

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Reception of the President at New York.

Our northern exchange papers give most glowing accounts of the reception of Gen. Pierce at New York, on the 14th instant.

A telegraphic correspondence of the Baltimore papers says that at 10 o'clock on the 14th, the committee of the city council, together with the committee of reception, arrived at Castle Garden, having the President of the United States and suite in charge, accompanied by Governor Fort of New Jersey, whilst salutes were being fired from Gouverneur's and Bedlow's Islands and from the battery, under the direction of Brigadier Gen. Morris.

After entering Castle Garden, which was thronged with people, the President was formally welcomed to the city by the Mayor, to which he responded in a neat and appropriate speech, which was received with great enthusiasm.

The first division of military were stationed on the battery, with an immense throng of spectators, and were reviewed by the President on horseback, amid the shouts and hurrahs of the multitude.

The procession was then formed, and was full one hour in passing out the Battery. The parade was very splendid, but a severe storm of rain for a time interrupted the evolutions of the troops.

After the rain had ceased the procession took up its line of march for the Crystal Palace. Throughout the entire route the streets were literally jammed with the masses of people, and the President was greeted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, &c.

At 2 o'clock the cortege reached the Crystal Palace, and the President and Cabinet were conducted to a platform on the north nave, where were also assembled Generals Scott and Wool, Governor Hunt, and many other distinguished personages from home and abroad.

On the platform of the east nave were the officers of the Army and Navy, British officers, Mayors of different cities, Foreign Consuls, Mayor and Councils of New York, and various public functionaries.

The opening prayer was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Wainwright, followed by an anthem sung by the New York Harmonic, and accompanied by the National Guard Band.

The President was then welcomed by Theodore Sedgwick in a neat address, to which he replied in a very short address, pleading his inability to speak at length.

He seemed very much fatigued. The ceremonies were then closed with Handel's celebrated hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah," which, sung by an immense chorus, produced a magnificent musical effect.

The palace was not overcrowded, as none but the invited guests, and those holding season tickets were admitted.

The City Banquet in honor of the President, took place on the 15th, and was a magnificent affair.

A little after one o'clock, while the arrival of the procession, a large pane of glass was knocked out of one of the circle of windows in the dome, by a workman who was engaged in nailing a strip of canvass over the frame, and fell among the guests seated on the northern platform.

In its descent it cut through the American flag which canopied part of the platform, and passing within a few inches of an elderly gentleman's head, it struck the carpet just behind Gen. Scott.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

HAY.—Since the construction of the Western Plank Road we have frequently urged upon our country friends to bring Hay and Fodder to this place, and wipe out the reproach upon a State essentially agricultural, of depending for such articles upon New York, and Connecticut, and Maine.

We think there is a fair prospect of effecting this most desirable object. During the last week there were three loads, amounting to near ten thousand pounds of beautiful Hay, far exceeding the Northern in quality, (at least such of the Northern as we get here,) brought in from Forsyth county. Two of the loads were brought by Mr. Romulus A. Shults, the pioneer in this trade from that quarter. They sold for \$1 25 per 100 lbs.

One of the wagons, drawn by two small horses, brought what would have been a full load for four horses on the old road.

We learn that such hay has been abundant in that country at 30 cts. per 100 lbs. but that since the article has been brought here at a profit, it has risen to 50 cts. Let us look therefore at the effect of our Plank Road upon the actual value of lands in Forsyth county. The meadow from which this hay came, has yielded at the first cutting this year, about 2300 lbs. per acre,—of herds grass, clover, &c. At the second cutting it will yield fully as much or more of blue grass. 5000 lbs., worth formerly, at 50 cents, \$15 per acre; worth now, at 50 cents, \$25 per acre. This shows a clear gain to the farmer of \$10 per annum per acre, or interest equal to an increase in the value of his land of \$166 66 per acre.

We learn that this hay comes from a meadow of 12 acres which has yielded its regular annual crop for upwards of a hundred years, without being sowed or manured.

NEW YORK, July 15.

The President and suite left the Astor House at 10 o'clock this morning, on a trip of pleasure down the bay. Previous to starting he received a large number of visitors, who thronged the hotel at an early hour.

The Crystal Palace is being arranged with great despatch, and in a few days the exhibition will be open in all its splendor and magnificence.

The unpleasant feelings which had existed with some in regard to the delay in completing the edifice are just giving way to a feeling of delight at the present appearance of affairs.

THE THREE MELON SEED.

When I was a school boy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have read, in an English journal, whose name I have forgotten, a story which may have been a fiction; but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression on me then, and I will endeavor to draw it forth from the locker of my memory; and engage beforehand, to be very much indebted to any one who will indicate its original source.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their fruit and wine at an eating house in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room, where they were sitting, and seated himself at one end of the table; and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale.

His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was getting thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was seditate, with a slight touch of melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout, with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a school-master.

