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Selected Poetry.

On the Death of Sir Charles Napier.

Would that war were dead! * * Yet when a warrior dies
Like this one, to his knell a pulse rebounds—
Our world is poorer by a noble man.
Napier is hushed—fierce conqueror of Scinde
And righteous ruler. Through a sickly frame,
Shattered with war, the spiritual fire
Blazed torchlike on the battle's vanward surge;
And over great submissive monarchies
Shone steady and benign. From east to west
All true men hailed the heroic fulgency
Lit from Truth's altar; but the false and mean
Transfixed with rays like bayonets, cowered and cursed.
A noble man—in two words, not in one,
And England bankrupt for the difference!
Yet England knew him, and a richer wreath
Had crowned, in proof, the statue of his fame,
Were they, from all who could not reach so high,
The best and not the impudentest few
Upon the platform. As the record is,
Napier ennobles England. Be it so.
Sleep, thou war shattered frame! Brave spirit, rise
From the yet warlike Earth to a grander world,
And clothe thyself in God's eternal peace!

From Dickens's Household Words.

ECHOES.

Still the angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow,
But the angel voice is silent
That I heard here long ago.
Hark! the echoes murmur low,
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither hast it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say,
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth,
(Now, indeed, her song is pain,)
Visions of my happy hours,
Do I call, and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry again,
All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes,
Once I loved your voices well!
Now my heart is sick and weary,
Days of old, a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes, sad and dreary,
Cry farewell, farewell!

Selected Miscellany.

The Nation of London.

It was a most heavenly day in May of this year, (1800,) when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the city—no! not the city, but the nation—of London. Often since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts and intellectual power, have I felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence, viz: in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, together with the force of its attractive power, by the never-ending succession of these droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness, at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating, night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying forever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are. Or, if any exception there is, it must be sought in ancient Rome.—We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage, and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes, where any such could be found, or, at least, along by-roads, quiet and shady, collateral to the main roads. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road: we missed the whirl and the uproar, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suberbs.—Already, at three stages' distance, (say forty miles from London,) upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps, in your neighborhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western, you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the *next stage*; nobody says, on pulling up, "Horses on to London"—that would sound ludicrous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom*; and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio?* Not anything peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight; to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favor, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London, such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance.—Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants, (if you travel with any,) are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity; at all events you are seen. But, after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were, or seemed to be at starting, squire or "squireen," lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America.

These are feelings which do not belong by preference to thoughtful people—far less to people merely sentimental. No man ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown, of London, but he must have been saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situaion. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never-ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have "no speculation" in their orbs which *he* can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purposes intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mask of maniacs, or oftentimes, like, a pageant of phantoms. The great length of the streets in many quarters of London, the continual opening of transcient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at right-angles to the one which you are traversing; and the murkey atmosphere which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty; all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastiness and illimitable proportions which for ever brood over the aspect of London in its interior.—*De Quincy.*

Value of the Diamond.

From an interesting article in a late number of the *North British Review* on the subject of the history, properties, and origin of the diamond, we copy the following passage relating to its value:

It is the monarch of the subterranean world—the material divinity which the Pagan, the Jew, and the Christian worship with equal idolatry. The *sacra fames auri*, the accursed thirst for gold, is an inferior and less excitable passion than that with which we would struggle for the gigantic brilliant, or scramble for its glittering fragments. Over this globe of ours there rules many a mighty sovereign—on its surface are many powerful empiers—many a cloud-capt tower and gorgeous palace rises above its plains—many a mass of gold and silver has been wrenched from its bowels—and many a gem of art has arrested the intellectual eye;—but more loved than sovereigns—more prized than empires—more coveted than gold—more admired than the creations of Raphael, is the sparkling diamond which flashes in the imperial crown or adorns the royal scepter, or adds to beauty its only "foreign aid."—Nor is this an ideal appreciation of its rarity and worth. It is in truth the very essense of property. It is riches condensed and wealth secured—too small to be seen be the midnight burglar—too easily hid to be seized by the tyrant—and too quickly carried away to be wrested from the patriotic exile, or torn from the hunted outlaw. In vain would the vanquished monarch strive to remove his bags of gold, or transport his territorial domains. But a diamond is an empire made portable, with which he might purchase a better kingdom and mount a prouder throne. Had the treasury of Cræsus been invested in brilliants, he might have founded a nobler Lydia beyond the reach of his Persian Invader. It is difficult to express in words or in numbers the commercial value of the diamond; but we may truly say that a string of Koh-i-noors, a furlong in length, would purchase the fee-simple of the globe, while a ring encircling the arctic zone, would buy up the whole planetary system.

