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POETRY.

Carnivorous Plants.

BY JOEL STACY.

What's this I hear,
My Molly dear,
About the new carnivora?
Can little plants
Eat bugs and ants,
Why—bless my eyes!
Who is the great diskiverer?

Not Darwin, love,
For that would prove
A sort of retrograding;
Surely the fare
Of flowers is air,
Or sunshine sweet.
They shouldn't eat
Or do aught so degrading!

Alas 'twould be
Sad news to me,
To hear your own dear Fido, pet,
Had lost his breath
To cruel death
[illegible] one day
To thoughtless play,
[illegible]nt too near a violet!

Or, horror! what
If, heeding not,
Some cruel plant carnivorous
We ventured near—
Yes *we*, my dear—
And swallowed were,
With no one there
To succor or deliver us.

And yet to die
By blossoms I
Would call a doom chromatic,
For one might wait
A harder fate
Than have a rose
End all his woes
In pain called aromatic.

Ah, science knows
Each flower that blows
And all its wicked habits
'Tis not for us
To make a fuss;
For aught we know,
The lillies grow
From dining on Welsh rabbits!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

MISCELLANY.

The Bottom Drawer.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jo, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives, that his going away was like covering our everyday existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb upon my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door knobs. I want some one to tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulder, to lose my ax, to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come, and to call "good night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across at the crib and see our boy there as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

How Cod Liver Oil is Made.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* who has examined a distillery for the manufacture of this article, at St. John's Newfoundland, gives the following: During one of our rambles on shore, we inspected a cod liver oil distillery, and the mode of manufacture is so simple and interesting that I venture to insert a description of it for the benefit of consumers of the beverage. The livers are first washed with fresh water, and great care is taken to cleanse them of all traces of gall, the gall not only discoloring the oil, but giving it a disagreeable, bitter taste. They are then placed in a vat and heated by steam, from a boiler underneath, to a temperature of 112 Fahr., which raises the exuded oil to the surface, whence it is skimmed off carefully. It is then filtered three times; first, through three bags, one within the other, the inner one made of flannel, and the two outer ones of muslin; then through three others similarly placed one inside the other, but made of stuff resembling Canton flannel; from these last bags it drips into a large tin trough, and is drawn off into puncheons through a faucet, over the mouth of which is placed a screen of the finest muslin, which excludes every trace of sediment and dirt. It is then ready for the market and in color and general appearance, closely resembles Santerne wine. Our polite but fishy host pressed me to drink a glass of it, but I declined with all the politeness I could command. He evidently looked upon my refusal to drink, as a slight upon his oil, and brought every argument in his power to bear, to induce me to alter my decision. At last he was successful, for after informing me that out of the same glass offered to us, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle had drunk of it, I could hardly refuse. I found its flavor not unpalatable, but it was almost tasteless, with barely a vestige of the nauseating, rancid odor of the "Pure Cod Liver Oil" sold in New York drug stores. From being extracted at a low temperature it is said not to retain its purity longer than fifteen months, after which period it is mixed with ingredients to preserve its taste, or rather to prevent its rancid flavor from becoming too apparent.

When a man can look upon the simple wild rose and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

MRS. MADELINE WEBB.

BY EVA EDEN.

"WANTED.—An elderly lady as a companion for an invalid. Must be intelligent, refined, a good reader, and come well recommended. Apply immediately at No. 1056, Grand Avenue."

This headed the long column of "wants" in the morning paper, and though Ethel Vaughan read the entire list, her mind and eyes would wander back to the first, and wishes and plans would fill her imagination for the place. She had been sick for many weeks, and now, upon her convalescence, found herself almost without money, and a wardrobe so meagre as to be alarming. She had been a music teacher, but the strain upon her had been too great, and had resulted in a prostration fearfully low, but with the aid of a good, strong constitution and the care of an excellent physician, she had fought the struggle through, and was again ready for work. She was alone, there had never been any brothers or sisters, and so when her parents had died, she was left alone in comparatively moderate circumstances. As long as she was well she did not mind the work, but weak and nervous, she knew full well it would only be death to try again the arduous labors of a music teacher, and then her pupils were all gone. She had been sick a long while and impatient of delay they had obtained other teachers. She could not be a seamstress or a clerk, she was not strong enough. What then could she do?

Now if she were only elderly, there would be no trouble. She knew herself well enough to be certain that she was intelligent and refined enough for such a position, and she had always been commended for her reading. Dr. Scott would gladly recommend her, for he had known her for years, and his position was such in the city that the influence of his name would be potential in securing anything she might covet.

