

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE COURANT.

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## Poetry.

### THE BRIEFLESS LAWYER—A BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

An attorney was taking a turn,  
In shabby habiliments drest;  
His coat was shockingly worn,  
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,  
His linen and worsted were worse;  
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,  
And not a half crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,  
A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
Or complainingly talked to himself.

"Unfortunate man that I am!  
I've never a client but grief;  
The case is, that I've no case at all,  
And, in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!"

"I've waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an 'opening' to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer might gain  
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"Tis not that I'm wanting in law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case.

"Oh, how can a modest young man  
E'er hope for the smallest progression—  
The profession's already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat  
On the curb-stone the space of a minute;  
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"  
And in less than a gify was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came,  
("Twas the coroner bade them attend.)  
To the end that it might be determined  
How the man determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"  
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.  
"A lawyer!—alas!" said another,  
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,  
An attorney well versed in the laws,  
And as to the cause of his death,—  
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the matter,  
"That the lawyer was drown-ed because  
He couldn't keep his head above water!"

### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl with a happy look,  
Sat slowly reading a pious book,  
All bound with velvet and edged with gold;  
And its weight was more than the child could hold;  
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,  
And every day she prized it more;  
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother,  
It said, "Little children must love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,  
And the lesson home to her heart she took;  
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,  
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,  
Which said just as plain as words could say,  
"The Holy Bible I must obey;  
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,  
For 'Little children must love each other.'"

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not pray,  
But I love him still, for I think the way  
To make him gentle and kind to me,  
Will be better shown, if I let him see  
I strive to do what I think is right;  
And thus when we kneel to pray to-night,  
I will clasp my arms around my brother,  
And say "Little children love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,  
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought;  
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,  
To meet the light of her loving eyes;

His heart was full, he could not speak—  
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;  
And God looked down on the happy mother,  
Whose little children loved each other.

### LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power:  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless: none can tell  
How vast its power may be:  
Nor what results unfolded dwell  
Within it silently.

## Original.

FOR THE SUPPLEMENT.

### QUEBEC.

One hundred and eighty miles below Montreal is situated the city of Quebec. The passage between the two cities either way is performed by night trips. We heard many complaints among the passengers concerning this arrangement, but, as I was told by an old traveller, nothing can exceed the beauty here unfolded to the eye, when the moon lights up the scenes and seemingly in a peculiar manner silvers over the charming views, past which the boat rapidly glides. The majestic river, is lined with neat dwellings, mostly occupied by the French Canadians. We passed quickly down, under the combined force of the current and steam. The sky was clouded, and we ourselves tired, so we saw but little of the surrounding scenery, but on our return we were favored with a bright, clear, and lovely evening, and we seemed passing through some fairy land. The faint light upon the clear waters, the soft air meeting us, in the freshening breeze, the red tinge of the western sky, deepening toward the horizon, the quick succession of villages or hamlets of white-washed cottages, all apparently at regular intervals from each other, each village with its handsome church with tin roof and tin covered spire, the shades of night gathering over us, our boat alone upon a mighty pass of waters, hemmed in by lofty banks, appropriate borders for a river of such grandeur, all combining and harmonizing thus, made it appear like a Romance of Beauty, whose charming pages were entrancing us.

On the trip we passed the towns of Sorel, Three Rivers, St. Anne, and Pointe aux Trembles. Near the latter are seen the ruins of the first Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The country, and the settlements along the St. Lawrence are old, and should the skill and enterprise of the New Englanders, once gain the ascendancy here, the country would soon lay aside its yet primitive appearance and a great share of its poverty, by turning to advantage many of its still idle resources, and introducing the modern improvements in agriculture, and manufactures. An old Canadian farmer, coming to Connecticut to labor, would be in the condition of the "ancient schoolmaster" who, in a freak of extravagance, bought a new pen knife, and being unused to an instrument of such lightness and sharpness, he could not guage aright, and so wasted the quill and mangled his fingers in vain endeavors to make his pen.

