

ORIGINAL.

PEGASUS IN A YOKE.

(Translated metically from the German of "Schiller.")

Once to a market—Haymarket we'll say,  
Where various things are hawk'd by groom and carter,  
A hungry poet hither brought one day,  
The mules steed to barter.

The hypograph neigh'd loud, in pride,  
And rear'd, and pranc'd, while champ'd his bit he,  
The folks all star'd, amaz'd, and cried,  
"The noble, and majestic beast—but pity  
That hideous pair of wings his shape deface,  
"Else for a King the glorious steed were meet,  
"He certainly belongs to a rare race,  
"But who thro' air could guide his courses fleet?"  
And none will venture for the steed to treat.

At length a farmer was found in the mood,  
"The wings, 'tis true," quoth he, "are of no use,  
"But I can bind, or clasp them, if I chuse,  
"The brute for draught at all events is good,  
"What say you, sir, come twenty pounds I prof-  
fer?"

The seller right contented with the offer,  
Loses no time the bargain prompt to close,  
And homeward with the steed our farmer goes.

The noble animal is harness'd soon,  
But the restraint unwonted scarcely feels,  
Then running wild, and flinging up his heels,  
The cart o'er laden, and the country loon  
Into a dirty ditch pond he o'erthrows.

"Flague on't," quoth John, "why bless my heart  
alive  
"The frisky beast unruly mad doth seem,  
"To-morrow I have passengers to drive,  
"I'll span him up as leader in the team,  
"The rampant beast shall serve me for a pair,  
"I'll make him draw by four means, or by fair."

Thus far all well. The fleet and lively horse  
Excites the others. Swift the carriage sped,  
But what takes place? With rattle, unbridled  
course  
He spurns the earth with elevated head,  
From beaten track in mad career he flies,  
To nature's impulse strong his impulse true,  
O'er swamp, o'er moor, through hedges and plough'd  
fields,

His brute companions follow in his train,  
His headstrong course checks neither voice nor  
rein,  
The travellers to terror soon they yield.  
The tottering carriage stands at last stock still,  
Near an abyss upon a lofty hill.

"The devil's in the brute, this ne'er will do,"  
Cried John, with look dismay'd, scratching his  
pate,  
"Some other means I see I must pursue,  
"With meagre food, and hard work soon and late  
"I'll strive his fiery spirit to subdue."

The trials made. And soon the noble steed,  
Ere three short days have wing'd their flight in  
speed,  
Is a mere shadow. "Now," quoth John, "indeed  
"I've found the way. With a strong ox, I vow  
"I'll yoke th' unruly beast up in a plough,  
"Soon said, soon done. In ludicrous array,  
Behold an ox and wing'd horse plough away,  
Impatient plies the steed, and each nerve strains,  
To move with wonted ease and grace.

In vain, His slow companion dull remains,  
And Phabus's proud steed, must with an ox keep  
pace.

At length, from long resistance and restraint,  
His strength declines, and slackens his light bound,  
His limbs refuse their office, Bent, and faint,  
The noble, godly steed sinks to the ground.  
"O'od rot, the brute," broke John out, in abuse,  
"While cuffs and blows, he lavish'd, thick and thin,  
"So even for the plough, art thou no use?  
"Deuce take the scoundrel who thus took me in."

While, as the torrent of this anger flow'd,  
He plied the whip. There came along the road  
A wight, who seem'd of joyous kith and kin,  
A lyre he struck with light and skillful hand,  
And round his blood and silken flowing hair  
He graceful wore a costly golden band.  
"Whither, friend, with the curious, ill-match'd  
pair?"

He from a distance called aloud to John.  
"An ox and feather'd beast in the same trace!  
"Such a strange team I ne'er as yet gaz'd on!  
"Say, wilt thou let me mount for a short space  
"Yon winged horse? To I'll make bold,  
"That thou a miracle shalt soon behold."

The hypograph was prompt unspann'd  
And smiling, on his back the youth sprang light,  
Scarcely felt the steed the steady master hand;  
When champs he prov'd the bit. His limbs  
expand  
Erect he springs. His eyes flash sparks bright.  
No more the former being—glorious, free,  
A godlike spirit he appears to be.  
While lightning's flash, and thunder rolls with  
might,  
Mid stormy winds, tow'rd heaven they both  
ascend;  
And ere the eye a steadfast glance can send,  
In the blue ether vanish from the sight.

