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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER A

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Selected Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

WILLIE'S CHOICE.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL,

When Willie wins and weds a wife,
I wonder who the bride will be!
For any maiden might be proud
Of such a noble lad as he.

Now Willie is our village pride;
The flower of all our country youth:
He's turned the heady of twenty girls!
Though they are easy turned in truth!

His father lives on yonder farm;
The country people call him "Squire:"
They say, to save his son from harm,
That he would pass through flood or fire!

The good Squire hints of days to come;
And looks as wise as wise can be!
When Will shall bring his maiden home;
But no one knows his choice but *me!*

Nay, do not frown so, stately Maud:
For we will call you "princess" still;
Though Willie calmly passed you by,
I'm sure you wish his bride no ill.

Withhold your anger, pretty Madge;
Still pout your lips, and curl your hair;
The simple maid that Willie loves
Is not one half—one half so fair!

She's only lovely in *his* eyes—
Indeed she wants no other praise!
Her only wealth is in his love—
Her pleasure follows in his ways.

I cannot blame our princess Maud;
Or Madge, the rosy little elf!
What marvel that they tried their best?
I strove to please the lad myself!

Interesting Story.

BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

Brown was a magazine writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—I borrow the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. *My* opinion is, that his abilities were—in short, not firstrate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing table, under a Chubbs' lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason—unduly neglected now, but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr. Brown first came to London. While he had money he wrote what he pleased; when he had not, he had the good sense and good fortune to write what pleased the public. The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business.

But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. "I'll be a butterfly," he said to himself, after he had hawked his ethics from West to East, and back again; and for some months he labored with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on a look out for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. "Fiction," he said to himself, "is a thing. If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country."

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scenes there. Spain was the land of romance; his characters should be the men now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. "I will read up the history," he said, "and with *Gil Blas*, Mr. Borrow, and the *Tales of the Alhambra*, I think something may be done." Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times:*

AMANUENSIS WANTED.—The applicant will be required to have recently traveled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B., 99 Hampstead road.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfil in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce, in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call "copy"—a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper "On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats," when the maid servant, fresh from the country, opened the door.

"If you please, sir"—

"Well," said Brown, mildly.

"There's a lady down stairs, and she wants you, sir."

Now Brown was not accustomed to receive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious, and desired quiet. So he replied, "She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please."

"O, sir, you're such a funny gentleman," Sarah said, and lingered.

"That's how I pay my rent, Sarah," replied Brown. "Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody."

"Please, sir, it's B. B. she wants," persisted the girl, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

"Eh! a lady? Show her up." And Brown hastily threw off his dressing gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated. "Odd," thought he—"decidedly;" and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so. The visitor was [illegible] embarrassed, and the silence endured un[illegible] read the next paragraph. Brown paused [illegible] instead of the middle-aged lady, with [illegible] Museum complexion, whom he had ex[illegible] see, there stood before him a young gir[illegible] whose age could not have been more than twen[illegible] and whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first reco[illegible] happy to say; and having go[illegible] rked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honor to be seated.

"I fear, sir, there is some mistake." The voice was a very sweet one as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

"You wished to make some inquiry about my advertisement," he said with some hesitation.

"Then you are B. B.?"

"I am B. B., madam."

The visitor rose, and bowing her head to him, said: "I must apologize for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which—which has caused this visit;" and she moved towards the door.

"I beg your pardon," Brown said, hastily. "One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain"——

"Pray, do not ask me, sir;" and again she turned to the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

"I have no right to detain you: but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so."

It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished—a trait on which he prided himself.

"It is impossible," she said, looking up at him; and perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued:

"I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or some one who—who could have accepted my services."

"I should be most happy," Brown began. She shook her head, and replied, now without embarrassment:

"I was mistaken."

"You have been in Spain?" Brown asked.

"I have only just returned from there."

"I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection; but if you will permit me, it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty."

She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed:

"The assistance I require may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you."

