THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

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POETRY.

ORIGINAL.]

The Courtship of Jonathan Day and Sallie Jones—and how it ended.

BY SAXE, JR.

'Twas twelve o'clock, most notable time
For deeds of love and deeds of crime;
For cocks to crow and thieves to climb,
For dogs to bark and bards to rhyme,
For belles to charm and bells to chime—
For many an occupation
That robes itself in the mantle of night—
'Twas the time when married people fight
About the putting out of the light,
Involving themselves in a curious plight,
By the singular operation
Of "falling out" while "turning in"
One of the difficulties akin
To matrimoniation.

'Twas twelve o'clock, and side by side
Sat the devoted groom and intended bride
In a peculiar situation.
For even the chairs of lovers they say
Will approach in an imperceptible way
By the laws of a proximation.

The lovers were sitting as—*verbum sat*—
Side by side or closer than that--
A closeness nothing could equal--
An occasional kiss was slily snatched—
They talked & talked how well they were matched
But were "counting their chickens before they were hatched"
As is clearly shown in the sequel.

When the "spark" to a regular flame arose
And our Yankee at last, was about to propose
Both himself and suit the drama to close---
'Twas a scene of moral sublimity—
Then came a sudden startling roar --
The dogs came rushing in at the door
And not having seen in their lives before
Two persons in close proximity
Except in a pugilistic way,
They began to take a part in the fray;
Jones' dog seized Jonathan Day,
Beginning an amputation.
And Jonathan's dog seized Sallie Jones--
Such screams and shrieks and hideous groans,
Such frantic yells and plaintive moans,
In canine feline, feminine tones,
With broken words, and broken bones,
Were never heard in creation.

Poor Mistress Jones sprang forth in her ire
From the embrace of Morpheus and the Squire
And with eyes that were flashing female fire
She flew to the conflict, dreadful and dire
Exclaiming "a mother has more to try her
Than mortals ever allot 'em"
But to double her trouble and add to her cares
When pitching her voice at the top—of the stairs
She pitched herself to the bottom.

A fearful fall and a cry of pain---
And 'twas plain she'd not be inclined again
To show the force of the inclined plane--
When the Squire came rushing down with his cane
Belaboring all like a man insane
Making more bumps than the Fowler's explain
And adding anew to the flurry.
The canines roared like thundering Jove---
And the scene was closed, in time to prove
That suits of clothes and suits of love
May come to an end in a hurry.

Washington College, March 5th.

Reasons for Risibility.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may--
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeams wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening sky shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue—
Then I should be a graver man;
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may.

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad---
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should then be sad;
But since the angel's wings are white,
And e'en the young saint's smile---
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile---
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor gladness clad in grey---
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may.

I've seen the bishop dance and reel,
And a sinner fast and pray---
A knave at the top of Fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away---
Wine, I have seen your grave ones quaff,
Might set our fleet afloat;
But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a maiden's day---
So coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Woolfert's Roost.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds.—There is one modest little sad colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long dubious voyage, the fieldbirds came singing around the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between winter clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little birds, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretentions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visiters, who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pewit, or Pe-wee, or Phoebe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth—Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house, "The Phoebe birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year: and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows: and is most in song, when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sink with the breeze, poure forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood.—He crossed my path in the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be wewed up, during the livelong day, in purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

"Sweet bird! thy power is ever green
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring!"

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer; he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds.—His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincon no more—he is the Reed-bird now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning, and reform! Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting, he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous Rice-bird of the Carolinas.

Last stage of this career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions and served up a vaunted dish on the table of some Southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Midnight.

Hufeland, in his treaties on sleep, has some curious as well as forcible ideas on the necessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty four hours, which is produced by the revolution of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show this regular influence in their daily rise and fall. Settled, regular fevers exhibit a twenty-four hours flux and reflux. In the healthful state, there is manifest the same regular influence, and the mere habitual our meals, our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power is there in the system to resist disease. In the morning, the pulse is slower and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for every description of labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced, which, in excitable people, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by its sleep, and the refreshing opening of its pores which sleep produces. In this nightly respiration, there is an absolute crisis of this evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary to every one, for it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed.

This evening fever, Hufeland thinks, as not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, and then the body becomes refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period, either push this diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labors unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will thus have been planted.

Nervous people are peculiarly subject to the influence of this evening fever, and think they cannot labor without its excitement.—Hence there mental efforts are performed in the night alone, the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness and no refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon unless they change their habits and seek rest when nature and the humane constitution dictate.

