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Child of the Angel Wing.

[illegible]

From the National Era.
Eureka.

[illegible]

"Eureka!" I shout—while the war thunders rattle,
[illegible]
"Eureka!"—why pollutes my tongue at the word?
[illegible]
Alike, were the search and the struggle in vain.

[illegible]

"Eureka!" the kingdom of God is within!

Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,—
Though with pictures hung and gilded
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded!

Home—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us.

Information not worth having.—A few evenings since, as our old friend, Gen. Hales, the popular townerier, had finished describing a lost child, on one of the street corners, and had put spurs to his horse, to hurry to the next corner, he was suddenly brought up by the cry of "stop, Misther!"—He whirled his horse around, and proceeded to the spot from whence he had heard the call. It came from the mouth of a half-dressed Irishman who was leaning out of an upper window of a dwelling house.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the General.

"Fait' an' did ye say the baby was a boy."

"Yes, 'tis a male child."

"And did it have an old straw hat on, sur?"

"Yes."

"Wid a blue frock, sur?"

"Yes yes, just so."

"And little red shoes on its fate, sur?"

"I—I—that's the child," replied the General, confident that he would now be able to restore the lost one to its weeping parents, "what's the child, sir—have you the little fellow there?"

"Fait' an, I haven't, sur, but I seen a woman looking after the darlint."

On receiving this reply it is said the General put spurs to his horse, and trotted off at a rate rather faster than the law allows.

☞ In this country, one man in fourteen is a land-owner; in Great Britain, one man in nine hundred.

☞ Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island, but a continent that joins them."

From the Literary Museum.
RALPH CRASP:
OR
The Ruined Farm-House.
BY [illegible]

It was, to be sure, what the farmers might call a good refreshing rain. No such whisper of a shower as comes careering through the streets in a fury and is gone in five minutes; no indeed, one of your sneaking contemptible puzzles without the force of character to do its duty thoroughly and with dispatch. No! the rain had been coming down briskly all the day, pattering on the roof shingles of the village inn such an irresistable lullaby that the stout landlady in the bar was nodding over the lemons as if they had been so many poppies; the pretty chambermaid (for what old-fashioned inn was ever heard of that did'nt have such an appurtenance?) had stolen away to the quietness of her own dominions, up in a corner which one would think none but a prying rat could ever discover; and the corpulent landlord—a mighty host—had fallen soundly asleep on the fire-place settee.—His pipe, fallen from his open mouth, lay now upon the waistcoated protuberance before him, with a delicate halo of ashes around it upon the cloth.

This same rain had kept all the villagers in their houses, and put half of them to sleep. But in no place did it come down so drearily as on the outskirts of the village. There, on the north side especially, pouring upon and moulding over the wide field and the "Ruined Farmhouse." Dark and dreary enough at all times was the space within those falling walls and decaying beams, but now that you saw it through an atmosphere of falling water it appeared more prone to the earth and more dismal than ever. The roof of the ruined habitation had gone long ago, and all that ever protected and all that ever protected the interior from the harsh elements of storm with which God disciplines the earth, now lay in the form of dust and rubbish down upon the ground between the tottering walls.

So the rain showed little mercy, and spared no part of that sad ruin from its onset. Droping down with a steady, dull beat upon it, or launching on the wind swiftly and fiercely through the gaping windows, soaking away into the spongy, rotten beams darkening still more the sombre hue of the gray, unsteady stones, forming little puddles 'mongst the rubbish, and dripping from the soft green filaments of moss which waved increasing submission to the storm.

As night began to close upon the scene, the wind with its terrible moan and whistle seemed trying to abet the rain during the hours of darkness. And then, though they two forces played a duet which might terrify the most stout-hearted in hours of darkness and around such a cheerless ruin, yet there was a dark figure, a human being creeping stealthily about the wall and groping in the rubbish.

