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LINES.

BY C. G. DUNN.

Drops there are which ever floweth,
Through the channels of the soul;
As sea-waves forever goeth,
Onward by a high control;
So those drops ne'er ceasing, floweth
Down into the endless soul.

Drops there are of joy and sorrow,
Drops of pleasure and of woe;
And they dream of woe to-morrow,
When their stream shall cease to flow;
When they keep on falling, falling,
Down into the soul below.

Would'st thou know the drops I mean?
Ask thy mind with wisdom fraught;
And the clouds which intervene
Shall remove, and lo! thou'rt taught!
For thy mind will tell thee truly—
Drops they are of endless thought.

Our Principles.

1. We shall advocate a total repeal of the laws of naturalization, or if that cannot be accomplished, then such a modification of those laws, as will prevent future immigrants from becoming citizens, short of a residence of twenty-one years, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and of *abjuration* of all other powers, potentates, and princes.

2d. We shall advocate a passage of a stringent law by Congress to prevent the immigration hither of foreigners, who are *either vagrants or criminals*, and to send back to the countries from which they come, all such foreigners of these classes as may, in violation of such law, hereafter reach our ports; and to require the President of the United States to demand from any government, which may send hither such classes of its subjects, *immediate and ample satisfaction for such outrage*, and a proper indemnity against the repetition thereof.

3d. We shall oppose the election or appointment of any *foreign-born* citizen to any office of trust, honor or emolument under the Federal or State governments, or the employment or enlistment of such persons in the army or navy in time of war; maintaining, as we do the opinion, that the *native-born* citizens of the United States have the right to govern the land of their birth; and that all immigrants from abroad should be content with the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, under our institutions, without seeking to participate in the enaction, administration, or execution of our laws.

4th. We shall advocate and urge the adoption of such an *amended form of an oath to support the Constitution of the United States*, and to be administered to all persons elected or appointed to any office of trust, honor, or emolument, under the Federal or State governments, as will effectually exclude from such offices *all persons*, who shall not directly and *explicitly* recognise the obligations and binding force of the Constitution of the United States as paramount to all obligations of adhesion or allegiance to any foreign prince, power, potentate, or authority, whatever, under any and all circumstances.

5th. We shall maintain the doctrine that no one of the States of this Union has the right to admit to the enjoyment of *free suffrage* any person of foreign birth, who has not been *first* made a citizen of the United States, according to the "uniform rule" of naturalization prescribed by Congress, under the provisions of the Consititution.

6th. We shall oppose now and hereafter, any "*union of Church and State*," no matter what class of religionists shall seek to bring about such union.

7th. We shall vigorously maintain the vested rights of all persons, of native or foreign birth, and shall at all times oppose the slightest interference with such vested rights.

8th. We shall oppose and protest against *all abridgement of religious liberty*, holding it as a carninal maxim, that *religious faith* is a question between each individual and his God, and over which no political government or human power, can rightfully exercise any supervision or control, at any time, in any place, or in any form.

9th. We shall oppose all "higher law" doctrines, by which the Constitution is to be set at nought, violated or disregarded, whether by *politicians* by *religionists*, or by the adherents or followers of either, or by any class of persons.

10th. We shall maintain and defend the *constitution* as it stands, the *Union* as it exists, and the *rights* of the *States*, without diminution as guaranteed thereby; *opposing* at all times, and to the extent of our ability and influence, *all* who may assail them, or either of them.

11th. We shall oppose no man, and sustain no man, *on the ground* of his opposition to, or his support of, *Democratic* measures, or *Whig* measures; but we shall oppose those who oppose our doctrines, and sustain those who sustain our doctrines.

12th. And lastly, we shall use our utmost exertions to build up an "*American*" *party*, whose maxim shall be;

AMERICANS SHALL RULE THEIR COUNTRY!

Sanctuary at the Golden Calf.

CALIFORNIA GAMBLING SCENES.