About 20 miles below Pointe aux Trembles, Quebec appears in sight. It is 46° 49' N., making it nearly 50°

South of London and 71° West. Its bold position and remarkable fortifications are known to every school boy, and what school boy when looking upon the bold promontory as roughly sketched in his Geography, has not promised himself to see it in manhood. That promise we had made and here we were. "This seat of ancient dominion, now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries, formerly the seat of a French empire in the West, lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders, throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war, who could approach such a city without emotion? Who in America has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec?" Thus writes Prof. Silliman in the Autumn of 1819, and in reading his description of the city, since our return, I was forced to exclaim, I had better have had this work with me than any or all of the modern guide books to the tourist, although written over 30 years since. Of what city in the United States could such as this be said with truth, or in which of our cities is a Guide book of even six or eight years standing ever purchased, but the city which Prof. Silliman describes is there yet, almost as he pictured it 32 years since. St. Roch's Suburb is indeed extended, and the lower town built out far in the river, but all that the traveller cares to see, is still as it was in the early part of the present century. Indeed the very position of Quebec implies permanence, and seems to command an unchanged continuance of its early appearance, and for the romance of history I am glad it is so. In passing down the bay, two of the four martello towers, are first observed, and then we come in sight of the abrupt and dizzy heights upon which the city is built, and we are soon at our wharf with towers, walls, and planted cannon directly above our heads, 340 feet. We reached here at 8 o'clock in the morning and in spite of the rain that was falling, every eye was busy and all were eager to see. Those of us who were strangers to the place, plied questions to those who were not, and they seemed to take a pleasure in giving information of the features of interest connected with the city which is their boast and pride.

It is now 243 years since it was founded, which took place more than a century before the founding of New Orleans, and 70 years after the discovery of the river St. Lawrence. In the hostile engagements between the different tribes of the Aborigines, it seemed necessary for the infant settlement to sympathize with some party; and it so happened that in siding with the Algonquins they incurred the inveterate hatred of the powerful Iroquois; hence, it became necessary to secure Quebec against their invasion. Some slight and rude fortifications were the result of this apparent necessity. Twenty-one years after its settlement Quebec passed into the power of the English, in whose hands, however, it remained only three years. In 1690, they again endeavored to take it but were unsuccessful. Then the French deemed it expedient to construct stone fortifications "according to the rules of art." And to them, America is indebted for her only fortified city. But in 1759, neither walls and towers, nor men well trained to duty, could save the city from the brave General Wolfe and English dominion. The population then was estimated at 8,000. It is now a city of 37,000. As a comparative estimate of the growth of Canadian and American cities, we might mention any of our young Western towns. Cincinnati is barely one-

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fifth the age of Quebec, and yet has more than three times her population.

The earliest hour the weather would permit us, we chartered a carriage for a trip to the Falls of Montmorenci, nine miles distant. Crossing the St. George, over which there is a strong though rude bridge, we quickly rode by the little hamlets with which the whole route is skirted, connecting the village of Beaufort with the city. We were constantly greeted with bows and smiles from the little French children who ran out from the neat white-washed houses, and with bunches of flowers in hand, begged money. All bare footed, all black eyed, and extremely graceful, and generally neat in their dress, as far as it went, they presented an appearance, answering much to the description travellers give to the young gipseys in Southern Europe. One of these, a beautiful child, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years, was our guide at the Falls. I asked her if she could read. She replied that she went to school sometimes, but that her sister went that day. She said that her "folks" went to the city twice a year, to get clothes and things to eat, and that sometimes she was allowed to go with them.

Passing down through a field in a well worn path, to the banks of the Montmorenci, below the Falls, they suddenly burst upon our view. I had never before seen any celebrated Falls, and any description I might give doubtless would appear too enthusiastic, so I shall endeavor to be brief.

Lanson, in his "Tour to Quebec," speaks very slightly of these Falls; but one can easily see the reason. He tells us he had concluded to walk out,—he was a half day in doing it; he had the head ache, and during his walk, he tells us—with his usual egotism, that a "little whiffet dog came out and annoyed him; that his sustenance was partly raw eggs," &c. Perplexed by these misfortunes, no wonder that the Falls did not seem so grand as they had been rated. In stating their height, he has even said they were only one hundred and forty feet, whereas they are two hundred and forty-six feet in height, with a breadth of from fifty to sixty. Compared with Niagara, which I have since seen, the supply of water precipitated over the rocks appears meagre. Still, from their wonderful height, and the oneness of the volume that comes roaring down the chasm, Montmorenci would be the great Falls of America, were there no Niagara. There is not that dashing fury about them that characterizes the heaving and raging rapids of the great Cataract. But at Montmorenci the waters pass down a gentle declivity, with a quiet rapidity, till they reach the deep ravine which the Falls themselves have worn, one-sixth of a mile from the St. Lawrence, when they smoothly settle down an almost perpendicular descent, 246 feet. Toward the base of the precipice, however, they are somewhat broken by projecting rocks, from whence clouds of spray are ever arising.