This little tale a moral has at stake;  
Dear "Sydney Morning Herald" do you take?

AN ACROSTIC.

SOME are, who ween in criticism they shine;  
YEST (this word is Shakespeare's, and not mine)  
Drivellers in sentences of latent lore,  
Nibblers at words, like mice at cheese's core.  
Empirical in "predicating" ends,  
Yielding to none where cant with envy blends.  
MURKY in poetry. Othuse in prose.  
OBJurgatory—peevish—comatose.  
RAMbling in politics, as the cap may fit  
NUTshell's in intellect. Calibans in wit.  
INSidious in portentous predications,  
NEGative in conclusive fabrications,  
GULL-catchers in colonial lugubrations.)

HAST thou, kind reader, not chanc'd on a wight,  
Embodiment the virtuous I indite?  
REmarkable as Pickwick's boy for fat,  
An editor, sound critic, and all that.  
LOWER George-street exults in the divan,  
Dread thunderbolt fabricator, of our squat man.

THE FUNNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

As one funny young gentleman will serve  
As a sample of all funny young gentlemen,  
We purpose merely to note down the con-  
duct and behaviour of an individual  
specimen of this class, whom we happened  
to meet at an annual family Christmas  
party, in the course of this very last Christ-  
mas that ever came.

We were all seated round a blazing fire  
which crackled pleasantly as the guests  
talked merrily and the urn steamed cheerily;  
for, being an old-fashioned party, there was

an urn, and a teapot besides; when there  
came a postman's knock at the door, so  
violent and sudden, that it startled the  
whole circle, and actually caused two or  
three very interesting and most unaffected  
young ladies to scream aloud and to exhibit  
many afflicting symptoms of terror and  
distress, until they had been several times  
assured by their respective adorers, that  
they were in no danger. We were about  
to remark that it was surely beyond post-  
time, and must have been a runaway knock,  
when our host, who had hitherto been  
paralysed with wonder, sank into a chair  
in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, and offered  
to lay twenty pounds that it was that droll  
dog Griggins. He had no sooner said this,  
than the majority of the company and all  
the children of the house burst into a roar  
of laughter too, as if some inimitable joke  
flashed upon them simultaneously, and  
gave vent to various exclamations—"To  
be sure it must be Griggins, and how like  
him that was, and what spirits he was  
always in! with many other commendatory  
remarks of the like nature.

Not having the happiness to know  
Griggins, we became extremely desirous to  
see so pleasant a fellow, the more especially  
as a stout gentleman with a powdered head,  
who was sitting with his breeches buckles  
almost touching the hob, whispered to us  
he was a wit of the first water, when the door  
opened, and Mr. Griggins being announced,  
presented himself, amidst another shout  
of laughter and a loud clapping of hands from  
the younger branches. "His welcome he  
acknowledged by stately contortions of  
countenance, imitative of the clown in one  
of the new pantomines, which were so  
extremely successful, that one stout gentle-  
man rolled upon an ottoman in a paroxysm  
of delight, protesting, with many gasps,  
that if somebody didn't make that fellow  
Griggins leave off, he would be the death  
of him, he knew. At this the company  
only laughed more boisterously than before,  
and as we always like to accommodate our  
tone and spirit if possible to the humour of  
any society in which we find ourselves, we  
laughed with the rest, and exclaimed,  
"Oh! capital, capital!" as loud as any of  
them.

When he had quite exhausted all be-  
holders, Mr. Griggins received the welcomes  
and congratulations of the circle, and went  
through the needless introductions with  
much ease and many puns. This ceremony  
over, he avowed his intention of sitting in  
somebody's lap unless the young ladies  
made room for him on the sofa, which being  
done, after a great deal of tittering and  
pleasantry, he squeezed himself among  
them, and likened his condition to that of  
love among the roses. At this novel jest  
we all roared once more. "You should  
consider yourself highly honoured, sir,"  
said we. "Sir," replied Mr. Griggins,  
"you do me proud." Here everybody  
laughed again; and the stout gentleman  
by the fire whispered in our ears that  
Griggins was making a dead set at us.

