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POETRY.

A CITY-STREET.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love not less than these,
The crowded city-street.
For haunts of man, where'er they be,
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city-street,
Life's most extreme estates,
The gorgeous domes of palaces;
The prison's doleful gates;
The hearths by household virtue blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man proudly fed,
And richly clothed pass by;
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrasts meet
For ever in the city-street !

And lofty, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of woe,
What untold, mortal agonies
Their arras chambers know !
Yet is without all smooth and fair,
As heaven's blue dome of summer air !

And even the portliest citizen,
Within his doors doth hide
Some household grief, some secret care,
From all the world beside :
It ever was, it must be so,
For human heritage is woe !

Hence is it, that a city street
Can deepest thought impart;
For all its people, high and low,
Are kindred to my heart;
And with a yearning love I share
In all their joy, their pain, their care !

Agriculture.

SOURCES OF THE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTY OF VEGETABLES.

The nourishing property of corn, wheat and other grains, is gluten contained in them. And this gluten consists, in great part, of nitrogen. It is of course an important object with the farmer, to increase the proportion of gluten, and that is done by supplying additional nitrogen in the aliment of the plant. Carbonic acid and water are the chief sources of *growth*. Nitrogen is the principal element constituting the nutritive quality. The atmosphere contains a large quantity of nitrogen. It is not supposed to be taken up by vegetables, however, from the atmosphere, in its simple form, but, by combination with hydrogen, in the form of ammonia. By the digestion of the ammonia, the nitrogen is afterward separated in the plant and used to constitute the peculiar product, gluten, to which its nutrition is owing.

Ammonia is produced by the decay of most animal substances. In this way it is, that the application of manures is so beneficial to plants;—by the supply of ammonia furnished; which being digested in the plant, results in a separation of nitrogen, which enters into the tissues of plants and produces their nutritive quality.

Ammonia is readily absorbed by water, and the rain and dew becomes impregnated with it, and it is thus administered to vegetables, in small quantities. This may be sufficient for their existence and ordinary growth. But a greater supply of ammonia is necessary to some plants containing much gluten. And this substance may be greatly increased by a liberal supply of manures from whim ammonia is more abundantly provided. These plants can therefore only be cultivated advantageously by a free application of manure, or otherwise an equivalent provision of ammonia in another form. Corn ordinarily, when raised in vegetable mould, contains nine-and-a-half per cent. of gluten; but raised on land manured with blood or urine, has been found to contain thirty-five hundredths of gluten.

Gypsum has the quality of absorbing ammonia from the atmosphere, and yield it again to water which may soak through it. This is the mode in which gypsum has a beneficial action on vegetation, while the gypsum itself held in solution in water is considered to be injurious.

WEEDS.—The cost of a crop of sturdy weeds is often much greater to the farmer than that of an equal *bulk* of the most valuable grains. All weeds exhaust the soil without yielding any return; therefore, the aliment extracted from the corn, or oat-field, by a weed, is a 'clear loss.' Besides this it produces a numerous progeny, if it matures—sends its germs, broadcast, upon the bosom of the restless winds over the fields, and thus perpetuates an evil which when it has once been suffered to develope, it is difficult if not impossible to overcome.

Cleanly cultivation, and success in agricultural life, are inseparable. This fact should ever be borne in mind. System, without which no one ever accomplished much in this life, is as indispensable in farming as in any department of effort. It is the soul of enterprise, and without it, (though we may 'live,' and perhaps be, to a certain extent, prosperous for a time, and with the assistance of favourable circumstances), we shall, in the end, surely fail. We would insist upon the eradication of every weed, as one of the most essential elements of correct farming. The *dictum*—'Never allow a weed to mature its seeds,' should be written conspicuously—like the moral axiom—'Know thyself,' on the temple of Delphi, in every cottage and farm-house in the land.

Miscellaneous.

ESCAPE FROM A MEXICAN QUICKSAND.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A few days afterward, another 'adventure' befel me; and I began to think that I was destined to become a hero among the 'mountain-men.'

A small party of the traders—myself among the number—had pushed forward ahead of the caravan. Our object was to arrive at Santa Fe, a day or two before the wagons, in order to have every thing arranged with the governor for their entrance into that capital. We took the route by the Cimmeron.

