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Selected Poetry.

From the Phrenological Journal.

THE BLESSED LAND.

BY MRS. E. K. CRAWFORD.

There's a beautiful land no mortal hath seen,
Whose light is the smile of our God;
Where only the souls of the ransomed have been,
And the feet of the ransomed have trod.
Their glorified vision enraptured beholds
Its mountains and valleys of green,
And the river of life that unceasingly rolls
Its blossom-decked margins between.

There frost never withers the flowers with blight,
And storms never scatter their bloom;
And the breezes that blow o'er that home of delight
Breathe softly, but not of the tomb.
There sounds of farewell on the ear never rise
From pallid and quivering lips;
And eyes that are brighter than star-lighted skies
Are not tarnished by rude death's eclipse.

The beautiful dead who go out from our sight
To their slumber, there waken again;
And the garments they wear are made whiter than light,
By the blessed Redeemer of men.
Their faces will never be dimmed by the tears
That so bitterly furrow our own,
For their spirits are free from all sorrows and fears,
In that better and happier home.

The portal that leads to that radiant land
Is clouded with mystical gloom,
And they who beyond it triumphantly stand,
Have passed the dark shades of the tomb.
We, too, through the shadows shall one day go down,
And pass the pale sentinel there,
Where this mortal puts on immortality's crown,
And robes that the purified wear.

Dear faces that vanished too soon from our gaze,
Sweet lips that were hushed with a prayer.
And voices we miss from our anthems of praise,
Will all be restored to us there,
Then blessed be God for the promises made,
For the precious assurances given,
That the partings of earth will be more than repaid
By the blissful reunions of heaven.

How Long we Might Live.

Prof. Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of a man is one hundred years. The duration of the life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and elphysis are united the body grows no more, and at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years, that is to say forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain to it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise. He does not die; he kills himself.

The learned Professor also divides life into equal halves, growth and decline, and halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

Dead All Around.

A correspondent of a New York paper, who went to Chicago to attend the late Convention, gives the following as among the first incidents of his arrival:

Some delegations had arrived.

I spoke to one of the delegation from Iowa.

"How is Grimes?" says I.

"Grimes is dead," says he.

Then I met a delegate from Maine and asked him if he had seen Fessenden.

"Fessenden is dead," says he.

The next delegate I met was from Illinois, so I asked him how Trumbull was getting on.

"Trumbull is dead," says he.

A delegate from Missouri then came along and I spoke to him about Henderson.

"Henderson is dead," says he.

The next delegate I saw was from Kansas, and I asked him if he had seen Ross.

"Ross is dead," said he.

Then I went up to a delegate from Tennessee and mentioned Fowler.

"Fowler is dead," says he.

A delegate from West Virginia came in and I asked for Van Winkle.

"Van Winkle is dead," says he.

I was getting tired of this, so I asked the delegate that next came in how was the party?

And he said he thought the party was dead too.

WE make the following extract from a Washington letter in last week's Methodist Protestant.

The heated term is upon us and we are tempted to turn aside from our regular plan, to notice, as *apropos* to the weather, the apparatus for cooling the rooms of the houses of Congress. It is the welcomest thought we can suggest with the thermometer in the nineties. There is as much philosophy as poetry in the lines

"Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
While thinking on the frostly Caucassus;
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
In bare remembrance of the summer's heat?"