While at the Falls we were much amused with the remarks of a tall, lank, Green Mountaineer. His first expression was, "Them ain't much." He could not believe the dimensions to be as we told him; finally, however, he took such a deep interest in them that he took out his pocket book to write the name down, for fear he might forget it; but the poor man being unable to spell it, I wrote it for him, together with the dimensions that had staggered his credulity. For a more minute description of the Falls of Montmorenci, and of Quebec, the reader will be well rewarded in perusing Prof. Silliman's Tour to Quebec in 1819. These notes are all that we shall be able to present, and a few general remarks upon Quebec in our next, will close our partial account of a tour that has been both pleasant and profitable.

Returning to the house, we dismissed our guide and took our carriage for Quebec. Here the whole of

Quebec was in view; the Upper Town, the Lower Town, St. Roch's Ward, St. John's Suburb, the plains and range of hills in the back ground, the beautiful harbor, and Point Levi in front, the winding line of cottages leading down to the St. Charles, all formed a magnificent picture. This was the finest view we had yet seen.

But the carriage has driven rapidly, and here is our party at Quebec, and I at the end of my paper.

C. S. L.

#### QUEBEC, AND THE "PLAINS OF ABRAHAM."

When we first entered the city, we wound around through the circuitous ascent of Mountain street, which we thought was literally a mountain path. On passing through Prescott Gate, we received our first impressions of the strength of the town. The walls are of such massive structure and gigantic proportions, that the city would be in a remarkable state of security were it in a valley instead of being situated so safely upon those rocks. I spoke to our driver of the security of the position Quebec occupied, and remarked that she seemed proof against any invader. He replied "she is safe against any nation but the Yankees,—I believe the Yankees can take any thing." Knowing that I was from the States, I presume that the cunning Irish driver intended I should remember his compliment, when we had finished our drive. Sentinels were on guard at the gate, and we afterwards found them stationed at the several gates and batteries of the city.—We found them free to converse, but unwilling to allow us to touch a single thing, even to test the weight of the cannon balls piled up at the various stations. It seems to be a hard life that they live, and I don't know whether the soldiers and sentinels are in general contented or not. I only enquired of one whether he liked it. He answered vehemently, "no." He said he would give any thing to get back to the old country—that here in this new, poor, country there were no places of amusement, and that he had to stand on guard all day, and when night came, he could go to no theatre, no frolic, and could have no games of any kind, whereas in England, he could be on duty all day and frolic all night. Thinking his misfortunes not quite past endurance, I enquired no more into the hardships of the soldiery.

We took rooms at the "Albion House," kept by Mr. Willis Russell, who informed us that he had migrated from the hills of the old Granite State a number of years since. He has now a very popular house upon Palace street, the head quarters of American travellers in the vicinity, though it would be esteemed a second class house in New York. Here strangers from the States are much more observed, and remarked upon by shopkeepers and passers by, than at Montreal.—After acquainting ourselves with the little minor curiosities—visiting the public buildings—standing upon the Grand Battery—looking over into the busy mart below us, and its crowded narrow streets, walled in by houses of stone with their glittering tin roofs, and seeing the Archbishop's Palace and the Parliament Buildings, we were ready to go to the Citadel and to ride to the Plains of Abraham.

The Parliament Buildings have not been used as the House of the Assembly, however, since August, 1837. The Assembly's Hall is 79 feet by 46. Since the seat of Government was changed, the building has been occupied as the residence of the Governor General, as a rendezvous of the Loyalists, in 1838, as a Theatre, &c. In 1846, the Theatre St. Louis was destroyed by fire and over forty persons burned to death; since which time, Mr. Russell informed me there has been superstitious feeling prevailing, forbidding any place of amusement to be opened. There are now, however, two Theatres in process of erection, each intending to su-

percede the other—and perhaps it would be as well if both should succeed in their intentions.

On making application for admission to the Citadel, which we had postponed till the time when we were ready to visit it, we found that so many had applied recently that we must patiently await till another day; but as we were to leave that evening, we were obliged to content ourselves with a personal view of the exterior, and a description of the interior. I have not seen it minutely described in any work. Prof. Silliman simply remarks—"The promontory of rock which constitutes the loftiest point of the upper town is called Cape Diamond, upon which is erected the famous Citadel of Quebec. This is not, as one might suppose, a building, or castle covered with a roof; it is open to the heavens and differs from the rest of the works, only in being more elevated, stronger and more complete."