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good day rather abruptly, she disappeared down the stairs. Brown is considered—by some people—a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away, I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. "Very odd!—no name—no nothing! There she goes!—very pretty figure!—awful shabby bonnet!" Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat and followed it at a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back, sensibly; then, as the bonnet passed round a corner, he quickened his steps, and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets, and disappearing at length up a court, which seemed to be a play-ground for the children of the neighborhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room on the ground floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room, and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady, wearing so and so, lodge there? She did—on the third floor, back. The bell was broken, and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, but yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to "come in," did so.

It was a little sitting room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait of Her Majesty over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle-work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean, and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood outside the open window. A pale, withered looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her little shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a family of tourists, returned to England. She could do little for her mother's support without again leaving her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the *Times*, lent her by a neighbor.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room, and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady, and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavorable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know; but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Somewhere under the shadow of the Wrekin in Shropshire, there lives a Mr. Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When our Brown was a boy, his uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighborhood. Brown had always shown a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property and acting as trustee. *He* had worked his way up without help, and he was determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage—a term which Silas Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter for the first time allued rather pointedly to "those three acres by the new church."

"You have always told me, dear uncle"—so ran the letter—"to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it.—The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work—scene laid in Spain—from which I hope great things, and I am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive."

The elder Mr. Brown read this letter with a doubtful expression of face "Great work, indeed!" he said to himself. "*Chateau en Espagne!*" I'll go to London, and see what that boy's doing." And therefore Mr. Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterwards at 99 Hampstead Road.

"Out of town!—nonsense, my good girl," the old gentleman said to Sarah, who vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. "This is the room, I think?" and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table, busily writing, and opposite to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good looking.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

"Pray, sir, is this your—your amanuensis?"

Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said: "Yes, sir."

"What!" the old gentleman said in a tone so menacing, that Brown thought it best to lead the young lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old gentleman wiped his brow. "John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to principle, but even to ordinary propriety"——

"My dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Mean!—why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis?—What is she doing here, sir?"

"It's all over with the three acres," Brown thought. "I must tell him."

"I admit, sir, that I have practised some little deception upon you, and yet I told the truth."

"Eh?"

"I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also"——

"Well, sir?"

"My wife."

"Now it's all over," Brown said to himself.—His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his snuff box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At last he spoke in a much calmer tone, and said gravely: "I am very glad to hear it."

Brown would have been ill fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. Thought he, this is the proper time to say nothing. In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that *their* hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas is one of the family, and he'll come round by degrees.

Uncle Silas might or might not become round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff box at intervals. At last he spoke—

"John, I have been mistaken in you. Don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of a deception which is unmanly and disgraceful."

Brown felt the truth of this, and showed it in his face.

"For that, sir, I have to beg your pardon."

"Humph!" said his uncle.

"But, as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines."

"Pretty business it is to support a wife!"

"And consider the advantage one derives in such such from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman. How many writers enjoy a reputation which has been chiefly earned by their wives? When you hear of Mr. A., author of So-and So, you may not suspect how much Mrs. A. had to do with that celebrated work. How she pointed A.'s dialogue for him, and managed his love-scenes, and helped him with an idea when his plot got into inextricable confusion—And then, sir, my case"——

"I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to show whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue; I consider that by deceiving me, you have forfeited any claim you had upon me;" and Mr. Brown took up his hat, as if with the intention of leaving the house.

"If by claim you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I am sorry, indeed, to have lost your good opinion. Still"——

"You would do it again in the same way, I suppose?"

Brown hesitated. "After all," he thought, "I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?"

"Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you"——He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on to the table, and scattered Brown's card basket to the four winds.

"Very well, sir," the old gentleman said; "I see how it is, and you know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and may set your old uncle at defiance."

"You do me great injustice," Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr. Silas promenaded the hearth-rug, with one hand behind him, and the other firmly grasping his snuff box. Presently, the snuff box disappeared into one pocket, and out of the other came a paper of a discolored legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card basket.

"There is the title of the land. You will find it all in form, and so good morning to you."—And Mr. Silas caught up his hat, brushed past his nephew, and walked at a tremendous pace down the garden walk.

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"What's the matter, dear?"

Brown collected his thoughts and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought for him in the days of yore, and now regretted his generosity.

"Of course you will not accept a repented benevolence?"

"What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralized."

"But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer."