It was a gaunt form, wrapped in a meagre, thread-bare cloak, which the wind now and then grappled and tore away; and then there was a hard struggle before the oldman could get it back again to shield his shivering limbs. He was aged and thin; his hair was gray, and the flesh of his face had wasted away till now the parchment-like, shrivelled skin was folded with deep-drawn creases over the apparent bones. Though he was aged and scantily clad, could you have marked the expression of his face, you would have had no feeling of sympathy or pity, for the unyielding features and the cold gray eye were almost vivid with the impress of avarice and crime. No! none could know pity for Ralph Crasp the Miser; and none amongst honest folks entertained any sympathy with him.

He had spent his life in the pursuit of gain, sordidly and avariciously—he had indulged and ever sought to satisfy his thirst for gold, and t'was a common saying of the villagers and though his iron-bound coffers and chests were locked upon a great weight of money, his bosom was the repository of a far greater weight of crime by which his gold had been obtained. And it was further said that he had bartered himself body and soul to the Devil, for the sake of gain, and that if ever there was a man given over to all manner of godless debasement, that man was Ralph Crasp, the Miser.

Long years ago, the "Ruined Farm-House" had been a cheerful and a happy habitation. It had been the home of the most substantial and highly respected farmer of the place. By industry and care, he had increased his substance, enlarged his farm, and before he died, it was reported Farmer Boyle was worth in solid money, stored away, more than all the other farmers of the place together. His house was tenanted only by himself and his son Tim, a young man of some promise. He was headstrong, however, and one day had the misfortune to offend his father. A violent quarrel ensued, and the youth went from the house an untracked wanderer through the world.

For a few months only the old man bore up under the burden of his loneliness: then sickened and died. None of the supposed wealth could be anywhere discovered in the mansion, and abandoning the search and the house together, the superstitious villagers left the crumbling touch of time and the storm's rending hand to earn for it the name it bears, the "Ruined Farm-House."

Years have now elapsed since the farmer's hearth-stone had grown cold, and the incident was thought of as something in the almost forgotten past. It had however, reached the ears of Ralph Crasp, who had recently come to curse the village with his presence; and inflamed by visions of the treasure, he had devoted himself to search for it.

"Doubtless" said he to himself "it lies buried 'neath the house, and I shall find it."

And so, late at night, when the people of the place were sleeping in their beds, or when the voice of the storm bade them not to stir abroad, would this mean old griper pick his way cautiously out toward the wide fields, and delve by the sickly light of his lantern, with the hope of turning rubbish into gold. He did not wish that the neighbors should know of his operations, and he thought them ignorant. But when any one of them chanced to see that gaunt form taking its way off north to the darkness of the lonely roads and fields, or when any of their children came in from the rain and reported that they had seen a strange light dancing like a luminous ghost about the Ruined House, would they exclaim—

"Thank God I am not Ralph Crasp, the Miser!"

Our story has come upon him while, in the excess of his infatuation, he was braving the storm to pursue his search.

'Twas the night succeeding the storm, and though the rain had ceased, and weather-wise people declared the sun would be shining brilliantly on the morrow, the dark gray clouds still hovered the sky.

In a lonely part of one of the village roads stood the gaunt figure again, moving about stupidously, as if in expectation. When another person appeared, wrapped in a large cloak, the miser exclaimed—

"I've been waiting some time for you, John."

"I've come as soon as I could; make haste now, and tell me your business on this infernal dismal night!"

"John Earle," said the miser, clutching his companion by the arm and panting for very excitement, "I found Farmer Boyle's buried treasure at the Ruined House, last night."

"Found it!" echoed the other, scarcely able to believe.

"Yes found it; or—just as good—found where I'm sure its buried."

"I don't believe it," said John. Avaricious devil as you are, you would never have told me, but made way with the money yourself."

"S'blood!" whimpered the miser, "you're not over civil to-night. I can't get it alone I must have help; and if you are minded to assist and keep secrets, why you can have a share, you know."