The tea things having been removed, we  
all sat down to a round game, and here Mr.  
Griggins shone forth with peculiar brilliancy,  
abstracting other people's fish, and looking  
over their hands in the most comical  
manner. He made one most excellent joke  
in snuffing a candle, which was neither  
more nor less than setting fire to the hair  
of a pale young gentleman who sat next  
him, and afterwards begging his pardon  
with considerable humour. As the young  
gentleman could not see the joke however,  
possibly in consequence of its being on the  
top of his own head, it did not go off quite  
as well as it might have done; indeed, the  
young gentleman was heard to murmur  
some general references to "impertinence,"  
and a "rascal," and to state the number  
of his lodgings in an angry tone, a turn of  
the conversation which might have been  
productive of slaughterous consequences, if  
a young lady, betrothed to the young  
gentleman, had not used her immediate  
influence to bring about a reconciliation;  
emphatically declaring in an agitated whis-  
per, intended for his peculiar edification  
but audible to the whole table, that if he  
went on in that way, she never would think  
of him otherwise than as a friend, though  
as that she must always regard him. At  
this terrible threat the young gentleman  
became calm, and the young lady, overcome  
by the revulsion of feeling, instantaneously  
fainted.

Mr. Griggins's spirits were slightly  
depressed for a short period by this un-  
looked for result of such a harmless  
pleasantry, but being promptly elevated by  
the attentions of the host and several glasses  
of wine, he soon recover'd, and became  
even more vivacious than before, inasmuch  
that the stout gentleman previously referred  
to, assured us that although he had known  
him since he was that high (something  
smaller than a nutmeg-grater), he had  
never beheld him in such excellent cue.

When the round game and several games  
at blind man's buff which followed it were  
all over, and we were going down to supper,  
the inexhaustible Mr. Griggins produced a  
small sprig of mistletoe from his waist-  
coat pocket, and commenced a general kissing  
of the assembled females, which occasioned  
great commotion and much excitement.  
We observed that several young gentlemen,  
including the young gentleman with the  
pale countenance, were greatly scandalised  
at [this indecorous proceeding, and talked  
very big among themselves in corners; and  
we observed too, that several young ladies  
when remonstrated with by the aforesaid  
young gentlemen, called each other to wit-  
ness how they had struggled, and protested  
vehemently that it was very rude, and that  
they were surprised at Mrs. Brown's al-  
lowing it, and had no patience with such  
impertinence. But such is the gentle and  
forgiving nature of woman, that although  
we looked very narrowly for it, we could  
not detect the slightest harshness in the  
subsequent treatment of Mr. Griggins.  
Indeed, upon the whole, it struck us that  
among the ladies he seemed rather more  
popular than before!

To recount all the drollery of Mr.  
Griggins at supper, would fill such a tiny  
volume at this, to the very bottom of the  
outside cover. How he drank out of other  
people's glasses, and ate of other people's  
bread, how he frightened into screaming  
convulsions a little boy who was sitting up  
to supper in a high chair, by sinking below

the table and suddenly reappearing with a  
mask on; how the hostess was really agri-  
pised that anybody could find a pleasure  
in tormenting children, and how the host  
frowned at the hostess, and felt convinced  
that Mr. Griggins had done it with the very  
best intentions; how Mr. Griggins ex-  
plained, and how everybody's good humour  
was restored but the child's;—to tell these  
and a hundred other things ever so briefly,  
would occupy more of our room and our  
readers' patience, than either they or we  
can conveniently spare. Therefore we  
change the subject, merely observing that  
we have offered no description of the funny  
young gentleman's personal appearance,  
believing that almost every society has a  
Griggins of its own, and leaving all readers  
to supply the deficiency, according to the  
particular circumstances of their particular  
case.

HYDROPATHY; OR THE COLD  
WATER CURE.

(CONTINUED.)