A writer in Bentley's Miscellany, whose fortunes led him to San Francisco in 1852, presents a fearful picture of the scenes enacted at that period in the gambling hells of the golden capitol. He says that the most corrupt of the gamblers, and the only ones, in fact, who could compete with the Spaniards, generally so crafty and cold-blooded in hazard playing, were the American "boys;" that from the splendidly decorated *salon* at San Francisco, with its picturesque *bijouterie* and hundreds of tables groaning beneath the burdens of gold, to the scanty tent in the furthest mountains, where the *scrape*, thrown over a ricketty box, served as a cloth by night, and as a bed and blanket on approach of dawn, they were everywhere to be found ready at any moment to plunder the poor miner of his hard-earned savings; and that the Spanish cloak served to cover the money they won, as well as the six-barreled revolver and sharp bowie-knife, as weapons of attack or defence, according as the moment or the prospect of gain might demand. After a graphic description of one of the most splendid and largest of the "hells," over whose entrance gleamed in golden letters the name of "El Dorado," the writer says:

The visitors are suddenly crowding round a table where high playing is apparently going on. Let us go, too, and see it. A young fellow is standing at the table, between the keeper of the table, and his confederate; the first of whom is slowly shuffling a pack of cards, for the sake of employment till the play commences while the other watches, with his little piercing gray eyes, the cards as they are turned up. The game itself is strange to us, although the Spaniards on the other side of the table, who follow its vicissitudes and the hands of the dealer with a scarcely perceptible smile, and without staking for the present, seem to understand it better than we do. It is *monte*, a Spanish game and played with Spanish cards, and the strange figures on them, the crossed swords and golden ball, the horsemen instead of queens, etc., attract the stranger's eye above all, and impart a much higher and mysterious charm to the bags of silver and gold boldly staked upon them.

The young fellow, in whom we felt an interest from the outset, cannot be more than sixteen years of age. He is tall and thin, and his features would have something effeminate about them, were it not for the gleaming eye, and the firmly compressed lips. His right hand is supported on the green cloth of the table, upon the centre of which piles of dollars form a barrier round a heap of gold, as well as sacks of gold dust, and three or four largish nuggets and ingots, more for ornament than use. His left hand is in his pocket, and from beneath his hat two or three locks of auburn hair peep out. His stake, amounting to twenty or five-and-twenty "eagles." is on the horseman, and his gleaming eyes are fixed nervously on the hands of the dealer.

The latter, an American, sits coldly and calmly behind his table, with the card in his hand ready to turn up, and casting, at intervals a rapid glance at the stakes to see that all is in order. The ace and queen are the uppermost cards; the young man has won, and a triumphant smile plays on his lips.

"I'll pay you back now for the other night, Robertson," he laughed, hoarsely, between his scarce open lips.

"I hope so," replies the banker calmly, with an equivocal smile. "You're in luck, Lowell, and ought to take advantage of it."

"I leave it on the queen, and put this lot on the three." Here and there a few stakes are altered or withdrawn, and the cards are turned up again. Both lose!

The young man growls a fearful but hardly audible oath; but his hand brings almost involuntarily fresh booty to light in the shape of a bag of gold dust, which the banker does not even glance at. The bag might contain about two pounds, and the Spaniard, standing opposite, throws a couple of ounces on another card.

"We do not trust the gentleman's luck, senor," the banker said, smilingly, as he held the cards firmly in his left hand, but kept his eye sternly fixed inquiringly on that of the Californian.

"*Quein sabe?*" he muttered with indifference; but his card has gained.

The young gambler uttered another fearful oath, and his hand sought frenziedly in his pockets for more money, but in vain. "Not there—not there—gone—robbed!" he stammered to himself; and his eye measures distrustfully and anxiously, those standing round him. He meets only indifferent and sarcastic glances.

"Come, stranger; if you don't play any longer, make room for some one else!" said a bearded man, dressed in a dirty blue and torn blouse; "it seems to me you've done."

"I'll stop here as long as I like!"

"Come sir, if you don't play, make room for another party," said the second banker, who sat close to him; "our table is, besides, quite crowded."

"I have been robbed!" the young man shouted, casting a furious glance on the blouse "shamefully robbed!"

"Well, don't look at me, young fellow, in that way," said the man in the blouse, quietly.

"I'll look at whom I please, and any one who can't stand it may turn away."