But the age. She was not elderly. There was no stretching the imagination into believing her over twenty-five, though she was in reality but twenty, and for once in her life Ethel Vaughan wished herself as old and wrinkled as her nurse. There was another reason why she wished to be again at work. Though she had saved money to pay all the expenses of her illness, yet she found herself indebted to Dr. Scott for many delicacies and dainties that she had craved, and she knew that he was beginning to love her, and the thought was intolerable that she should have to give him pain by refusing his proffered care and affection.

She leaned back among the cushions, weary with projects. Her way seemed hedged about, and try as she would, there seemed no escape. When just as she was beginning to despair, a plan, venturesome and doubtful, dawned upon her. She would assume the attire of an elderly widow and make an application for the place. She grew strong with the thought, and when the doctor came for his evening visit he found her more animated than for a long time. To him she confided her plan, never allowing him time to interpose an objection or a remark as to his own feelings. After they had talked the matter over, and arranged the disguise, or rather the garb of concealment, the doctor asked where the place was, and the moment his eye rested on the street and number, he exclaimed, "Why, Ethel, it is old Mrs. Whitney: I know her well. She has been a patient of mine for years. It will be just the place for you, for your duties will be only nominal, and your salary ample and secure. The old lady has weak eyes, and she is compelled to keep them constantly shaded. This, added to her bad health, makes her indeed an invalid"

"How large is her family, Doctor?" enquired Ethel. "Herself and one son, who is now and has been, for about a year, away from home. He is traveling, and I understand from his mother, is not to return for about three years. They live elegantly, though very retired, have a host of servants, a fine mansion, and almost unlimited wealth. You will see very little company that you will probably like, as you need not fear detection. It would never do for you to go as you are, for the old lady imagines every girl has designs upon her son, and cannot tolerate one in her presence."

Ethel Vaughan or Mrs. Madeline Webb, looked every inch a widow lady of about thirty-five or forty, with her false black hair sprinkled with gray in lieu of her own golden curls. The widow's cap was becoming, and matched well the plain old-fashioned dress. She played her part to perfection, and had no difficulty; armed with a note from the Doctor, in winning Mrs. Whitney's favor, and before the end of the week she was installed reader and companion. The invalid was gentle and kind, and her duties light. She read for an hour or two, was the amanuensis, talked entertainingly, and then after taking tea with the old lady, was at liberty to do what she chose, but generally she passed the evening with her sewing or conversing, finding the grand old house dull enough with only the servants for company, outside the sick room. Thus for weeks and months the quiet stream of her life rippled on uneventful, unexcited, undisturbed, only broken by the letters from the absent son. These she read to the mother, gradually becoming so interested in them that she watched and waited their coming with impatience. After a few messages Mrs. Whitney would intrust the answer entirely to her, and the young girl wrote out her pent up feelings to this stranger, secure in the mother's name affixed, and she read in his letters the replies that only she understood and appreciated. At last one day a letter came that he was coming home, and that they might expect him immediately. Mrs. Whitney was overjoyed, and talked incessantly of her boy, content that her companion silently listened. His room was elegantly arranged, all the care devolving upon the "widow," who was careful that every detail should be just what she imagined he would like.

When he came, she met him in his mother's room, with an odd throbbing of her heart, but returned his bow, as "My friend and companion, Mrs. Webb, Edgar, my son," introduced them, and though he scrutinized her closely, she was outwardly calm, and after a few remarks, left mother and son together. But her duties brought her constantly into direct communication with Mr. Whitney, and as he rarely left his mother, there were but few hours that the "widow and the heir" were apart. He joined in the reading, and the dull pages grew interesting and entertaining as he would read hour by hour, letting her rest, and then he would talk of his travels, and she would half forget her position, and in question or listening, prove herself to be well informed, and he would watch for the glow of interest that would flush her cheek.

He became very attractive to her, and though she received his care and politeness half patronizingly as became her age, yet often she would surrender herself to the feelings of the moment, and neither rebuke or repulse.

But one day came for which she was not in the slightest degree prepared.

"Mrs. Webb, may I have a little talk with you in the library?" he asked, as they arose from their dinner, which they ate in the great dining-room alone. She silently assented, and they passed into that apartment, when, drawing an easy chair before the fire, he tenderly seated her, and taking her hand in his, said:

"Mrs. Webb, I love you. Ever since I came home I have been attracted to you more and more every day, and I could not refrain from to-night telling you this. You have known me but a short time, but have not our letters been a means of acquaintance that compensates for the brevity of my stay with you? In yours I recognized a woman's heart, loving and pure, and when I returned home and found you here, I rejoiced, for I knew that you were the woman of all the world I should wish to marry. Do you not love me? I cannot wait longer for a reply."