A great man is one who, in some sense or other, adds to the world's possessions; be it in government, in poetry, or in philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder, a creator, a planter, an inventor—in some sort, a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seemed willing or prepared to do. Now, it is very certain that the world really loses none of its possessions. A truth once known, is known forever.—

THE WIFE OF A GAMSTER.—Monsieur de la Vaupiliese was very fond of gambling. His wife sent him as a New Year's gift, a box, such as are used to contain counters, on one side of which was her own picture, and on the other a picture of the children, with this motto—"Think of us."

Washington and Napoleon.

BY G. L. CRAMNER.

It is proper and expedient that we should often recur to the conduct and characters of great and illustrious men, so that we may form a just appreciation of them and their deeds.

But our purpose now is not so much to discuss the character of Washington and Napoleon, as to institute a comparison between them. As compared with Napoleon—a man with whose name the world still *rings*, and whose actions are still fresh in the memoiries of some who waded with him through the seas of blood and plains of carnage—the glory of Washington is to that of the other as is the light of the sun to that of the glow-worm.

Napoleon exercised all his powers in attainment of an object which was as fleeting as the breath of the winds; the other bent all his energies to the attainment of the greatness and happiness of a future generation. Napoleon, like the falcon, made one soaring swoop and returned to the earth exhausted. Washington, like the eagle, soared slowly but steadily, on an untiring wing, and rested in his eyrie on the very highest pinacle of the Alpine mount of fame. The one captivated the multitude by his brilliant and flashing, but unsubstantial feats.—The actions of the other were unornamented and unadorned, but substantial and permanent. The one sighed for an ideal world and endeavored to mould one according to his wishes—the other was content with the one already in being, and strove to develop its good. Napoleon was ever chasing a phantom, which like an ignis fatuns, held out to him tempting flatteries and allurements he could never grasp. Washington directed his ends to the attainment of an object which was real, and could be gained. The one was ambition personified—the other a combination of meekness, humanity and continence.

The battle at the bidge of Lodi was far more brilliant and grand than any which took place in the days of the revolution. But the surrender at Yorktown gave liberty to a people, and happiness to a nation. The one was the result of skill, discipline and power—the other, of patience, perseverance and assiduity. The one will shine upon the page of history as a glowing achievement of no great end—the other will appear as the interposition of Divine Providence in the bringing about of mighty events. Whishington has departed, but he has left behind a goodly heritage of liberty and happiness. Napoleon is no more, and his name linked only with the things of yesterday, which like greatness and glory, are fast departing. The memory of one dear to all mankind—that of the other commands astonishment rather than respect. In life, one reposed his confidence and trust in Heaven—the other upon the power of his own arm, and the might of his own strength. The one died an exile on a sea girt rock, far from his friends and companions—the other sank sweetly to rest in the arms of his country, and in the midst of the fruits of his victories.

Such are some of the characteristics which distinguished these two great contemporaries of modern times; the one in the New World—the other in the Old. Washington's character, like a brilliant mirror, will ever reflect his virtues, for time cannot dim its brightness, nor can the mould and dust of centuries mar its polish. As he aspired to nothing which he did not gain, nor pretend to that which he did not possess, he excited no hopes which were not fulfilled, nor raised any expectations beyond consummation. Therefore the past will ever illustrate his judgment and ability, and the future his greatness and renown.