"Room there!" the man shouted, turning his head to those behind; and, seizing the young gambler with a giant's grasp, he lifted him up and hurled him back.

"Take care—take care!" shouted several voices at the same moment; and two or three hands threw up the arms of the madman, who, armed with a revolver, and careless of the consequences, was aiming point-blank at the assailant's head. Though so quickly seized, the young scoundrel managed to fire twice before they could tear the pistol from him, and one bullet broke the globe of a lamp, while the other went into the ceiling and brought down a shower of plaster. It was not the only mark of the same sort up there.

"Thank ye," the miner in the blue shirt quietly said to the surrounders, and without caring further for the infuriated lad, who was foaming at the mouth, and struggling with those who held him, he took a packet of gold out of his waistcoat-pocket and put it on the nearest card. The young gambler had in the meanwhile been dragged to the door by several powerful Irish volunteers, where he was received by two policemen summoned from the adjacent station, and bore off to durance vile. All the curiosity-mongers in the room, and their name was legion, had thronged up to the spot where the shot was fired, to see as much as possible of the anticipated row. Even the counter was deserted for a second or two; but not longer. At this moment, too, shouts, laughter and noise, were heard from the other side of the room. What had occurred there?

"Bravo! that was capital, hurrah!" the mob shouted and the shrill voice of a man, who was energetically protesting against something or other was continually drowned in noisy bursts of applause. A peculiar circumstance had taken place here, in which the mob speedily performed the functions of judge and jury, and gave its verdict.

A man in a blacktail coat and dark trowsers, very clean and respectable, had come for seven evenings in succession to the same table, had watched the game for awhile, until at last he produced a small canvass bag from his breast pocket and laid it on a card. The card won on the first evening, and he emptied the bag on the table to count the money. It contained twenty-eight Spanish dollars, which the banker quietly paid him, and the "gentleman" quitted the table with his earnings without deigning to tempt Dame Fortune again. On the second evening he returned, staked, and the card lost. With the greatest coolness he opened the bag, and it contained precisely the same sum as on the previous evening, and quitted the room. On the third, fourth, fifth and sixth evenings the same story. The bankers began to know the man, and amused themselves about his strange behavior; as usual, he lost, took up the bag and walked away.

The seventh evening arrived. It was just a minute after eight, and the one banker said, laughingly, to the other: "We have treated him too hardly and frightened him away," when his comrade laughed, and the man in the black coat, without altering a feature, or paying any attention to the whispering and laughing, took his usual place, quietly watched the progress of the game till a quarter past eight, and then laid the bag all knew so well upon a deuce that had just been turned up.

A couple of cards were turned up without the two making its appearance. At last the three fell to the left and to the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the two. The stranger turned deadly pale, but without uttering a syllable about the change in his luck, he stretched out his hand to the sack, and was on the point of opening it, in order to count the dollars, when the banker said laughingly: "Let it be; I know how many are in it—eight-and-twenty. Am I not right?"

"Not exactly!" said the man calmly, and shook the silver out on the table. He then shook the bag still more, and a roll of bank-notes, slightly wrapped together, fell out.

"What's that?" the banker cried in alarm, and the audience pressed curiously round.

"*My stake!*" the man said, with apparent indifference, as he unfastened the thread that bound the notes.

"Stop; that will not do!" the banker cried, as he threw down his cards: "that's false play. You only paid eight-and-twenty dollars on the previous evening."

"False play!" the man shouted, and his eyebrows were menacingly contracted. "Prove it, you shuffler! Did I not lay the bag just as it is on the card, and have you ever refused to pay it unopened?"

"No! that's all correct—quite right," said those around, who are always glad to oppose the banker, because they are firmly convinced that he does not play fairly, although they continually throw away their money. "He staked and won, and must be paid," others shouted.

"Count your money; how much is it?" said the banker who had hurriedly exchanged a few words with his confederates, seated opposite; "how much is it?"

"In the first place, twenty-eight dollars in silver," he said calmly, while the bystanders laughed heartily. "Then here in bank-notes; two, three, four, yes, eight hundred dollars; and then—"

"What! more?"

"A small bill on Dollsmith Brothers, as good as silver, accepted and all; the money need only be fetched—for—three thousand."

