that as a married couple were traveling on a steamboat bound from New Orleans to an up-stream port, the man sickened and died. When the boat touched at Memphis, the bereaved and distressed widow landed there with the corpse, an undertaker was sent for, who came and took the measure for a coffin. The coffin was prepared, the body deposited therein, and all was in readiness to take the mortal remains of that dear husband to his last, final resting place. The lady, with all the fond affection and deep love of a wife, begged the privilege of taking one more look, a last parting kiss, on him who was more dear to her than all others upon earth. The lid was taken off, and as she laid upon that cold, icy brow, bathing it in tears, and smothering those cold lips with warm kisses, a sort of consciousness and symptoms of life became apparent; the body was taken from the coffin, and a physician sent for. Our tale is soon told. The man soon became convalescent, and but a few days since the happy couple took passage from Memphis on an up-stream port, and are now en route for their place of destination. But for that fond, loving wife, the husband might now be lying in a cold damp grave.

VERY FRENCH.—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts. "Mon frere, what is ze name of zis street?" "Well, how said 'twant?" "What will you call zis street?" "Pardonnez! I have not ze name vot you call him."

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Fern Leaves.—"LITTLE BENNY?"—So the simple hearted son said. Why did my eye fall? I never saw the little creature. I never looked into his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping.

"I did not see the eye grow dim; or his hand drop powerless; or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead; I stood not with clasped hands, and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once, fit over his cherub face. And yet, 'Little Benny,' my tears are falling; for, somewhere, I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearthstone, and a weeping mother."

"Little Benny." It was all her full heart could utter; and it was enough. It tells the whole story.

We take the following mirth-provoking letter from the columns of the Boston "Olive Branch": "Don't marry a woman under twenty; she has not come to her wickedness before then."—Black Wood's Magazine.

Well—I know any bad words, I'm afraid I should be obliged to you. I just wish I had hold of the perpetrator of that with pair of tongs. I'd bottle him up in spirits and keep him for a terror to liars, as sure as his name is Nit North.

Set a thief to catch a thief! How come you to know when that crisis in woman's life occurs? Answer me that! I'll tell you what my opinion is and won't charge you a fee either! A woman comes to wickedness when she comes to her husband!—and if she knew anything good before, it all goes by the board, then; it is no more use to her afterwards than the fifth wheel to a coach! Don't you know, you wicked woman! That thunders don't sour milk more effectually than matrimony does a woman's temper!

Come to their wickedness, indeed, snow flakes and spot! They'd not know the meaning of the word wicked if your sex were blotted out of existence! We would have a perfect little heaven upon earth; a terrestrial Paradise—no runaway matches, no case of conscience, no divorcement, no devilry of any kind. In fact, millennium would be merely a nominal jubilee, because it would have already come. The world would be one universal garden of pretty, rosy, laughing women, no masculine mischief to mar their beauty or bow their sweet heads, the blessed year round!

Now, you'd better repent of your sins, Mr. What's-your-name; for as sure as preaching, you'll go where you have nothing to do but think of 'em!—and you won't find any women there, either, for they all go to the other place! They do that. FANNY FERN.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE DEDICATION.—"Jane," (suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Dibdin,) "do you know it is nearly time for your Sabbath-school to commence? I hope you have committed your hymns and commandments to memory. Put on your little jet bracelet, and your ruffled pantalettes. Now, say the third commandment, while I fix your curls; it does seem to me as if your hair never curls half as well on Sundays as on week-days. Mind, you ask Letty Brown when her mother bought that cunning little straw hat of hers, not in Sabbath-school, of course; but after it is over, as you walk along to church."

"Jane, what's the chief end of man? Don't know? Well, it's the most astonishing thing that Assembly's Catechism don't stay into your head any better! It seems to go in at one ear and out at the other. Now, pay particular attention while I tell you what the chief end of man is. The chief end of man is—well, why don't you hold still? You are always putting a body out! You had better stop a minute, and let me tie your sash straight. Pink is very becoming to you, Jane; you inherit your mother's blond beauty. Come away from that glass, Jane, this minute, don't you know it is wicked to look in the glass on Sunday? See if you can say your 'creed' that your Episcopal teacher wants you to learn. Come: 'I believe'—(in less than one week your toes will be through those drag gaiters, Jane.) Goodness! if there isn't the bell! Why didn't you get your lesson Saturday evening? Oh! I recollect; you were at dancing-school. Well—you needn't say anything about that to your teacher; because—because there's 'a time to dance' and a time to go to meet; and now it is meeting time; so come here, and let me roll that refractory ringlet over my fingers once more, and then do you walk solemnly along to church, as a baptized child should."