"Hark ye!" said John, "because I once helped you in some of your schemes, I don't want you think that I'm one of your abandoned kith, and that I have sold myself to the Devil. I've got a conscience yet, and don't mean to lead it any more. But if you have found the money—since the old man and all his relations are dead, save only his truant son who won't be like ever to come back again, perhaps we have as good a right to it as anybody."

"Good," said Ralph with a chuckle.

"We will meet to-morrow night, in this place at nine o'clock," continued John, "and go together to the Ruined House—though, hold! I may be called away to-morrow on some business. Be on the spot at nine o'clock, and if I am not here, we will leave it till the next night at the same hour."

And so they parted.

In a fever of impatience, the miser counted off the slow hours of the next day as they lagged along on their "leaden wings."—When the night had come, he hastened toward the designated spot, and saw as he approached, the expected figure in an ample cloak, awaiting him.

"Ah, John!" he exclaimed, "it's well you're here; let's be off quick!" and endowed with physical strength by the very strength of his avarice, he led the way with such strides that his companion could hardly keep pace. They went in through the cracked door way of the ruin, and in a few moments were digging busily in the rubbish at a spot which the miser pointed out.

"Two or three feet under here," he said, "we shall come upon a stone with a ring in it. This is what I came to, but could not lift it. I know from the looks there's something precious beneath."

And the very thought nerved his arm anew. The hole deepened apace.

"But why are you so silent?" inquired Ralph; "t'isn't natural to you."

"Let me alone," responded the other, in a gruff voice. "I feel ugly to-night; and I've got a cold," he added.

"You're hoarse," said the miser, and the next moment rung his spade upon the flat stone they were in search for. "Now John" said he, "we'll lift it together, and place it on some slides, so we can easily shove it back again."

They took hold of the stone together, and with a tremendous muscular effort, succeeded in removing it as designed. There lay a dark cavern disclosed, and both the seekers, descending into it precipitately, soon emerged, bearing a freight of treasure in their arms. Yes! they had found Farmer Boyle's concealed gold, and load by load they brought it forth in readiness for removal, until but a small quantity remained.

"Just bring up that little heap left in the corner, John" said Ralph, as for the last time he issued from the gloomy chamber.—Down went his companion.

With blasphemous utterance of a solemn invocation, Ralph cried "God have mercy on you!" and applied his shoulder to the nicely balanced stone; it yielded instantly; slid into the place where for years it had quietly rested—and the earth-worms beneath it looked in upon a wretch who was *buried alive.*

When night had come once more, the miser's lantern shed its sickly ray upon the piles of treasure he had removed to the noisome pits beneath his squalid house. He had done the work with perfect secrecy, and now sat gloating over his gold; counted it; telling off peice by piece with his long, skinny fingers; watching its lustre by the insane fire in his gleaming eyes; clutching and tampering with handfuls, as if the very feeling of the coin were grateful to his itching palm; and ever and anon, in the frenzy of his ruling passion, casting himself headlong on his heaps to riot in them.

Presently he thought of John Earle, and his leathery face grew browned, as if there were painted on his features some of the blackness of his crime. With an oath he exclaimed—

"Why do I think of the cursed rascal?—He told me he hated me, and if I'd let him out, he'd have kept——s'death!" he cried, in a sort of delirium at the idea, "he'd have kept almost all the money.

"What's that?" he gasped, as a knock at the street-door above reached his ear. A knock at his door—the miser's—so late at night, could bode no good, he thought, and in a tremor of apprehension for his treasure, he locked them up again and made his faltering way up stairs.

As he opened the door, and his lantern's jaundiced ray fell upon the face of John Earle, the miser raised his voice in a shriek which made his very gold-crammed vaults reverberate—'twas a wail of farewell to his departing reason.

"Take him off—away—that ghost!" he shouted, "perdition! I killed him, and he haunts me! I buried him alive and I see his spirit now!"

"What does it mean? What's the matter with you, Ralph?" cried John, in horror at the spectacle which the miser presented.