These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in the ruinous habit of turning night into day, and of changing the functions of each. A failure of health will soon manifest the truth of these remarks.—Hartford Courant.

Importing a Wife.

Grant Thorburn communicates to *The Waterbury* (Conn.,) *American* the following incidents:

"In 1747, I journeyed from New York overland to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, making en route through North Carolina and Virginia—I spent two summers and three winters among those barbarians, but never heard the sound of the lash. On a certain day I was invited to a tea party in Richmond, Va—there were present about twenty couple of young men and maidens, old men and matrons, with a small sprinkling of bachelors who had doubled their teens, who from appearance belonged to the upper tens. Supper being ended, we commenced conversing in groups. I was much amused and edified by the conversation of an intelligent lady who had seen eighty winters She remarked that in her girlish days it was customary for captains of vessels to bring as part of their cargo a large company of men and women, who were styled Redemptionists, who were sold on their arrival by the captain for men servants and maid-servants, to wait on the wives and children of the planters or merchants. They were often sold to serve two or three years to pay for their passage. The old lady remarked that she had heard her parents tell, that in the early times of the settlement, it sometimes happened that bachelors and widowers would select a bonny Scotch or Welsh lady, buy their time, and long before the years of probation expired, they took them for butter and for worse, for bed and for board, thus forming a lite co-partnership, which closed the concern.

"The old lady related (with all the sprightly humor of a lass in her teens) the following amusing incident:

"Says she, my grandfather came from Scotland when in his twenty-first year. He settled in Virginia, and become a merchant and a planter, and grew rich. His agent in Glasgow was Alexander McAlpin, to whom he consigned two or three cargoes of tobacco every year, and received in return cash, dry goods, hardware, &c. He had flocks and herds, men servants and maid-servants, hogs, mules, and donkeys. But one thing he yet lacked; he had no pretty little young wife to sing to him, and beguile the time with her prattling, lively Yankee tongue, when he came home at night fatigued with counting money, and satiated with worldly pelf—for he had more of that than heart could wish.—So, after a while, he concluded to take a wife as soon as he could catch one; but there was the rub; his time was so occupied with his business that he had no time to court; and, worse than all, he was a bashful man.—When threading the streets of Richmond, if he saw a sprightly maiden of eighteen advancing in his path, he would cross the street, and pass away on the other side, fearful of being killed by a shot from her sparkling eyes. He had often heard his parents speak much in praise of the bonny lassies *wha played amang* the heather on the hill tops in Scotland, and a bright idea now struck him. When he was leaving the office one day, his clerk was copying a duplicate order for sundries to be sent as part of the return cargo. Thinks he to himself, I'll order a young lassie for a wife, as the last item on the list. The article was ordered accordingly. At the same time he wrote a private letter of instructions to his agent, Mr. McAlpin, giving a minute description of the article wanted, as to age, height, health, &c.; in summing up he added, she must be a bonny Scotch lassie, to be sent by the return of his own ship, her name on the manifest, bill of lading, &c. On her arrival he promised to have her stored in the house of a respectable widow, whom he named, and if agreeable to the parties concerned, he would make her his wife in thirty days after her arrival. If not, and she wished to return, he would pay her expenses, loss of time, &c.

"When Sandy McAlpin had finished reading the letter of instructions, he slowly removed the spectacles from his nose, and leaning back in his huge old-fashioned well-stuffed arm chair, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling in his office, he commenced muttering to himself as follows: The lad (his correspondent then in his thirteenth year) is *daft* or crazy—he tells me to send him a wife, as if she was a barrel o' *sa't herrings*—*Good keens* the *fash* (trouble) I was at to get a wife for myself"—but I'll see what the gude wife says. (A bright idea.)

"Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in counsel with Mrs. A. and H. Invitations were sent to ten matrons, whose daughters were in and out of their teens, to assemble at the tea-board of Mrs. McAlpin on the day following. Each matron was requested to bring with her a daughter who was not o'er young to marry yet. All being present an hour before tea, Mrs. McAlpin read the letter, and made the necessary explanations. They sat down to tea; supper being ended, each lass gave in her ultimatum; three only were willing to embark on the voyage of matrimonial discovery—the three agreed to *draw cuts*. Mary Robinson drew the longest straw, and was hailed the *Bonnie* Bride.

