ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1858.

A REVOLUTIONARY LEGEND.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD. It was in these wilds of Wissahikon on came shining through the clustered leaves, ces her finger upon a line. that two men met in deadly conflict, near a rock that rose, like a huge wreck of some

above the dark waters of the Wissahikon. The man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, with muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the revolution-is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli. The other man with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face is clad in the half military custome of a tory refugee. This is the murderer of the Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident; and they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting dering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh, the green sward.

At last the tory is down! down on the turf with the knee of the continental upon his breast-that upraised knife quivering in the light-that eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter, I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast, "spare me-I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier in that tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried | kon, when you saved the murderer's life. for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you stuck that the quarter of Paoli !"

And as his hand was raised for the blow and his teeth were clinched in deadly hate he paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and

held him quivering over the abyss. "Mercy !" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy by turns as the awful gulf vawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife, spare me!" Then the continental, with his mustered strength, gathered for the effort, shook the her aims. murderer once more over the abyss, and

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of the Paoli, that wife was a widow-those children orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg

then hissed the bitter sneer betweeen his

your life of that widow and her children?" The proposal made by the continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken tory .-He begged to be taken to the widow and her children to have the painful privilege of begging his life. After a moment of serious thought the patriotic soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms yet tighter, and placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their

They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty years, faded by care, a deep dark eye and black hair hanging in a dishevelled manner about her shoul-

On one side was a dark haired boy of some six years; on the other a little girl one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible-an old and venerated volume-lay open on the mother's knee. And then the pale faced tory flung him-

self on his knees, confessed that he butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hand!

"Spare me for the sake of my wife and my child !"

He had expected that this pitiful moan

one relenting gleam softened her pale face. "The Lord shall judge for us!" she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! the Bible lays open in my lap; I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that you characters! Even in the hour of affliction, shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal made in good faith of a wild and dark superstitution of the olden time. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then,

in a faltering voice, he signified his consent. Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book-she handed it to that boy whose voung cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at radom. and placed his finger upon a verse.

Then there was a silence, The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay,

felt his heart leap to his throat, Then, in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testatament. It was short but terrible!

"That man shall die." "Look l-the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart. but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair

and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful bollow or not, axe it.

pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee, the day of the battle, as the noon-day sun she turns her laughing face away and pla-

That awful silence grew deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother and the primeval world, at least one hundred feet broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and darkeved boy are breathless. The little girl unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenance around her, and stood breathless, her face turned-aside and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death

> At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read :

"Love your enemies." Ah, that moment was sublime. Oh, aw ful book of God, in whose dread pages we see Moses talking face to face to Jehovali, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well or wanthe light of that widow's home, the glory of the machanic's shop, shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lighting the way to God, even that dread gibbet. Oh, book of terrible majesty and childlike love-of sublimity that crushes the soul into aweof beauty that melts the heart with rapture you never shone more strangely I cautiful than there in the lone cot of the Wissahi-

For need I tell you that the murderers's life was saved-the widow recognized the knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence!

The murderer went his way.

Now look you how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That very night as the widow sat at her lonely hearth, her orphans by her side-sat there with a crushed heart drenched soil of Paoli-there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband living though covered with wounds, was in post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor,

He had fallen in Paoli, but not in death, He was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was a prayer in that wood embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

FICTITIOUS LITERATURE.

In all ages and in all countries, Fictitious Literature has had its admires as well as its denouncers. We are frequently struck with some peculiar beauty in a fictitious work and involuntarily a mire it. Again we see of a man, and immediately denounce it .-We see men of talent admire, and others equally as talented, reject the use of Fictitious Literature, so our own opinion must, in some degree, govern us in the estimate we place upon it.

Works of Fiction are considered by many as being highly detrimental to the mind or youth; for they are generally exaggerated representations of life. Things are presented to the mind which never existed; schemes are devised which can never be executed; hopes are inspired which can never be realized. Licentious scenes, and obscene imagary, are introduced, and the imagination becomes defiled by descriptions which are

revolting to every virtuous and refined mind. Thus are impure desires enkindled within the bosom of youth, and he falls an easy victim to its seductive influence. It gives a student no taste for his studies, nor does it enable him to dive into "the hidden mysteries of science." Those who have contracted the habit of novel-reading, often shed a tear of sympathy over imaginary sufferings .-But let us turn and view the other side, and would touch the widow's lieart; but not we find that to this we are indebted for some of the most noble displays of human

> What pictures! what scenes are presen ted to the imagination of man! How much has our happiness been extended by fiction which presents to us new words and new when Nature has no object upon which our hopes can rest, fiction invites our imagination to another world.

> It is this which so brilliantly clevates man from his common station, and places him in the field of the poet, and the painter who draws his pictures, tinseled with every beauty which pleases the fancy and capti vates the admiration. Look at Milton, and others, whose romantic fancies are expressed in every shade of thought and every trait of beauty. Imignation is among the greatest of human powers, the loftiest of human accomplishments, and the rarest of human

endowments .- Georgian. "Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for ?"