"Here! stop a bit! you may wear this bracelet of mine, if you won't lose it. There; now you look most as pretty as your mother did, when she was your age. Don't toss your head so, Jane; people will tell you that; and you know how always told you that it makes her differ from how a little girl looks, if she is only a little Christian. There, good-bye—repeat your Catechism going along, and don't let the wind blow your hair out of curl!"

SUNDAY NOON AT THE DEDICATION.—[Mr. Dibdin reading a pile of business letters, fresh from the post-office.—Mrs. Dibdin, in a pearl-colored brocade and lace ruffles, devouring "Bleak House." Mrs. Dibdin.—"Jane, it is possible I see you, on the holy Sabbath-day, with Mother Goose's Melodies! Put it away, this minute, and get your Bible. There's the pretty story of Joseph building the ark, and Noah in the lion's den, and Isaac killing his brother Cain, and all that." Jane.—"Well, but, mamma, you know I can't spell big words. Won't you read it to me?" Mrs. Dibdin.—"I am busy reading, now, my dear; go and ask your papa." Jane.—"Please, papa, will you read to me in my little Bible? mamma is busy." Mr. Dibdin.—"My dear, will you be kind enough to pull that bell for Jane's nursery-maid? she is getting troublesome." [Exit Miss Jane to the nursery, to listen to Kitty's and her friend Bridget's account of their successful flirtations with John O'Callaghan and Michael O'Donahue.]

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Do Animals Reason? We give below some curious statements in answer to this often repeated question: THE LACK MERCHANT'S DOG.—Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus made for his master upwards of a thousand crowns? And yet an incident happened upwards of thirty years since.

One of those industrious beings who knows how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:—He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hair and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick.

The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox, he would say to his doctric messenger, "Forward, my friend!" At these words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessarily required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursued the prosperous; a mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant; and notwithstanding his effort to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the reason of some animals extend! Did the spies of the customhouse expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went towards the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall, at others passing secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travellers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns' worth of lace, the loss of which did not afflict the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

JUDICIAL REGALIA.—Nothing strikes an American as more preposterous, ludicrous, and absurd, than the custom of wearing wigs and gowns by the English baristers in the courts of law. These wigs are made of horse hair, regularly curled, powdered, and having a queue behind. In passing through the alleys, breathing holes and perukes, of a court room during a warm day, you will see a bevy of these gentlemen in the Queen's uniform, their wigs jostled aside, and red, yellow, or black hair protruding itself upon the view, in rather a striking contrast to this artificial covering of their legal knowledge. Without these ridiculous appendages, no lawyer would be permitted to address the Court.

In Scotland, the judges are dressed like popinjays, as well as sometimes in England, looking more in their personal appearance as if habited for a Punch and Judy exhibition, than for a grave deliberation on matters of deep importance. In our object imitations of almost everything English, we have happily neglected to copy after the monkey shows in our courts of law. The nearest approach to it is to be found in the rusty black gowns worn by the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A NOVEL PROJECT.—NEW HIGHWAY TO EUROPE.—W. L. Mackenzie, a member of the Canadian Legislative Assembly, has written a long letter to the N. Y. Tribune, advocating the construction of a great Railroad from New Orleans to Labrador. The proposed route is via St. Louis and Quebec, along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, and north of New Foundland and Belle Isle. The writer assumes that the distance from Liverpool to New York City is 3,100 miles, and that the distance is the same from Liverpool to Quebec, by following the north shore of the St. Lawrence to York Bay. 1,100 miles of this distance may be traversed by Railway to Labrador, via Quebec, which at only twenty-four miles an hour, will be accomplished in 46 hours, and if the Railway is made as good as that of the North River, nearly three days, may be saved. He then proceeds to show that a powerful steamship away from the coast of America, and supplied with excellent machinery and improved paddles, might make more than twelve—would have to do so if the voyage from Labrador were to be completed in five days.—Com. Register.

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Miscellaneous. POLITICAL PREDICTIONS.—The following is a translation from the Courrier des Etats Unis: Much has been said, of late, respecting a prediction, current among the Turks, that their dominion in Europe is to endure but four hundred years. The prediction even indicated the gate by which the Christians will re-enter the city of Constantinople; and we are assured that during the last century the Sultans caused that gate to be closed up by a thick wall. The fourth century since the Turks entered Constantinople will expire the present year; and we shall soon know, therefore, whether the prediction will be accomplished.

But the prediction is not alone. There exists one more ancient still, which occupied much attention in the 19th century. It is the prediction of St. Cantal, a bishop of Tarente in the 5th century. He wrote a work upon the calamities of Italy, of which the manuscript was not discovered till some time during the 15th century; and then it is said to have been discovered through some miraculous circumstances.