Mrs. Webb's voice quivered as she said, "Mr. Whitney, have you thought of the disparity in our ages? Why, I am almost old enough for your mother, and am failing, while you are young and just starting in life. You are rich and I must labor for my living. Have you thought what the world would say if you were to marry your mother's companion, old and wrinkled? Is not this a mere fancy, that will take wing before the smiles of some of the beautiful young girls you may meet?" The tears would come, but the spectacles hid the bright eyes, and the firm lips trembled only a little as she paused.

"No, Madeline, if you will let me have the right to call you so, nothing will change me. Think you I have not had ample opportunity to try my love among the fair women I have met in my travels, and I tell you now, old as you call yourself, you are my choice. I care not what the world says; I am independent enough to manage my own affairs, and I plead with you not to let that keep us apart. Try me by what test you will, but give me a hope. You may be old enough to be my mother—for that does not afflict me—but you are young and beautiful to me, and I claim you for my own by my great love for you."

His pleading prevailed and they were betrothed, but she asked for silence, and so their engagement was known to none. She continued to fill her accustomed place in the invalid's chamber, and listened to the mother's praise of her boy with deeper interest than ever before. After two or three months she asked Mrs. Whitney to allow her a few weeks to go away to arrange some affairs and to recuperate, as she was quite exhausted, and after a few days she was ready to depart, and promising to write regularly to Edgar, who clung to her and regretted her absence, she left.

The days wore on lonesome enough in the Whitney mansion, after the "widow's" departure; and so Edgar commenced responding to the numerous invitations that poured in upon him from the best families in the city. At one of these parties he met a beautiful girl, fair and accomplished, with exquisitely moulded features and form. She sang divinely, and her motions were the embodiment of grace; she was more bewitching to him than to any of the other gentlemen who crowded about her, reserving for him her brightest smiles and most winning ways. She strove to gain his praise, and would turn from the gay crowd about her to him, to walk with him, or sing or talk to him. She constantly reminded him of some one, and when she was reading or conversing, he would watch her with a puzzled air, that seeing she would remark, but he evaded her questions. When accidentally her fingers met his, as he turned her sheets of music, he thrilled with the delicate touch, and bent low to speak to her, until he inhaled the sweet breath of the white verbenas in the golden curls. But in a moment, as she raised her eyes to his, the sudden passion was passed, and he remembered the woman whom he had won; the pure noble heart which he had so prized, and he scorned himself for even the brief forgetfulness. It was strange that, that morning there should have come a letter from her "telling him if he ever repented the engagement she would absolve him from a vow that must never fetter; that if he ever found another that was nearer his own age that he was free to woo her, only to be honorable enough to first tell her of the change."

He pondered the matter well. If he had never met Madeline Webb, if he were absolutely free, would he marry this girl; did he regret his engagement; was the burden more than he could bear; had the thought of marriage grown intolerable to him? These were questions that he considered well, and his heart seemed to be divided. When memory recalled the gentle face and sweet voice of the little form clothed in black, the smooth hair, with the gray lying like threads of silver across its bands, the many happy moments in the sick room, his whole soul would thrill with love for the absent one. But when the syren voice of the fairy-like woman at his side called his name and the long curls swept his sleeve, and the white fingers toyed with his flowers, the past, with its promises and affections, were swept apart by the flood of the present moments.

One day, as the rain dashed against the windows, as they stood side by side, she said to him, 'I am so lonely to-day. It seems to me sometimes that I would not care to live if the future be as gloomy as the past. The present is all there is of my life that has aught of joy in it, and for that I have to thank you. Do you know I am going away next week and I suppose then I shall never see you again. O! how dreary and sad the world looks to-night,' and she shivered, and with eyes clouded with tears looked up into his face.

He took her hand, cold and clammy, in his, and would have drawn her to him, while words, burning with love and passion trembled on his lips, but though the blood fled from cheek and brow, with an effort he crushed them back, and stood silent before her.

"Do not say you do not care to live, my friend. There is much of beauty and love in this world, and there's many a true heart."

It was impossible to say more, and raising the slender fingers to his lips, he pressed a kiss upon them, and then abruptly left her.

