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Selected Poetry.

JACOB GETS THE MITTEN.

ANSWER TO "WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

[The following quaint production, which we copy from the Musical World, is a rejoinder to the popular song, "Wait for the Wagon."]

I thank you, Mr. Jacob, but I'm not inclined to go,
Your wagon is so clumsy, and your team so very slow:
And tho' I would make you happy, with your Phillis by your side,
To go in such a "turn out" would be shocking to my pride.
CHORUS—To ride in a wagon,
An old rusty wagon,
A squeaking lumber wagon,
'Twould be shocking to my pride!
Beside a jolting wagon
I never could abide.

And then that sweet "love story which has weighed upon your heart,"
Must be a queer sensation which affects another part;
Your love is in your stomach and no doubt 'tis very sweet,
To think, whene'er I'm by your side, of "something good to eat."
CHORUS—Away with your wagon,
An old rusty wagon,
A squeaking lumber wagon,
To you it may be sweet!
But in a common wagon,
I would scorn to take a seat.

Perhaps you may consider that I'm very hard to please,
But I ne'er can be happy in a dairy, making cheese;
So keep your little farm house, and just go and mind your plough,
I'm sure I can do better than consent to milk your cow.
CHORUS—And ride in a wagon,
An old rusty wagon,
A speaking lumber wagon,
With horses from the plow;
To think of such a wagon,
It mortifies me now.

Old Mike was not so stingy when he asked me for his bride
As to bring a clumsy wagon and invite me out to ride;
And tho' he's not so hand-some quite as you may deem yourself!
I think him quite acceptable—especially his "PELF!"
CHORUS—I'll ride in a carriage,
A fine gilded carriage,
An easy cushion'd carriage,
And own it all myself—
I'll not decline a marriage
With old Mike—and "all his pelf!"

Selected Miscellany.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

[The following passage is from an old number of Knight's Quarterly Magazine.]

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have forborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil; but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semilanogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun,—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and sattellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of corbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay on my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me im my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water, whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of decent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me, and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw processions of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer at me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground.—Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunuff;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy then when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looking upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burned my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere.—Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntary upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as I was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquility and honor. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that, by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have starved first, though my body would have at last sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope; but when at last I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions.—But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her. The truth is, it did not escape the notice of the people, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavored to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my recollection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labor and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it, (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp,) as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend.—What I feared, came to pass: I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung: I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country.

At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honor, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and the thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotary motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend to the nothern climates with a very slight weight: but now I found, that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was born rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaping being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest.—*There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmond the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispanan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased.

From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave.—My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over; and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk: for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was therefore enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death: I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me.—Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are youred into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow: neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the Almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

SMUGGLING A PASSENGER.—A funny affair occurred on one of our New England railroads, a few days since. A passenger was superintending the operation of transferring his baggage from a porter's cart to the baggage car, and when the baggage-master placed a long black box upon one end in the car, he was startled by a voice crying out—

"Don't stand me on my head!"

The baggage-master, who, by the way, was about as thick-headed as many of the officers of the Old Colony road, started in round-eyed wonder. The occupant of the box repeated, with some impatience:—

"I'm on my head, I tell you! Turn me over quick!"

The frightened baggage-master, with considerable trepidation, placed the box in a horizontal position, when the voice cried out—

"That won't do! You've put me on my face. O! O!"

The manipulator of trunks and carpet-bags reversed the position of the troublesome box, when a sort of grunt of satisfaction issued from within, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, he addressed the owner of the baggage, a conical-looking little man, with large eyes and iron grey hair, who was just walking rapidly towards the passenger cars, with—

"I say! look here! You must pay fare for this young gentleman in the box."

"O, no," was the reply; "I've carried him more than fifty thousand miles upon railroads, and never paid his fare yet."

"Can't help it. You can't smuggle nobody over this 'ere road; and if you don't fork over I'll set him out on the platform, and leave him standin' on his head; you kin depend on that, old feller."

The incensed official was about suiting the action to the word, when the conductor of the train approached the disputants, and he recognized in the proprietor of the box no less a personage than the renowned Signor Blitz, the ventriloquist and wizard. The conductor had witnessed the Signor's performances in Boston more than once, and when he understood that the only occupant of the said box was the automaton boy "Bobby," who figures in the ventriloquial scenes during the entertainments of the Wizard, he readily allowed him to pass as a "dead-head."

After the train had gone, the perplexed baggage-master found in one of his vest pockets a quarter, which he declares must have been placed there by magic.—*Boston Herald.*

REMARKABLE MEMORY.—John Franklin was a native of Canaan, Litchfield county, Connecticut. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting-house being only enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view. John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause. On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing, (common in old times,) and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself."

"But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for?"

"No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the time gaping about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Sermon! no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I'll tell you all the minister said, you won't whip me?"