Whether this description would answer for the present day or not, I am unable to say. From what I gathered I should imagine the fortress was much stronger and the interior arrangements much more complicated, than at the time this was written.

We now turned our attention to a visit to the Plains of Abraham. Before doing so, we passed through St. Roch's suburb and visited St. Roch's Church. Like all of the Romish Churches in Canada, it is a splendid building—this, however, is one of the first in the city, and thickly hung with pictures, generally of a superior order, though small. No matter at what time of day we visited Romish Churches, we found numbers at their devotions—their lips silently moving, their eyes directed toward the high altar, or some side Chapel or Painting, seemingly undisturbed by the echoing tread of the careless visitor as he walked up and down those sounding aisles.

The old French Cathedral has a more venerable appearance than any other building we saw. It was erected in 1666, and is 186 feet by 90—another account gives it 216 by 108 feet. The middle aisle is divided from the side aisles by massive arcades, giving the interior of the building a grand and imposing appearance. It is perhaps the richest and most magnificent church we saw in Canada.

But the day was passing by and we had not yet seen the Plains of Abraham, which great battle field, more than any other one object, had drawn me to Quebec. A pleasant drive soon took us there. Arriving in sight of the monument erected to the memory of General Wolfe, we alighted and walked over. A graceful pillar has been erected upon the spot consecrated by his blood, and is protected by an iron railing. Inscribed upon the side toward the Plains, we read the simple words:

HERE DIED  
WOLFE,  
VICTORIOUS.

Upon the Monument erected in the public garden to commemorate the joint memories of the two heroic commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm, there is inscribed the following:

MORTEM VIRTUS; COMMVNEM,  
FAMAM HISTORIA:  
MONVMENTVM POSTERITAS  
DEDIT.

"Military prowess gave them a common death; History a common fame; Posterity a common monument."

It was a satisfaction to see the grounds which had been rendered forever immortal, by a battle so decisive—a satisfaction to stand upon the spot where heroism of so stern and determined a cast had been exhibited. Still it was a sad reflection, that the soil upon which we were treading had been enriched by human blood, and that our curiosity had tempted us hither to see the place, merely, where human suffering had revealed, and



## AFRICAN DISCOVERY—BAYARD TAYLOR.

The New York *Day Book*, of the 23d, states that Bayard Taylor is to leave the United States to discover the source of the Niger. The *Day Book*, in a well written article, glances at the previous history of Bayard Taylor, pays a very just tribute to his genius and purity of character, and records the following hitherto unwritten page in his personal history:

There is a little episode in the life of Bayard Taylor which, perhaps, should not be written of by a stranger, or for stranger eyes. We have not the happiness to be of the circle of his friends, though these paragraphs evince our appreciation of his character; and this passage of his history we learned but casually, in one of those subdued conversations in which society recognizes such sacred events in the histories of its best loved members.

In his boyhood, Bayard Taylor discovered in a fair young angel of the place where he was born, that portion of himself which, according to the old mystery, should crown each nature with perfection and happiness. When he aspired, she was at the far-away end of the high reaching vista, holding in her hand the hoped-for crown. In a letter which he sent from Rome, we see what substance his dreams were of, while a hundred ages hovered about his bed to bind his soul:

## IN ITALY.

Dear Lillian, all I wished is won!  
I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver  
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves, the dim green light  
Falls on my forehead as I write,  
And the sweet chimes of vespers, ringing,  
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;  
The stirring memories of old  
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,  
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But, as the radiant sunsets close  
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,  
My soul forgets the olden glory  
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear outchime  
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;  
Thou standest here—the gentle hearted—  
Amid the shades of bards departed!

Their garlands of immortal bay,  
I see before thee fade away,  
And turn from Petrarch's passion glances,  
To my own dearer heart-romances!

Sad is the opal glow that fires  
The midnight of the cypress spires,  
And cold the scented wind that closes  
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses.

The fair Italian dream I chased,  
A single thought of thee effaced;  
For the true clime of song and sun  
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!

1845.

