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Poetry.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

Ye who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
At its own capricious will!
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impression first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word be said!

Why should smiles sometimes repel us!
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh!—no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
Which protects us—and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls!
Is it instinct? Is it nature?
Or some freak, or fault of chance,
Which our liking—or disliking—
Limits to a single chance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen—unuttered things!
Is it—oh can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings—and dislikings—
Have their own instinctive laws?

GRIEF'S DOINGS.

"Quantum mutatus ab illo."

Tell them that he is dead—thou hast but seen
The lingering spectre of the man they loved—
A form, where thou could'st faintly trace the mien
Of one who long through life so proudly moved.

Tell them that thou hast met the haggard look
Of him whose eyes their own so fondly sought,
And turned away thy glance, that could not brook
The sad display of havoc grief had wrought.

Tell them that thou hast heard that hollow sound
Of that once glad, and ever welcomed voice;
But, in thine own, no cheering influence found
To bid its solemn tones again rejoice.

Tell them that thou hast marked the tottering gait
Of him who once could strength and grace display:
Whose steps have echoed oft in halls of State,
And led the ranks of fashion and the gay.

Tell them that thou has watched the wasting mind—
By fancy nursed—attuned to wit and lore;
And thou hast sighed in pity, there to find
But frotted chords, to harmonise no more.

Aye, tell what thou hast seen—the outward show
Thine eye could scan,—thy lips may well impart;
But all imperfect yet, thy tale of woe;—
Thou could'st not see the ruin in his heart.

Say then, that he is dead—though thou hast walked
With him, of late, through fields and forest fair;
Though ye have sat for hours, and smiled and talked,
'Twas but a phantom mocked thy senses there.

Yes, tell that he is dead—for cans't thou say
That aught of life, but breath, to him remains;
When grief hath made of all its sweets his prey,
And he but owns existence in its pains.

W. B. B.

Miscellaneous.

We find the following in the Lafourche (La.,) *Union*,—but can't tell whether it is original there, or not. No matter,—it is a capital article, and the author of it, whoever he may be, "deserves well of the Republic." *Eds. Ex.*

HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother is a woman—wife sisters, pretty cousins, are women; and the daughters will be if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And then there is a love of women in general which we do not deny. A fine magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, a ripe red cheek, and flashing eye, is, something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks, and every day streets. A North River Steamer under full headway, with colors flying is rather a pretty sight,—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass and admire the swell, she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life,—(men's life, we mean, of course.)—Any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them up in cans and seal them up air tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an unfailable receipt.

Have the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and talk for the good of it, for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register.—Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gasses evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows.—Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air tight cans; neither will women.—They need air. If the shiver comes on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower.—No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is almost as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man.—Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies evolved in the relations of the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, brings about a delightful play of the heart and intellect which, in their reaction upon the body, produces an effect that is nothing less than preservation. Then, there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in the heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, and the joy and hope that are in possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There! you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is not the less sober truth. It has within it the cure for many a disease—the preventive for more.—It might be made longer; but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

VIRGINIA LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

Porter's Spirit of the Times has the following from the Notes in the forthcoming Life of Thomas Jefferson, by the Hon. Henry S. Randall:

A Virginia woman is too free, too lithe in her movements to keep up the unvarying precision of a lay-figure. She walks abroad as if the earth was made to walk upon, though saucy breezes throw ribands and ringlets and erring laces into never so fine a distraction. She rides like anything else besides a dumb-jockey, or a city Miss fresh from the riding academy; nay, if the road be shady, or the green sward looks temptingly elastic, and says (as everybody knows it does sometimes say,) "Come and take a run over me," the Virginia woman does not always find it in her heart to refuse the challenge; but down goes the riding whip, and the next moment her blood mare, with straight thin neck, broad red nostrils, and eye lit to flame, is skimming like a low flying bird over the ground.

It is difficult for one whose eye is accustomed only to females brought up at the feet of the fashionable Fadaladeens, to conceive the graceful and free movements of a high bred Virginia woman, when roused into full action, not in the ball room at Saratoga or Newport, but at home, with the turf of the Old Dominion under her feet, and the skies of the Old Dominion over her head. We once approached an old Virginia farm-house, with its owner, who had been for some days absent. A few hundred yards off, we suddenly stopped to gaze, for, at that moment, dashing round from the rear of the mansion, and darting like mad through the trees, came a troop of riders at full speed, all of them females but one. Sweeping round the house, again they disappeared; but a circuit of a few moments again brought them in front, when discovering us, they reined up for an instant, and then affecting vast dismay, made a rush at a high carriage gate, on one side of the lawn, to escape. The foremost rider galloped past the gate almost without drawing rein, bent to one side, raised it and dashed it open, and then, wheeling his horse, darted through with another rider, and went clattering down a rocky path, as the gate, made to swing shut, closed with a bang. Two more performed the same feat, and the last of the train made an effort to shoot through at the same time.—This was a girl of perhaps a dozen years old, and she was mounted on, by far, the largest horse of the party. "There goes my horse whom I bade nobody ride!" exclaimed our companion, mock gravity very scantily hiding his expression of good natured amusement. But the last rider was too late. The gate was shutting on her, and it appeared that it must inevitably catch her powerful horse between its head and the shutting post. We held our breath. But a sharp, prompt, fearless pull on the reins of the heavy curb-bit suddenly arrested the horse, and it was done with such vigor and such a will, that the great animal threw his fore feet high in the air, and the gate *seemed* to swing under the uplifted hoofs, as it closed. In another moment, it was seized by the little rider, thrown open, and away she went with whip flying, to overtake her companions. I thought of the wild, fearless, graceful riders of the western plains, and wondered whether the blood of Pocahontas, which flowed in the veins of the merry party, had anything to do with the matter!