"That's the very thing! I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of the hill!" and Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. "Mrs. Brown"—I have great pleasure in giving her proper title—went to the window, whence her straining her eyes she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile Mr. Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape; the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house, and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake Brown had quarrelled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons who after a few moments quitted the lawyer's house, arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle; yet so it was. Mr. Silas Brown could not maintain his position against his nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr. Silas entered the house with his nephew and took her by the hand gravely, but kindly. What were his impressions of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

"If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer."

Some days afterwards, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend—the present writer, in point of fact—he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him clever, I shall put on record:

"It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family," he said, "otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round."

Selected Miscellany.

A Visit to the Mayor of N. York.

The fiftieth stanza of "Fanny," by FITZ GREENE HALLECK, presented the New Yorkers of thirty-five years ago with the following free-penciling of their municipal temple:

"And on our City Hall a Justice stands—
A nearer form was never made of board—
Holding majestically in her hands
A pair of steelyards and a wooden sword;
And looking down with complaisant civility,
Emblem of dignity and durability."

The description is perfectly good yet, although the architecture is of the kind now known as sulky. Justice is still afar off from the crowds beneath. The rear of the City Hall is still of dark stone, emblematical when Halleck crooked, of the idea that the city would never grow beyond the Park: typical now-a-days, say the modern "croakers," that the City Hall hath a black side as well as a white one. The ungainly bell tower and regiment of iron chimney-pots, reviewed by every passing wind, give the whole building an appearance of a spoils-defying fortress.

Presenting these reflections to the seedy philosopher who, this chill December day, is shivering over a half a pint of peanuts on the City Hall steps, let us enter the municipal temple, and turning toward its Broadway corner, in the wake of a carman evidently feeling the want of a license, we find a modest sign, painted many years ago, which reads: "MAYOR'S OFFICE. *Hours from* 11 to 2." The arrangement of hours, like the lettering, was of olden time, for it is only half past nine, and there is a bustling about which gives token of earlier seasons for official labors. Yes! the Mayor is already at his table in the private room, surrounded by documents and all the paraphernalia of red-tape-ism. He has driven five miles into town, and with the glow of the exercise upon his frame, sat himself down for a few minutes to glance at the pile of daily newspapers which are heaped upon his table. After a short reading of the municipal topics in order to catch the late occurrences among his constituency, and to ascertain if anything demands his aid, he has folded them up ready for a full perusal during the afternoon drive toward dinner and domesticity. His chief clerks, and private secretary, and marshal have already handed in their daily budget of items and reminders. And, as visitor number one, the Chief of Police has appeared with the nightly returns from twenty-two wards, to rapidly glean them over and compare notes on the state of the metropolis. 'Tis a foul and cumbersome catalogue of petty crime; but rapid eyes down this column, and ready check-marks, by the pencil, up that line, in a very short time reduce the catalogue to a systematized budget for instructions; and presently Mr. Chief retires to his own appropriate bureau to issue the orders for the day. A busy crowd is already thronging the private door, at which stands a confidential officer of police to take and hear commands. Yonder stands policeman "X," who has an order to report himself for reprimand; close to him Sergeant "Y," who has some special trusts to fulfill, and in the group of blue coats various other officers and privates of the police force with some message or a grievance to narrate. Here is the city official for a conference; a sewing-woman with a tale of oppression; the merchant with some sense of wrong, and the artisan with sundry family woes within his breast which he is confident the Mayor can relieve. There the emigrant—the traveler in search of passport—the messenger from a sister city—the sea-captain, holding in his hand a protest ready for certificate—a refractory hackman, and a downcast politician hoping for an office. The courteous chief clerk threads his way into the group, and presently the policemen range in line for entrance in succession to the Mayor's table; the official has his card sent in; the sewing-woman is given a chair; the emigrant is pointed to the proper desk; the hackman visits the Marshal's railing, and the politician is handed a newspaper over which to ponder while the more important suitors take their turn. The Mayor has been looking over the morning mail the while—letters there from all alphabet of cities and half-a-directory-full of correspondents—glancing at the superscription and the dates, he makes two piles, one for the chief clerk and the other for his private secretary. There has been, too, an occasional pencil-mark—when "ting" goes the summons-bell, and the doors are open for the entrance of the classified group, which is succeeded every quarter hour by another and still another, until the doorman gapes in wearied sympathy with the large clock at his right hand, that seems to "tell off," as with a pendulum tally, the entrances and the exits.