There are a thousand evil things that mar each plan of joy; the marriage was deferred, perhaps for the poet to make his way in the world; and when he came back from California there was perceived another cause for deferring it; she was in ill health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail; and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction that she had the consumption, and was dying. He watched her suffering day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and minister to her gently as none could but one whose light came from her eyes, he married her; while her sun was setting he placed his hand in her's, that he might go with her down into the night. There are not many such marriages; there were never any holier since the father of mankind looked up into the face of our mother. She lived a few days, a few weeks perhaps, and then he came back to his occupations, and it was never mentioned that there had been any such events in his life.

Have we done wrong in mentioning such incident? As we have said, Bayard Taylor is a stranger to us, except as an author; it is to exhibit his character as an author that we have suffered ourselves to invade these privacies. It is agreed that his conduct in all the circumstances was worthy of the knights of old. Those knights would have felt the succeeding impulse, which guides Bayard Taylor to the bold enterprise in which so many have perished, of finding out the secret of a continent, so that he may redeem it from ghouls and offer it for the occupation and dominion of men.

We repeat that ode of the great Roman,

Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres, etc.

There be who will curse all ships if that which bears Bayard Taylor bear him not safely to his destined port.

## From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

## An Auction Scene.

Strolling through our city we chanced into an auction room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

'Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?'

'I'll give you ten,' says an old lady.

'Going at ten! Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle.'

'I didn't bid on it,' exclaimed the old lady advancing.

'We'll thank persons not to bid, if they don't want an article,' said the auctioneer. 'Going, then, at eight!—who says more than eight?'

'Nine cents,' said an old gentleman opposite us.

'Nine!—nine!—who says ten? Going at nine!—going!—gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents.'

'I didn't bid,' said the old gentleman. 'I don't want it—wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece.'

[Auctioneer getting mad.] 'If any one bids again they will have to take the article or get into trouble!—[throwing down angrily the piece of calico.] "Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper. What can I get for this? What do I hear!—anything you please!"'

'I'll start it at five. "Ten," says another. "Twelve and a half," says a third. "Thirteen!" cries an old lady—"fourteen! fifteen!" several voices.

'Fifteen, I am offered fifteen!—done at fifteen! can't dwell—going!—go-o-i-n-g!—gone!—Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid.

No one came up. All eyes staring in various parts of the room.

'Gone, then, at fourteen! Yours, sir, walk up.'

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

'Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid.'

'I didn't bid; what do you think I want of that article?' said the old lady indignantly.

'Here, I'll take it at thirteen,' exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant came forward.

'Who says they'll take it at thirteen?'

'I do,' said an old farmer.

'Well, sir, walk up and take it.'

'I'm afraid it's stolen goods!' says the bidder.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about collaring the old man, when a person right behind cried—'Don't strike him! it was I that said you stole it!'

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, whom he told us was a *ventriloquist*.

**DEATH OF A SIMILE.**—In the back woods of one of the Southern States, there dwelt one of those clerical characters common to the piney woods, with small natural ability, and still smaller acquirements, remarkable only for the tenacity with which he would cling to one idea. He had taken up the notion that his Satanic majesty bore a striking resemblance to a black fox. While illustrating this simile one Sabbath to his congregation, for the thousandth time save one, a chap who had been hunting near by, arrived at the meeting-house door, with his gun and game; and, suiting the action to the word, threw a defunct black fox on the floor in front of the astonished parson, exclaiming—'There, Parson McK.—blast your black fox—I have killed him at last; and reckon you needn't make no more noise about it no how.' It is needless to say, this was the death-blow to Parson McK.'s simile.

The best thing about a girl, says the sage of the Albany Knickerbocker, is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking while the young lady, who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion is coarse enough to grate nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose so is good nature to the lovely. Girls, think of this.

## Pleasures of Matrimony.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began.—I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt like hands upon Mortimer's ribs;—while the baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been aroused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never keep a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico.—My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, flinging her dusters and muttering, 'real old maid after all!' just because I showed her a table on which I could write 'slut' with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear! for fear of dying old maids.

Mrs. E. B. Hull.

## Bathing in the Dead Sea.

Heated and fatigued we prepared for a general bath—as a private party; for the pilgrims determined to reserve their energies for the sacred Jordan, the lake of Sodom being held by them in horrid abomination. The bad odor in which the lake was held, did not, however, deter us, and having called a halt, we plunged like young ducks in the liquid element, Paulo chuckling like an old hen on the bank. We plunged! disastrous was the plunge—rapidly enough head after head popped up from the execrable waters—hair matted, and tongues burning from the intense sulphurous bitter saltiness of the detestable liquid in which we were immersed; water it was not, nor bitumen, nor salt, nor sulphur, but a disgusting compound of all four.