The wretched man, in new paroxysms at sound of the voice, sank down upon the floor and was borne thence to his bed by the assembled villagers. John met their amazed interrogations as to the cause of Ralph's frenzy with expressions of equal wonder. "He had come hither on business" he said, and his simple appearance at the door had bereft the miser of his senses.—The incoherent exclamations of the maniac soon placed him on the scent of his solution, however. The frequently recurring words—"buried alive," and "John's ghost" and "Boyle's hidden gold, began to bring to Earle's mind a suspicion of foul play.

"Follow me!" he said to the villagers about him and, leaving Ralph in charge of two or three sympathizing bystanders, away he went with rapid steps across the fields to the "Ruined Farm-House."

The miser had carefully covered the stone, but the footmarks of the disturbed earth betrayed its place. With eager haste they dug until the bright light of their flaming torches bathed the rusty iron ring upon the stone. Every brown hand, toil-hardened and rough as it was, now trembled with suspense as it laid hold upon the ring, and strained its muscles to unsettle that stone once more.

And now the light went beaming down into the black depths below, anointing the jagged margins of stone with radiance as it after ray forced its way right and left through the startled darkness; falling down upon the damp floor with an increasing flicker, as if it never could abide in so repulsive a resting place; and searching its way down into a corner to reveal the body of him who was *buried alive.*

They brought him up, gently, and laid him down with the never encouraged hope that his heart would ever again know pulsation; but when the few restoratives at hand had been applied, and the fresh air of heaven had swept refreshingly athwart his face, he gave a sigh and opened his eyes upon those about him.

"*Tim Boyle's come back ag'in!*" the astonished villagers cried, as they crowded around him and gazed upon his reanimating features.

They took Tim Boyle off from the ground and led him to a place of comfort and cheerfulness in the village. There he told his story, and offered thanks to God for his deliverance from an appalling death; for Tim had come back again with an humble and a contrite spirit.

While returning by night as a prodigal to the house of his father, he had overheard Ralph's conference with John, and learning on the next morning that John had been summoned from the village he determined to take his place and reveal his identity afterward, as the first and surest steps toward gaining that property which he knew rightfully belonged to him. How different the sequel from what he expected, and how nearly fatal to him, we have related.

Ralph Crasp, the wretched being, subsided from his delirium into the calmness of confirmed idiocy, and will end his days amid the sensible restraint of the hospital house which pitying hearts have provided for him.

"Look ye?" said Tim Boyle to his friends, when he held his property; "John Earle, though he consorted with the miser, has no part I know, in his guilt; and if by reason of his poverty he has a longing for gold, 'tis a pity that I, who am able, should'nt take away this incitement from him!"—And with that, he furnished John a comfortable maintainance.

And the "Ruined Farm-House"—what of that?

'Tis long ago that the soaked beams became dry, and the little rain-pool's green in the sun. And since then, the rubbish has been carted off, and the treasure-vaults no longer lies in the shadow of the old, gray, trembling walls, but it in between the foundation stones of Boyle's new, sturdy Farm-House—the very image of the *old* one.

And now, daily, as the sun goes down in the west and twilight bespreads the earth may we see Tim, treading the well-worn path to wet with filial tears of repentance a certain marble tomb in the village churchyard. He goes from his dwelling (that monument upon the site of the Ruined House to his own new-gotten sober worth) to the monument in the churchyard which his hands have builded in memory of the worth of his broken hearted father.

Van Buren and Jackson.

The secret of Mr. Van Buren's popularity with General Jackson, as given by an adopted citizen who was once behind the curtain as valet, is amusing:

"And how does it happen, Pat, that Misther Van Buren always kept in with the ould General as he did?"

"Why, I'm thinking Murphy, it was because he always had such a very bad cowld, jist!"

"And what had his having a cowld to do with the matter, at all, at all?"

