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MISCELLANEOUS.

The following interesting extract is from a sketch given by the Baltimore American Republican of the Lecture of Mr. J. Morrison Harris, Esq., a talented young member of the bar, who has recently visited the Imperial city. Subject—"Glimpses of Rome, the Palace, the Forum, and the Church."

Rome could not be called a beautiful city, as he realised upon entering it. Its environs generally present nothing very attractive to the eye; its streets are remarkably filthy. The principal thoroughfares, during the day, are quiet; but as evening approaches, they become thronged. Caravans, pedlars, beggars, &c., make up the crowd—the latter, crawling from their retreat, annoy the passers by till patience loses its virtue. All sexes and every grade of people are seen hurrying to some place of resort—to church, or elsewhere. Rome, as in all Catholic countries, is remarkable for the devotedness of its populace to their religious institutions. He gave a daguerreotype sketch of the fashionable and more prominent objects in the way of travellers; here a coach conveying a Cardinal on a visit to the Pope, a hot and unseemly vehicle; there a dashing coach, bearing an English nobleman; and, among others, an old hack, in which were seated some Yankees, with caps on their heads and collars turned over their jackets, looking as fearless and happy as though they were "lords of all they surveyed." He drew also a picture of a lady, who, with grace in her person, dignity in her mien, possessed features surpassing the power of art; and another sketch of the same sex, though true to nature, yet not so fair.

A view of a public square, with its monuments and fountains, crowded with people, attracted attention. Persons after business, with or without their families, and classes and sexes, forming a motley mass of human beings, repair thither; priests as they pass along, pause to bless them as they kneel in their path. Pilgrims to the Holy Land; Monks filling the air with their garlicky breaths; mountaineers — models for the sculptor; peasant girls, with fancy bonnets, short gowns, red stockings, and brown cheeks; and pedlars and beggars, make up the picture of the moving panorama thus presented to view.

There is one remarkable feature in the Roman character that attracts the observation of the attentive traveller, to be found in the fact of their melancholy reservedness, their cold dignity, and apparently bowed spirit; giving the impression that thoughts of what Rome was and is now, casts a shadow over their spirits. It is only on grand carnival days that they exhibit any other disposition, or participate in mirth.

"The Palace" presents rare attractions—the building itself is magnificent, and displays the most extravagant and splendid paintings, sculpture, &c., and is surrounded with gardens, water falls, parks, towers, mimic theatres, and all the appurtenances of Royal splendor.

The "Church and the Forum." The eloquent lecturer gave a most graphic picture of St. Peter's Church, in Rome—the immediate scene of action of the Pope, and the most wonderful building in the world. The Castle of St. Angelo, as you approach the Church, is the scene of wonderful novelties on certain festivals—when immense crowds gather there, and bayonets are displayed in front, and cavalry in the rear, to keep down the tumult. Innumerable rockets are set off, which, amid the roar of cannon, light up St. Peter's, and reflect upon the Tiber in great brightness. The entry to the Church is a large area, with high walls, upon which there are two hundred statues; in the centre of the open space there is a pyramid three feet higher than the Washington monument of this city; besides obelisks, cascades, &c. The building of St. Peter's Church is in the form of a cross.—From the ground to the top of the cross, is four hundred and fifty-eight feet; the internal diameter of the dome is one hundred and forty feet. The whole is supported by four massive square pillars, two hundred and forty feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-eight feet high. The length of the nave is 614 feet. From the great door to the tribune, the space is sufficiently large to admit five such buildings of the depth of the new Methodist Church in Charles street and the Baltimore Cathedral, and leave a space each side of fifteen feet; the distance between the roofs of these churches, thus situated, and the vault of the nave, would be 160 feet. The length of the Charles st Church being 90 feet and its height about 40, it would require five such churches piled on each other, to reach from the floor to the vault of the nave. The pillars which support the dome, four in number, are equal in height to the Washington Monument; and by drawing a line around the square at the intersection of Charles and Market streets, touching at the corner of Charles, an idea may be gained of the space or circumference of each of these four columns, which is about 240 feet. From the top of these columns—they being as high as the Washington Monument—there is space enough, in the dome, to place the Baltimore Cathedral, with the new German Catholic Church upon it, and on the top of its spire, the Washington Monument, without the statue. Besides the placing of fourteen churches and a monument in the nave, the transcept and the dome, there would be left an open space—or side aisles—of twenty feet. The interior of the church is surpassingly grand and beautiful. The floor is of marble. Numerous statues, some of them twenty-four feet high; figures and valuable paintings; the resting place of St. Peter; the chapel or pulsit; a bronze figure of St. Peter—to which the devotees kneel and kiss its feet, are among the inner ornaments. The dome—the wonder of the world—is inlaid with precious stones, &c., $668,000 having been spent in mere adornments. Up to the year 1694, $52,500,000 had been expended upon the church. But to realize to the fullest extent, the overwhelming display of pomp and pageantry, is to be present on Easter Sunday; to listen to the peals of its deep-toned organs; the chants and chorusses; as the head of the church, the Pope, who is to officiate, approaches and enters, amid a multitude of beings, devoutly kneeling. Three centuries and a half ago, through the labors of various Popes, this giant building was erected; and upon the spot where was buried one of the greatest despots known to the world.