He then pointed out a child, who had  
lost the use of his legs from scrofula, but  
now perfectly recovered. Another person  
was tormented for years with the doloureux,  
who after remaining here a few months,  
became perfectly cured. There is an officer  
now recovered from hernia, and there several  
others from rheumatism. "That gentle-  
man," said he, "is a field-marshal in the  
Prussian service; eighty-seven years  
old; he came here on crutches, with the  
gout, two months ago. He is delighted  
with the treatment, and now walks about  
these mountains, with the use only of a  
stick. He intends staying here through  
the winter. That lady from Moscow has a  
child only three years old, distorted by a  
spinal complaint; four months ago, the poor  
infant could not stand erect, now it plays  
about, and is as happy as the other children;  
in six months' time, it will be perfectly  
cured." In fact, such a number of singular  
and extraordinary cases were pointed  
out to me by my friend, whose knowledge  
of the facts and veracity could be depended  
upon, that I no longer doubted the as-  
tounding accounts I had so frequently heard  
of the cures effected at Gräfenberg. The  
saloon was noble and spacious; but as to  
the dinner and attendance, I thought  
nothing could be worse; and no barrack in  
England could be more divested of what is  
understood by the term comfort (a word not  
yet introduced into the German language)  
as regarded the sleeping apartments. I  
now debated with myself the possibility of  
all these people being fanatics—fanatics  
they certainly were in one sense of the word;  
but were they deceived? No, no,—this  
could not be; because here were men of all  
nations, creeds, and professions, of variously  
constructed minds, and amongst them,  
several of the medical profession, who had  
come here to be cured themselves, and to  
learn the mode of cure. Nothing but the  
real merit of the system could induce people  
to suffer the privations to which they were  
here subjected; and the certainty of their  
disease being cured, and their constitutions  
radically restored; this alone induced them  
to submit to such privations. Having at  
last made up my mind to become one of  
Priesnitz's patients, I was prepared for his  
coming in the morning.

The first thing he did was to request me  
to strip and go into the large cold-bath,  
where I remained two or three minutes.  
On coming out, he gave me instructions  
which I pursued as follows:—

At four o'clock in the morning, my  
servant folded me in a large blanket, over  
which he placed as many things as I could  
conveniently bear; so that no external air  
could penetrate. After perspiration com-  
menced, it was allowed to continue for an  
hour; he then brought a pair of straw  
shoes, wound the blanket close about my  
body, and in this state of perspiration I  
descended to a large cold-bath, in which I  
remained three minutes; then dressed and  
walked until breakfast, which was composed  
of milk, bread, butter, and strawberries,  
(the wild strawberry in this country grows  
in abundance, from the latter end of May  
until late in October); at ten o'clock I  
proceeded to the douche, under which I  
remained four minutes, returned home,  
and took a sitz and foot-bath, each for 15  
minutes; dined at one o'clock; at four,  
proceeded again to the douche; at seven  
repeated the sitz and foot-baths; retired to  
bed at half past nine, previously having  
my feet and legs bound up in cold wet  
bandages. I continued this treatment for  
three months, and during that time walked  
about 1000 miles. Whilst thus subjected  
to the treatment, I enjoyed more robust  
health than I had ever done before; the  
only visible effect that I experienced, was  
an eruption on both my legs, but which,  
on account of the bandages produced no  
pain. It is to these bandages, the perspi-  
rations, and the baths that I am indebted  
for the total departure of my rheumatism.

Whilst thus near Priesnitz, and when  
consequently I had no fear of the result,  
by way of experiment, I determined, one  
thorough wet day, not to change my clothes,  
which were completely saturated, and in  
this state I sat until they were completely  
dry; the consequence was, that in the night  
I awoke with a distracting head-ache,  
parched tongue, a slight sore throat, and  
the next morning felt no appetite, but a  
general languor of body. By the following  
detail of this case, the reader will judge  
how easily a cold of this nature is generally  
cured by Hydropathy. I laid in the kots,  
or blanket, went into the cold-bath as usual,  
and in the afternoon was enveloped in a  
wet sheet for an hour, until perspiration  
commenced, then sat in the half-bath, (not  
quite cold,) and was rubbed all over by two  
men for twenty minutes; walked out as  
usual; at night, on going to bed, wore the  
bandages, or umschlags, on my breast and  
back of the neck; next day repeated the  
same, and the third day was perfectly re-  
covered.