You will have the idea of this apparatus without the poetry, when we intimate, as the truth of history compels us to do, that it is for heating in the winter as well as cooling in the summer. The following is the mode: On the first basement floor of both wings of the Capitol, you are introduced to steam machinery connected with miles of iron piping, which ramifies through all the halls and rooms of the buildings above. Through these pipes steam is driven in the cold season, and is the most effective and healthful manner of heating ever yet invented. In the summer the steam is shut off from the pipes and the engines are used to propel cold air as follows: Huge cast-iron wheels, something similar to the "fly-wheel," are kept running at the highest velocity in large rooms of sold masonry, only one side of which is open to the atmosphere without. These wheels are armed with buckets, like those of an ordinary water-wheel, though not so deep, and are found upon the side and not the top of the circumference. The immense velocity of the wheel creates a vacuum, and the air rushing in from without to fill it, is driven up a funnel-shaped flue of great size, which leads from the apartment containing the wheel. Mid-way in this flue a grating of iron bars is thrown across, and on this solid blocks of ice are constantly kept, consuming two thousand five hundred pounds per day, which is furnished by contract. The air being compelled, in its passage up the flue, to pass through the interstices of the blocks of ice, is deprived of its caloric; and being constantly propelled from behind the new supplies, driven into the flue by the revolving wheel, that which has been reduced to an almost ice temperature, is carried off and distributed by pipes leading from the top of the floor to the several houses of Congress. Admirable expedient! Better than the steam-fan, and should, methinks, put to shame the quaint wish of Sydney Smith, who could think of no better relief in the dog-days than to get out of his flesh and sit in his bones!

And now that we have taken a cooling, let us examine the great painting of Emanuel Leutze, "*Westward the course of Empire takes its Way.*" It covers the whole extent of the wall above the first landing on the grand Western staircase that leads to the gallery of the House. The light falls on it from a sky-light in the roof of beautifully ornamented burnt glass. This picture arrests the attention of every visitor to the Capitol, and we have to-day made it a special visit of an hour that we may furnish an outline of it to your readers. A party of emigrants coming down the Rocky Mountains are approaching a gorge through which a view is seen towards sunsetting, of the long promised home-land beyond. It extends like an illimitable sea of undulating land-scape and is a splendid specimen of the art perspective. The mountain tops are bathed in purple light, and eagles are seen hovering over the unbroken expanse of virgin soil.—Away, far up, where rocks are piled upon rocks, two men climbed to plant the colors of the Republic. They look tiny in the far-off distance. Just beneath them a family has climbed a pile of rocks, and the father, a hardy pioneer, with loving tenderness has spread a buffalo skin upon the flinty granite and stands over the wife with the babe born in the wilderness in her bosom, who half reclines upon it.—There is courage and hope in the pale face of the mother as she looks in the direction the husband points her—the rich valley land beyond them. At her feet nestles a girl in her early teens with face of radiant expectation. The foremost figure of this group is a boy, cut out clear and distinct in the picture. He looks as indomitable as a boy could look, with his father's long rifle at rest in his hand. Just in front of the open gorge, a fallen tree impedes the farther progress of the long line of wagons, horsemen and footmen. The leader of the party, an old mountain guide, in mixed Indian and trapper costume, directs the removal of the obstruction by the gleaming axes of the woodmen. Finer than all, in its intense realism, is that splendid specimen of mounted manhood, who, almost standing in his stirrups and bending forwards, with a long, wistful gaze, is living in thought through the coming generation and dreaming of the changes to be wrought in his earthly fortune. Another at his side, gleeful as a boy, beckons his companions to come forward and share in the ravishing beauty of the land all aglow with the sunset splendor. Here in the foreground come the wagons, drawn over the pathless rocks by sturdy oxen, filled with the rude paraphernalia for camping and cooking in the wilderness. The accompanying herds browse upon the tufts of grass which spring out of the cleft in the rocks; and the dogs lie panting at the horses' feet, ready for the chase, or the night vigil over the horses tethered within the light of the camp-fire. The inevitable negro, the staple of American politics, is here—a true type of his improvident race. He pats the face of a wise looking donkey charged with the burden of a mother and her babe. But our pen is growing vagrant and we must call in the imagination of your readers to finish the sketch. An elaborate pictorial border surrounds the picture, illustrating the advance of pioneer and civilized over savage life. It of itself would form a study to take it in all its teachings. On one side of this border, and contained in it, is a fine portrait of Daniel Boone, and at some distance below are the following lines:

"The Spirit grows with its allotted spaces:
The mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere."