He passed in review the Forum; the Temples of the Gods; the Rostrum, where Cicero and others thundered forth their eloquence. The Forum—the theatre of Rome's illustrious men—how changed its aspect now; its multitudes gone; its walls blackened with age, and its pillars tottering. The curious stranger traveller alone pauses to look upon it in its ruined grandeur. The sight of abandoned temples, the Tarpean rock, the triumphal arch of Titus, the various arenas for sports, in ruins, its moss-covered Colliseums, all present scenes that fill the mind of the beholder with awe and wonder. The mutations of time, working mighty changes in her palaces and people, the productions of the genius of a Tully, a Virgil, and others, must prove the resurrection of Rome.

THE LIFE OF MAN.—The life of every man is a continued chain of incidents, each link of which hangs upon the former. The transition from cause to effect, from event to event, is often carried on by secret steps which our foresight cannot divine and our prudence is unable to trace. Evil may, at some future period, bring forth good, and good may bring evil, both equally unexpected. Had the Patriarch Joseph continued to loiter under his father's fond indulgence, he might have lived an obscure and insignificant life. From the pit and the prison, arose the incidents which made him ruler of Egypt, and the saviour of his father's house.—*Dr. Blair.*

LOVE.—Tupper, in his new work just republished in this country, furnishes the following, among other very beautiful passages:

"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; future interest he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft-subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a man in all earth's huge quintillion, whose clay-heart is hardened against love."

At Waterloo, a Highland Regiment and the Scott's Greys met in the thickest of the fight, and raised the cry of "Scotland forever!"—And ould Ireland *for longer!*" exclaimed an Irish dragoon.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name or connexions, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Let her be alike free from deformity and hereditary disease; neither fix your eyes on a celebrated beauty—she is apt to be too proud of her pretty face, and afraid to soil her delicate hands. The woman who washes her own silver spoons, China cups and platters, and performs other light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy and the most contented—for thus she gains the approbation of her husband and of her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running from shop to shop, and making calls, is always unhappy; for conscience says—you have been sowing the wind, you shall reap the whirlwind. Beauty is a very desirable ingredient in choosing a wife; you will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend; but by all means find out if you can, whether or not she is *vain* of her *beauty*. If you find she is daily washing her [already] pretty face with milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that she is daily pouring water and Macassar oil on her [already] glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so well as when she don't know it.

Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. This, though, is not so essential, as a man must be a consummate block-head if he cannot lead (not drive,) a woman by fair words. A good manager is another indispensable qualification. After marriage, if a woman does not pique herself on her knowledge of family affairs, and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully made or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are harnessed in the yoke matrimonial, they must draw together. Its a man's duty to give to his wife; its the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy.