The next morning there came a note bidding her good-bye, saying it would be out of his power to call upon her ere she left the city. The same mail bore to Mrs. Webb a letter, pleading with her to return, and telling her all that had occurred in the past few weeks, but assuring her that his love had withstood the test, and that he could be separated from her no longer. The answer came speedily, "Meet me at Dr. Scott's," who had been married, and at whose home Edgar Whitney had met the fair young girl at whose side he had whiled away so many pleasant hours.

He could scarce await the arrival of his betrothed, but was at the rendezvous hours before she came, and met her with the tenderest greeting. "O! my darling, Heaven bless you; I am so glad to have you with me again, you shall never leave me, so long as I live. I have been sorely tempted, Madeline, but I am all your own for ever and ever.'

"Did you not regret, Edgar, our engagement; would you not, if you had been free, chosen differently. If so, believe me, though it should wring my heart, I would say farewell, and leave you to win a younger and fairer bride."

His arm encircled her with love and tenderness, and his kind words reassured her; but after a brief while she seemed down-hearted, and kept asking him, "Are you sure you love me, Edgar?" but he never wearied of repeating his words of affection, and she grew gay and happy.

"Let me lay one hand over your eyes, dear. Now keep them tight shut, don't you look," and she placed her outstretched palm to shut out the light. A quick motion and the widow's cap, the spectacles, the false gray hair were at her feet, and the waterproof thrown back revealed the young, fresh face and lithe form of Ethel Vaughan.

"Now, Edgar!"

"Why, Miss Ethel, is it possible you are here, Mrs. Webb, Madeline," a look of blank amazement, then a cry so happy, so rapturous, that it spoke a world of tender love, "All mine, what shall I call you, Madeline or Ethel, both are dear, but I won you by the first, and that you shall ever be, unless you were afraid to trust me, darling, unless you tried me? No wonder often I caught glimpses of your old self in the pretty young girl. But why did you never assume this in touching the widow garb. She explained, and especially his telling how often he had been on the point of revealing the secret, and Mrs. Webb insisted that she was still jealous of her rival, her "other self," Ethel Vaughan. They never told Mrs. Whitney, for Edgar knew it would only excite and confuse her, and when he introduced "my wife, Ethel, or mother, as I call her most, Madeline," the old lady only remarked, "how familiar your voice is," but many a hearty laugh have the young folks had over the "false front and specs," though Edgar often declares they were the most becoming things his wife ever wore.

Colonial Manufacture of Silk.

From the very first, under the popular impression probably that the country was particularly adapted to the production of silk, special efforts were made in nearly all the colonies to direct and divert the attention of the people to this particular industry; and it is recorded that the first Assembly that convened in Virginia under a written constitution, in 1621, especially occupied itself with considering "how best to encourage the silk culture." In 1662 also the Virginia Assembly, with a view of encouraging manufacturers, offered prizes for the best specimens of linen and woolen cloth, and a special prize of fifty pounds of tobacco, for each pound of wound silk produced in the colony; and it was also enjoined that for every hundred acres of land held in fee, the proprietor should be required to plant and fence twelve mulberry-trees. Silk culture in Georgia also so largely occupied the attention of the first colonists that a public seal was adopted bearing as a device silk-worms engaged in their labors; while bounties for the encouragement of the same industry were repeatedly offered by the colonies of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, North and South Carolina. It is a most interesting and suggestive circumstance that this specialty of employment which from the first settlement of the country was particularly selected as worthy of attention, and as such did receive for nearly [illegible] from the v[illegible] authoriti[illegible] greater m[illegible] interest, is the only one of the industries which has never been able to attain to a healthy condition of existence on the North American continent, and to-day only exists in the United States in virtue of a degree of legislative encouragement far in excess of that demanded and received by any other industrial interest.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Commodore Vanderbilt's Keen Discernment.

One day, before Cornelius Vanderbilt obtained possession of the Hudson River Railway, he was traveling, it is said from here to Albany, and, considering himself a privileged character, went into the baggage car to smoke. He had been enjoying his cigar but two or three minutes when the conductor came along, and informed him politely that he must not smoke there. Vanderbilt said that it did not make any difference—that it was all right, &c., but the conductor was of a different opinion, declaring that it was contrary to the rules of the road.

"You don't know me," said the smoker. "My name is Vanderbilt. I am sometimes called Commodore. I generally do about as I please."

"I don't know, nor do I care who you are Mr. Vanderbilt. I intend to obey the rules. If you were ten times a Commodore I could not permit you to smoke here, and you must go elsewhere to finish your cigar."