"Why did you never hear, Murphy, my boy, of the fox that had a cowld? Then I'll tell ye. Once there was a lion that wanted to know how polite all the basts were.—So he made a great smell in his den, with brimstone or something else—I don't mind what jist—but it smelt enough to knock you down intirely; and then he called in the bear, and says he, Good morning Mr. Bear, and what d've think of the smell here this morning? and says the bear, says he, 'Why, it smells bad.' "Whats that you say?" says the lion: "take that," says he, (ating him up altogether!) and see if it will tache ye politeness, ye unmannerly son of a cub!" Now when the bear was ate up, the lion called in the monkey, and asked him the same question precisely. Now the monkey seeing the bear that the lion had swallowed lying dead in the corner, says he, "Its jist the most delightful smell I ever smelt in my life at all." "So it is," said the lion, (putting him on the head, easy like, so as to bate the breath clane out of his body,) "so it is;" said he, "and now you'll not tell another lie soon, I'm thinking." Now when the lion had kilt the bear and the monkey, he called in the fox to him, and said he, (looking very savage, and ready to ate him up if he should make the least fox-paw at all,) "good morning Mr Fox, how does my parlor smell today?" and said the fox, (wiping his nose with the brush of his tail, and pulling down his eye-lid with his paw, as much as to say, "D'ye see any green there, my honey?") "faith," says he "may it please your majesty, I've a very bad cowld this morning, and it's me that can't smell at all!" So the lion laughed, and told him he was a very clever baste, and that he *might tread in his footsteps, if he could straddle wide enough,* and all the other bastes should mind him or he would ate them up as he had the bear and the monkey."

☞ Old Roger was at the concert the other evening, and, as he sat waiting the commencement of the performance in a slip where there was room for one more, a gentleman came along and tapping him on the shoulder, told him in a whisper that he would like to pass inside of him. Old Roger looked at the stranger a moment; he was a large man, very large. "Upon my word, sir," said the old fellow, "I don't think you can, for I have just eaten a hearty supper, and from appearance I should judge that you would'nt sit well on my stomach." This was said loud enough for people in the adjacent seats to hear, and in an instant eleven double spy-glasses were leveled at him. The gentleman looked vexed at first. "I mean," said he, pointing to the vacant seat, "will you allow me to pass by you to that seat?" "Certainly sir," said old Roger gravely, and I am required to find that your request is so much more possible than I first regarded it." The stranger immediately tendered Old Roger his hat, which he ungenerously declined receiving.

The Ladies of Maine.

Mrs. [illegible] writes as follows to [illegible] the National Era, in a letter dated at Bethel, Oxford County, Me.:

"These nooks and hollows among the mountains produce a race of great intellectual activity.

You go into a plain farm house, where the furniture and all appurtenances retain the most primitive simplicity—be not surprised if you see Latin, Greek, and German books lying on the table. You look inquiringly, and are told perhaps of a certain Mary Ann or Maria, who is keeping School up at Umbagog, or some other impossible out-of-the-way place, whose books these are. She has long done using them—she got them when she first began; now she lets them for Cynthia or Louisa, or some other fair successor in the family line, who is equally hardy and energetic in her attack upon the tree of knowledge. Ten to one you get a glimpse of said Cynthia, who proves a slender, blue-eyed girl, trimly dressed, with a pair of very pretty earrings in her ears, and an air of quiet composure, and *savoir faire* which shows she is a princess of the blood in her regime. You talk with her, and find she has a mind as sharp and bright and keen as one of the quartz crystals among her own mountains. She has been to the academy in the neighboring town. She has a fancy for drawing, and maybe shows you a crayon head or a landscape which you did not expect to see just then—she wishes she could learn more about it—she has a cousin who paints in oils—she thinks, perhaps after she has taught a quarter or two, she will save enough to get to Portland, and take lessons of a master.

One is struck with the intellectual activity of the Maine women, whenever he travels among them. A friend of mine told me the other day in one of the towns where he was visiting, in the clergyman's family, he was surprised to find the walls decorated with oil paintings, which he thought it quite beyond the means of his friend to have purchased.