Our road, for a hundred miles or so, lay through a barren desert, without game, and almost without water. The buffalo had already disappeared, and deer were equally scarce. We had to content ourselves on the dried meat which we had brought from the settlement. We were in the deserts of the *Artemisia*. Now and then we could see a stray antelope bounding away before us, but keeping far out of range. They, too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan, as we were riding near the Cimmeron, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell in the prairie. My companions were skeptical, and would none of them go with me; so, wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. One of the men—for Gode was behind—kept charge of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with me, lest he might alarm the antelopes. My horse was fresh and willing; and whether successful or not I knew that I could easily overtake the party by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile or so from the trail. It proved more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere of these upland regions.

A curiously formed ridge—a *couteau des prairies*, on a smal scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part of its summit. Toward this thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and leading my horse silently up among the cacti-plants, tied him to one of their branches. I then crept cautiously through the thorny leaves, toward the point whree I fancied I had seen the gama. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of those beautiful animals, was quietly grazing beyond; but alas ! too far off for the carry of my rifle. They were fully three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth, grassy slope. There was not even a sage-bush to cover me, should I attempt to approach them. What was to be done ?

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I hoist my handkerchief, and try to lure them up ? I saw that they were shy; for at short intervals, they threw up their graceful heads, and looked inquiringly around them. I remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I could display this upon the cactus-bushes—perhaps it would attract them.

I had no alternative; and was turning to go back for the blanket, when, all at once, my eye rested upon a clay-coloured line running across the prairie, beyond where the animals were feeding. It was a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo-road—or the channel of an *arroyo*—in either case the very cover I wanted—for the animals were not a hundred yards from it; and were getting still nearer to it as they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along the side of the slope towards a point, where I had noticed that the ridge was depressed to the prairie level. Here, to my surprise, I found myself on the banks of a broad *arroyo*, whose water—clear and shallow—ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum.

The banks were low—not over three feet above the surface of the water—except when the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff; and, hurrying around its base, I entered the channel; and commenced wading upward.

As I had anticipated, I soon came to a bend, where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, swept round and *canoned* through it. At this place I stopped; and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within less than rifle range of the *arroyo*; but they were yet far above my position. They were still quietly feeding; and unconscious of danger. I again bent down, and waded on.

It was a difficult task proceeding in this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should alarm the game; but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of fresh venison for my supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards, I came opposite to small clump of wormwood bushes, growing out of the bank. 'I may be nigh enough,' thought I, 'these will serve for cover.'

I raised my body gradually, until I could see through the leaves. I was in the right spot.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the heart of the buck, and fired. The animal leaped from the ground, and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward, and secure my prize, when I observed the doe—instead of running off as I expected—go up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me; and I could plainly see that her look was one of enquiry and bewilderment ! All at once, she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth; and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries—at the same time running in circles around the body !

I stood wavering between two minds. My first impulse had been to reload and kill the doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart, disarming me of all hostile intentions. Had I dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I should not have left the trail. But the mischief was now done. 'I have worse than killed her,' thought I, 'it will be better to dispatch her at once.'

Actuated by the principles of a common, but to her, fatal humanity, I rested the but of my rifle, and reloaded. With a faltering hand, I again levelled the piece and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass—her head resting against the body of her murdered mate !

I shouldered my rifle; and was about to remove forward, when to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet ! I was held firmly, as if my legs had been screwed in a vice !

I made an effort to extricate myself—another, more violent, and equally unsuccessful—and, with a third, I lost my balance, and fell back upon the water !

Half-suffocated, I regained my upright position; but only to find that I was held fast as ever !

Again I struggled to free my limbs, I could neither move them backward nor forward—to the right nor the left; and I became sensible that I was gradually going down. Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—*I was sinking in a quicksand !*

A feeling of horror came over me. I reneweed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I leaned to one side, then to the other, almost wrenching my knees from their sockets. My feet remained fast as ever. I could not move them an inch !

The soft clingy sand already overtopped my horse-skin boots, wedging them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them off; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some subterraneous monster were leisurely dragging me down ! This very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror; and I called aloud for help ! To whom ! There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes ! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair !

I bent forward, as well as my constrained position would permit; and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface; and the little hollow I was able to make, filled up almost as soon as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. My rifle might support me, placed horizontally. I looked around for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk beneath the sand !

Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper ? No ! The water was two feet in depth. I should drown at once !

This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself. I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized upon me. My very thoughts became paralyzed. I knew that I was going mad. For a moment *I was mad !*

After an interval, my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death—which I now believed to be certain—as a man should.

I stood erect. My eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the sight. Was I suffering a retribution of God ?