Let us look around the big office a bit. We are being stared at from the wall by the portrait of a Turkish embassador, who presented himself to the Mayor's office by way of introducing a look of laziness into the reigning bustle. A fine picture of the City Prison across the room frowns upon His Turkish Highness as if the dungeons behind the flat of brown and white coloring groaned to give the polygamist a gentle hug. Little else of ornament, however. The carpet is business-like in pattern, and the chandelier is of urban dignity—all else to be written down in a catalogue of mahogany desks, paper, ink, and quills. Mr. Clerk to the Emigration is our neighbor, as we sit. Shall we put a question? Before he asks us *our* business, let us pose him by demanding his.

He gives it with a smile, and from his well-arranged narrative we learn how vast an entrepot of emigration is the American metropolis, with its half million yearly comers—how the captains are obliged to bond their sick and needy, and how careful is the watch which American charity keeps over the home health and the home coffers.

We turn from him to the Mayor's clerk of Police Commission. Through *his* hands pass all the complaints for neglect against policemen; *he* it is who astronomically holds the telescope by which the Police Board gaze at and examine refractory or shooting stars of municipal care; *he* it is who receives and files the answers to charges, and keeps the minutes of the Board in a ponderous tome, and records decisions; and is altogether big with the fate of those who trump rogues with clubs at the bidding of the city.

But the busiest man hereabout is in the eastern angle. Railed in too, as if especial violence were threatening him; smiling withal, as with the look of one habituated to querists ahd to human nature. Heigho! a bit of dramatics in his corner. Yonder Jehu-looking individual with the stubby whip is commencing an argument.

"You see, Mr. Marshall, as how this lady had three boxes and—"

"*Trunks*, you drunken vagabond, and all my best wardrope in—," interrupts a fidgety bonnet.

"And I thought as how a decent woman would'nt begrudge an extra quarter for carrying—"

Aha! a Jehu brought to judgment for extortion! Strong-minded woman that! A martyr to civic patriotism, she! How they fire and cross-fire, rhetorically! The Marshal listens blandly. *He* stop them? No indeed! Very injudicious course would that be, my dear Sir, for one who knows enough of human nature to become aware that loquacity, like steam, must find vent, and that the more open the valves are left the better for boilers and engineers. Presently the rhetoric falls down to 32°, and there is an icy stillness, broken by the Marshal, who proceeds to tell Jehu how and where he went wrong, and to bid him "fork over" five dollars by way of fine. An interested group of brother Jehus stand around, and, elbowed by them, is an expectant pawnbroken in greasy clothes, who has been of late, it will seem, flibustering among the thieves without a license, and is shortly to be brought beneath the crushing section of an ordinance in the case of three-ball tax-payers, made and provided.

An interlude of dram-sellers breaking the license laws was once enacted in his corner, before the judges and legislators knocked their heads together and made a "muddle" of prohibition. Very likely Mr. Marshal is glad of it, for the cartmen, and omnibus heroes, and hackney Jehus, and Ishmaelitish pawnbrokers furnish him with work enough.

While we have thus been glancing at these details the Mayor has been still hard at work arranging generalities for each subordinate, during momentary lull in the grievances levee, or countersigning warrants on the Treasury, or glancing at committee reports from the aldermen, or dashing off brief notes and memoranda, or examining into a question of bail, or giving signatures to license blanks, and passports, and permits by the score, as his private secretary lays them on the table.

But the air hereabout grows thick and close—a thousand lungs have already tainted the oxygen which the gigantic stove and leviathan grate had in mercy spared, and turning our backs upon this scene of civic management, we reenter the Park, feeing that if the officials left behind us accomplish little toward government, they endeavor much, and "keep up a power of thinking!"

How Shall we Keep Warm?