Having now resolved to get married, do not distinguish your wedding day with too much ostentation, nor suffer it to pass without proper acknowledgments. Let it wear a sober smile, such as would become your partner and you for life; not to be convulsed with riotous laughter, that leaves tears in the eyes, and heaviness at the heart as soon as the fit is over. Moderation in all things is the very essence of life; neither fly to the mountain nor linger about the springs; the money thus foolishly spent would pay for all the coal you would burn next winter; proceed in the usual and easy tenor of your way, prosecuting your regular business with all the sober realities on your back, for remember that the harvest lasts not all the year. Continue to treat your wife with the same cheerfulness on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behaviour with which you were wont to treat her in the days of courtship; if you do this, her love will never change. Above all things, never let her imagine it a penance for you to stay at home or that you prefer any company whatever to hers; let her share with you in all your pleasures. By these and similar acts of kindness, you will secure her love and gratitude at once, and she will say she is the happiest woman upon earth.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EDMUND KEAN. During the recess which followed Kean's first triumphant season at Drury-lane, he accepted an offer to play at Portsmouth.—He had then become the "great Mr. Kean," travelled in his own chariot, gave splendid dinners, and was an honored guest at the board of every manager. On the morning of the day on which he was to make his appearance at the Portsmouth theatre, the manager and two or three friends invited Mr. Kean to take a glass of Madeira and a buiscuit at one of the principal hotels. The party entered the hotel and seated themselves. The wine and buiscuits were brought, and the landlord (albeit "a great man,") could not do less for such a guest as Mr. Kean, than to wait upon him in person.—Kean had no sooner perceived the landlord, than darting upon him one of those soul-searching looks for which he was so celebrated he exclaimed, "Stop—is not your name ———?" "Yes, sir," said the landlord, astonished at his looks, and at the tone in which he addressed him. "Then," said Mr. Kean, "I will not eat or drink in your house. Eight years ago I went into your coffee room, and modestly requested a glass of ale; you surveyed me from top to toe, and having done so, I heard you give some directions to your waiter, who presented me with the glass in one hand, holding the other for the money, I paid it, sir, and then he relinquished his hold of the glass. I am better dressed now—I can drink Madeira; I am waited upon by the landlord in person—but I am the same Edmund Kean as I was then; and had not Edmund Kean then the same feelings he has now! Away with you, sir. Avaunt! your sight pains me!" and, having said this, he took his hat, and hastily left the apartment. "Now," said Kean, when they had quitted the house, "I will take you to an honest fellow who was kind to me in my days of misfortune." They entered a third rate house, and having ordered some wine, desired to see the landlord; he came, but it was not the host of Kean's recollection; he was dead. There was, however, a sort of half waiter, half pot-boy, who had lived at the house when Kean frequented it, and was a great favorite of his master.—Kean, with a tear in his eye, inquired about the family of the deceased landlord, and on leaving the house, asked the waiter what o'clock it was. "I will see, sir," running to the stairs, at the head of which stood a clock. "Have you no watch?" said Kean. "No, sir." "Take that and buy one, and whenever you look at it, think of your late master." The noble-hearted actor put five pounds in the hands of the waiter who remained mute with astonishment.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

We have now entered upon the last month of autumn, and it behooves us all to go into a full examination of what we have done, and what remains to be done; for it is only by such examinations that the prudent husbandman can *economise time*, keep the labor of his estate under his control, and save himself from that most embarrassing relation of a farmer, behind with his work—a *relation* which, above all others, tends to impede the road to success, and render exertion perplexing both to mind and body. With this admonition against the impolicy of permitting the work to get behind hand, we shall proceed to state a few of the numerous things which should be promptly attended to on the Farm.

CORN CROP.—Among the first things to be attended to, are those of *gathering* and *husking* of corn. All delay, after the corn is in a condition for cribbing, in the performance of these labors, but serves to impair the interest of the farmer and planter; as the fact of its *exposure* subjects the crop to the depredations of the biped and quadruped races, and not unfrequently tempts the beast of the homestead into those habits of fence-breaking, and leaping, which adhere to them ever afterwards. Therefore, we say to all our brethren, get your corn in, and have it husked and stowed away, with all possible despatch after it shall be sufficiently dry for those purposes.

The *price* of corn is now on the advance, owing to the bad prospects of the grain crops of Europe; and from the failure in some parts of our own country of the corn crop, and its shortness in others, we have no doubt but that it will continue to advance until it will bear a just relation to the expense and trouble of production. With this pleasing prospect ahead, we sincerely hope, that every corn grower will feel himself called upon to do all that in him lies, to save all that he has made, and profit by every rise in the market.