"Where did you get these paintings?" he asked.

"O! these! my wife painted them!" was the reply.

The same gentleman relates that another time, when hospitably entertained in an obscure settlement, far out in the woods of Maine, being struck with the domestic talents and agreeable manners of the hostess, he entered into conversation with her. Knowing he was connected with the collegiate institution in Brunswick, she inquired with great interest after a young gentleman there, adding, as an apology for her inquisitiveness, "I feel interested in that young man, for I fitted him for college."

My friend, of course, thought she alluded to some such fitting as knitting his stockings, or making his shirts—and made a remark to that effect.

"Oh no," said the lady composedly, "I mean that I taught him Latin and Greek, and so on, and of course I should wish to hear that he is doing well." It seemed to be quite a matter of course affair to her nothing but what she could do. "I can assure, by the by, that these women are yeomen housekeepers, and that you will never taste the Latin and Greek in sour or bad bread, or bad butter, or see the drawing and painting looking out of holes in dresses.

The fact is, that sterile soil and a harsh climate, though not good for growing any thing else, are first rate for raising men and women; and men and women in the full emphatic sense of the word, are the staple produce of Maine. The long cheerless winters are powerful educators, both physically and morally—physically in the amount of oxygen and vitality which they force into the system, intellectually in the leisure which they force on one for intellectual pursuits. Apropos of the winters, I will relate an anecdote which I heard in my village under the mountains which might give some of our Southern friends a new idea of what a winter here is like.

Said one of our friends, whose house lies directly under the mountains—"Last winter the snow was banked up quite to the ridge-pole of the house."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "Why, what did you do?"

"Tunnelled through it!" said my friend composedly; "we had a tunnel some fifteen feet long to the road."

"And pray how long did it last?" said I.

"Well about six months, said he."

"It made the house very warm indeed," added his wife, "almost oppressive."

That was one view of a snow-bank that had never suggested itself to me. But I must add to what I said about the Maine women and girls, one drawback—one is impressed with it even in the most mountainous districts—the want of an appearance of robust health. The young girls are fair, sparkling, intellectual-looking, but they are wanting in the physique. They look like the forest flowers—very fair, but as if a breath might wither them. The mind seems altogether to have got the start of the body. The long winters may have something to do with this. For more than half the year the female sex in this climate are very much confined indoors, in stove-heated rooms, generally very partially ventilated, as rooms in cold weather always are. Here they read, and study and sew—and go out at most, only in pleasant weather—often only in sleighs with fathers or brothers to drive them, and the sleigh is a vehicle that gives no sort of exercise. Can we not see in this fact the reason for that predisposition to disease of the lungs which is constantly the terror of every parent for New England, and which sends every year hundreds of her fairest for the grave—Think of the contrast between the stove-heated room, where one is kept almost at the point of perspiration, and the long-continued inhaling warm air, and the sharp keen cutting air that is breathed without. There is no remedy for this, but a higher habit of life. A young girl in New England is never secure against consumption, but by keeping her physical vigor up to the highest point. She should go out regularly every day, in all weathers, and familiarize her lungs with the out door atmosphere. She should fortify her skin with daily cold bathing, wear short walking-dresses, prefer walking to the sleigh, practice skating and out-door amusements, after the example of European ladies in a similar climate—and then the long winter will be to her, as it is to the other sex, a discipliner and invigorator to the system, and not a constant enemy. H. B. S.

☞ An advertisement in a newspaper is like a circle in the water, continually spreading itself. "Throw in your rocks" and try it.

☞ In the Municipal Court, last week, a witness, during a cross-examination, was thrown off his guard by a lawyer, and [illegible] injured.

☞ [illegible]

What the Paper don't say.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and his walk in life has been in by-paths and out-of-the-way places. His mind is characterized by [illegible], rather than a comprehensive grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum does, however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his little ecstasy, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work.