A CALIFORNIA WIFE.—We are told that when John Bigler, late Governor of the State of California, was a member of the State Legislature, Mrs. B., his wife, absolutely washed the clothes of some of the honorable gentlemen for so much a dozen. At the time of his election Bigler was very poor, and his per diem was hardly enough for himself and wife to live on in these prodigal times. To make both ends meet, and save something against a rainy day, Madame Bigler put her shoulder to the wheel, as above related.

Now, won't this be rather startling to the pale faced, attenuated damsels of the East, who scream and faint at the sight of a wash-tub or cob-web? Think of it. The wife of an ex-Governor, with her sleeves and gown tucked up, bending over the wash-tub, while her husband, with his clean dicky standing upright, chafing his ears, rose to a question of privilege. "Mr. Speaker! Mr. S-pe-a-k-e-r!" And then think of the ex-washer woman being voted, [illegible] wife of the Governor of the State of California, worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!—enough money to make the heads of universal snobdom duck and dive like an affrighted water-fowl in a thunderstorm.

Good for the Pennsylvania Dutch girl! Five hundred years hence, when the historian lifts the veil from the catacombs of the past and writes the history of the unforgotten dead, he may, perhaps, append this little episode to the history of one of California's Governors; and the little ragged girls that then go down to dip water from the Rio Sacramento, may think better of their mothers who have to labor, because a long time ago Mrs. John Bigler, the Governor's wife, filled her wash-tub from the same noble river.

These are the pioneer women of California; there are many such, as strong-willed and as true, who quail not at their own footsteps in the woods, whose hearts swell with hope at

The banking of the hammer,
And the creaking of the crane.

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget that we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities.—To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults than in a course which leads out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—*Burke.*

Mrs. Bloomer imagines that the reason that women differ from men, is because they are schooled and educated differently. Nothing, however, could be more unfounded. Girls differ from boys, not identically, but radically. The first thing a boy does after he is weaned, is to straddle the banisters, and ride down stairs. The first thing a girl sets her heart on is a doll and a set of half fledged cups and saucers. Girls are given to neatness and hate soiled garments of all kinds; boys, on the contrary, set a high value on dirt, and are never so happy as when sailing a shingle ship, with a brown paper sail, in a mud puddle. Mrs. Bloomer may reason as she may, but she will find in the end that Natnre is stronger than either philosophy or suspenders.

A broker, famous for his shrewdness took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of the money worth something while the conductor was coming through the cars.

From Kane's Arctic Explorations.

WALRUS HUNTING.

Morton, one of the crew, had joined some Esquimaux to catch walrus:

"The party which Morton attended upon their walrus hunt had three sledges. One was to be taken to a cache in the neighborhood; the other two dragged at a quick run toward the open water, about ten miles off to the South west. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding, the others running by turns. As they neared the new ice, and where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the animal's voice.

"After a while the Myouk became convinced from signs or sounds, or both, for they were inappreciable by Morton, that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently open water that was glazed over with a few day's growth of ice; and moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull awuk. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff; very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly, seven to nine times in succession.

"The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and guided by an admirable knowledge of ice topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations, recently frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

"When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled towards a separate pool; Morton on his hands and knees following Myouk. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above the water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before he is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the noise reaches [illegible] are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice hardly strong enough to bare them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walrus are curveting in.

"Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus hide, a well trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or, as a sailor would say, 'doubled in a bight.' It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon: the water is in motion.—Puffing with respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms, close before him.—Myouk rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest: Myouk throws up his left arm; and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost: the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

"Though awuk is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop.—seizes as he runs a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice; to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice service with his feet.

"Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed; the hunter has not left his station. There is a crack of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walrusses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male; is excited, and seemingly terrified; the other, the female, collected and vengeful.—Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Myouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him, and fixing it anew.

"He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, and breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sank once more he again changes his place and so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

"The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is as interesting to the naturalist, as it is characteristic also of the land animals, the pachyderms, with which he is classed. When wounded he rises high out of the water, plunging heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with his fore flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under his weight, his countenance assumes a still more vindicative expression, his bark then changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

"Even when not excited, he manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steeps of ice and land, which would be inaccessible to him without their aid.—He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; and I have myself seen him in these elevated positions, basking with his young in the cool sunshine of August and September.

"He can strike a fearful blow; but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherle Island, where the walrus put to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with respect.