The loyalty to duty displayed by the conductor pleased the ancient Cornelius, and he went out, though not before he had said to the conductor: "You are a right kind of a man for your place. You don't respect persons. I think of buying this road, and if I do, you can stay on it as long as you like."

Vanderbilt did buy the road and retained the conductor. He frequently remarked that that man could be trusted; that he was never mistaken in judging of character; and that he knew from the first that the conductor was sound.

The conductor stayed on the road for five years, and in that time, as the story goes, stole himself into a pecuniary independence.

So much for Vanderbilt's knowledge of character. Evidently the conductor knew Vanderbilt better than Vanderbilt knew the conductor.

Dictionaries.

The earliest dictionary of which any record remains is one in the Chinese language, compiled by Pa-out-she, about B. C. 1100. Marcus Terentius Varro—who flourished B. C. 116—28, was one of the first classic authors who turned his attention to lexicography; but the most celebrated dictionary of antiquity is the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, which was completed early in the third century. The earliest Latin dictionary of modern times was published by John Balbi, of Genoa, in 1460, but that of Calepio, published in 1502, is much superior. Sebastian Munster's Chalde Dictionary appeared in 1527; Pagninns' Lexicon of the Hebrew language in 1529; Robert Stephens' Thesaurus in 1535; Erpenius' Arabic Dictionary in 1613; Shindlers' Lexicon Pantagiottum in 1612; Edmund Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton in 1669; and Phillips' New World of Words in 1658. Moreri published his Biographical, Historical, and Geographical Dictionary in 1673, Elisha Cole's English Dictionary appeared in 1677, and Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, and the Dictionary of the French Academy in 1694. Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary was completed in May, 1755, Walker's Dictionary appeared in 1791, and Francis Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue in 1785.

Old time rocks—rocking the cradle.

Curiosities of Wooing.

In olden times it was the fashion for suitor to go down on his knees to a lady, when he asked her to become his wife—which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool, while the lady had been unraveling. "Grace!" said he, "we have been unravelling knots. Let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime!"—With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot; Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain. Most men, when they "pop" by writing, are more straightforward and matter-of-fact. Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart: "Dear Mrs. Scrit[illegible] there was no misses in those [illegible] wed of [illegible] therefore, say a day when you will take that of 'madam.' Your devoted humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day accordingly, and Steeled her name, instead of her heart, to the suitor. The celebrated preacher, Whitefield, proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner—as though Whitefield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents, without consulting the maiden, in which he said they need not be at all afraid of offending him by a refusal, as he thanked God he was quite free from the passion called "love!" Of course the lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her. The well-known brothers, Jacob and William Grimm, were exceedingly attached to each other, and had no desire to be married. But it was thought proper by their friends that one of them should become a husband; and, Jacob being the elder, it was agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A suitable lady was found; but Jacob declined to do the courting—requesting William to act as his agent. William consented but soon found that he was in love, and wanted the lady for himself. He would not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly relieved him in his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the damsel to his brother, and went out of the way until she had been made Mrs. William Grimm. A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grimmest manner. He took his sweetheart into the graveyard, and, showing her a dark corner, said: 'Mary! my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there, Mary?" Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations by uniting herself to him in wedlock. A similar unromantic view of the subject was taken by another Scotch maiden.—[illegible] her lover remarking, "I think I'll [illegible]ce Jean," she replied: "Man [illegible] be m[illegible] obeeged to [illegible]

[illegible]ion.

[illegible]portant and instructive [illegible]s for a moment at this point [illegible]ing the development of Ameri[illegible] manufactures, and briefly notice [illegible] effect of the long-continued restric[illegible] legislation of Great Britain on political and commercial morality. The multitude of arbitrary laws enacted to force the industry and commerce of the colonies and the British people into artificial and unnatural channels created a multitude of new crimes; and transactions which appeared necessary for the general warfare, and were no way repugnant to the moral sense of good men, were forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The colonists became thenceforth a nation of law-breakers. Nine-tenths of the colonial merchants were smugglers. One-quarter of the whole number of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were bred to commerce, to the command of ships, and the contraband trade. John Hancock was the prince of contraband traders, and, with John Adams as his counsel, was on trial before the Admiralty Court in Boston at the exact hour of the shedding of blood at Lexington, to answer for half a million dollars' penalties alleged to have been by him incurred as a smuggler. And if good old Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut (Brother Jonathan) did not walk in the same ways as his brother patriot in Massachusetts, then tradition, if not record, has done him very great injustice. There is also on record a letter of Alexander Hamilton, written in 1771, at the time he was in mercantile business, giving instructions to the master of a vessel in his employ how to avoid the customs regulations on entering ports in the West Indies. But men like Hancock and Trumbull had been made to feel that government was their enemy; that it deprived them of their natural rights; that in enacting laws to restrain them from laboring freely, and freely exchanging the fruits of their labors, it at the same time enacted the principle of slavery, and that therefore every evasion of such laws was a gain to liberty.—*Harper's Magazine.*

How they Catch Mustangs.