The prediction of St. Cantal announced that a king, springing out of a wretchedly and called the Greeks, should cross the sea with a powerful army, and drive the Turks from Europe, and take possession of the Holy Land and of Jerusalem, after which he would die.

POMPEII.—Pompeii was not completely buried by a single eruption. Eight successive layers have been traced above its ruins. In the intervals the inhabitants must have returned to secure their more valuable property.

Sir Wm. Gull mentions that a skeleton of a Pompeian was found, "who apparently for the sake of fifty coins, a small plate and a sauceman of silver, had remained in his house, until the street was already half filled with volcanic matter." The position of the skeleton indicated that he had perished apparently in the act of escaping from the window.

Other instances of like character are no less striking. The skeletons of Roman sentries were found in more than one instance, in their post furnishing a remarkable proof of the stern military discipline of imperial Rome. The skeleton of a priest was found in one of the rooms of the temple of Isis. Near his remains lay an axe, with which he had been trying to break through the door.—Passmore Edwards.

THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.—A dilapidated dark slab of stone, at the southwest corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, marks (or did a few years ago) the spot where rest the remains of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin; but you cannot see their graves, nor read the inscription, without scaling a high brick wall, in violation of the law, or securing a good opportunity, and the favor of the sexton, each of which is said to be attended with difficulty. So well hidden is this grave, and so little frequented, that we have known many native Philadelphians, of men's and women's estate, who could not direct one to the locality where it may be found. Yet Franklin was a man whose equal is not the product of every century—a patriot: whom his country should forever revere—a philosopher whose name will live so long as science shall endure; and the wife of his heart was to him more than the woman always proves to the husband of her love—a companion, counselor, and self-sacrificing friend. They should forever repose beneath the old grave-stone that canopies their bed—a monument beautiful in its appropriate simplicity; but around them should be constructed a beautiful iron fence, through which we might behold their quiet abode; and the choicest of flowers and evergreens should richly adorn it. [Washington Republic.]

A CURIOUS SERMON.—An English paper contains the following curious discourse, said to have been lately delivered by an eccentric preacher, at Orford: "I am not one of your fashionable, fine-spoken, mealy-mouthed preachers—I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, guzzling and gutting! Can you be saved by dice? Will all the four knaves give you a passport to heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a berth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongue hereafter! Will the prophets say, 'Come here, gamblers, and teach us the long odds?' 'Tis odds if they do! Will martyrs cant, and swear, and shuffle, and cut with you? No! The martyrs are no shufflers. You will get cut down in a way you little expect. Lucifer will come with his reapers and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down, and bound, and pitched, and housed in hell! I will tell you the plain truth, Ammon and Mammon, and Moloch are making Bethoron hot for you. Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another, before me, 'I'll see you d—d first!' But I tell you the day will come, when you will pray to Beelzebub to escape his clutches; and what will be his answer? 'I'll see you d—d first!'"

TRAVELING.—The editor of the Boston Post, who it is fair to presume has traveled "some," gives us the following oracular sentiment on the periodical spasms felt by most people to go away from home, about their "day."

"Traveling is a vastly funny thing for those who like it, of which number—legions as multitudinous as the waves of the ocean—are not we. Walking is tiresome and out of fashion; staging is dull and steam-boarding is dangerous. To travel to our prosy conception of the matter, is to leave a comfortable home in exchange for dubious coaches—to be thumped and bumped in narrow, ill-ventilated boxes, facetiously called "staterooms," to blow up the captain for going so slow, and be blown up yourself because he was foot enough to take your advice; to be rushed over the road in cars at a rate which not only annihilates time and distance, but a considerable number of passengers; arriving at last, through a long list of "moving accidents by flood and field," at your place of destination, to find your toilet in disorder, your trunks "in chaos, your body battered, your wallet wasted to an alarming tenacity, and your man (or woman) whom you went five hundred miles to see, just started on an equally long journey, to be absent "about ten days" This is to travel!

POST-OFFICE ENVELOPES.—A patent medicine man in New York has written to the Postmaster General, offering to furnish 10,000,000 post-office envelopes, similar to those now used, free of charge, for the privilege of putting his address on them; and if they will suffer him to put the name of his medicine on them, he offers to pay fifty cents on each 1,000 envelopes, besides furnishing them gratis, and to give bonds for the faithful performance of his engagement. In this case he calculates the Government would save \$25,000.

WOMAN IN JAIL FOR DEBT.—There is now a widow woman incarcerated in the Portland (Me.) jail for no other offence than that of being unable to meet her liabilities, which were incurred for house rent.