My family have all proved the beneficial  
effect of Mr. Priesnitz's treatment. The  
night before our departure, the patients  
gave their annual ball, in the great room  
of the establishment, in commemoration of  
Mr. Priesnitz's birthday. The whole of  
the buildings belonging to him were illu-  
minated, both inside and out, at their ex-  
pense. In this assembly, consisting of

500 persons, no stranger would have be-  
lieved, had he been unacquainted with the  
fact, that its members were chiefly com-  
posed of invalids. Tears were frequently  
observed to steal from the eyes of many,  
who blessed the great man for their restora-  
tion to health; and I do not know a more  
touching scene than seeing invalids, who,  
by his means, had regained the use of their  
limbs, approach him, throw their crutches  
at his feet, and join in the maze of the  
waltz. Monarchs might have envied him  
his feelings on such occasions.

On the day of our departure we had  
been at Gräfenberg three months, during  
which time our health was perfectly es-  
tablished; we acquired the habit of living  
more moderately, of taking more exercise,  
of drinking more water, and of using it  
more freely in external ablutions than we  
were accustomed to, and, I may add, that  
we have learned how to allay pain, how to  
ward off disease, and, I hope, how to  
preserve health. My sojourn at Gräfen-  
berg will ever be matter of self-con-  
gratulation to me, and will be amongst  
my happiest recollections. If I am  
instrumental in relieving the sufferings  
of my countrymen,—if I succeed  
in bringing to their notice a system  
calculated to be of such essential benefit  
to them, if I can prevail upon them to par-  
ticipate in the happy effects of the treat-  
ment which I have myself experienced,  
my feelings of satisfaction, arising from my  
residence at Gräfenberg, will be heightened  
in no ordinary degree.

R. T. C.

A POINT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Natural History may be divided into  
natural and unnatural—Buffon and Pliny  
to wit; nor is this division confined to the  
animal kingdom—the lives of Peter Simple  
and Peter the Great may be considered  
natural and unnatural histories. The mass  
of mankind have, in all ages, preferred the  
latter, just as they prefer a funeral to a  
marriage, or a murder to a charity sermon.  
Hence, in all ages, certain unfortunate  
animals have had their characters most  
grossly misrepresented; and divers eccen-  
tric creatures have assumed a place among  
the recognised mammalia. Thus the respec-  
table elk was transformed into the un-  
icorn, and snakes into flying dragons—  
whilst, in latter times, William Pitt was  
transformed into the "Heaven-born minis-  
ter," and George the Fourth into the  
"most finished gentleman in Europe."  
Then again the vermin, centuars, and  
anthropophagi of ancient times, are not a  
whit more originally fanciful than some pet  
monsters of our own enlightened days.  
Take, for instance, our "Free-born Eng-  
lishmen," our "Learned Brothers,"  
"Gallant Officers," and "Honourable  
Members"—not to mention such small fry  
as "talented townsmen," "indefatigable  
public officers," and "much respected  
mayors; and we shall have an army of  
imaginative creatures, which we may defy  
the Heathen Mythology and antique histo-  
ries to ditto, or, as the Americans say, to  
stop.

We shall now come to our point.

Who is Miles' boy?

Who is Miles' boy? Difficult—important  
question! We know that he is deeply and  
mysteriously connected with the turf—that  
he pervades at the corner—that he is pre-  
sent at Epsom—watches our Newmarket—  
patronises Goodwood, and sees, Amodeus-  
like, all the Provincial meetings. But did  
any body ever see him? Has any body  
ever shaken hands with him? Made a bet  
with him? stood a glass of brandy-and-  
water and cigars to him? Does he travel  
by coach, drag, barouche, gig, tandem, dog-  
cart, or rail? Does he pad the hock, or  
take a stand ticket? The public demand,  
and the public must have information.  
To the editors of Sunday newspapers we  
appeal—they are deep in his confidence.  
Let Vates, Harkaway, Pegasus, and other  
classical sportsmen be examined by a Com-  
mittee of the House. Let us catch the  
volatile spirit of Miles' Boy and bottle him  
up, as it were, in a blue book of the House  
of Commons.