He continued to masticate his chop, and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a melon seed, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon the right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered, from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party, that this petty impudence was intentional.

The stranger stopped, and picked up the melon seed, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features, as he carefully wrapped up the seed in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as they were by the wine they had partaken, capzipped their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another melon seed from the same hand, struck him on the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor and carefully deposited with the first.

And shouts of laughter, a third melon seed was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited it with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger.

He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and led to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with the air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than present his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest.

He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In early life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one only of the melon seeds. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that very weapon.

They met and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire; he fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bones; and as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the melon seed had fallen. Here ended the first lesson.

A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those accursed melon seeds arrived, with the captain's apology on the score of ill health, for not sending it before.

Again they met, fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unharmed, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist. The third melon seed was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the offending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense, but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence was received that he was confined to his lodgings by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels, once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the melon seeds. The note was superscribed in the

captain's well known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote deficient manuscript. There was an unusual solemnity, also, in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the melon seed in a blank envelope. "And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" "You are to understand sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead."

THE MAN OF BIG WORDS.

We once heard a man say to a waiter of a hotel, "My good fellow, agitate the communicator." He meant ring the bell. This sort of affectation is very common, and particularly among a certain class of professional men.

We know a medical man, who, though talking to the most illiterate of his patients, tells them there is great tenderness about the epigastrium, a sad derangement of the chylipoietic viscera, and a want of proper peristaltic action of the abdominal viscera, &c.

Lawyers are full of "de bene esse" and Latin quotations—"Falsus in factis, falsus in omnibus"—is often at the lawyer's ends, and one half of the things he is asked to translate, would probably give you a very liberal one, and something like the following: False in one thing—you may be mistaken in an omnibus.

The celebrated Dr. Parr, the great Greek scholar, was once compelled to spend a Sunday in a country village in Warwickshire, England. He was introduced to the curate of the village, and to officiate for him on that day. The curate modestly told him his congregation was entirely composed of illiterate country people, who would scarcely understand the language of so learned a man. The Doctor obviated this difficulty by promising to use the simplest terms he could call from the English language. He preached; and, after the sermon, as he and the curate walked home together, he asked if he had not kept his word. The curate said he certainly had, with the exception of one term. "What is that?" said the Doctor. "The word felicity," replied the curate. "Oh, nonsense," said the astonished doctor; "every body understands that. See, I will ask that countryman just passing. Here, John, my man, can you tell me the meaning of felicity?" John took off his hat, and scratched his head, and after thinking a little, said, "Why, I don't know, zur, exactly, but I think it is some out at the inside of a pig." The Doctor was satisfied then, as we have been sadly, since, that "felicity" is not well understood by the English peasantry.

It is the province of a gentleman always to adapt himself to the persons he is addressing, and it is the pride of the true scholar to convey his knowledge to others in the simplest and most understandable style. There is a want of integrity in clothing trifling ideas in garments which do not fit them—asses in the lion's skin.

The most amusing instance we remember of an English clergyman to his congregation, who had petitioned him to use a simpler style of expression in the pulpit. It was as follows:

"RESPECTED FRIENDS—My oral documents have recently been the subject of your vituperation. I hope it will not be deemed an instance of vain elocution, if I laconically pronoulate that, avoiding all syllogisms, aristocratic, or poripatetic propositions, whether physiologically, philosophically, politically, or polemically considered, all hyperbolic expression, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, I assure you that they shall be categorically assimilated with, considered and rendered congenial to the caputs, occupants and cerebriums of you, my most superlatively respecte I auditors."

It was said at the time that the congregation considered the remedy worse than the disease, and concluded to let the minister have his own way.—N. O. Delta

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your own business; never trust to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill-stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plough deep while slugs sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially, never place dependence on becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes, have to go for a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

Above all things never despair. "God is where he was." "He helps those who truly trust in him."

IMPORTANT RUMOR.

New York, July 17.—The following was received this morning from the Liverpool correspondent of the New York associated press, whence it had been transmitted by the steamer Arabia:

London, July 2d.—A telegraphic dispatch announces that a Russian corps of 12,000 men had entered Jassy, the principal town of Moldavia. This may prove the signal for a general war."

PROPENSITIES AND HABITS OF LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible size; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness of the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more singing a catch. Like our Scotch stags, they roar mostly in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troop of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of the troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour during the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific battle ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide spreading mound, within the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty rocks or fields of long rank yellow grass, occurring in lowly valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans, that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon was at the full, the morning, and when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them lapping water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which in a dark night glow like two balls of fire.