A hog'shead of it would serve as an emetic for all Asia Minor, and leave some hog'sheads, to spare against the next epidemic; you could neither sink nor swim in it. Talk of a fly in molasses, or a wasp in a barrel of tar—I can find no parallel for a bath in the dead sea. But the sufferings of my companions were a trifle to what I felt. Cut and maimed in consequence of my superior horsemanship, I jumped into the water as raw as a beef-steak, and jumped out of it—as if I were flayed alive. However, let me be just, to this abominable mixture; if I smarted for it, my wounds are effectually cauterized, completely skinned over—the cure was perfect to a miracle. We dressed with the comfortable sensation of men who had been well coated with mutton suet; stiff, greasy, and extremely out of sorts, with a tingling, creeping feeling over the skin; and remounting, turned our steps to the fords of the Jordan.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

**A GREAT MAN'S PREFERENCE.**—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed; and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.

Sir Humphrey Davy.



The following anecdote is related of the eccentric divine, Rowland Hill, one of the most popular and effective preachers of the day:

On one occasion, not more than three years before his death, it is said "he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery; (he was always greatly annoyed at any noise in the chapel;) for a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed,—"What is the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you." A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No sir, it aint the devil as is a doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she is a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

The following, taken from the Paris correspondence of the Boston Atlas, reminds one of the necromancy of the jugglers in China. A valuable water pot that; wonder if there are any more of them:

A gardner near the Jardin des Plantes, has the good fortune to collect the aristocracy in his green house, this week—you see the gardeners are in full tide of fortune now—for he appears to possess one of Moses' gifts.—In the middle of one of the borders of his garden are several dahlia stalks and rose bushes, covered with leaves, but without a single blossom, or even buds; after you have closely examined these plants, the gardener takes a watering pot, filled with a liquid composition, waters the plants, and then covers them with a glass and asks you to look at them. In a minute you see the plant in travail, a bud is formed, it expands, it becomes a flower—all in ten minutes. Cut the flower and it appears as perfect as if it had been nurtured by the sun. Nor is this all. In an adjoining bed he has cherry trees, covered with leaves; he performs the same operation I have just recounted, and in eight minutes you have a plateful of ripe cherries.

**RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.**  
—1. Come in at all times—what business has he to be private?

2. Take his papers with perfect freedom—what use can he have for them?

3. If you bring in a long communication, just "to fill up his paper," insist on reading and discussing it.—Why shouldn't he be glad to spend an hour in listening?

4. If you see his exchanges piled up in all orderly manner on his table, seize and scatter them. What business has he to be particular.

5. If you find his chair vacant at any time, sit in it. Why should he wish to keep his stationery, and scissoring from his visitors?

One half of all the people who write for a living, die of what the physicians call consumption and liver complaint, yet in fact without any actual disease. They induce all the aches and pains and disarrangements of those diseases, by sitting at low tables or desks, in high chairs, and by neglecting to take proper exercise when out of doors. Strolling and loitering, it should be remembered, is not the exercise that is wanted. Let the "patient" board a full mile from his place of labor, and then he will occasionally have to walk briskly over the ground. This is what will put life into him, while loitering for the sake of it, will no more stir his blood than going to sleep in a barber's chair.

*Providence Post.*

In speaking of the old Museum, we neglected our old friend William Goodwin, who kept the house and garden for some time. During his administration there he dispensed a popular beverage called "cream of the valley," the reputation of which extended throughout the State. Its great recommendations by its proprietor, was, that it made every body who tastes it speak the truth. It is said that a person from the country once came to town to obtain some of the wonderful truth extracting liquor, and before purchasing a large quantity, he tasted it: "why," said he, "I should think it was nothing but gin and molasses." "Right, my friend," said Goodwin, "you spoke the truth the first taste."—*New Haven paper.*

**MILK.**—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy, 50 deg. Fahrenheit, all the cream will probably rise in 36 hours, but at 70 deg. it will perhaps all rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes partially solidified. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold, and butter in warm though not thundery weather. The season has its effects—the milk in spring is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for cheese; and in autumn butter keeping better than that of the summer; cows less frequently milked than others, give ricker milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

**HORSE SHOEING.**—The shoes of the horse should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface; as those with high heels which asinine smiths make in imitation of their own are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is lowered, and nature's plan reversed, which elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in because the smith likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels. This is both unphilosophical and detrimental, it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof; so that the master who thinks that his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath, and invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst. The heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is most exposed; and if that be inflamed what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse falls suddenly lame, or drops as if he had been shot—phrases in much too common use to require explanation; and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man, who, having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes "grogginess" to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The above remarks are from the pen of Mr. Miles, veterinary surgeon of the English Life Guards.