"In ten days thereafter they were breasting the waves of the Atlantic Ocean; they entered the Chesapeake Bay after a passage of twelve weeks, which at that period was termed a good passage. In two days more they were ascending the shores of the James River, when Mr. Crawford, (the hero of our tale,) heard the ship had arrived. He manned his own boat with four stout men servants, and started to meet the ship. Mary was standing on the quarter deck, admiring nature's wildest grandeur; she had recovered from the sea-sickness when four rays out; the healthful breezes of the Atlantic had imprinted on her pretty face a beautiful freshness; there she stood, her cheeks tinged with the roses of Sharon, and her bonny brow as white as the lily of the valley. Crawford sprang on deck, and was introduced by the Captain.—He looked on Mary with love and admiration; her soft hand lay in his; he was *shot*. Crawford, the Captain, and Mary descended from the ship, and repaired to the house of the widow aforesaid. On the thirtieth day of probation, the lovers were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The old lady remarked, she often heard her mother say a happier couple never lived. "*John Anderson my Jo John*," was their motto and their song."

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Gen. Harrison—His Tomb at North Bend.

We published on Saturday some beautiful and touching lines upon the grave of HARRISON. There are few names treasured with more sacred fidelity in the American heart than the name of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. He was in every respect a true patriot. His name acted with almost supernatural effect upon American sentiment, and led the party who had chosen him as their civil leader to the greatest political victory in our history. The people loved the man, not only for 'the dangers he had passed' and the victories he had won, but for the daily beauty of his life, and the modesty with which he wore his honors, and illustrated the character of a real American patriot. Well do we remember the enthusiasm of the Harrison campaign of 1840. It was seen in the big gatherings, in the flags and banners, the log cabins and the latch strings, the outbursts of eloquence and song. It was wide as the Union; it was seen by the seashore, amid the Western forests, and on the wide prairies.—The old battle-fields were revisited. Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs, the River Raisin, and the Thames, became once more re-peopled with patriotic hearts; and Bunker Hill, Lexington and Concord, and the highest peak of the Green Mountains in Vermont, were selected as appropriate spots to hold conventions, and speak the glories of the Warrior and Statesman of the West.

Victory followed wherever his name was borne, and the people placed the second Washington in the seat of the first—too soon alas! to become vacant by the mysterious dispensation of God. He who had crossed the mountains to take his place in the Government, in the capital of the nation, met at every point on his journey by the people, who were anxious to do him honor, died within a few brief weeks, and his remains were brought back to be buried in his place of sepulchre, at North Bend, within sight of the river which he loved, and upon his own domain. There he 'still sleeps.'

It was with a melancholy interest that we visited his grave, a few months ago. There is not, in nature, a more truly beautiful spot, wherein the dead should lie, than that at North Bend. But alas! how rude hands of unfeeling visitors had desecrated it! Everything bore evidence of neglect, decay, and sacrilegious pillage. The door covering the steps which lead to the vault was off its hinges; torn off, as we were told, by some picnic parties, to serve as a table, on which to spread their provisions and drinks; and after being thus used, it had been thrown down the hill, where it was lying, leaving the entrance to the tomb open and exposed to the winds and rains.

The fence, too, which incloses the spot, was broken, the shrubbery planted by the hands of affection was trampled upon, the saplings were mutilated and broken. The whole thing indeed was a ruin, and so it remains. The family at North Bend have done all in their power to preserve the grounds from violation, but without effect, and unless something is done that will effectually prevent these shameless acts of sacrilege, the whole structure will tumble down.

We think it is the duty of Ohio, as a State to take this matter in charge, and we hope that this Legislature at its next session, will make a liberal appropriation, not only for the repair of the tomb, but sufficient to erect a suitable monument to mark the spot with distinctness, so that it can be seen by every traveller upon our river, and on the railroad which passes within sight of the sacred ground. Gen Harrison's name and fame belong especially to Ohio. The brightest pages of our history is the record of his services. Harrison is to Ohio what Washington is to Virginia; Clay to Kentucky, and Webster to Massachusetts; and it is meet that there should be an acknowledgement of the fact in the manner suggested.

We have no doubt that the people of the State would gladly second their representatives in making an appropriation for the object proposed, and feel it to be a privilege that they have the power to do so good an act of patriotism. The tomb of Harrison is now fast becoming a ruin, indeed it is already one. Let the representatives of a grateful people, when they next assemble at Columbus, distinguish their session by preserving, in a fitting manner, the memory of their most illustrious citizen.

How People take Cold.