DR. AND MRS. IVES.—In common with other newspapers, we inserted some days ago a silly paragraph to the effect that Mrs. Ives was returning to Rome with her brother, Dr. Hobart, in consequence of that gentleman having been notified, by the Pope, that Mrs. Ives and her husband could no longer sustain the conjugal relation, as the reverend convert would receive holy orders in the course of the summer. This interesting piece of information is preposterous and ridiculous, and carries its own refutation with it. All the currency which it has obtained hitherto has been due either to oversight, or to the most amusing ignorance of the discipline and doctrines of the Roman Church.

Inuprimis, the Pope, has no power to divorce Dr. Ives and his wife—the marriage relation is regarded by the Papacy to be as holy and indissoluble an alliance as it is by any of the reformed churches, by which it is treated very much in the light of a civil contract. In the second place, without a voluntary and complete separation consummated and rendered inevitable by the act of the parties, the Pope has just as little power as inclination to confer holy orders on Dr. Ives. In the third place, it is not probable that the late Bishop of the Roman Camera would be unusually anxious to secure his apostolical services as a presbyter or priest—nor is it likely that there is any scarcity of able, learned, and efficient men within the brilliant circle of the great hierarchy.

Mrs. Ives is very likely returning home—probably as stated with her brother—but without the alleged *dimittas*. If there is any separation at all it is her own act—for though Dr. Ives may be torn from the Episcopal Church, his conversion has not sullered him from the conjugal chains of Mr. Ives. She may still claim him and sue out a habeas corpus for him if she likes, as soon as he gets back to the United States.—Richmond Enquirer.

YOUNG AMERICA.—In the geography of Young America, the following boundaries of the United States are now glibly given: East by sunrise, West by sunset, North by the Arctic Expedition, and South as far as we darn please!

THE MORMONS.

The New Orleans Republican says: "Their missions to Europe and also here are attended with a wonderful success. They are fetching to this country converts by the thousands, if not by the millions. An English paper in their interest, called the Millennial Star, in speaking of the Mormon emigration from that country, pretends to furnish an abstract statement for the satisfaction of all who are interested in the gathering of the people of God," and says: "Eight vessels have sailed from this port since the 15th of January last, with 2,386 saints; 23 saints have emigrated by other vessels, making a total of 2,600, nearly all of whom had their arrangements made before leaving, to proceed directly through to the Great Salt Lake Valley. Of this number 2,252 have emigrated by their own arrangements, 957 of the £10 companies, 400 by the Perpetual Fund Company. The whole involving an immediate expenditure of about £30,000. The entire machinery for making the best broadcloth went out under the direction of Elder George Halliday. The machinery belongs to the Deseret Manufacturing Company, and is constructed on the most approved principle."

"At this rate the Salt Lake Valley will soon be densely populated. But what the character of its inhabitants will be is probably not very well known. Under the sanction of religion the Mormons have spiritual wives and a plurality of wives. We have just seen it stated that Brigham Young, their present leader, with his half score of wives more or less, has over thirty children; and so of the rest of them. They have also other practices equally objectionable, and if they are to have the government of one of the States of the Union at some time as doubtless they will, all necessary care should be taken by Congress that they are not an enemy in our midst, instead of a friendly member of the great family."

LATER FROM MEXICO.

New Orleans, July 13.—Salazan, the Mexican Minister of State, maintains the incontestable right of Mexico to the Mecilla Valley, and threatens to resign in case the least concession is made to Gen. Lane. The Trait' d' Union doubts whether Mexico will entertain any proposition for the purchase of the Valley. The fact that the Sloc drafts have been dishonored, excites deep distrust. The Isthmus of Tehauntepec has been declared a separate territory, with Mantisian for its capital.

STARVATION IN SPAIN.—It appears that the miserable condition to which Ireland was reduced a few years ago, is paralleled by what is now taking place in Spain. A writer in a French paper says:

"In vain the venerable Bishop of St. Jacques, in presence of more than six hundred unfortunate resembling moving corpses, who daily besiege his gate, has sold his mules and carriage. In vain has he reduced himself and his servants to the strict necessities, in order that he might give the rest to those who perish of hunger. All that he or the other bishops and clergy, all that the government can do according to the Esperanza, is but a drop of water to extinguish the conflagration. When we speak of the government, however, we must remember that a last contribution made by it of 3,000,000 of reals had not been distributed. In the mountains, the starving die by dozens, and in many places fevers of the most dangerous character are joined with the famine. Hundreds of sick expire from want of nourishment and medicine. The streets of our cities are encumbered with old men, women and children, with the visages of corpses, covered with miserable rags, and even worse, troubling themselves no longer except to die in quiet, and imploring with loud cries the succors of the public charity. At the gates of the Archbishopal Palace more than a thousand people wait for daily bread; and I hear that lately four thousand five hundred poor assembled to receive the alms distributed in the city by one gentleman."