As his deeds and his actions were the offspring of disinterested motives, his fame is pure and unalloyed. Time will write the epitaphs of both Washington and Napoleon.

ORIGIN OF THE BATTERY.—"Kapsie Point," pronounced by the old Knickerbockers "Copsy," was the original name of this famous promenade, according to Dunlap and other writers. The old bayside walk, however, was probably where State street now runs; and the first filling-in was during King William's time, when the half-moon, known as "Leisler's Battery," was constructed. Of this there is the following notice in Sparks' "American Biography:"—"The next act of Leisler was to write a private letter with his own hand to the King, giving him an account of everything that had been done, describing the present state of affairs and future prospects of the province; stating the repairs he had deemed necessary to commence in the fortification of the city, and detailing the consequent expenditures of the public money that he had found. Among other things, he told the King that, foreseeing the war with France that must ensue from William's accession to the throne of England, he had, for the protection of the army against the enemy's cruisers, erected *a new battery for six guns to the south of the fort.* From that battery, the noble promenade which the city of New York thus incidentally owes to Leisler, derives its name."—*Supplement to the Life of Thorburn.*

The Cleverland Herald addresses this to old bachelors:—If your Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

We find in the Richmond *Enquirer* an interesting letter, written by a French gentleman traveling in this country, who was in Washington at the time Mr. Calhoun made his last great speech in the United States Senate, on the Compromise measures, in 1850, to his brother in Paris, in which he gives his impressions of that distinguished statesman.—He says:

"I saw a Senator who procured me a seat on the floor, near the place at which Senator Mason read Mr. Calhoun's remarks; and a little after one o'clock Mr. Calhoun entered. He wore the appearance of a man gradually expiring. His form was the merest skeleton, but his face, and the peculiar expression of his countenance, were as perfectly intellectual as any human face could be. I shall never forget the shudder which came over me when I saw him enter the Senate chamber. Richelieu, Voltaire, Moliere, Arago, Lamartine, Soult—not one of them ever had such a face. Indeed, it is utterly impossible for you to conceive the impression which his simple presence created. No man, destitute of military renown, ever had so much deference and respect paid to him. Indeed, I can now know how it has happened that he has been so long in the service of his country. All looked with interest at him. When he sat down, the reading of his speech was proceeded with, beginning with the simple but unusual address, '*Senators.*' [The usual address is 'Mr. President,' as it is with us.] Rome or Greece never had, in all their annals, a sublimer spectacle.—Here was a man of the profoundest acquirements, the purest private and public character, leaving the bed of death to counsel the American Senate, upon a question of the first magnitude to his own country and to the world. The profoundest attention was paid to every word and syllable. The paper was as simple and yet as masterly as the arguments of the Emperor Napoleon in his disquisitions upon the state of Europe, which he prepared at St. Helena. The character of Calhoun's mind is that of the analyzer, and also that of the classifier. He generalizes with more rapidity than any man now living. His composition is easy and concise. He embraces his propositions in the fewest expressions, and his conclusions seem so apparent that a refutation is impossible. This discourse was the most eloquent composition I ever heard read in any assembly; indeed, I do not regard any thing in French or English literature as its superior. It is the eloquence, and with it an argument that is itself history and philosophy. I read it again and again after it was published, and, in addition to copies sent you, I have kept several which I shall translate when I return to Paris. He was unquestionably the master-spirit of the Senate."

Newspaper Credit System.