Take three bowls: pour into one cold water, into another hot water, and into a third water that is neither cold nor hot: then place each hand respectively into the hot and cold, and now thrust both into the lukewarm. The hand that was first put into the cold water will feel hot, and that which was in the hot will feel cold, although both are exposed to exactly the same temperature. This simple experiment proves that the sensation of heat or cold is, to a great degree, relative, and teaches the lesson that to secure comfort, in the extremes of our climate, we must neither warm ourselves too much in winter nor cool ourselves too much in summer.

It is hardly possible, in the dog-days, to reduce one's temperature by any artificial cooling process short of an ice-cream freezer sufficiently to heighten the subsequent effect of the heat, although it may be questioned whether the continual drenching of the system with iced water and other refrigerant drinks does not increase rather than diminish, the torrid influence of the summer solstice. That in winter, however, we get up, by our various heating apparatus, too high a temperature within for a comfortable endurance of the necessary exposure to cold without, can not be doubted.

Our private houses and public buildings are all too hot in winter for health and comfort.—There is a winter constitution necessary to endure the winter's cold, which can only be acquired in nature's own way. The chief sources of the heat of the body are, the air we breathe and the food we eat; the former supples the fire and the latter the fuel, and from their combination results the animal temperature. In cold weather, in consequence of the density of the atmosphere, there is more air taken into the lungs in a breath than in summer, and with a greater fire necessarily a greater demand for fuel. The more air we breathe the more food we eat, and this is the method of warming the body prescribed by nature. The animal heat, which is of a uniform temperature in winter and summer, is not only essential for comfort, but health; and as all the vital processes are more or less dependent upon that for warming the body, neither agreeable sensations nor a wholesome condition can be fully secured by any artificial substitute for nature's heating apparatus.

All attempts to keep warm during winter by stoves, furnaces, and external covering exclusively are so many attacks upon the principle of life, and will result both in discomfort and ill health. We must keep up a brisk inward blaze, and this can only be done by breathing the concentrated fire of the winter air, stocking ourselves with the compact fuel of animal food, and keeping up the combustion by the continual stir of active exercise. It is not those who are always trying how to keep themselves warm by all sorts of cunning contrivances who succeeded best in making themselves warm. The indoor body—your wife, for example, who shuts herself up for the winter in a house hermetically sealed by double casements, heated by a hot fiery furnace to a temperature which almost renders the oven superfluous, and dispenses with the necessity of a cook, is always complaining of her cold feet, and gives you such a cold grasp with her freezing little hands that they send a chill at once to your heart. There is such a domestic fire kept up to warm the shivering mistress of the house, that nothing less than a connubial salamander can endure it, and every wholesome warm-blooded married man, what with the thermometer at the boiling point and temper at an equally elevated temperature *within*, is driven to the necessity of refreshing himself with the cold *without*.

Sedentary people, who neither breathe, eat, nor exercise as they should, will necessarily be in an unwholesome condition, and have unwholesome sensations. "Is that your foot, Cæsar?—I smell something burning," says Cuffee, perfectly unconscious, apparently, that it was his own pedal extremity that was roasting before the fire. This, however apocryphal, is a good illustration of the insensibility to heat acquired by being constantly exposed to its extremes. Our indoor people get so baked and hardened by the high temperature to which they are constantly subjected, that they have no sensation left but that of cold. Let the thermometer be fast mounting toward boiling point, and the heat such that it would overcook a canvas-back duck, and they will still *feel* cold, and, moreover, insist that it *is* cold. Their feelings, however, are not test of temperature, as they might find out by looking at the thermometer, or by the simple experiment of the three bowls of water which we have already described. They do feel cold, however when every healthy person feels hot, and for no other reason than because they are in an unwholesome condition—a condition in which not only their sensations are involved, but all their functions. To have comfort, and, what is more important, health, we must obey the law of nature, which prescribes air, food, and exercise as the only means for the production of the necessary animal heat.

It is not only that the excessively high temperature of our indoor life is positively injurious to health, but it indisposes, from its relaxing and weakening effects, to that outdoor existence which alone can modify their injurious influence. The sensations become so morbidly acute to the least breath of cool air, that after a person has once undergone the process of cooking in one of our home-ovens, he becomes as averse to go out in the winter atmosphere as a hydrophobic dog would be to plunge himself into the North River.