AUTHORS AND PRINTERS.—In the great arena of life's varied pursuits, there is no class of actors more shamefully misrepresented than the author and the printer. The world forms a wrong estimate of the value of each, from not being able to distinguish, in the perfection of their labors, the efforts of one from the other. An author is sometimes lauded to the skies, when in fact, if his manuscripts had been given to the public instead of the printed volume, he would have appeared in a most ridiculous aspect; and if a comparison of two were made a striking resemblance would be found only in the title page.—Among this grade are some Congressmen, Assemblymen, &c., whose elevation may be attributed to a false public estimate of their abilities from reading their printed speeches. A work was published a short time ago in this city, and favorably noticed by the press, the manuscripts of which would compare with the effort of "Charles Yellow plash;" and it is really a readable book, but the compositor and proof-reader made it so. Such writers are a source of more vexation to the printer, than perhaps anything else with which he has to contend; while the necessity begets such a proneness, that others often appear to a disadvantage through his uncontrollable habit of altering and amending; and thus the innocent suffer from his intrepid zeal in behalf of those who are really culpable.—Philadelphia Sun.

A turn of Fortune's Wheel.—A hard working and industrious American family, the father of which is a coal heaver and the mother a washer-woman, residing in the rear of Marion street, in this city, has just received information that a brother of the former recently died in Calcutta, leaving them the very acceptable sum of \$52,000. The family comprises several children. We trust that their future may be as happy and contented as their past has been wearisome.—Boston Commonwealth.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

My text this morning is contained in these words: How soulless is woman! How tender is woman! How lofty is woman! How loving is woman! How childlike is woman!

My hearers—sure enough, how soulless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle—a most intricate enigma; a flower which, by analyzing—no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or innocuous—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics, a magnetic mystery. Nobody knows what her head contains.—Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and sympathy; and at others filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her; you cause the acids and alkalis in her nature to come in contact; and then such an effervescence takes place as might lower the ambition of per-lash and cipher.

Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and flowers. Many a tear drop evaporates in the warm light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall, and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a passing cloud of sorrow about the size of a blanket.

Griefs bubble up from her bosom to burst in an atmosphere of joy, like autumnal flowers, spring from the warm bed of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made of modesty, boldness, beauty, silk, satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse hair, whalebone, piety, paint, gaiety, gum-elastic, bear's oil, sympathy, tears, smiles, affections and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in her actions, and yet I can't understand her.

My friends—how tender is woman!—She is as tender as a chicken, and as tough as an old turkey gobbler. She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, sheltered from storms, and protected from the blasts of winter—and yet if she makes up her mind to do it she can out sweat the sun, face a northeaster and be a match for the devil. But inwardly she is as tender as the mercies of heaven; her heart is as much softer than human's as beeswax is softer than a brick-bat. Her sympathies are as tender as the down upon an angel's wing, and her love appears as fresh and unfolding amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircled old winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance or time may bring, as tough as a stripe and twice as common.

My dear friends—how lofty is woman! No matter whether born in a cellar, she can sometimes be as lofty as a garret.—When once she gets her back up. O cats and broomsticks—look out for yourselves!—she is right as Olympus, and savage as a sausage machine. In high wrath, she is as crazy as a bed-bug, as strong as a tiger, and as terrible as a tornado. She can blaze away as though heaven, hell and earth were coming to close quarters; but in a few moments it is all over—nobody killed. Then she comes down from the mountains whence she has been rolling big stones on the people below—softens down to a jelly, and becomes as quiescent as a goose pond after a tempest. The breeches won't fit—she must resume the petticoat, and be a woman after all.

My hearers—how lovingly is woman! Aye, she is amazingly lively in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a 'possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings which no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper-leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses to a bushy head of hair.

My hearers—how childlike is woman! A plaything for herself, she is fond of every plaything in the world's great toy shop. Her home is the realm of fancy; her existence is the very ideal of reality; her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance; her present is always bright and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every posy that pops its head above the weeds of this wicked world, and have no thorns to molest me whilst gathering the wild flowers of imagination. Childlike, woman is ever happy. Ticked with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon by moonlight, and as merry as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy and seems to use every endeavor to coax us male, moody mortals into brighter and happier paths.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—Of the venomous, forked tongued, creeping reptiles that infest the earth, a professional tattler is the most loathsome. There "are some whose meat and honey it is to get up angry feelings between neighbors, and, if possible, get them into law or a fist fight. They seem to study their profession with a noble zeal, and doubtless spend sleepless nights in framing and inventing lies to wound some honest Christian's feelings, and then chuckle in their throats at the success of their malevolence. Beelzebub the Great, is the God and King of all such, and some of them will be counted tough bits when his chief cook pins 'em on the spit in the brimstone kitchen! We've not room to say more about these poisonous varmint—blistered be their tongues.—Spirit of the Age.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

The five express companies of New York City have used the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINAMENT, with astonishing success, for all diseases requiring an external application, incident to a large number of horses. It has also proved to be the best remedy ever used for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises, Piles, &c. See advertisement in another column.