The following remarks in relation to the Newspaper Credit System, which we clip from one of our exchanges, exposes the loss which newspaper publishers are subject to, who send out their papers on credit, and will give our readers some idea of our troubles. Read it:

With publishers of newspapers, in common with business men generally, the cash system is preferable to any other; to publishers who rely upon their subscription list for their support, for the prosecution of their business, they must necessarily be the loser. There are thousands of well-meaning men who subscribe for them, but the idea of writing a letter to an editor enclosing two, three or five dollars, never enters their heads, though if called upon for the amount due, would probably be prepared to meet the demand. But the publisher of almost every county newspaper knows it would be out of the question to employ a collector out of the profits of his subscription; so many of his patrons continue year after year taking the paper without advancing one cent, while *he is paying cash for his printing materials, paper and labor*, and every thing else necessary to carry on business. Here, then, is a loss not attributed to any design on the part of the subscribers to defraud, but the fruit of a worse than worthless system. They would pay if waited upon, but the printer cannot afford to spend five dollars for collecting three, and never gets his pay.

ANECDOTE OF A GATE.—A correspondent of the Home Journal, writing of gates, tells this anecdote:

"I once passed through a door-yard gate which did, though unintentionally, give an indication of the designer's character. The gate was a common one, shut by a chain and ball. But the post, to which the inner end of the chain was attached, was carved and painted in the likeness of a negro, with one hand raised to his cocked hat, and the other extended to welcome you in. As you opened the gate toward you, in going in, the negro post-porter bent toward you, by a joint in his back, and fairly bowed you in. Upon letting the gate go, a spring in the back 'brought him up standing' again, ready for the next comer. This faithful fellow performed the amiable for his master for many years, without reward, except now and then a new coat—of paint; and finally died of a rheumatic back, contracted in his masters service."

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

From the Knickerbocker's pleasant gossip about children, we take the following:

"Talking of children, reminds me of another childish anecdote, which I have lately heard in these New England 'parts.' You no doubt know what a Yankee 'muster' was in the olden time. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me 'nine-pence,' and I revelled in untold wealth and 'dreams of glory,' on 'muster-day.' The story is anent the youthful Websters. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the militia 'muster.' At nightfall, they returned home; Daniel, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them and, addressing the first, said:

"'Well, Dan, what have you done with your money?'"

"'Spent it!'" was the sturdy reply.

"'And what have you done with yours, Zeke?'"

"'Lent it to Dan!'"

"Willie's father is a clergyman, and 'temperate in all things:' so Willie had never seen a man chewing the 'vile weed' until he was about three years old, when Mr. ——, holding his little son by his dimpled hand, stood in the street for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance. Willie was all eyes, as he could not comprehend the conversation; and, seeing the heavily-bearded individual occasionally put a pinch of 'fine-cut' into his mouth, was considerably puzzled and astonished. At last, he could stand it no longer.

"'Pa,'" said he, anxiously, "'does that man *chew hair*, so as to make it grow out over his face?'"

"Ella's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door, with strict injunctions never to go off the walk into the street. This piece of flagging was her world, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond it. One day, Ella's baby-sister died, and Ella talked with her mamma of the mystery of death.

"'Where do you think baby is now?' Mrs. —— asked her little girl.

"'Oh!'" said Ella, "'I think her soul has gone right straight *off the side-walk!*'"

"I heard a story lately, about the little-folk,' which will please E. —— and yourself, I am sure. A two-year old boy was taken by his mother, who lives hereabouts, to a church, for the first time. When the organ commenced playing, the youngster listened attentively for some time, and then, turning to his mother, asked in a loud voice:

"'Ma! ma! where's the monkey?—I don't see the monkey!'"

"There were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little, bright-eyed boy, of some four Summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams. Then he asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squalled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and, with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around, and said:

"Aunty, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars!—making such a noise as this!'"

"By the way, the same little child, who had not been accustomed to grates, being once where there was a poker near the chimney corner, very soon reasoned out the analogical use of it:

"'To sharpen the shovel and tongs on—a steel, you know.'"

REMEMBER THIS.—The late A. J. Dowing wrote a book on the subject of physical health, and declared that one half the consumptions engendered in this country are the offspring of the vitiated air of close stoves, and the unventilated apartments which accompany them. No doubt of it. Dickens calls a stove a red-hot demon, and he could not have found a better name for it. It is now time to use stoves freely, and we beg those who have them to remember these facts, and keep their rooms well aired, morning, noon and night. We wish most heartily, that the old-fashioned fire-places, and the cheerful and healthful wood fires with their enormous "back logs," with which our grandparents used to sustain animal heat in the winter-time, were restored to us. If they were, the income of the doctors would be lessened materially.