With humble and penitent thought, I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no. The sun was shining as bright as ever; and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud.

I gazed upwards, prayed, with an earnestness known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky, I distinguished the outlines of a large dark bird. I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard vulture. Whence had it come ? Who knows? Far beyond the reach of human eye, it had seen or scented, the slaughtered antelopes; and, on broad silent wing, was now descending to the feast of death.

Presently another, and another, and many others, mottled the blue field of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then, the foremost swooped down upon the bank; and, after gazing around for a moment, flapped off towards its prey.

In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes; and beat their wings against each other, while they tore out the eyes of the quarry with their fetid beaks.

And now came gaunt wolves—sneaking and hungry—stealing out of the cactus-thicket; and loping, coward-like, over the green swells of the prairie. These, after a battle, drove away the vultures; and tore up the prey—all the while growling and snapping vengefully at each other.

'Thank heaven ! I shall at least be saved from this !'

I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth. I could now see only the clayey walls that contained the river, and the water that ran unheeding past me.

Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky; and, with prayerful heart, endeavoured to resign myself to my fate.

In spite of my endeavours to be calm, the memories of earthly pleasures, and friends and home, came over me—causing me, at intervals, to break into wild paroxysms, and make fresh though fruitless struggles.

Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse.

A thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hopes. 'Perhaps my horse—'

I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its highest pitch; and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly. The cactus-limb would snap off. I callled aggain, repeating words that were well-known to him. I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence. Then I heard the quick sounds of his hoof, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself. Then I could distinguish the stroke of his heels, in a measured and regular gallop !

Nearer came the sounds—nearer and clearer, until the gallant brute bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked upon every side, snorting loudly !

I knew that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words.

Now looking downward he perceived me; and stretching himself, sprung out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle !

There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand.

I caught the lariat; and, passing it under the saddle-girth, fastened it in a tight, firm knot. I had left the end of the rope, between the bite-ring and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal—in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew too, the nature of the ground on which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately to prevent himself from sinking.

My arrangements were at length completed; and with a feeling of terrible anxiety, I gave my horse the signal to move forward. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent animal stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation! The lariat tightened—I felt my body moving, and the next moment, experienced a wild delight—a feeling I cannot describe—as I found myself dragged out of the sand !

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to the steed; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low whimper that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were behind me, but I staid not to look for them—being smitten with the wholesome dread of the place where I had left them.

I was not long in retreating from the *arroyo*; and mounting, I galloped back to the trail.

It was sundown before I reached camp; where I was met by the inquiries of my wondering companions did you come across the 'goats?' 'Where's your boots?' 'Whether have you been hunting or fishing?'

I answered all these questions by relating my adventures; and for that night, I was again the hero of the camp-fire.

A CINCINNATI SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

We copy the following graphic account from a Western paper, of the system of slaughtering hogs in the butchering houses of Cincinnati :—

Asside from the prodigious number of hogs, cattle, sheep and calves disposed of, there is an interest in watching the machine-like order of the work. The butcher's yard and buildings is of course, not a neat place, while the blood and offal of two thousand hogs a day pass through them. The slaughter-house is situated in some retired hollow, with a small stream passing beneath it, and is generally a cheap temporary building. The hogs of each drove are kept in a separate pen till the hour of execution, when a devoted few, say thirty or forty, are compelied, much against their will, to march up a platform within the building. Here a man with an iron sledge goes among them, and strikes them on the head with a dull sickening sound, and they fall without a squeal. While in a senseless state they are thrown upon a grating hear the scalding vats, where they are stuck, and the blood flows into the stream below. The vats are wide enough to place a hog cross-wise; and there are in large establishments, two vats, on each side of which are five or six men, making twenty in all. The water is kept hot by steam, and the carcasses are constantly kept turning and stirring as they pass along, so that when they reach the further end of the vat they are stripped of the hair, and are hauled out and hung up by the heels for gutting. The man who strikes them puts a mark on the leg of each, to show who is the owner. A hog is pushed from the grating all quivering and bloody, into the scalding water, about once in half a minute, and a clean carcass is hauled out of the other end of the vat as frequently, and also another taken from the gambrel and carried to the hooks as often, where he hangs till the next morning to cool For two vats about 50 men are required.