The simple rule is to acquire healthy sensations by means of wholesome habits, and then there will be no desire to overheat our houses, which do not in winter require a higher temperature than 60°. That degree of heat should be comfortable, as it is healthful, to all who are in a natural condition of body. In winter less heat can be borne safely than in summer, for nature, by a process of her own, provides the body in the former season with a greater quantity, in accordance with the greater demand, and thus renders it more independent of, and more liable to be damaged by, any large artificial supply. Let us, then, keep down the fire of our house-furnaces and keep up a brisk combustion within our bodies, by air, food, and exercise, that we may have an abundant supply of that vital heat, without which there can neither be comfort nor health.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord of the "Pewter Mug," or some equally frequented saloon, the other night, when the customers at the bar had talked incessantly till after midnight; "gentlemen, I don't know whether you have talked enough, but for one I am going to *shut up*."

WHITTLING.

Brother Jonathan, snubbed by British travelers, is not perhaps aware what high authority he has to keep him in countenance in his little eccentricity of whittling. The following anecdote of Napoleon occurs in a London Journal of the year 1803:

An eminent artist now living was visiting Paris during the short peace, and among other places went to see the room where the Senate assembled. There was a chair of state at one end of it, and the person who showed the room, pointed to one of the arms of it, which was new.

"Do you see, Monsieur," said he, "that new arm?"

"Yes: but what is there remarkable in a new arm? I suppose it was broken by accident."

"No, sir; the remarkable thing about the arm is, that it is renewed once in so many weeks."

"Renewed once in so many weeks! For what, pray?"

"Sir, when the First Consul sits in that chair, he has a trick, while the Senators are speaking or deliberating, of taking a penknife from off the table, and hacking the right arm with it till the surface is reduced to splinters. Every now and then we renew it without saying anything, and when the First Consul has repeated his operation sufficiently we make him another."

With Bonaparte the habit was attributed to excess of nervous action. The same incitement would not be far wrong of the mark with Jonathan. It is not that he

"*Whittles* as he goes for want of thought."

It is restlessness, not laziness, which induces him to ply the jacknife. He is so apt to work that he must be doing something.

The Old Man and the Doctor.

An old man complained to the doctor of bad digestion.

"Oh, let bad digestion alone," said the doctor, "for it is one of the concomitants of old age."

He then stated his weakness of sight.

"Don't meddle with weakness of sight," said the doctor, "for that, also, is one of the concomitants of old age."

He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing.

"Alas! how distant is hearing," said the doctor, "from old men. Difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age."

He complained to him of want of sleep.

"How widely separated," said the doctor, "are sleep and old men; for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age."

He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigor.

"This is an evil," said the doctor, "that soon hastens on old men; for want of vigor is a necessary concomitant of old age."

The old man (unable to keep his patience any longer) called out to his companions: "Seize upon the booby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot! that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of old age, forsooth—the only words he seems capable of uttering."

The doctor smiled, and said: "Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age!"—*The Afghan.*

"TIME THE DESTROYER" A POPULAR FALLACY.—Upon the observation of Lord Bacon, that "Time is the greatest innovator," Archbishop Whateley remarks, "that though this is an allowable and convenient mode of speaking, effects are produced, not *by* time, but in time. In reality, Time *does* nothing, and *is* nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate slowly and imperceptibly; but unless some positive cause is in action, no change takes place in the lapse of a thousand years. In the words of Hooker, 'Time doth but measure other things, and neither worketh in them any real effect, nor itself is capable of any.' Our sense of the importance and responsibility of human action is extremely increased by the consideration, out of the physical laws of nature and the operations of the brute creation, that there is no other agent but man. In laws, in government, in arts, in sciences, in every possible institution, all evil and all good are the direct result of his proceedings."