**HUMBOLDT** makes mention of a curious fact respecting the American Buffalo, which Col. Benton employs as an argument for the Central Pacific Railway. Humboldt says:

"It is worthy of remark that the American buffalo has exerted an influence in the progress of geography in trackless mountainous regions. These animals wander in the winter in search of a milder climate, in herds of several thousands, to the south of the Arkansas river. In these migrations their size and unwieldiness make it difficult for them to pass over high mountains. When, therefore, a well trodden buffalo path is met with, it is advisable to follow it, as being sure to conduct to the most convenient pass across the mountains. The best route through the Cumberland Mountains, in the southwest part of Virginia and Kentucky, in the Rocky Mountains between the sources of the Yellow Stone and the Platte, and between the southern branches of the Columbia and the Rio Colorado of California, were thus marked out beforehand by buffalo paths."

**THE TRUE IDEA.**—The policy of every man in business, and who must live by the public, is to let the public hear of him. His best speaking trumpet is the newspaper advertisement. In a populous community and a rapid age like this, every trader must make himself heard and known, otherwise he will fall behind the progress of his neighbors. He may be up early in the morning and late at night, and tax highly his physical energies, and eat the bread of carefulness, with honest intentions and a steady brain, yet he is ever open to the chances of failure for want of that intellectual sagacity—those *wide view of things*, without which no man can have a *safe basis* for his business.

"Doctor, that ere ratsbane of yourn is first rate," said a yankee to an apothecary.

"Know'd it! know'd it!" said the pleasant vender of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first rate doctor stuff."

"And doctor," said the other coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound."

"Yes, sir. I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I am sure another pound would kill him."

Speculators generally die poor. If they make ten thousand dollars to-day on a coal mine, they must try to make twenty thousand to-morrow by dabbling in the do 'em brown railroad. Like the boy who undertook to steal figs through a knot hole, they get their hands so full of sweets, that they can't pull them back again.—Barnum is immensely rich to-day, and yet it would not surprise us at all to see him as poor as pauper's soup ten years from now. Avarice is almost as fatal to a man's fortune as improvidence.—*Dutchman.*

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician, in Boston, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients; at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his own work."

**PATHETIC.**—The following is the first of a string of verses, on the death of a respectable man, (captain of a whale ship, we conclude,) in New London. Truly, "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous:"

"The ensign droops, the Captain's gone,  
The big sea monsters, could they know it,  
Would hold an ocean jubilee,  
Toss up their tails and gladly blow it."

The author ought to be harpooned.

The Carpet Bag says that a lady much addicted to the use of cosmetics, having been attacked by the measles, the disease was unable to work its way out, in consequence of the manner in which the pores of her face were putted up with pearl powder. Saffron and warm drinks were unavailing. The disease struck in, the unfortunate lady died, and upon her death bed confessed that she had chalked out her own fate.

**THE MILKY WAY.**—The number of Telescopic stars in the Milky Way, is estimated at 18,000,000. In order, I will not say to realize the greatness of this number, but at any rate to compare it with something analogous, I will call attention to the fact, that there are not in the whole heavens more than 8,000 stars visible to the naked eye.—*Humboldt.*

Few men living or dead, have said so many good and true things as the late Sidney Smith. When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbors should give away who are least apt to give anything themselves, Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

**NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.**—One of the delegates to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, from France, who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in English, remarked on rising, as he looked around upon the great number of bald heads and venerable men before him, that he felt "very much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

**GOOD NEWS FOR EPICURES.**—A paper in Dickens' Household Words, states that the spawn of a single oyster will supply oysters enough for 1200 bbls.

"I loved my wife," said Mr. Caudle, "and for the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up. Ever since I have been sorry I didn't."

Advice is like the snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

An angry cook was seen one day last week blowing up the fire, because it would't burn.