The next morning a four or six horse-team appears at the slaughter-house, bright and early, and piling the stiff carcasses into a huge rack, conveys them to the packers. The *butcher* instead of being *paid* for his expense, pays the *drover* something—eight, ten, or twelve cents a head—for the chance; and all the offal belongs to him, including every thing taken from the animal. At the packers, which is in a more public part of the city, the hog is weighed, and two men place his body on a bench. On each side of the bench stand two strong men, with huge cleavers, more dreadful than an executioner's axe, on which they put a keen edge between each blow. One blow given simultaneously by each, severs the head, and also the hind quarters from the trunk. These are thrown in different directions to be trimmed and cured. One of the cutters turns the trunk on its back, and holds it open while the other splits it along the back-bone. Each one takes half, and the leaf lard being torn out, cuts off the shoulders, and at four strokes the sides are cut into the proper form. The hog disappears in different directions, and in about a half a minute from the time he was put upon the bench, anotner takes his place to undergo the same process. The pieces destined for mess pork are salted into a barrel, headed up, filled with brine, rolled into the street, put on a dray, carried to the river, and the hog may be on his way to New Orleans, as pork, within twenty four hours after he crossed the ferry from Kentucky. Much might be said of the mode of curing, particularly of the celebrated sugar-cured hams; but at present we must omit these details.

THE BRIDE SHIPPED TO ORDER.

BY LAURIE TODD.

I lived in Virginia during the winter of 1848. At an evening party in Richmond, there were twelve mothers, twelve daughters, and a tolerable sprinkling of fathers, sons, widows, and widowers present, with Laurie Todd in their midst, and you may be sure we had some fun. Conversing with an ancient lady she remarked that her grandfather left Scotland when young and settled in Virginia. He became a merchant and a planter and grew rich. His agent in Glasgow was Alexander McAlpin, to whom he consigned two or three cargoes of tobacco every year and received in return cash, hardware, dry goods, &c. He had flocks and herds, men-servants, horses, and mules; but one thing he lacked—he had no pretty wife to sing with him, when he come home at night fatigued with counting money, and satiated with worldly pelf, for he had more of that than heart could wish. So, after a while he concluded to take a wife—so soon as he could catch one.

But there was the rub. His time was so occupied with his business that he could not find time to look about him for a wife; and worse still, he was a bashful man. When he saw a young maiden of twenty advancing in his path, he would cross the street, fearful of being killed by a shot from her sparkling eye. But a remedy was at hand, however. He had often heard his parents speak much in praise of the bonny lasses of Scotlad. A bright idea struck him. When he was leaving his office, his clerk was copying a duplicate order for sundries to be sent as part of the return cargo. He thought to himself that he would order a young lassie for a wife as the last item on the list. The article was ordered accordingly.

At the same thime, he wrote a private letter of instructions to his agent, Mr. McAlpin, giving a minute description of the article wanted, as to age, height, wealth, &c. In short, she must be a bonny Scotch lassie; to be sent on the return of his own ship; her name to be on the manifest, bill of lading, &c. He promised, on arriving, to have her stored in a house of a respectable widow whom he named, and if agreeable to the parties concerned, he would make her his wife in thirty days after her arrival. If not and she wished to return, he would pay expenses, loss of time, &c.

When Mr. McAlpin had finished reading the letter of instructions, he slowly removed his spectacles, muttered to himself, 'The lad (his correspondent, who was thirty years old) is daft; he tells me to send him a wife as if she were a barrel of *salt* herrings; *gude kens* the *fash* (trouble) I was in to get a wife for myself.' I'll see what the gude wife says,' (a bright idea.)

Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in council with Mrs. A. and B. Invitations were sent to ten matrons whose daughters were in and out of their teens to assemble at Mrs. McAlpin's tea board. Each matron was requested to bring with her a daughter who was not 'o'er young to marry yet.' All being present an hour before tea, Mr. McAlpin read the letter, and made an explanation. They then sat down to tea. After tea each lass gave in her *ultimatum*, when it was found that only three were willing to accept the offer. These three agreed to draw lots, to decide the preference. Mary Robinson drew the longest straw, and was hailed as the bonny bride.