"No, John, no; but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through every head of it with surpassing accuracy.

"Upon my word," said the delighted parent, "I should not have thought it."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and afters there are in the meeting-house."—*Miner's History of Wyoming.*

Mr. Fuller, of the Mirror, in one of the talented letters home, gives us an idea of feminine loveliness, at Havana. Hear him: At a private ball last evening, I had an opportunity of seeing the flowers of Havana, in their fullest evening glory. Many of the young ladies are very beautiful and exquisitely dressed; but the older ones are remarkable ugly. After forty, they fade and wither, and dry up, or fat up, and become as brown and swarthy as Macbeth's witches. The great drawback upon the physique of the Cuban beauties, is an unpoetic proportion of feet and hands. In this respect New York belles bear the palm. But when it comes to floating through the Spanish waltz, we yield to them the very perfection of graceful enchantment. A light, lazy, feathery motion, as melting as the smiles of love.

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGIES.—*Boudoir* is from *buder*—"to pout," so a boudoir is, in plain English, "a pouting-room." *Parlor* is from *parler*—"to speak," and is therefore the "talking-room." *Solicism* is derived from *Soli*, a town in Cilicia, said to have been founded by Solon, and peopled by Athenians, who were afterward charged with corrupting the language.

A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of the boarders mesmerzes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy. One of the boarders having recovered, mesmerized the landlady on pay-day, and endeavored to settle for the whole company by paying for one; but it didn't work.

An American now travelling in Europe, says that "Dutch babies are the most phlegmatic, contented, independant-looking creatures on the face of the globe. They never cry. In order to test this, I pinched several of them as I passed in the crowd. One of them slightly yawned; the others merely gazed placidly at me, but made no sign."

The Providence Journal, noticing the statement that there will be no business transacted by Congress till after the holidays, wittily remarks:—"There are two periods, at which Congress does no business. One is, "before the holidays," and the other is "after the holidays."

An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of trumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

More Sensible than Elegant.

The following very pleasing passage we extract from a late number of *Household Words*, respecting the qualifications of a Siberian bride, and the winter costume of Siberian ladies:

"A bride is required, on arriving at her husband's house, to invite guests to a dinner that shall prove her quality, and upon which, in fact, her future reputation will depend. It must be prepared by her own hands, and both to herself and her parents' shame will be the consequence if she be found deficient. If her dinner prove a triumph, it will recommend to honorable notice not only herself but also the family in which she was so soundly trained.—Men marry for domestic comfort in a place where they are quite unable as bachelors to get it. Wives, therefore, are in great demand, and women have opportunity to make choice of their own husbands, with no chance at all, if they be not infirm or deformed, of dying single. Great as is the nicety of rank among the Berezovians, in marriage all distinctions founded on it are set aside as inconvenient.—The daughter of a poor Cossack may be courted by a high government functionary, and will not unfrequently refuse him. During the brief summer, Berezovian ladies visited and went to parties (at which etiquette demands that ladies sit in one room and crack cedar nuts, while gentlemen sit in the next room drinking wine and spirits) in thin attire. There was a great display of silks and satins, and all feminine finery. But when September opened with a heavy fall of snow, and the whole dirty town suddenly looked clean and became covered with a sheet of white, the gentlemen and ladies out of doors underwent, to the amusement of the exiles, a great transformation. They all turned out like a herd of white bears, that is to say, in Ostiak costume. Winter clothing, in Berezov consists in putting on, firstly, a shirt of reindeer skin, with the hair inside, and over that a coat of the same make and material, but larger, with the hair outside. To this coat there is a hood, which is drawn quite over the head, and tied with a leathern strap under the chin; it comes over the entire head, face included, leaving only openings for the accommodation of eyes, nose, and mouth. This hood is formed of the skin taken from the reindeer's head, and the ears of the reindeer being left upon it, stick up as interesting ornaments. The gentleman or lady, (for the most delicate and fashionable Berezovian wears the dress out of doors in winter) draws over the hands large gloves of shaggy fur, which are attached to the fur coat, and when not used are tucked up in the manner of cuffs. Over the feet and legs are drawn long stockings of reindeer skin, having the hair inside, and over these again are pulled boots with the hair outside. The boots are made of skins taken from the reindeer's legs, sewn together in strips, they cover the thighs, and are fastened by straps at the girdle. As the soles also have the hair turned outwards, they assist the feet in walking over ice. In travelling, the Ostiak, or his Russian imitator, throws a third garment of fur over the other two, having a hood that covers the whole head, and contains no opening before eyes, nose and mouth. So dressed, the traveller bears not the least resemblance to a human being. The Ostiak wears such articles of dress throughout the year, contenting himself with the use, in summer, of such furs as have become thin, and have had much of their hair rubbed off by constant service. The Russian inhabitants of Berezov adopt the fashionable costume of the Ostiaks in winter only. Ladies, whom the two exiles had admired at summer parties for their delicacy and for their elegance of dress, were to be found in winter, indoors or out of doors, dressed after the savage but extremely comfortable fashion just described, and looking much more like the bears, their neighbors, than human beings.