What does this Mean? A lady with an infant arrived in this city on Tuesday evening, in search of a husband who had left her. She succeeded in finding him, but for some reason or other he refused to live with his wife. He had, however, provided her the means of living where he left her, and held himself in readiness to do so if she preferred to live in Trenton, but in all other respects he wished to consider himself and wife "two folks." She applied to the city functionaries, who endeavored, without success, to reconcile the difficulties between them. In connection with this item, we encountered a man and his wife in the street, well dressed and apparently of an upper-tendency, who were engaged in a most spirited quarrel. The better half lamponed the "lord" most unmercifully for having forgotten to bring her shawl to town with him. The "lord" replied in a most subdued tone, "My dear madame, you are mistaken in charging me with leaving the shawl behind to get rid of carrying it."—N. J. State Gazette.

NOVEL INSURANCE.—The Lowell Courier says that a gentleman in Iowa proposes to insure cities against the effect of lightning, in proportion to the risk incurred, which he considers would be very trifling. On this a New York paper remarks:

By most people this offer will be considered as preposterous, and yet it is net. We have no doubt whatever that an outlay of \$10,000 would keep our city as insulated as a glass table with sealing-wax legs. What this gentleman in Iowa proposes to accomplish has been done for the wine-growers in the south of France. By means of a well-arranged system of lightning rods a whole district has been rendered inaccessible to the destructive hail storms which so frequently follow in the train of thunder showers. What has been done in France can be done elsewhere. If we can teach lightning to write, we can teach it to behave itself.

A SCENE NOT IN THE BILLS.—The Norfolk correspondent of the Baltimore Sun gives the following account of a ludicrous scene which occurred in a circus in that city a few evenings since:

"A queer scene happened in the circus which has been performing in our town for a few days past. A newly elected officer was appointed peace-preserver. In the scene where the clown beats the ring-master a bottle of wine that he can pick a man from the audience that can ride around the ring tied up in a sack, the officer seized upon the man that always offers his service, (an old devils), and actually dragged him from the circus, amid the shouts and whoops of a crouled audience. It was a very rich scene, and actually worth more than the price of admission."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.—The following, says the New York Day Book, is the richest specimen of letter-writing that we have seen this year:

Schenectady July 26th 1853. Sir I received one of your Papers the first that I had in six months the Post Master and me Disputed on the Postage he wanted to charge me Two qrs Postage in the side of Two weeks and said that I had not Paid him and nowing that I had I would not Pay again and he said So I Friched him and the Paper to hell and out of hell So I Paid you for your Paper for one year and I never will do that again if my word is not as good as the Paper or the Printer for Two dollars then it is time to quit Reading [We think not!—D. B.]—Please send no more for the way I have been treated about it. Yours Truly P. BLAKE.

A LOVE SEER.—Overheard and Phonographically Reported by Phredrick Phinney.—"Phairst of phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my phelings when I phorosee the phearful consequence of our phleesing phrom you phather's phamily. Phew phelows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have, and as phickle phortune phalls to smile on our loves, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phairst Phranicis, pharewell phorever!" "Hold, Phranklin, hold!" exclaimed Phanny. "I will phollow your phootsteps phorever."

But Phranklin had gone, and Phanny phainted. An agricultural author talking of hen culture, says: "Fowls that are penned up should have some kind of amusement—it is essential to their health. The kind of amusement is shelling their own corn," &c.

Upon which the Boston Post remarks, that it is the same with *far* as it is with *fool*—women who are penned up should have some kind of amusement, such as making their own bread, &c.

Not long since, two ladies were on a downward trip, on board a Missouri steamer. One of them had a baby about three months old. She said her husband had been gone to California about two years and a half. "How old is that baby?" said the other. "About three months old?" "I thought you said your husband had been gone to California two years and a half?" "Oh, yes, he has; but he writ to me!"

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whitening, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned, quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantaneously removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

It is delicious to have a pretty girl open the front door and mistake you for her cousin. It is still more delicious to have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the bottom of your coat. "Ma, here's Charles!"

"O, yis! O yis!" cried an Irishman in the street a few days since, ringing a bell. "Lost, betwene twelve o'clock and McKinney's store on Market street, a large brass key. I'll not be ather telling you what it was, but it was the key to the bank, sure."

IMMENSE BOILER PLATE.—In the Crystal Palace, there is a boiler plate made of Low Moor Iron, which weighs 2,700 pounds. It is 10 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 13 inches wide, and 3 1/4 inch thick. It is larger than any exhibited at London World's Fair.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot at an affray. Luckily the ball came against a bundle of unpaid paper accounts in his pocket. Even gun-powder could not get through unpaid newspaper bills, and the editor saved his life by the delinquency of his subscribers.

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