In ten days thereafter they set sail for America. They entered Chesapeake Bay after a voyage of twelve weeks, and in two days more they were in James's River. When Mr. Crawford, our hero heard of the arrival of the ship, he, with four servants repaired to her. Mary was standing on the quarter deck, admiring Nature's wildest grandeur. She had recovered from her sea-sickness when four days out. The healthful breezes on the broad Atlantic had imprinted upon her face a beautiful freshness. There she stood, tinged with the roses of Sharon, and her bonny brow white as the lily of the valley. Crawford sprung on the deck and was introduced by the captain. He looked on Mary with love and admiration her soft hands lay in his; he was *shot !*

They all descended from the ship, and repaired to the mansion of the widow aforesaid. On the thirtieth day of probation, the lovers were united in holy wedlock. In the conclusion, the sprightly though venerable widow remarked that a happier couple were never linked together.—*Home Journal.*

AERIAL VOYAGE.—M. Petin, the aeronaut, publishes in the Bridgeport *Standard*, the following narrative of his recent balloon ascension at that place, and his landing on Long Island, from which we make the following extract :—

"I threw out more ballast, and we ascended nearly as far as it is possible for human beings to exist : we had reached the height of 22,000 feet. The earth appeared a chaos—thermometer at nine degrees below zero. The cold was intense; a heavy hail-storm, held in the air by a power unknown to us, but probably an electric power, enveloped us in a thrilling and awful manner. Respiration was almost impossible, and we could not hear each other speak. One of my companions being benumbed, fell into a profound sleep. We felt so weak that my other companion and myself were hardly able to open the valve. At last we succeeded in opening it, and we descended rapidly to an altitude of 13,000 feet. The imagination of one exalted to such extreme height, grows vivid and warm as the body becomes dull and chilled. For us, no reality, no limits were existing. The dreams of Bernardine and St. Pierre were realized; universal peace seemed to be on earth, and the whole globe were united states. But a strong condensation of the gas brought us back to the reality of terrestrial objects, and we descended to the ground.'

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—Were I to paint the American Eagle, I should draw it like a Bat, for its shortsightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a magpie, for its honesty; like an Ostrich, for its putting its head in the mud and thinking nobody sees it; and like a Phœnix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up into the sky !—let us hope so. —*Dickens.*

Methinks, to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of the love they have to the apple.—*Selden.*

A BONAPARTE IN THE AMERICAN ARMY.—A promotion of 53 cadets of the Military Academy at West Point, has just taken place in the United States Army. We remark among the number the name of the cadet Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who was No. 11 in his class at the examination, and who is appointed to the regiment of mounted riflemen. He is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor Napoleon, ex King of Westphalia, and now President of the French Senate. His grand-mother, Madame Patterson, first wife of Prince Jerome, resides in Baltimore, and is in possession of a considerable fortune.

FRENCH REGULATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS—The Prefect of the Doubs has followed the example of the Prefect of the Pas de Calais, and decided that any retail sellers of wines or spirits giving liquor to persons already affected by what they have taken shall be held responsible for the acts of such persons.

THE VOLTAIC LEMON.—The celebrated Professor Bakoffner has been making some experiments lately at the London Polytechnic Institution with a new magnetic or electric vegetable pile, discovered by Dr. Le Molt, a surgeon. It consists simply and solely of a lemon possessing in itself the elements of the pile, the exciting acid, the porous membrane, and the reservoir, which is formed by the lemon skin. The length of its action depends on the amount of the citric liquid the fruit contains, and its influence can be actively felt for eight or ten days. This simple and ingenious voltaic pile can decompose water, acts powerfully on the magnetic needle, precipitates metals, and can, in the shape of a battery of six or eight lemons, send telegraphic despatches across the Straits of Dover. It would be an ingenious economy, we should think, if this lemon battery were applied to our telegraphic wires. Lemons are cheap ; we could head our despatches "By the Lemon Line," and the despatches at least could never fail of reaching their destination, as they would not be sent *fruitlessly*.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

HONESTY IN BUYING AND SELLING.—Some are not honest in buying or selling. Their rule is, to buy at all times as cheap as they can, and sell as dear as they can. This is a wicked rule. We often trade with those who do not know the worth of the thing bought or sold. It is cheating them, to make the best bargains we can Sometimes we trade with those who are in great want, and we fix our own prices, and make them much too high if we sell, or too low if we buy. There is a fair price for every thing. He who is just and true, and loves his neighbor as himself, will soon find out what a fair price is.

THE PRIDE OF MAN.—With what a proud sense of superiority do we look down upon the inferior animals! Yet how slight an accident is sufficient to degrade the most towering genius beneath the level of the inferior ! A stone in the path trips up his heels, or a little tumor forms on his brain, or a few ounces of water collect between its membranes or its ventricles, and behold ! the vaunted philosopher, the lord of creation, has suddenly become a drivelling idiot.—*Dr. E. Johnston.*