Miles' Boy! id est—the Boy of Miles!

Who is Miles?

Boy synonyme with servant—Mile's Boy  
is then a servant: servant of whom? Of  
Miles.

Who is Miles? Miles is, in the Latin  
tongue—a soldier. Miles is, therefore, the  
soldier. Who is the soldier?—The Duke  
of Wellington. Who is Miles' Boy?—  
Lord Brougham!—Punch.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The following letter from the pen of Mr.  
Thomas Carlyle, appeared in a recent num-  
ber of the *St. Andrew's Monthly Adver-  
tiser*. It was addressed, says our authority,  
to a young man who had written to Mr.  
Carlyle, desiring his advice as to a proper  
choice of reading, and, it would appear  
also, as to his conduct in general. It is  
now, we believe, printed for the first time,  
and we most earnestly recommend it to the  
attention of our youthful readers, as con-  
taining advice of the most valuable and  
practical description, and pregnant with  
truths with which they cannot be too well  
acquainted. The young are too much in-  
clined to be dissatisfied with their actual  
condition, and to neglect their immediate  
duties in vain aspirations after others be-  
yond their lot; and they need the moti-  
ons of such a kind, but vigorous and em-  
phatic, adviser as Mr. Carlyle, and to have  
it impressed on their minds, that

"To do  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom."

"Dear Sir,—Some time ago your letter  
was delivered me; I take literally the  
first free half-hour I have had since to  
write you a word of answer.

"It would give me true satisfaction  
could any advice of mine contribute to for-  
ward you in your honourable course of  
self-improvement, but a long experience  
has taught me that advice can profit but  
little; that there is good reason why advice  
is so seldom followed; this reason, namely,  
that it is so seldom, and can almost never  
be, rightly given. No man knows the state  
of another; it is always to some more or  
less imaginary man that the wisest and  
most honest adviser is speaking.

"As to the books which you, whom I  
know so little of, should read, there is  
hardly anything definite that can be said.  
For one thing, you may be strenuously ad-  
vised to keep reading. Any good book,  
any book that is wiser than yourself will  
teach you something—a great many things,  
indirectly and directly, if your mind be  
open to learn. This old counsel of John-  
son's is also good, and universally applic-  
able.—"Read the book you do honestly  
feel a wish and curiosity to read." The  
very wish and curiosity indicates that you,  
then and there, are the person likely to get  
good of it. Our wishes are presentiments  
of our capabilities; that is a noble saying,  
of deep encouragement to all true men;  
applicable to our wishes and efforts in  
regard to reading, as well as other things.  
Among all the objects that look wonderful  
or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope  
the one which looks wonderfulest, beauti-  
fulest. You will gradually find, by various  
trials (which trials see that you make honest,  
manful ones, not silly, short, fiftful ones), what  
is for you the wonderfulest, beautifullest  
—what is your true element and province,  
and be able to profit by that. True  
desire, the motion of nature, is much to  
be attended to. But here, also, you are  
to discriminate carefully between true  
desire, and false. The medical men tell us  
we should eat what we truly have an  
appetite for; but what we only falsely have  
an appetite for, we should resolutely avoid.  
It is very true; and flimsy, desultory  
readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish  
book, and get good of none, and mischief  
of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy  
eaters, who mistake their superficial false  
desire after spices and confectionaries for  
their real appetite, of which even they are  
not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far  
quieter, after solid nutritive food? With  
these illustrations I will recommend John-  
son's advice to you.

"Another thing, and only one other, I  
will say. All books are properly the record  
of the history of past men—what thoughts  
past men had in them—what actions past  
men did; the summary of all books lies  
there. It is on this ground that the class  
of books cannot be specifically named.—  
History can be safely recommended as the  
basis of all study of books—the preliminary  
to all right and full understanding of any-  
thing we can expect to find in books.  
Past history, and especially the past his-  
tory of one's own native country, every-  
body may be advised to begin with that.  
Let him study that faithfully; innumerable  
inquiries will branch out from it; he has  
a broad-beaten highway, from which all  
the country is more or less visible; there  
travelling, let him choose where he will  
dwell.