On the opposite side is a portrait of Capt. William Clarke, and the lines:

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers;
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

Beneath and detached from the main picture, yet as it were hanging on to it, is a view of the "Golden Gate" at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco Bay. To the perfect accuracy of this description we can bear personal testimony. Every light house and jutting rock and mountain range and frowning fortification, is here. It has the genuine *couleur locale*. Nothing could be more appropriate as a companion picture to Western Emigration than a view of this great entrepot of the Pacific. The general effect of this wall painting is different from that of usual frescoes. There is an absence of the fresh, garish look common to them, and from which they derive their name, but there is a softer, rather blending together of colors. The surface of the wall is rough and required a different preparation from that of Brumidi's painting on the Canopy of the Dome. That is a true *fresco*, this is a painting in *stereo-chrome*, or what is sometimes called "water-glass painting." The process is thus described: "The wall is coated with a preparation of clean quartz sand mixed with the least possible quantity of lime; and after the application of this, the surface is scraped to remove the outer coating in contact with the atmosphere. It is then washed with a solution of silesia, soda, potash, and water. As the painter applies his colors, he moistens his work by squirting distilled water upon it. When finished it is washed over with the silesia solution. The picture also in its progress is washed in the same solution, and the colors thus becoming incorporated in the flinty coating, the picture is rendered hard and durable as stone itself." Mr. Leutze is a German who came to this country with his parents while an infant, and settled in Philadelphia. His talents for drawing were early developed, and after struggling hard with adverse circumstances, as genius always does, he finished his artistic education in Europe. He now resides in the United States and has painted many memorable pictures in oil. He received from the Government for the great work we have been describing twenty thousand dollars.

Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the rusty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your souls let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxations somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

The Origin of Dixie.

I do not wish to spoil a pretty illusion, but the real truth is that Dixie is an indigenous Northern negro refrain. No one ever heard of Dixie's land being other than Manhatten Island until recently, when it has been erroneously supposed to refer to the South, from its connection with the pathetic negro allegory. When slavery existed in New York, one Dixy owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island, and a large number of slaves. The increase of slaves, and the increase of abolition sentiment, caused an emigration of slaves to more thorough and secured slave sections, and the negroes who were thus sent off naturally looked back upon their old homes, as they could not imagine any place like Dixy's. Hence it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combining ease, comfort, and material happiness of every description. In those days, negro singing and minstrels were in their infancy, and any subject that could be brought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with Dixie. It originated in New York, and assumed the proportion of a song there. In its travels it has been enlarged, and has gathered moss. It has picked up a note here and a note there. A chorus has been added to it, and from an indistinct chant of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact is, it is not a Southern song, and cannot be rubbed out. The fallacy is so popular to the contrary, that I have thus been at pains to get the real origin of it.—*Cor. New Orleans Delta.*

☞ A returned Californian found the baby he had left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her, and she irefully exclaimed, "I wish you had never married into the family.

☞ If women *were* allowed to vote, it would make no practical difference, as they would be sure to be in favor of *all parties*.

Ulysses' Great Speech.

An exchange publishes the following report of the speech gotten off by "My boy Ulyss" to the committee appointed to inform him of his nomination:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage."
And if I chance to fall below
Charles Sumner and Galusha Grow,
Don't view me with Ben Butler's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
From Marshall's pups great dogs do blow;
From little colts great horses grow.
As you'll agree, it is too late,
For me to try to cultivate
The art of speaking. Therefore, I
Will let the little job go by,
I'll only say that I'll fulfill,
Whatever you, my friends, may will.
And it is now my full intent,
If I am chosen President,
To so discharge official duty,
That every act, my friends, will suit you.

A Good Yarn.

In the village of W. lived a man who had once been a judge of the county and well known all over it by the name of Judge L. He kept a store and saw mill and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which he had gained an ample fortune; and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited, withal, and used to brag of his business capacity, when any one was near to listen. One rainy day as quite a number were seated around the stove, he began as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression:

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so," said the Judge.

"If you will promise you won't go to la[illegible]

[illegible]

you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of any wagon; I only got the best of the bargain," said the Judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did," interrupted the curt Judge.

"Yes I did, and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down by the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you had bought your own leg of me twenty-seven times!"

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his book and examining his log account, "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender of logs, "by drawing it back and forth, the end wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it, and when it got so short, I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back—and stowed away in my pocket book."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log drawer found the door without the promised treat.

Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In the year 1843, during the Millerite excitement, in the usual quiet town of Durham, old Aunt Sally H——, who would "weigh nigh onto two hundred pounds, one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm exhortation, arose and said:

"Oh, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord, I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong. Oh, yes, powerful strong it is! So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a goose on the wing, "that it does seem as if I could fly right away, and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming,

"Try, sister, try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can," she exclaimed, "I know I can, and I will."

She was standing near a window which was raised because of the oppressive heat, for it was summer. With her handkerchief in one hand and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for both her faith and the gravity of the audience.

Down she came with an enormous and not very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back to her seat, evidently disappointed.

The next evening some of the young folks asked her:

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop," was the meek and very conclusive reply.

Gum-Elastic.

Mr. John H. Blue, writing from Paranagua, Brazil, to the Missouri Republican, gives the following account of the production and export of the gum-elastic or India rubber:

Until 1840, this article was exported in the form of shoes, bottles and such like shapes in comparative small quantities, at the price of six or seven milreis an arroba. In 1850 the amount in shoes diminished considerably, hardly amounting in this year to 140,000 pairs; but the amount in bulk for fabrics increased to more than 90,000 arrobas, at a price of from twelve to fifteen milres an arroba. In 1855 the exportation of shoes had ceased entirely; but the exportation of gum-elastic in bulk amounted to nearly 180,000 arrobas, at the exhorbitant price of thirty-six milreis an arroba. From that period to the present the amounts have varied as well as the prices. The last quotation of 1864 gives some two hundred and twenty-eight arrobas, at a price varying from eighteen to twenty milreis an arroba.

This important branch of national riches which the Brazilians liken to the Peruvian wealth of the Chincha Islands in Guano, is almost in the primitive state in which the Cambebas Indians began it. Every laborer takes charge of twenty to fifty trees in the wild woods in the dry season of the year. Early in the morning he hacks the bark, from which flows a vegetable milk that is caught in little clay dishes unbaked, which stick beneath the tappings; or he garrotes the tree with a strong sipo cord, and collects all the tappings into one stream. This latter process is the most productive; but it exhausts the tree in such a manner that it dies in a short time. The milk ceases to flow by 10 o'clock in the morning, when it is all collected, and would spoil in twenty-four hours if it were not subjected to a conservative process, which, in the primitive form, consists in passing condensed smoke through the whole mass for several hours more, till the whole is condensed and turned to the dry smoky form in which we see it in commerce. Some years ago, a German, Henry A. Strauss, invented a superior process of curing the crude material with alum-water, which secret he practiced a long time, and which the Government bought of his heirs afterwards for four thousand dollars, a process, no doubt, of vast utility, but the inhabitants generally adhere to the old formula which smokes them almost to death. The fabrication continues in the hands of the tamed Indians or proletarios of the country, and who, like the primitive pearl, diamond and gold hunters of all nations, "live from hand to mouth," and a very vagrant life it is. The purchasers are generally Portuguese peddlers—*os regatoes*—who visit their establishments with cocacha and trinkets more than anything else, and contrive to buy their hard earnings of the season for paltry prices and worse pay, as used to be the case with the trappers and the Indians of our Rocky Mountains.

It is calculated that each tree will produce from half a pound to three pounds of gum-elastic a day, or an average of sixteen pounds a season; and a good hand will collect half an arroba a day, which at their estimate of sixteen milreis an arroba, is such an enormous sum to them, that they entirely neglect crops, cattle and every other industry.

But the Government is seriously alarmed at the destructive process by which the trees are being kilted, till already they almost cease to exist on the Tocantine, the Xingu and other principal affluents from which the *serringuerros* or India rubber gatherers are now emigrating to the Madeira, the Purus and the Rio Branco, in quest of new forests. The law of 27th September, 1860, facilitates the acquisitions of claims in those regions, giving possessions of half a league square on the river fronts, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty trees are now rented for forty milreis the season. It is urgently proposed that plantations of the trees be made, which will give the milk in from six to ten years; and figures go to show that the speculation would be enormously profitable. The tree is the Seringa of the botanists—so called from the syringes which the gum-elastic makes—and sample treelings may be seen in many green-houses in the United States. The common name of the market article here is *borracha.*

My Wife's Piano.