"Three thousand!" the banker yelled, starting in dismay from his chair. "Why, that would make nearly four thousand dollars altogether! Are you mad? Do you expect me to pay that?"

"Don't I?" the stranger asked in surprise. "Would you not have taken it if I had lost?"

"Of course he would—of course. Do you ask whether they would take it? Every thing they can get and a little more," too shouted the voices round the table. "He must pay!"

"Gentlemen!" the banker protested in the poor prospect of turning their hearts: "Gentlemen, this person staked every evening for the entire week—"

"And lost every time," another interrupted him. "I have been present several times, and have heard so from others, and he never made the slightest objection."

"But that was only eight-and-twenty dollars."

"And if it had been so many thousands, all the same."

"But *do* let me finish," the banker shrieked, with aspen looks and furious glances; "he only shook out twenty-eight dollars on the table and kept the paper back."

"Prove that I ever had a cent more than twenty-eight dollars in the bag," the stranger exclaimed contemptuously; "you won't get off by such excuses."

"Why did you not keep the bag as well, *companero?*" laughed a Spaniard who stood near. "We always stick to everything that is staked."

"If he had lost again, no more than the confounded dollars would have come out of the bag," the banker growled.

"Possible; but it can't be proved," the surrounding players laughed. "You must pay up."

"Hanged if I do," the banker shouted, and struck the table with his fist. "This is a new sort of robbery you are trying upon me; but you've come to the wrong customer—I won't pay!"

"I've lost two hunnred dollars to you in the last half hour," a tall, gigantic Kentuckian shouted, as he elbowed his way to the table, "and was forced to pay up to the cent. If you refuse to pay that fellow, you must fork over my money again."

"And mine, too!" a multitude of voices ejaculated. "I've lost, too—I, too—ten dollars—fifty—five-and-twenty—a pound of gold—out with the money if he won't pay."

Another banker from an adjoining table had in the meanwhile came up, and had whispered a few words to his comrade during the heighs of the tumult. The loser for a time refused, but at last yielded to his persuasions, and took up the money to count it, while both carefully examined the notes and bill. There could be no objection raised against either, and with a heavy sigh, paid the banker the money, which took all on his table, as well as several packets of gold dust, which the stranger carefully cut open, examined, and then weighed at the bar. All was in order; and, concealing the money in various pockets, he thrust what remained in the mysterious bag, and then quitted the room, after bowing his thanks to the surrounders, which were returned by a thundering hurrah, and shouts of applause.

☞ The Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot heads its "Marriages" thus:

Here the girls, there the widder,
Always cast their earliest glance,
And with smiling face consider
If they, too, won't stand a chance
To make some clever fellow double
In bliss, and often, too, in trouble.

Bounty Land Bill as it passed both Houses of Congress.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers, or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, seaman, ordinary seaman, marine, clerk, and landsman in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since seventeen hundred and ninety, and each of the survivors of the militia, or volunteers, or State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any of those who have been so mustered into service and paid shall have received a certificate or warrant, he shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole, with what he may have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each such person having served as aforesaid: *Provided*, The person so having been in service shall not receive said land warrant if it shall appear by the muster rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted, or was dishonorably discharged from service:

Provided, further, That the benefits of this section shall be held to extend to wagon-masters and teamsters who may have been employed, under the direction of competent authority, in time for war, in the transportation of military stores and supplies.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That in case of the death of any person who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant, as aforesaid, under this act, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, a minor child or children, such widow, or if no widow, such minor child or children, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act, if now living: *Provided*, That a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant, if she be a widow at the time of making her application: *And provided, further*, That those shall be considered minors who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That in no case shall any such certificate or warrant be issued for any service less than fourteen days, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle, and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant shall establish his or her right thereto by recorded evidence of said service.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That said certificates or warrants may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrantees, their assignees, or their heirs-at law, according to the provisions of existing laws regulating the assignment, transfer, and location of bounty-land warrant.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That no warrant issued under the provisions of this act shall be located on any public lands, except such as shall at the time be subject to sale at either the minimum or lower graduated prices.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be severally authorized to charge and receive for their services in locating all warrants under the provisions of this act the same compensation or per centage to which they are entitled by law for sales of the public lands, for cash, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. The said compensation to be paid by the assignees or holders of such warrants.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act, and all the bounty-land laws heretofore passed by Congress, shall be extended to Indians, in the same manner and to the same extent as if the said Indians had been white men.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, or their widows or minor children, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That the benefits of this act shall be applied to and embrace those who served as volunteers at the invasion of Plattsburgh, in September, eighteen hundred and fourteen; also at the battle of King's mountain in the revolutionary war, and the battle of Nickojack against the confederated savages of the South.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act shall apply to the chaplains who served with the army in the several wars of the country.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act be applied to flotillamen and to those who served as volunteers at the attack on Lewistown, in Delaware, by the British fleet, in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve—fifteen.