Not by tumbling into the river and dragling home as wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out into the snow in sleighing time; not boy walking for hours over shoe top in mud; not by soaking in the rain without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unpemeable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; not by trying to head a pig in mid-water, and induce him to run the other way, for he wont do any such thing; not by steaming over the wash-tub; not by essaying to teach Biddy to make mince pies for Chistmas, when you dont know how yourself, and then worrying yourself into a perspiration because the pies stuck to the pan, and came out in a mess, forgetting that pie-pans, like people, are rather the better for a little greasing alias soft soap; these are not the things which give people colds: and yet people are all the time telling us how they "caught their death by exposure." * * * * *

The TIME *for taking cold is after taking exercise; the* PLACE *is in your own house, or office, or counting room.* It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad-station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment, your mind being ahead your body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and feel quite comfortable; as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chillness, *and the thing is done;* you look around to see where the cold comes, and finds window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of a car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevice. Or may be you met a friend at a street corner, who wanted a load, and was quite complimentary, almost loving; you did not like to be rude in the delivery of the two-lettered monosyllable, and while you were contriving to be truthful, polite and safe, all at the same time, on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the street corner, or the slosh of mud and water in which, for the first time, you notice yourself standing.

Young ladies take their colds in grandly dark parlors, unused and unfired for a week; warm enough were they, almost too warm in the gay, sun-shiny street without, and that parlor felt comfortably cool at first, but the last curl of the visited would not dangle satisfactorily and while compelling it (young ladies now a-days make it a point of principle not to be thwarted in anything, not even in wedding rich Tom to please the old folks when they love poor Dick, and intend to please themselves,) while conquering that beautiful but unruly curl, the visitor makes an unexpected meeting with a child which calls her to the —— grave.

I cannot give further space to illustrations to arrest the attention of the careless, but will reiterate the principle for the thoughtful and observant: *Get Cool Slow'y.* After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner, for any body or any thing; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile, some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: when you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat, and the forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that with your out-door clothing on, you have cooled off full soon. Among the severest colds I have known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a meal in a cold room, after a walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather uncomfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend.

Our splendid parlors, our nice 'spare rooms,' help to enrich many a doctor. The cold sepulchral parlors of New York, from May until November, bring disease, not only to visiters, but to the visited; for coming in from domestic occupations, or from the hurry of dressing, the heat of the body is higher than natural, and having no cloak or hat on in going to meet a visiter, and having in addition but little vitality, in consequence of the very sedentary nature of town life, there is but very little capability of resistance, and a chill and cold is the result.

Cut *how to cure a cold promptly!* that is a question of life and death to multitudes.—there are two methods of universal application: 1st, obtain a bottle of cough mixture, or a lot of cough candy, any kind will do, in a day or two you will *feel* better, and in high spirits; you will be charmed with the promptness of the medicine; make a mule of yourself, by giving your certificate of the valuable remedy, and in due course of time, another certificate will be made for your admission, foot foremost, into "Greenwood.'

The other remedy is, consult a respectable physician.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

From the School Gem.

WHAT I LOVE

I love the gentle spring with her tiny wild flowers, singing birds and soft green verdure. When the trees are clothed in their robes of green, and everything seems waking up after their long winter sleep to welcome her.

I love the sultry summer with its beautiful flowers, its golden grain, its soft showers and azure skies.

I love the autumn with its cool breezes, its ripe fruits, and its falling leaves. There is a solemn beauty in autumn which all reverence.

I love the hoary headed with his keen frosty air, his snow storms and merry sleigh rides. And then in the calm winter day when the earth is robed in white and everything is silvered o'er by the powerful hand of the frost king, then this world seems too pure and peaceful to hold so many envious discontented hearts as it does.

I love to contemplate the awful majesty of the thunder storm when the lightning flashes and the clouds hang black as midnight with a threatening aspect as if they were about to fall on our heads, while ever and anon come the peals of raging thunder, then a calm almost as terrific as the thunder itself follows. None but the strong-minded can delight in a thunder storm. The weak minded and guilty cower and grow pale as they hear the raging of the elements.

I love the sun that bright orb that sheds his golden rays upon the dazzling whiteness of the snow.

I love the moon which in the absence of the sun sheds her mellow light over the earth.

I love, who does not love the twinkling stars that seem like so many night lamps hung up in heaven to guide the midnight wanderer home.

I love the gushing streamlet that starts from some quiet spot, some deep and woody dell widening and deeping as it advances until it becomes a mighty river.

I love the town with its dusty streets, its piles of brick and mortar, its busy, thriving look, its noise and tumult,

I love the country with its pure fresh air, its green trees, its calm blue skies, its peace and quiet presenting such a contrast to the busy turmoil of the town as to make us long for that country where all is peace and bliss.