The editor of the Pleasanton Stock Journal gives the modus operandi of capturing wild horses in Texas, which will no doubt prove instructive to many. It will be perceived that all the popular notions in which the lasso and fleet-footed charger play an important part, have little foundation in reality.

As soon as a herd of horses is discovered, the party af hunters divide, one portion striking camp while the others set off in pursuit of the herd. The frightened animals go bounding across the prairie through the prickly pear and dense chapparel, leaving a trail which the hunters steadily pursue at an easy gait until they come in sight of the herd which scampers off as before. These tactics are kept up by pursuers and pursued for days, the mustangs returning to their first starting point—which they are sure to do—when the camping party takes the place of the tired pursuers, and thus follow the herd until the poor, wearied, and half starved creatures, with swollen and bloodshot eyes, give up the struggle and submit to be driven anywhere. The object of the hunters has been merely to keep close enough to the mustangs to prevent them from grazing. Starvation soon brings them to terms, and the prairie monarch, with drooping crest and dejected look, leaves his native wilds henceforth to become the slave of man. This is what hunters call "walking mustangs down."

When Agassiz was pressed to deliver a lecture for pay, he replied, "I can not afford to waste my time for money.

American Culture.

Few, persons, I suppose, will deny that during our own century the Europeans have surpassed us in the fine arts. Even within our own memory, what poems, dramas, and novels have they given us; what statues symphonies, operas, and what men of science! It is a great list of names, theirs of this century: Goethe, Byron, Wordsworth Beethoven, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Thorwaldsen, Delaroche, Turner, Balzac, George Eliot, Humboldt, Darwin—familiar names like these flow from the pen. Not that I would disparage our great men; I make the trite comparison only to point out a reason, which may not be trite, for the fact that each of the leading nations of Europe surpasses us in the amount of its higher intelligence. I cannot hope that the explanation will be received with much favor, for it is not a pleasant one; it is, namely, that we are lacking [illegible] that we are not full heritors of the past culture of Europe. On the contrary, we are out of sympathy with the past culture of Europe—with its thoughts, creeds, method of working, ideals, and mental temper: nor will any mere growth in age give these to us any more than it will give us gothic cathedrals. What we may do in art is to be done in a different spirit from them if done at at. Our æsthetic temper was not formed under a benign star. Even our most eminent public men in some instances hated art, and said that they hated it. Here is an interesting case. In 1818 a French sculptor, M. Binon, wrote to John Adams, requesting permission to take his portrait in marble. This was the famous ex-President's answer: "The age of sculptor and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will be long before it does so. I would not give a sixpence for a picture by Raphael, or a statue by Phidias."

It is easy to think that a civilized person wrote these words? If they are reported rightly, they imply defect in humanity; certainly no educated European would have uttered them. It was sayings like these that led Lamartine and other civilized foreigners to complain of "la brutalite Americaine." If the ex-President of the United States "would not give a sixpence" for Raffaelle or Phidias, need we wonder that his country shows something of the same feeling?—*The Galaxy for April.*

The Influence of Climate upon Life.

An interesting article appears in the *Gazette de Medical L' Algerie* on the influence exerted by climates in regard to health and life of foreigners. In that article we are reminded that the negroes of Senaar recruited by Mehemet Ali for his army, speedily succumbed after arriving in Egypt; that negroes of Central Africa rapidly die if transported to Arabia, and that if sent to Europe they perish by phthisis. Of 1,800 negroes sent to garrison Gibralter in 1817, nearly all are said to have been destroyed by pulmonary consumption in fifteen months, and of the negro convicts sent from the French colonies to the hulks at Brest, one-fifth die each year. In Mexico, the Egyptian contingent suffered by disease and death in larger proportion than did the regular troops from France; whereas Algerians and Arabs in France enjoy relatively better health than in their native countries. During the Russian War the Zouaves and Turcos resisted the climate of the Crimea better then the men of the French heavy cavalry and it is said that on the same occasion the Algerian horses withstood the severe winter even better than those of the English cavalry. With regard to the power of resistance of Arabs, as illustrated in the war of 1870 71, it is observed that if in battle they become excited to paroxysms of fury, once wounded, or taken prisoners, they find in their complete belief in fatalism a source of moral calm and resignation. The Arab moreover is less sensitive to pain than the European: hence, in a great measure, the principal cause of the facility with which wounds received by the former heal.