TO LUCASTA

This famous little gem was written by Richard Lovelace, and was first printed in the year 1649:

Tell me not sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and arms I flie,
True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stranger forth imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—One hundred and forty-eight years ago to-day a Massachusetts tallow-chandler's wife had a son.

He grew up an awkward lad—clothed in the regal linsey of his mother's loom—whose hands were redolent of the perfume of soap and candles—a plodding soul, that toiled by day, and studied hard by night—stealing from the hours allotted for repose, he labored on. Companions shunned him, he was so dull; the women of his choice ridiculed him, he was so awkward, but he labored on.

And what was the birth or life of such a booby to the *elite* of Christendom? What was he to the great and learned of earth? He—a dipper of candles, a sticker of type, a maker of almanacs—an interpreter for "Poor Richard"—Ah! he never changed his employment; in youth he made light for Boston lampless lanterns—in manhood he enlightened the world. The poor printer's boy to-day—the honored of Kings to-morrow; the "poor Benny" of his mother to-day:—the immortal Franklin forever!

Crowns had pressed the brows, and laurels wreathed the temples of meaner men. He charged bayonet against the lights of Heaven, and they fell harmless and quivering at his feet; he wreathed a garland at their fury and bound it round his brow.

And yet he was not a genius. Plain common sense, a fixedness of purpose, an unwearied industry, an indomitable perseverance, a noble motive—these alone were his. Without a polish of the schools, the graces of the courts, the eloquence of the orator, the inspiration of the bard, or the fame of the warrior, the old printer of Philadelphia is remembered to-day: and throughout the land, the eulogy is pronounced for him, and for him the poet tunes his harp.

Amidst all the memories of men, who have lived and died within the last half century, his shines cloudless and unblent with meaner rays like some greater star that has out-watched the night and glitters undimmed, on the bright brow of the morning.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR BILL.—The bill which has just passed Congress, under the auspices of Mr. Perkins, of Louisiana, in the House, and of Mr. Mason, in the Senate, is considered a measure of great importance. It equalizes the salaries of our diplomatic representatives, and is expected to add to their efficiency; and in the consular branch will correct many abuses heretofore considered somewhat grievous. It proposes to give the following salaries, with no outfits:

To Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary: To Great Britain, $17,000; France, $15,000; Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, $12,000; Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Sardinia, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden, $7500; Turkey $9000; China, $15,000; Brazil, $12,000; Peru, $10,000; Chili, $9000; Argentine Republic, New Grenada, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, $7500; Mexico, $12,000.

Secretaries of Legation are to be paid as follows: To Great Britain, $2500; France and Spain, $2250; Russia, Austria, Prussia, $2000; Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Sardinia, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Chili, Argentine Republic, New Grenada, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, $1500; Brazil, Peru, and Mexico, $2000. A commissioner to the Sandwich Islands is to receive an annual compensation of $6000; an interpreter to the mission to China, $2500; and a dragoman to the mission to Turkey, $2500.

Consuls are to have fixed salaries, and some of them are to be confined to consular business alone. Others are to have small salaries and to be allowed to engage in commercial pursuits.

None of these officers are to receive compensation until they shall have reached their respective posts and entered upon their official duties. Citizens of the United States alone to be appointed.