Pretty Lines.—We have seldom seen the sentiment of affection so delicately expressed, in so few words, as in the following lines. May the life of the unknown author be as easy and happy as the style of composition:

"I find not words to say to thee
How dear thou hast become to me;
Smiling into my heart like sleep,
In cushioned couches, soft and deep;
A vision sent to cheer and bless—
My hope—my joy—my happiness!"

"Enjoy the blessings of this day," says Jeremy Taylor, "if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly.—For this day only is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to to-morrow!"

A Mistake.

Mrs. S——, who it seems, has recently moved into our city, and whose means are not very limited, after waiting during the ten days past, in vain for a pleasant afternoon to make some purchases for a poor neice who was soon to leave for California, ordered her carriage, and attired in her stormy day clothing—(albeit) Mrs S. is in nowise particular about show—told her driver to convey her to some extensive dry good store.—The driver hauled up in front of a retail house. Mrs. S. alighted, and entered, and was told by the first attendant she met, that the flannels, cottons &c., were at the farthest counter. Mrs. S. selected, one after the other, the many articles which she desired, and was looking for something else, when the proprietor, (for it was he who waited on her,) says—"Madam you are picking out a great many goods, I fear these things come to more than you expect. I am afraid you are not able to pay for all you have selected." "Well, sir," said Mrs. S., "perhaps I can't; wont you add up the amount." No sooner said than done. "It is $37.87, Madam." "Well," said Mrs. S., "I don't believe I can afford to take them. Good morning, sir! The manner of Mrs. S. caused the dealer to suspect he had been a little too fast; "Madam," said he, "shan't I lend you an umbrella?"—(it was raining fast.) "No, I thank you," said Mrs. S., "*my carriage is at the door!*"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

NEW YORK HERALD.—Bennett informs the President and Cabinet, that there is only one power which he courts, and that is the patronage of the Chambermaids of New York. He asserts that the revenue from that valuable class of the New York population, is worth more than the French Mission, and intimates, is more profitable than even the Presidency. The following calculation is a moderate one of the Herald from the daily "want" advertisements of the chambermaids, and contrasted with official incomes shows an amusing comparison:

Daily cash income of Herald from chambermaid "want" advertisements—calculating 360 advertising days in the year,—at—say $150 a day, - -		$54,000.00
French Mission, - -	$10,000.00	
Presidency, - -	25,000.00	
Clear balance in favor of Herald and chambermaids, - - - -		$19,000.00

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.—The Duke of Northumberland, when first he called to see Mr. Bewick's workshops, at Newcastle, was not personally known to the engraver; yet he showed him his birds, blocks, and drawings, as he did to all, with the greatest liberality and cheerfulness; but, on discovering the high rank of his visitor, exclaimed, "I beg pardon, my lord; I did not know your grace, and was unaware I had the honor of talking to so great a man." To which the Duke good-humoredly replied, "You are a much greater man than I am, Mr. Bewick." To this Bewick, with his ready wit, that never failed or offended, returned, "No, my lord; but were *I* Duke of Northumberland, perhaps I could be."

THE PRICE OF POSSESSIONS.—A friend from childhood of Marshal Lafevre, Duke of Dantzic, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris. The Marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy are you!" "I see you are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had: come into the court; I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . . What! you won't? Very well; recollect, then, that I had been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.—Crossing Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable bareboned packhorse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:—"Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

EMERSON is the author of the following beautiful verse:

"I caught the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even,—
He sings the song, but *it pleases not now,*
For I did not bring home the river and sky,
He sang to my ear, these sang to my eye."

Somebody asks, "is it lawful to hang clothes on Mason & Dixon's line?"

Just as lawful as planting beans around the North Pole.