In the question asked then:—Is man cosmopolitan; Certainly not! Man does not perpetuate his species in all climates. He may live, if transported after have attained adult age, but he often becomes sterile, or if he has children they do not attain manhood. Michael Levy rightly observed that "To change the climate is to be born to a new life."

The Unwritten side of Great Men.

We always think of great men as in the act of performing deeds which give them renown, or else in stately repose, grand, silent and majestic. And yet, this is hardly fair, because the most gracious and magnificent of the human beings have to bother themselves with the little things of life which engage the attention of us smaller people. No doubt Moses snarled and got angry when he had a severe cold in his head, and if a fly bit his leg while he was in the desert, why should we not jump and use violent language and rub the sore place? And Cæsar—isn't it tolerable certain he used to become furious when he went up stairs to get his slippers in the dark and found that the Calphurnia had shoved them under the bed so that he had to sweep around them wildly with a broom handle? And when Solomon cracked his crazy bone is it unreasonable to suppose that he ran around the room and felt as if he wanted to cry? Imagine George Washington sitting on the edge of the bed and putting on a clean shirt, and growling at Martha because the buttons were off; or St Augustine with an apron round his neck, having his hair cut; or Joan or Arc holding her front hair in her mouth as women do, while she fixed up her back hair; or Napoleon jumping out of bed in a frenzy to chase a mosquito around the room with a pillow; or Martin Luther in a night shirt, trying to put the baby to sleep at 2 o'clock in the morning; or Alexander, the Great, with hiccoughs; or Thomas Jefferson getting suddenly over a fence to avoid a dog; or the Duke of Wellington with the mumps; or Daniel Webster abusing his wife because she hadn't tucked the covers in at the foot of the bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring his corns with a razor; or Jonathan Edwards at the dinner table, wanting to sneeze just as he got his mouth full of hot beef; or Noah standing at his window throwing bricks at a cat.

The new green, blue, violet and prune silks are so dark as to be almost black, and the new black failles are coal black, instead of blue black. These, like the colored silks, are of fine make. They are no longer heavily corded or repped, and are decidedly more lustrous than those worn for the past few years.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Beautiful Spring.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"I was here first," said the snowdrop; "look!"
"Not before me!" sang the silver brook.
"Why," cries the grass, "I've been here a week!
"So have I, dear," sighed a violet meek.

"Well," piped a bluebird, "don't leave me out!
I saw the snow that lay round about."
"Yes," chirped a snowbird, "that may be true;
But I've seen it all the bleak winter through."

"I came betimes," sang the southwind, "I!"
"After me, love?" spake the deep blue sky.
"Who is it cares?" chimed the crickets gay;
"Now you are here, let us hope you'll stay."

Whispered the sun, "Lo! the winter's past:
What does it matter who's first or last?
Silver brooks, and flowers, and birdies that sing,
All help to make up the beautiful spring."

HOW A HORSE HELPED HIS NEIGHBOR.—Not long since, I visited a friend, who lives on a fine farm, in a pleasant town in Southern New Hampshire. While there, one evening, we rode to the village to attend a meeting, and on our way back we [illegible] to the house he was driving. A few years ago this horse was kept, during autumn, in a field close by the farm house, and in an adjoining pasture a flock of sheep was also kept.

One day while my friend was talking with a gentleman by the roadside, the horse came running toward him from the lower part of the field, next to the sheep pasture, and, putting his head over the wall near him, whinnied, as if to attract attention.

He took however, no special notice of this; and presently the horse turned and ran back to the lower side of the field.

But very soon he was again seen rapidly approaching, and, on reaching his master, he again spoke to him, as horses usually speak.

It was observed that the horse was acting in a very unusual manner; but still no steps were taken yet to ascertain the cause of the strange running back and forth. So the pony again wheeled and galloped away once more towards the sheep pasture. And now, very soon, for the third time, is he seen swiftly returning.

It seems that the intelligent creature, having failed in two attempts to secure the help he was seeking, determined to try elsewhere this time; and so, instead of going again to his master, he went to the farm-house, that stood near by, and putting his head through an open window in the kitchen, he again whinnied.