"Neither let mistakes and wrong direc-  
tions—of which every man, in his studies  
and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage  
you. There is precious instruction to be  
got by finding that we are wrong. Let a  
man try faithfully, manfully, to be right,  
he will grow daily more and more right.  
It is, at bottom, the condition on which  
all men have to cultivate themselves. Our  
very walking is an incessant falling—a  
falling and a catching of ourselves before  
we come actually to the pavement!—It is  
emblematic of all things a man does.  
"In conclusion, I will remind you that it  
is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that  
a man becomes in all points a man. Study  
to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your  
actual situation, there and now, you find  
either expressly or tacitly laid in your  
charge; that is your post; stand in it like  
a true soldier. Silently devour the many  
chagrins of it, as all human situations have  
many; and see you aim not to quit it  
without doing all that is, at least, required  
of you. A man perfects himself by work  
much more than by reading. They are a  
growing kind of men that can wisely com-  
bine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can  
do what is laid to their hand in their present  
sphere, and prepare themselves withal for  
doing other wider things, if such lie before  
them.

"With many good wishes and encourage-  
ments, I remain yours,  
"THOMAS CARLYLE.  
"Chelsea, 13th March, 1844.

Miscellaneous Extracts.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALIST.—One of  
my first movements in Nashville was to  
walk to the college to see Professor Troost,  
who is a great enthusiast in geology. It is  
to be mentioned to the honour of the State  
of Tennessee, that it has been one of the  
first American states to patronise science,  
by allowing him five hundred dollars a year  
as geologist to the state, in addition to his  
appointment at the college as professor of  
chemistry and natural history, to which a  
salary of one thousand dollars a year is  
attached; so that the worthy professor is  
thus enabled to enjoy all the comforts of  
life, and to make himself perfectly happy  
as the distributor of these sums; for, like  
all philosophic enthusiasts, he places no  
value on money, and willingly gives any of  
the country people twenty dollars to bring  
him a live rattlesnake, or anything new or  
curious in natural history. Everything of  
the serpent kind he has a particular fancy  
for, and has always a number of them, that  
he has tamed, in his pockets or under his  
waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking-  
chair, to talk about geology, and pat the  
head of a large snake, when twining itself  
about his neck, is to him supreme felicity.  
Every year in the vacation, he makes an  
excursion in the hills; and I was told that,  
upon one of these occasions, being taken  
up by the stage coach, which had several  
members of congress in it going to  
Washington, the learned doctor took his  
seat on the top with a large basket, the lid  
of which was not over and above well  
secured. Near to this basket sat a baptist  
preacher, on his way to a great public  
immersion. His reverence, awakening  
from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld  
his unutterable horror, two rattlesnakes  
raise their fearful heads out of the basket,  
and immediately precipitated himself upon  
the driver, who, almost knocked off his  
seat, no sooner became apprised of the  
character of his ophidian outside passen-  
gers than he jumped upon the ground with  
the reins in his hands, and was followed  
instantly by the preacher. The "insides,"  
as soon as they learned what was going on,

immediately became outside, and nobody  
was left but the doctor and his rattlesnakes  
on the top. But the doctor, not entering  
into the general alarm, quietly placed his  
great coat over the basket, and tied it down  
with his handkerchief, which, when he had  
done, he said, "Gentlemen, only don't let  
these poor dings tip you, and you won't  
boort you.—"Feathersonhaugh's Excursion  
through the Slave States.