Professor Anderson.

The Boston Times relates an excellent anecdote, showing how the great "Wizard of the North" was "done brown." As the Professor was looking over the newspapers, in the Times' office, he saw he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature, and rather swarthy appearance, evidently not a Bostonian. This individual, after a short space had elapsed, at length mustered courage, and thus addressed the "Wizard:" "I say! are you Professor Anderson, hey?" "Yes, sir." "Wall you're a tarnation smart man, I hear. You ain't got that are bottle of yourn, with ye, have you?"

"No, sir." "Well, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that ere bottle, as I am about going out stumping for Pierce. I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking much politics either." "I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I duplicated of it." "Sorry for that, sir," said the Pierce stumper; "However," he continued, "I was once taught a trick, when a boy, but I almost forget how the darned thing was done, now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece." "Oh," said the Professor, "that is quite simple; a mere trick of slight of hand." "Well I know it is not very difficult, but as I forgot how, will you show me?" at the same time handing out a cent. "Oh yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold out your hand," said the Wizard. "This is your cent, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "Close your hand." The down Easter closed his hand fast. "Are you sure you have it?" said the Wizard; "I guess I have," said he, "and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten dollar gold piece." "Done," said the Wizard. "Now hold fast." "Yes, sir! I reckon I will"—but stop! down with your dollar, here is mine!" said the Yankee. The Wizard covered his dollar. "Now, sir, are you ready?" said the Wizard. "I ain't nothin' else!" said the down Easter. "Change!" said the Wizard. "Now, sir, open your hand." He did so, and to his utter astonishment, he held a bona fide ten dollar gold piece! "Well, sir," said the Wizard, you see you have lost your dollar!" "I guess I have," said he; handing over the two dollars. "Now," says the Porfessor, "I'll bet you another dollar, I'll change the ten dollar piece into your cent again, and much quicker." "No yer don't," said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning up tight, "I'm much obliged to you, Professor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is. Good morning OLD HOSS!" said he, walking out of the office, and turning round, as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in a peculiar position, with the thumb in close approximation of his proboscis, saying: "I guess there ain't anything green about this child!" and left the Professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

The *Nantucket Islander* says the following story was lately told by a refomed inebriate, as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards: "A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in eminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied: "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out, I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied that would be far better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out: "Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah," said the mouse, "I did, but *I was in liquor at the time.*"

From Chambers' Journal.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders.—Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldiery precision.—The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother country; and thus, unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and latterly has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in "Peveril of the Peak;" Cooper has made use of it in "The Borderers;" and "Oliver Newman," the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

Printers.

Printers, it is said, universally die at an early age. This is doubtless caused by the noxious effluvia arising from the types, the want of exercise, constant confinement, and the late hours to which their work is prolonged. There is no other class of human beings whose privileges are as few, whose labor is as continuous, and whose wages are as inadequate, as Printers If a "typo" be a man of family, he is debarred of the privilege of enjoying their society at all times, because his hours of labor are almost endless, and his moments of leisure so few that they must be spent to recruit his exhausted energies, and prepare him for a renewal of his toils. Poor fellow, he knows nothing of sociability, and from necessity, is as clearly shut out from the world as a convict in a prison cell. Truly he is in the world, yet knows not of it. Toil, toil, toil, by night and day, is his fate, until premature old age ends his existence. For the advancement of science, morality, and virtue, the cords of his heart are sundered, one by one, and when his race is run and time to him is no more, he goes down to the grave uncared for, and unknown, though his existence has been sacrificed for the benefit of his race.

When we hear mechanics crying out against oppression, and demanding certain hours for labor and for rest, we cannot but reflect upon this situation of our own craft, how every moment of their lives is forced into service to earn a bare subsistence, and how uncomplaining they devote themselves to the good of that same public who wear them as a loose garment, to be donned when convenient, and doffed when no longer needed.

Printers are universally poor men, and for two reasons: The first is—they rarely ever receive a fair compensation for their services.—And the second is—that enured to continual suffering, privation, and toil, their purse-strings are ever untied at the bidding of charity, and the hard earned "dimes" are freely distributed for the relief of their fellow men. Thus it is that they live poor, and die poor; and if a suitable reward does not await them after death, sad indeed must be the beginning, the existence, and the end of poor "typos."—*Richmond Republican.*

FOCUS.—A little girl, says the Knicherbocker, had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant; she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary, what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This, of course, raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly: "Focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they rais calves, and so I am right, ain't I father?"

A negro undergoing an examination at Northampton, Mass., when asked if his master was a Christian, replied—"No, sir; he's a member of Congress."