My friend's wife, who, it seems, had noticed the strange restlessness of the animal, now felt quite sure there must be some trouble in the field or pasture, and that the horse was trying to tell them of this, that they might go to the rescue.

So she went out where the horse was. He seemed pleased that it had attracted attention at last, and, trotting on before the lady, he led her down to the pasture, and, putting his head over the fence, seemed to say: "Look, look!" The lady did look, and there she discovered that a savage dog had caught a sheep, and was holding it by the throat, in spite of all the poor creature's efforts to escape.

I hope my young readers will always try to help those whom they see in trouble, and that they will be as persevering in their efforts to do good as was this noble animal.

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.—One day, Farmer Robson's old hen came scratching about in my meadow, and just then the pretty schoolma'am tripped by with two of her children. She was talking to them about the fish called the sturgeon.

"Yes, my dears," she was saying, "I read it this very morning in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nine hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred eggs have been found in a single sturgeon."

"My! what a lot," exclaimed one of the children, "and if every egg gets to be a sturgeon, and every one of the new sturgeons lays just as many, just think what heaps and heaps of grandchildren a sturgeon must have."

The teacher laughed. They walked on; and suddenly I heard a sort of gulp.

It was the old hen. I never in my life saw any living creature in such a state. She was so mad she could hardly keep inside of her feathers.

"Nine hundred thousand eggs!" she exclaimed (you would have thought she was only trying to cluck her head off, but Jack understood every word), "nine hundred thousand eg-gug-gug-gegs! Don't believe a word of it! Never was such a thing since the world began—sturgeon, indeed! Never even heard of such a bird. What'll school teachers say next I wonder? Nine hundred thousand egg-gug-gug-eggs indeed!"

The last I saw of that hen, she was strutting off indignantly toward the barn-yard to tell the other hens all about it.—*St. Nicholas.*

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.—This story is told by a gentleman who says its truth is vouched for by witnesses of undoubted veracity: Some years ago, while Mr. Hamilton was fishing near the lower rapids of the Mississippi, just above the Keokuk, he observed below him a man bailing out a canoe, preparatory to taking himself, wife, and baby across the river. At the same time Mr. Hamilton saw that his Newfoundland dog was watching the proceedings of the party. Seeming to comprehend their intention, the dog uttered a peculiar howl, and passing rapidly up the river for some distance, plunged into the water and swam diagonally down, landing on a large rock standing out of the water about midway of the stream. After shaking the water from his shaggy coat, he again watched the party, who in the meantime had embarked in the canoe. Just as the little boat passed the rock, it was caught in the rapidly descending current, and instantly capsized. The woman, in falling into the water, loosed her hold on the child, which floated down the stream. The man caught his wife and waded with her to the rock. The instant the child fell into the water, the dog leaped in, and in a short time was seen in the still water below swimming with the child in his mouth, which he carried in safety to the shore.—*Fireside Friend.*

LIVED IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied. "No, I will go to my forge and there in six months I will have worked out such a name as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could not give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offence that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

TEACH children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

VARIETIES.

A matter of form—Fitting a dress.

The lady who took everybody's eye must a lot of them.

Pickles in glazed pans, cross dogs, and delays, are dangerous.

A statistician estimates that courtships average three kiss of cost each.

The cost of a horse is the gift of nature. The cost of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

Some heartless person has remarked that, however strenuously a teetotaller may resist the use of fermented liquors, he will certainly come to it at last.

Too many marriages originate from the same motives that they take a companion to a sedlock—not from true love of the person but because of a [illegible] will take the fragrance of the rose instead of the thorns, and hold the knife by the handle and not by the edge.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of Providence.

A Baltimore young woman skated herself through the ice; but, as the water was only four feet deep and she was five feet long, she stood up and informed a young man of what had happened, and he courageously passed her a board.

Out of 241,926 packages of stamps, etc., tranmitted through the Post Office in the United States during the year 1873-74, only four packages valued at $67.45, were lost; and of the 2,000,000 of regularly registered letters, only 313 were actually lost or stolen.

"A human skull, covered and filled with oysters, was dredged up in New Haven harbor not long since." A man must be awfully fond of oysters when he "sets" his skull to catch them. But perhaps, after all, the owner of that trap didn't know how it was being used.

A yard-stick is very useful in a store; a stick on the stage is of no use what ever; a stick in a tumbler is sometimes in danger of making the sidewalk uneven to pedestrians; a stick of a husband