CORNHUSKS AND CORNSTALKS.—As the hay crop has been a very short one throughout a very large portion of our country, it should be a prominent object with every corn grower, to *gather and place under cover* these excellent substitutes for hay and fodder. Of *cornhusks*, every farmer is familiar with their value as food for cattle; but it is, and has been, too much the custom of all, to look upon cornstalks as of no value except when trodden into manure in the cow yard—and too few take the trouble even to avail themselves of them for such purpose. To all then, we say, that, if cornstalks be gathered and housed soon after the corn shall have been stripped off of them, that every ton of them which may be thus saved, will, if *cut*, prove to be the equivalent of three-fourths of a ton of the best hay as food for cattle, and that, if they be *steamed*, they will be equal to a ton.

CORN COBS.—In view of the scarcity of long provender, we cannot omit calling attention to this excellent, but too often wasted resource. Corncobs, as we have shown in a former number, are rich in nutrition, containing, in proportion, of 4 to 9 as much nutritious matter as the grain which may have been shelled off of them. This being the case, no farmer can, without being chargeable with a wasteful disposition, suffer them to be lost to his stock as food. If crushed before being fed, their value will be greatly enhanced.

FALL PLOUGHING.—All stiff, tenacious clays, should be ploughed through the fall and winter; but the plough should never be put into them while in a *wet* state, as, if it be, the very object had in view will be defeated.

CATTLE.—As the pastures and woodlands now afford but a stinted supply of herbage, let it be an object with you to yard your cattle of a night, as nothing is more conducive to carry them through the winter well, than having them in good condition on the termination of autumn.

MARVELLOUS.—A French *savant*, at Dijon, went one night quite exhausted to bed, after long and vain efforts to make out the sense of a passage in a Greek poet. In falling asleep he seemed to himself to be transported in spirit to Stockholm, where he was conducted into the palace of Queen Christina, ushered into the royal library, and placed before a compartment in which he distinguished a small volume that bore a title new to him. He opened the volume, and found in it the solution of the grammatical difficulty which had so perplexed him. The joy which he felt at the discovery awaking him, he struck a light and made a memorandum of what he had seen in his dream. The dark passage he now found perfectly cleared up. The adventure however was too strange to suffer him to rest satisfied without taking some steps to ascertain in how far the impressions of his nocturnal journal corresponded with the reality. Descartes was at that time at Stockholm, and our *savant* wrote to Chanut, the French ambassador to the Swedish court, with whom he was acquainted, requesting him to ask the philosopher whether the royal library had such and such peculiarities, (which he described,) and whether in a certain compartment, a certain volume of such a size and form, was not to be found, on such and such a page on which stood ten Greek verses, a copy of which the *savant* subjoined. Descartes answered the ambassador, that, unless the querist had been in the habit of visiting the library for the last twenty years he could scarcely have described its arrangement more accurately; the compartment, the volume, the Greek verses, all tallied exactly with the description.

A counterpart to this story is related by Wangenheim.

The son of a Wirtemberg jurist was studying at Gottengen, and having occasion for a book which he could not find in the library there, and which he remembered to have seen at home, wrote to request his father to send him the same. The father searched his library for the book in vain; it was not to be found, and he wrote to his son to this effect. Some time after as he was at his work in his library, and rose from his seat to replace a book which he had done with on its shelf, he beheld his son standing not far from him, and in the act, as it seemed, of reaching down a book, which stood at a considerable height, and on which the outstretched hand of the figure was already laid: "My son!" cried the astonished father, "how came you here?" As he spoke, the apparition vanished. The father, whose presence of mind was not disturbed, immediately took down the book on which the hand of the figure had seemed to be laid, and, behold, it was the very one which his son had written for. He sent it by that day's post to Gottengen, but soon after received a letter from his son written on the very morning on which he had seen the apparition, and stating the exact spot where the writer was confident the book was to be found.—It is unnecessary to say that it was the very spot which the apparition had already indicated.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

JEFFERSON'S SENTIMENTS.—Tho's Jefferson, writing to a young friend, gave him the following advice:—"Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life would be under my regard."

A HIT.—"Bill," said one loafer to another recently, "I'se a National Reformer, I is."

"Vy, is that our party?"

"Vy, yes, hossy, it *is* that. If you puts in a vote for that ere party, you votes yourself a farm."

"Vell, I don't go that unless they'll go a little furder. I vants a farm, and *somebody to work it besides.*" Exit both, yawning.—*Messenger.*

Wasn't Cowper an Odd Fellow? Hear him: "Oh! for a *Lodge* in some vast wilderness!"

Dog-wood (says the New York Star) may readily be distinguished by its peculiar *bark*.