I love to wander through some grand old forest with its towering oaks rearing their majestic heads on high until they nearly reach the clouds that seem to lower as if to crown them with a fleecy wreath of vapor.—There is something solemn and imposing in the holy stillness which holds undisputed reign there. Yes, there is something sublimely grand in the works of Nature that awes the soul.

I love the merry, ringing laugh of childhood.

I love to see the youthful treat the aged with respect for I know that he who honors old age fears God in his heart.

I love to see a young man when urged to taste of the fatal cup in which so much misery and disgrace are concealed say "My motto is 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.'"—And if he persevere in spite of the ridicule of his companions, I feel that he will be loved and respected by his fellow men.

From the School Gem.

"Speak Gently: 'tis better far,
To rule by love than fear."

These two lines, productions of an able poet's pen, may well be our motto in whatever station fortune—that capricious dame—chooses to place us. Go out into the world mingle with the busy crowd, study out the characters of the hundreds and thousands who daily pass you there, and you will find that a great number of faults are all from a want of kindness. One half the crimes committed might have been prevented by one kind word. One half the stern, hard, unyielding, repulsive natures we meet with, can date their birth from one act of unkindness, one harsh word. Go to the felon's cell, and ask the conscience stricken, Cain branded murderer there, why he committed so sickening a crime. Does not that voice, coming as it does from a living tomb, sound like a warning! He answers, "One kind word, one gentle act, one sympathetic tear would have saved me." Go to the lunatic's lonely cell, and hear him rave of unkind words, of heartless jeers, of scornful acts, then wonder not at the almost unearthly eloquence of the maniac's story. O! then speak kindly and deal gently with all. Try to drop a kind word everywhere. Sympathize with every one. Sympathize with the infant. Kindly soothe his infant sorrows, so sweetly lisped in your ear. Sympathize with the young, those who are just starting forth on life's weary journey. One kind word of yours may be their guiding star through life, and may gain for you a friend. Sympathize with the aged. Laugh not at their tottering footsteps. Turn not from the grasp of their palsied hand. Scorn not the silvered haired sage who seeks from the unsounded depths of his own experience to warn you of some youthful folly.—Remember Time deals alike with all. You will, in after years, when your locks are whitened by the snows of three score and ten winters, reap an abundant harvest for every kind word you have chanced to drop.

A NEW AND NOVEL EXPEDIENT.—We understand that the keeper of a Lager beer saloon in the Bowery, since Mayor Wood's stringent measures for the prevention of selling liquor on the Sabbath, has given his customers notice that he will hold *divine service* in his saloon at 10 o'clock A. M., to continue until 10 o'clock at night. In accordance with this notice, a large congregation assemble at the appointed hours when he commences the exercise by reading a portion of the Scriptures, after which he proceeds to exhort his congregation in a manner which we think the Maine law men and Mayor Wood would not feel themselves very highly flattered by listening to. His remarks, which are said to be of the most violent and wicked character, are frequently applauded by his hearers. It is said that on a person going into the saloon, and taking a seat they ask for a *prayer book*, which the bar tender *misconstrues* into a *bottle of beer*, and accordingly sets one before him with a glass. After the speaker has proceeded for some time a hat is passed round, and a collection taken to pay the expenses of the meeting, after which another speaker is introduced, and thus the meeting is kept up till a late hour in the evening.

If this does not equal any trick which has ever been introduced by the anti-Maine law men of Maine, it certainly does not fall short of it. The Mayor has the full particulars under his supervision, and assures us that he intends completely breaking him up, and that too in very short order.—N. Y. Express.

Keep the Record--No Right of Petition Yet.

Mr. Chase presented Feb. 22d—what day so fit!—a number of petitions, praying for the repeal of the infamous Fugitive Act, and moved their reference to a select committee, that the prayer of the petitioners may be considered, and the views of those stigmatized as fanatical, understood. Weller, of California, opposed. "I move, Sir, that these petitions be laid upon the table, where I hope they will find that sleep that knows no waking. I call for the yeas and nays," which being ordered, stood on Weller's motion as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Bell, Benjamin, Brodhead, Bright, Brown, Butler, Clay, Clayton, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Grier, Gwin, Hunter, Johnson, Jones, of Tennessee; Malory, Mason, Morton, Pettit, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson, of Kentucky, Thompson, of New Jersey, Toucey, Weller and Wright—29.

Nays—Messrs. Brainerd, Chase, Cooper, Dodge of Wisconsin; Fessenden, Foot, Gillette, Hamlin James, Seward, Sumner, Wade and Walker—13.