"I have heard of comiaks being detained for days at a time at the crossings of straits and passages which he infested. Governor Flaischer told me that, in 1830, a brown walrus, which according to the Esquimaux, is the fiercest after being lanced and maimed near Uppernavik, routed his numerous assailants, and drove them in fear to seek for help from the settlement. His movements were so violent as to jerk out the harpoons that were struck into him. The Governor slew him with great difficulty, after several rifle-shots and lance-wounds from his whale boat.

HAS THE EARTH A HOLE THROUGH IT.—The Bottomless Pit, in the Mammouth Cave of Kentucky, is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth.—the branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought upon the brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eye has yet reached the top of the great overarching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lampblack, but he hears a wild, mournful melody of water, the wailing of the lost [illegible] left in the upper world, never more to be revisited. Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of the opinion that folks come here to see and hear, and to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash! it has reached the bottom. No—hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer.

CREATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Dr. Hitchcock the eminent geologist, said, in a recent discourse, delivered by him in Albany, that geological science places man among the most recent of created things.—We find the surface of the earth (says, Dr. B.) composed, to the depth of some eight or ten miles, of rocks. These rocks are full of the remains of animals and plants. Thirty thousand species of them, which differ from any living species, have been disinterred, yet no human remains are found among them until the loose soil—alluvium is reached, which soil is universally acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several thousand feet below the surface; while the fossil remains of man have never been found so low as one hundred feet below the surface. But if man had been in existence when these other animals lived, whose remains would also have been found there; for his bones are of the same structure as theirs, and consequently no less likely to resist destruction.

HORSES' COATS.—Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good 'un—but was always annoyed about his coat, as it was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get "wouldn't do it no good." My friend, who is a great horse breeder and fancier, made me try giving him a few carrots every day out of my hand, saying that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks—and he was right, for in that time my horse had a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible.—*Porter's Spirit.*

ADVICE.—Don't be sentimental—it is bad for digestion.

Remember, the best tonic is fun, and the best physician is a joker.

For giving a tone to the stomach, one good hearty laugh is worth all the pills that were ever paid for or patented.

Cheerfullness is a moral armor. It protects the mind from the javelins of dyspepsia, and makes it as impregnable to the assaults of duns and unliquidated dun bills as Gibralter is to pop-guns.

Keep that man at a distance who hates music and the laugh of a child.

A POLITE JUDGE.—Governor Ford, of Illinois, tells an anecdote of one the early judges of that State, but the Governor does not put upon record the name of the considerate magistrate.

At the court over which this judge presided, a man by the name of Green was convicted of murder, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon the culprit. Calling on the prisoner to rise, the judge said to him: "Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want you and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I that condemns you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, at what time, sir, would you like to be hung? The law allows you time for preparation."

The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body, have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, sir!"

"Mr. Green," returned the Judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung. It can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before his neck is broke, and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green when he is hung, just look into the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked as he was directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks at 12 o'clock."

The Attorney General, James Turney, Esq., here interposed, and said: "May it please the court on occasion of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney said the judge, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he has got to be hung. You understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

Four weeks from that day, Mr. Green was hung but not so much to his on satisfaction as his appearance promised on the day of his conviction.

FRIGHTENING A SQUATTER.—About thirteen years ago, when the now flourishing city of Hannibal, on Mississippi river, was but a wood-yard, surrounded by a few huts belonging to some hardy squatters, and such a thing as a steamboat was considered quite a sight, the following incident occurred:—

A tall, brawny woodsman stood leaning against a tree upon the bank of the river, and gazing at some approaching object, which easily might be dicovered to be a steamboat.

About half an hour elapsed, and the boat was moored, and the hands busily engaged in taking on wood.

Now, among the many passengers was a spruce young dandy, with a killing moustache, &c., who seemed bent on making an impression by some heroic deed.

Observing our squatter friend, he imagined this to be a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice. So, stepping into the cabin, he said,—

"Ladies, if you want to enjoy a good laugh, step out into the guards. I intend to frighten that gentleman into fits who now stands on the bank."

The ladies complied with the request, and the dandy drew from his pocket a formidable bowie knife and thrust it into his belt; then taking a large horse-pistol in each hand, he strode on shore.

Marching up to the woodsman he exclaimed,—

"Found you at last have I? You are the fellow I've been looking after these three long weeks. Say your prayers! (he continued, presenting his pistols,) you'll make a capital barn door, and I shall drill the keyhole myself!"

The squatter calmly surveyed him a moment, and then drawing back a step he planted his huge fist directly between the eyes of his antagonist, who, in a moment was floundering in the midst of the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Every passenger on the boat had by this time collected on the guards, and the crest-fallen hero, as he was sneaking off towards the boat was thus accosted by his conqueror—

"I say, you, next time you come around here drilling of keyholes, don't forget your old acquaintances!"

An Irishman called at a printing office with an advertisement, and like a prudent man, inquired what it would cost. He was informed that for one insertion the price would be $2; subsequent insertions 75 cents each. "An faith," said he, "I'll only have two subsequent insertions!"

Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity on the bench. When going on a circuit, a facetious lawyer, named Crowle, was asked if the judge was not just behind. "I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am quite sure he was never just before."