And just as proper, too, as for a temperance man to "double the Horn."

Fame has her museum as well as her temple; and a man who has ceased to be read for anything else may be read as a pecimen of his age.—*London Times.*

Sixpenny Savings Bank.

If you desire to spend an hour of enjoyment in witnessing the working of one of the best moneyed institutions ever devised in this country, for the benefit of the poor, you may drop in at the corner of Broadway and Anthony street, this evening, between 5 and 8 o'clock. We have had a good many ragged schools, but here is the ragged child's bank—literally a sixpenny savings bank, where a great many of the depositors commence with a sixpence or a shilling. But go and see to-day, as we did last Saturday, the little boys and girls, the day laboring man or woman, black and white, old or young, coming to lay up the earnings of the week, where they will be safe from the temptations of Sunday—a day upon which more rum is sold, more drunkards made, more crimes committed, more families rendered miserable, than any other day. This institution is one of the great aids of those who are engaged throughout the city in the work of temperance and reform. Yet not one in ten of them are aware of its existence, or if they are they do not appreciate the advantage to their proteges enough to encourage them to deposit all their spare change every week in the Sixpenny Savings Bank. When this one has proved itself successful, we shall have them all over the city, gathering up and saving from waste many a hard earned dollar. At our visit we noticed more than one wife of a hard-working husband, who could keep sober all the wsek while employed, but who could not resist the temptations to spend his money on Sunday.

A great portion of the deposits made while we were present, were by boys of ten to sixteen years old, who bore evident marks of having just received their money for the week's work. In several cases it was brought in the parcel as they received it, and it gave us a great deal of pleasure to see the depositor count out the sum actually necessary to reserve for his board, &c., to a shilling, deposited the balance.

Among the rest came a bright-eyed pretty girl, perhaps a dozen years old, and with her a little boy of a less number of years. She gave her name as Sarah Berry, residence Green street, her father a carman, and mother an occasional washer, by which she had been able to save a few shillings from the family expenses which she gave her daughter from time to time to deposit. Now she was in high glee, for she had brought enough to make up three dollars, when it would begin to draw interest. It would be accumulating.

"Is this your brother?"

"No, sir; he is a little boy that lives in the same house, and he has heard about the Sixpenny Savings Bank, and has come to deposite a quarter dollar that his father gave him, and he is going to try and make up three dollars pretty soon. He will save every cent. My father, and his father, too, will save, and give us to deposit."

"What is your name, my fine little boy?"

"John Deer, sir."

"Well, you are a dear little fellow.—And so you want to put your money in the bank. Who told you to?"

"Nobody, sir, only Sarah told me about it, and then I told my mother, and then she said she was willing, and so is my father, and here is the quarter, sir."

"Yes. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir, I can write my name."

"Very well, write it there. Now here is your bank book. Good bye. You can come Monday, Thursday or Saturday, any time; we shall always be glad to see you."

This is a specimen of the manner of ex-Alderman Purdy to the little children who come to make their deposits. We venture to say that no man in New York that day felt so proud and happy over his bank book than those two little children.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The preacher who "warms up" his hearers with "words that burn," has been consulted with by the deacons, upon the propriety of having no fire in the church the coming winter.

An Irishman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and as a reason, he said, "that as he loved to rise early, he had now only to pull the string and wake himself."

Either we grow wiser as we grow older, or there is no growth at all.—Either we advance as we walk, or we cannot well be said to stand. Humanity is progress, or it is nothing.—*Egria.*

It is a delicate question which commads a waiter's greatest respect, the man who bullies him the most, or fees him the best.

The young woman that was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found heself at last in her lover's arms.

It is stated that trained dogs are about to be introduced into New York, to hold up ladies' long dresses on wet days.

The question for debating societies now is, "Does it follow that a man raised on ginger, must be ginger-bred?

A universal cry after marriage is, "I wish we had the money now that we threw away at our wedding!"

Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably run.

James Montgomery, the poet, has just completed his eighty-second year.