AN ARTIST'S JUDGMENT OF NAPOLEON'S PHYSIOGNOMY.—"The cast taken, very imperfectly, by Dr. Antommarchi, from the face of Napoleon, is more handsome than any bust or portrait of him, and, indeed, has the look of a much younger man than he appears in the latest portraits.—This is easily accounted for. Illness had reduced the superabundant fleshiness of the lower part of his face and brought it back to the condition of an earlier period, and death, by leaving the mouth slightly open, had destroyed that expression of selfish determination which the thin compressed lips give to every portrait of Napoleon. The profile of the cast *is the most perfectly beautiful profile of a man I ever saw;* the faint smile caused by the last slight convulsion, after all consciousness had ceased, adding the beauty of death to a face originally of very fine proportions.—*Prof. C. R. Leslie's "Hand-Book for Young Painters."*

"THE AMAZON"—OR, A RUNNING CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Not long since a certain Circuit Court was in session—not more than a thousand miles from this city—when an unusually loud and not very harmonious burst of music sounded upon the ears of the grave, order-loving, and legitimately-enforcing-silence Judge of the Court, as well as upon the bar, the jury, and bystanders in attendance and gravely listening to an argument of one of the attorneys. His Honor, in a stern, resolute, and cold tone of voice, ordered the sheriff to "Stop that noise!" and when informed it was a steamboat "calliope," a broad smile and quiet acquiescence in the confusion, gave full evidence that the disturbance was beyond the jurisdiction of the judge. Query: would not attachment for contempt hold good in such a case?—*Vicksburg Whig.*

HORSE-RACING AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture have unanimously adopted a report on the subject of horse-racing at agricultural fairs. The report declares that agricultural societies should refrain hereafter from offering premiums upon equestrian exhibitions, such exhibitions being in no sense to be regarded as agricultural products, and should also adopt every means requisite to prevent the appearance of horse-racing. The speed in any trial of horses, is suggested to be limited to a mile in four[illegible]

GROWING OLD DECENTLY.—"[illegible] England," wrote Dan[illegible] Dr. Choules, when the[illegible] Europe with his pupil[illegible] good; it will furnish t[illegible] future life, and if they [illegible] *it will teach them, what [illegible] grow old decently.* An[illegible] man is a poor affair; the[illegible] wasted form, but nothing [illegible] ments and good sentiments [illegible] age."

CHARITY.—"He who does no[illegible] own house," says St. Paul, "[illegible] infidel."

"And I think," is the comme[illegible] "he who provides only for his o[illegible] equal with an infidel."

"I stand on the platform of [illegible] be my arm if ever I stand on [illegible]

"No, you don't," interru[illegible] maker in the crowd; "you s[illegible] and I w[illegible] the money for [illegible]

Lager Bier at the [illegible]

Thousands of signs bearing this [illegible] nailed up all over the Queen City, a[illegible] the other large cities of our country. [illegible] from the ordinary strong beer in no essen[illegible] ticular. Its name imports that it is old, and [illegible] we believe, constitutes its highest recommen[illegible] tion. So popular has this beverage become, that immensely large breweries for its manufacture, and vaults for its storage, are being constructed in Cincinnati and vicinity. A casual observer can readily distinguish the whiskey drinker from the "lager bier" drinker. The latter is not so boisterous as the former. The bier drinkers become sluggish and stupid, and bloat up like a slopped hog. Some who were violently opposed to whiskey-drinking, and have a great horror of intemperance, are brutalizing themselves by the free use of "lager." The bier drinker is quite sure that he is benefited, because he gains in flesh, and as a more healthy color. But he is deceived. It is not healthy, solid flesh, but a mere bloat. The digestion is impaired, the liver rendered torpid, and the whole system ready a ready prey to any disease that may attack it. Bilious disorders will be greatly multiplied, [illegible] exaggerated. It is a well known fact, that a bruise or a flesh-wound upon a beer drinker is almost incurable, and even a slight scratch upon the hand has often been known to result in death. The rosy hue upon the cheek, instead of being an indication of health, is the very opposite.

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.—One of the fraternity out West, who appears to have become disgusted with the profession, assigns the following reason for vacating his chair:

The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie on every [illegible] subject, and can't remember having told a whole some truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution.—*New York Mirror.*

WOMEN.—It is to a female pen, we believe, that we owe this eloquent tribute to the [illegible]

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems [illegible]
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines [illegible]
And rayless that night is, that morning [illegible]
Where no beam is your eye lights up [illegible] breast,
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep [illegible]
Till the sweet flow of woman's soul stops the [illegible]
'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to be [illegible]
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And property's hour, be it ever so fleet,
From woman receives both refinement and [illegible]
And