A few evenings since, Father Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had occurred at a factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I d'clare, wife, that was an awful accident over tew the mills," said Mr. S.

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you'll know all about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read:

"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which,' as the Immortal Shakespeare has said, 'no traveler returns.'" ("Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.) "Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but few superiors this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the large drums, ("I wonder if 'twas a bass drum, such as has 'E Pluribus Unum' painted on't," said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his entire body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution. ("Poor creetur! how it must have hurt him!") When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were masticated to a jelly; ("I wonder if it killed him," said Mrs. S.) his skull was fractured; his spine was dislocated, ("Well, did it *kill* him?" asked Mrs. S. with increasing interest,) portions of the dura mater, cerebrum and cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press her question:

"*Was the man killed?*"

"I don't know—we ain't come to that, yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece." And Mr. Slocum continued his reading:

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct." ("*Was* the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading:

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to persons who are called on to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now *I* should like to know whether that man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a general survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's rather curious; but really, *the paper don't say!*"—Literary Museum.

A Queer Joke.

Several gentlemen, most of them travelled men, were chatting easily and familiarly about one thing and another, and being mostly Frenchmen *la belle France* of course formed one of the principal themes of their discourse. Presently they were joined by an old man who is slightly "cracked" on some subjects, but, on others is sufficient by acute and ready of repartee. One of the company immediately attacked the old gentleman about some of his peculiar ideas, and endeavored to turn the laugh against him. This malicious fun was suffered to proceed some time by its object without opposition; but suddenly he turned to his gay and laughing tormentor, and said:

"You have been to Paris, Monsieur?"

"Yes, sir," said the other, with all that self-sufficient and vainglorious air which almost every young or middle-aged Frenchman unconsciously assumes whenever the great city is mentioned; "yes, sir, I know it by heart."

"Then you would be able to give me some information touching its topography."

"Of course—easily."

"Will you be kind enough to inform me what is in the middle of Paris?" and the old gentleman took a pinch of snuff in his usual deliberate, quiet manner.

"What is in the middle of Paris, sir—why, you are laughing at me."

"Not at all. If you answer the question I am willing to pay your expenses to Paris and back."

"Well, then, there's the Louvre."

"No!"

"The Palais Royal."

"No!"

"Tuileries."

"No!"

"The Jardin des Plantes, Notre Dame, &c. &c., &c."

"No!" was the imperturbable answer to each prominent location mentioned.

"Well, what the deuce is it?"

"Ah, that's your look out, sir," said the old gentleman, as coolly as ever.

"It must be the Morgue," [illegible]

"No!"

"Then it's the Hotel de Ville!"

"No!"

A pause. "I have found it; it's the Seine! The Seine surely runs through the middle of Paris," said the seeker of localities, with a triumphant air.

"Not at all, my dear sir, not at all! Try again."

"*Ma foi,* I surrender. I can't imagine what it can be."

"Here's a pretty man," said the old gentleman, with the mien of a professor using his scalpel, and laying open some hidden anatomical treasure, to the delight of his students and agony of his subject; "here's a Parisian for you! He try to puzzle me! Why, a child could surpass him."

"But what is it?" exclaimed the other, much annoyed at the general laughter that followed this rejoinder; what is in the middle of Paris?"

"Well, my dear sir, it's simply R."

"What?"

"The letter R. P-a-r-i-s; that spells Paris, don't it?"

A shout of laughter followed and down-

[illegible] the [illegible] of the qualified [illegible] individual, and the [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] turned about. As he went, he [illegible] and said, in the [illegible] take the [illegible] "Yes, dear sir, when you [illegible] [illegible] trip to Paris, [illegible] and I'll be glad to go with you [illegible]" That was a [illegible] The old man had [illegible]—[N. O. Picayune.