FRENCH MILITARY EXECUTIONS.—The  
mode of carrying the sentence of death into  
effect in the French army is thus described  
by a French officer—"The troops form  
three sides of a square, the fourth is left  
vacant for the passage of the balls.—The  
culprit arrives accompanied by a priest.  
The drums all at once beat a march, till  
the sufferer is in the centre of the troops.  
They then beat a *ban*, as that beat is called,  
which precedes and follows every kind of  
proclamation. The captain-reporter reads  
the sentence, the drums close the *ban*, the  
culprit is made to kneel down; he is blind-  
folded, and twelve corporals, commanded by  
an adjutant-subaltern, fire at the wretched  
man at the distance of ten paces. To di-  
minish, if possible, the agony of the prisoner,  
the words of command are not uttered; the  
adjutant makes signals instead of them with  
his cane. In case the man is not killed  
outright, as it sometimes happens, a reserve  
platoon, composed of four men, is ready to  
despatch him, by clapping the muzzles of  
their pieces to his head. After the execu-  
tion of the sentence, all the troops defile  
before the corpse. They then return to  
their quarters; the circumstance is talked  
of for two or three days, and very soon for-  
gotten. I have seen," says the author "I  
am quoting, many unfortunate men die  
with admirable fortitude. I have seen  
some of them address the regiment, and  
give the command to fire, while not a syl-  
lable denoted the slightest emotion in them.  
But the man who, in this predicament, dis-  
played the most astonishing courage was  
General Malet, who conspired against Napo-  
leon, in 1812. On being conducted,  
which twelve of his accomplices, to the plain  
of Grenelle, he, as the chief of the conspira-  
tors asked permission to give the command  
to fire. "Carry—arms!" cried he, in a  
voice of thunder. "That won't do; we  
must begin again. Your pieces on the arm  
all of you! Carry arms! Good. Platoon  
—arms! Present! Fire! All fell ex-  
cepting Malet: he was left standing alone.  
"And why not me? *Sacre nom de Dieu!*  
Reserve platoon, forward! Right! Carry—  
arms! Platoon—Arms Present! Fire!"—  
*United Service Magazine*.

CHANGE WITHOUT VARIETY.—A sturdy  
Patlander, who for several years had been  
employed as a farm-servant in a parish  
fully a hundred miles nearer Maidenkirch  
than John O'Groats, lately summoned a  
farmer, his late master, to the Small Debt  
Court in the district, for fifteen shillings of  
a balance of wages. Pat, who had been  
for several years employed by the farmers  
in the neighbourhood, had earned the  
reputation of being a faithful, trustworthy  
servant; and like many of his countrymen,  
possessed no small share of ready wit.  
After hearing both parties, the Judge gave  
a verdict in Pat's favour, with expenses.  
"Many's the thanks I have to return to  
yer honour, in regard to the justice you  
have bestowed this day upon a poor sarvint  
boy," said Pat, who, emboldened by the  
countenance of the Judge, entered a little  
farther in particulars. "If your honour  
had only seen me during them six starva-  
tion months that I sarved that out' narrow-  
faced dog, sure you wou'd have taken me  
to be a man at all, at all." "Why, by  
japers, your worship, I'm sure you would  
have taken me for a pig; for morsel went  
into my mouth barrin the prates!" "Is it  
possible," said the Judge,—"had you no  
change of diet?" "Arrah, your worship,  
I can't deny that we had changes; one  
day we might have the bull-ranters, another  
day we had the cups, or the Brown's fan-  
cies, and another we had the Martins, or  
the pink eyes, but by the hokey, they were  
stall prates."—*Ayr Observer*.

AN IRISH DUEL.—"ONE OF THE OLDEST  
Times."—On my return to the Shamrock,  
in Dublin, I found a snug room up stairs  
prepared, and by the time I had performed  
some requisite ablutions, a salmon cutlet,  
*en papillote*, smoked on the board, flanked  
by Irish "fruit," laughing in their jackets.  
(Let me here state boldly, for the informa-  
tion of all gastronomes, that this method of  
dressing salmon is perfection.) A haunch  
of mutton, kept to an instant, and done to  
a turn, succeeded with its appropriate  
accompaniment, a measure of Dublin stout.  
A slice graced my plate. I turned to the  
sidebar for bread (for I dine on such  
occasions unattended) when a dull sound,  
only to be explained by the word "thud"  
reached my ear, and looking round, I saw  
my much-loved, untouched mutton, dancing  
high in the air, while the platter, smashed  
all to smithereens, descending in a china  
shower to the floor. Astonishment for the  
time got the mastery of every other feeling,  
and I stood in speechless wonderment. At  
length I rang the bell—a shout arose from  
the room below, but no answer to my  
summons