The deed is accomplished. My wife got a piano, and now farewell to the tranquil mind. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, shines like a mirror, and has carved Cupids climbing up its limbs. And such lungs—wkew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chest. Cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend upon the back fence, demolishing a six-shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he couldn't do it. It beat him. A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run-a-way-never-come-back-again. He played an extract de opera the other night. He ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then cocked his eyes up at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies, and down came one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cock-roach dancing upon the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through a knot hole in a hen coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought that I was in an orchard listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Then he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a store box or picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then came down both fists, and, O, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought a hurricane had struck the house and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling about my head. I thought the machine had bursted, when the infernal noise stopped, and I heard my wife ejaculate: "Exquisite!" "What the deuce is the matter?" I inquired. "Why, my dear, that is 'La Somnambula!'" "D—n Somnambula!" thought I; and the Count rolled up his paper. He calls it music; but for the life of me I cannot make it look like anything else but a rail fence, with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over.

Stick to One Pursuit.

Those doctors who abandon their profession to dabble in newspapers, and others who have no definite aim in life, will find a world of advice in the annexed short article which we find afloat on the sea of literature:

Many men fail because they have no definite aim. Their energies are scattered over so wide a surface that they are dissipated and lost. They are not concentrated sufficiently on any one point to make themselves felt. Hence universal geniuses are almost universal failures, and the promises of early life are not redeemed in the achievements of mature age. A man sets out in life with talents enough to command success in any field of enterprise, tries the whole round of pursuits and everywhere fails. The simple cause of his failure is because he has tried the whole round, instead of adopting one as his life-work, and concentrating all his energies upon it.

Singleness of aim needs also to be reinforced by tenacity of purpose, that quality of mind expressed by the Yankee word stick-to-it-iveness. Nothing has such power to overcome obstacles and wring success from the unwilling hands of adverse fortune than this. The man who, ten times defeated, can renew the battles of life, with nothing of heart or hope abated, determined to fight it out on this line, will be sure to achieve success in the end. Of this we have numerous examples—men who have spent the vigor of early life in buffeting the winds and storms of adversity, but have at last, by the force of an unconquerable will, succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition. We would therefore say, especially to every young man, would you succeed in life, have one definite object of pursuit and follow that out to the end.

How to Make Good Coffee.

Good coffee is a luxury, but one that is seldom met with. We give the following advice upon the subject of preparing it, from a lady correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph:

"The making of good coffee is a rare thing in this country; most persons boil it, thus making a decoction instead of an infusion; this effectually gets rid of the delicate and agreeable aromatic flavor, and leaves a comparatively tasteless beverage. The following particulars will be found worth attention:

"Never buy your coffee ground, but grind it yourself, immediately before using it; keep your coffee-pot, whatever kind you may use, wiped clean and dry inside; a damp tea or coffee pot acquires a musty flavor that spoils the best tea or coffee. The cheapest and perhaps the best coffee-pots are those made on the French plan, called *cafetieres*. If you have not one of these, adopt the following plan: Put your freshly ground coffee into the coffee-pot, previously made warm, and pour upon it water actually boiling; set the pot by the side of the fire for a few seconds, but do not let it boil up; then pour a cupful out and return it back again to the pot in order to clear it; having done this let it stand on the hob or centre to settle, and in less than five minutes a transparent, strong, aromatic cup of coffee may be pured out. The proportions of coffee (which should not be too finely ground) recommended, are an ounce to a pint or pint and a half of water.

"The milk used with coffee should always be boiled, and used as hot as possible; the boiling of milk imparts a peculiar and exceedingly pleasant flavor to the coffee. White sugar is recommended, as the molasses-like flavor of most sugar quite overpowers the delicate aroma."

The Secret of Eloquence.

I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: That at the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in a forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice, in the great art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward and shaped and modeled my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

Another Miss has died in New Jersey from using arsenic for her complexion.

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