P. T. Barnum's Rules for Success in Business.

I can scarcely expect to [illegible] new on the subject proposed, but [illegible] a few rules which I can vouch for, from experience and observation, must be observed in order to insure success in business.

1st. Select the kind of business that suits your natural inclinations and temperament. Some men are naturally mechanical; others have a strong aversion to anything like machinery; one man has a natural taste for one occupation in life, and another for another. "I am glad we do not feel and think alike," said Dick Homespun, "for, if we did, every body would think my gal, Sukey Snipes, the sweetest creature in all creation, and all be trying to court her at once."

2d. Let your pledged word ever be sacred. Never promise to do a thing without performing it with the most rigid promptness. Nothing is more valuable to a man in business, than the name of always doing as he agrees, and that to the moment. A strict adherance to this rule gives a man the command of half the spare funds within the range of his acquaintance, and always encircles him with a host of friends who may be depended upon in almost any conceivable emergency.

3d. Whatever you do, do with all your might. Work at it, if necessary, early and late, in season and out of season, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can just as well be done now. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many a man acquires a fortune by doing his business *thoroughly,* while his neighbor remains poor for life, because he only *half* does his business. Ambition, energy, industry, and perseverance are indispensable requisites for success in business.

4th. Sobriety. Use no description of intoxicating drinks.—As no man can succeed in business unless he has a *brain* to enable him to lay his plans, and *reason* to guide him in their execution, so, no matter how bountifully a man may be blessed with intelligence, if his brain be muddled, and his judgement be warped by intoxicating drinks, it is impossible for him to carry on business successfully. How many good opportunities have passed, never to return, while a man was sipping a "social glass" with his friend! How many a foolish bargain has been made under the influence of the *nervine which makes its victim so rich!* How many important chances have been put off until to-morrow, and thence forever, because the wine-cup has thrown the system into a state of lassitude, neutralizing the energies so essential to business. The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is as much an infatuation as is smoking of opium by the Chinese, and the former is quite as destructive to the success of the business man as the latter.

5th. Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary.—Many persons are always kept poor because they are too visionary. Every project looks to them like certain success, and therefore they keep changing from one to another, always in hot water, and always "under the harrow." The plan of "counting the chickens before they are hatched" is an error of ancient date, but it does not seem to improve by age.

6th. Do not scatter your powers.—Engage in one kind of business, only; stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until you conclude to abandon it. A constant hammering on one nail, will generally drive it home at last, so that it may be clinched. When a man's undivided attention is centered on one object, his mind will be continually suggesting improvements of value, which would escape him if his brain were occupied by a dozen different subjects at once. Many a fortune has slipped through men's fingers by engaging in too many occupations at once.

7th. Engage proper employees.—Never employ a man of bad habits, when one whose habits are good, can be found to fill his situation.

8th. Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel.—Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, *advertise* it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other, that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined.

9th. Avoid all extravagance; and always live considerably within your income, if you can do so without absolute starvation!—It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in life, can never attain a pecuniary independence. A brief reference to my own history, may perhaps serve to illustrate this part of the subject. By the death of my father in 1826, I was thrown upon the world at the age of sixteen, dependent solely upon my own resources for support. I never found any difficulty to making money, but the thought did not occur to me (during fifteen years,) of trying to save. At one time, when lotteries were lawful in my native state, (Connecticut,) I was extensively engaged in selling lottery tickets, and my profits were sometimes as high as five hundred dollars per day—but I thought very little of trying to lay up money. I could always easily manage to spend my income, let it be ever so great.

10th. Do not depend upon others.—Your success must depend upon your own individual exertions. Trust not to the assistance of friends, but learn that every man must be the architect of his own fortune, and with proper attention to the foregoing rules, and such observations as a man of sense will pick up in his own experience, the road to competence will not, I think, be found a difficult matter. P. T. Barnum.

Bridgeport, Conn., 1852.

A few friends will go and bury our affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our graves; in a brief space the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we have ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little mementos of our remembrance—the locks of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hang in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living being.