A good anecdote is told of an old Methodist preacher, who rode a circuit a few years ago. While going to one of his appointments, he met an old acquaintance, who was one of the magistrates of the county. He asked the minister why he didn't do as the Savior did—ride an ass? "Because," said the divine, "the people have taken them all to make magistrates of."

"Here, fellow, hold this horse."
"Does he kick?"
"Kick! no; take hold of him."
"Does he bite?"
"Bite! no; take hold of the bridle, I say."
"Does it take two to hold him?"
"No!"
"Then hold him yourself."

☞ The way to make a tall man "short," is to ask him to lend you a hundred dollars

THE LIFE-GAUGE.

BY ABBY ALLIN.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
Others are always young!

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast-filling page;
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs,
Which constitute our age.

Some souls are sent among the free,
While others nobly strive;
They stand just where their father's stood;
Dead, even while they live!

Others, all spirit, heart and sense;—
Theirs the mysterious power
To live, in thrills of joy or woe,
A twelvemonth in an hour!

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass—
The woof of life is *thought!*
Warm up the colors, let them glow,
By fire or fancy fraught!

Live to some purpose—make thy life
A gift of use to thee—
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!

Anecdote of Wordsworth.

The editor of the London Illustrated News has the following story about Wordsworth "from the lips of a true poet," whose name, however, it is not at liberty to mention:

In the summer of 1846, when on a visit to the Lake District, I called upon Mr. Wordsworth to convey a message from his daughter, then in London. He received me with a kindly shake of the hand. "I am told," said he, "that you write poetry; but I never read a line of your compositions, and don't intend to." I suppose I must have looked surprised, for he added before I could find time to reply, "You must not think me rude in this, for never read anybody's poetry but my own, and haven't done so for five and twenty years." Doubtless I smiled.

"You may think this is vanity, but it is not, for I only read my own poetry to correct its faults, and make it as good as I can." I endeavored to change the subject by some general remarks on the beauty of the scenery, visible from his garden in which our interview had taken place. "What is the name of that mountain?" I inquired. "God bless me!" he said, "Have you not read my poems? Why, that's Nab-Scar. There are frequent allusions to it in my writings. Don't you remember the lines?" and he repeated in a clear, distinct voice a well known passage from "The Excursion."

The name of Southey having been accidentally mentioned, I inquired, as a matter of literary history, whether, as was commonly believed, he had impaired his health and his intellect by too much mental exertion, and thus brought on that comparative darkness of mind which clouded the last months of his life. "By no means," said Wordsworth; "Southey was a methodical worker. He systematized his time. He was never confused or in a hurry, and got through a deal of labor with an amount of ease and comfort which your hurry-scurry kind of people can neither accomplish nor understand. The truth is, at least I think so, that his mind was thrown off its balance by the death of his first wife, and never afterward recovered itself."

I reminded him at this point that the late Mr. Laman Blanchard, whose sad story was then fresh in the recollection of the public, had been reduced to a state of insanity by a similar bereavement. From that moment my name seemed to fade away from Mr. Wordsworth's recollection, and he always addressed me during the remainder of our interview as Mr. Laman Blanchard. His sister, Miss Wordsworth was wheeled into the garden, in a little garden-carriage or chair, impelled by Mr. Wordsworth.

I wore on my head a Glengarry traveling cap, with a sprig of heather, and Miss Wordsworth no sooner caught sight of me than she exclaimed in a shrill voice: "Who's that man, brother?" "Oh! nobody, my dear," he replied. "It's only Mr. Laman Blanchard." I gently hinted my right name. "It's all the same to her, poor thing!" he rejoined. He would possibly have said more, but the unfortunate lady interrupted him by commencing to sing the well-known song:

"A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn."

She sang one verse with much correctness, and was commencing another, when Mr. Wordsworth led me away. "This is a painful scene, Mr. Blanchard," he said; "let us into my my room, and I will read you some more passages from my poems about Nab-Scar."

Mr. Wordsworth's impression of the primary cause of Mr. Southey's insanity is now, we believe, admitted by all who knew him intimately.

Fanny Fern thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day in mending her husband's old coat, to find a love-letter from another woman in his pocket. We guess it would be.

"William, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day.

"Yes, sure I have been for getting you these two years."

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.