"Cause he says, if anybody will send him a club he will send them a paper."

The mother came very near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask : "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants of a club?" "Well, I don't know, replied the hope-

ful urchin unless it is to kneck. down subscribers as don't pay for their paper ?"

If you want to know whether a tree is

AN IDEAL RURAL HOME.

Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, delivered an agricultural speech at Buffalo last fall, before the State Agricultural Society of New York. We annex the concluding paragraphs, descriptive of an improved Rural Home in the country: 'One more suggestion, my friends, and I

know few things more pleasing to the eve or more capable of affording scope and gratwearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or purchase a few square feet of the canvass on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on knives; they go turning and twisting over awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands up. on a southern slope, gradually rising with strength to the outline. The native forest the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical pur--bright with the cheerful waters of a rip pling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake-dotted with hamlets, each with

> from the highgrounds, of the mysterious, enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the or a travelling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow

and woodland field and gardan.

"A substantial dwelling with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition with the fitting appendage of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm build ings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water -occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelchoicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Moreland, and Lands eer, and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain and opens the genial bosom of the earth to to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed time is solemnized beneath the vaulted Cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassals, while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we cannot see, goes on beneath the clods: myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth -the mowing machine and reaper-mute rivals of human industry-perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and

harvest, shall not fail." An Invention Wanted .- One of the most useful inventions positively wanted by the gas light using community, is some method of positively preventing the gas jets from flickering. Gas regulators have been invented to graduate the quantity passing through the tubes under varying pressures of the gas, but none which provides for a steady flow to the burners. The vibrations of the gas light produce similar vibrations in the retina of the eye, and thereby unduly excite it. According to the computations of Dr. Young, there are as many as 535,000,000 of undulations in yellow light -the ray which prevails in gas jets produced in a single second. It is very evident, therefore, that the disturbed vibrations by flickering gas lights must effect the eve injuriously. It has been found that a perm can study and write a great deal longer, and with greater ease, by the light of a sperm candle or oil lamp, than wish gas; in time of perceating the unvertical be surplied. So many advantage that to selves lights remedied of the evil of flickering. the simple and economical mode of draw, class.

NATIONAL RETRENCHMENT.

One of the most important committee that Congrees has organized for many years, s the one of which Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, is head, created to inquire (and, we trust, report) upon the important subject of national expenditure-embracing within its scope also, the searching question relive your patience. As a work of art, I of National Taxation and Revenue.

That our annual expenditure has been carried, of late years, far beyond the legitiification to taste for the beautiful, than a mate bounds of our necessities, all will adwell situated, well cultivated farm. The mit who recognize within the past few man of refinement will hang with never- years, a sum of about seventy millions annually, \$2 1-2 for each individual, made Salvator; the price of a selection of the way with, whilst in a long range of premost fertile land in the West would not vious years, when at peace, a much less sum, in proportion to the population, was deemed ample to meet all the yearly necessities of the National Treasury:

The argument is sometimes adduced for this great and wasteful increase from past years, that the expenses of living have proportionately advanced. If such is the case these expenses have no warrant in the enhanced values of the necessaries or the comforts of life. To prove this, let any variegate ascent from the plain, sheltered well-authenticated record of prices of famfrom the northwest winds by the woody ily articles for the past fifty years be conheights, broken here and there with moss- sulted, to vindicate the assertion. Take the covered bowlders, which impart variety and whole range of provisions as an illustration -with the single exception of butcher's has been cleared from the greater part of beef. So, too, with all the varieties of groceries and clothing, and the average of the past ten years will be found below that of poses, and to give picturesque effect to the any other decade of our history. The landscape. The eyes range round three same facts exists with reference to the costs fourths of the horizon over a fertiel expanse of all the muniments of war, which apply equally to the land and naval forces .-Should it be alleged that steam, in the first instance, is more costly, on the other hand its modest spire-and, if the farm lies in it is more efficient in the matter of transthe vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse port, and offensive or protective operations. than canvass alone. Thus, a smaller emand hot eveballs, thinking of her husband, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It bodiment of men with steam appliances are who now lay mouldering on the blood- is situated off the high road, but near far more powerful at sea or affoat, than when employed in any mode of naval warfare thirty years ago.

Apply this view of the case to the statenent that a soldier of the army now requires 800 to \$1,000 per annum, to sustain him, (and it is fair to suppose a sailor an equal or greater amount,) whilst in the early period of the century 300 to \$500 per anum, was found sufficient, and we cannot scape the conclusion that great waste and extravagance, sustained by careless, if not corrupt legislation, is the cause of the inequality. There is no reason why those in the Government employ should be better two from Boston, and two from Hong paid than the mass of their fellow-citizens Kong-the latter being owned by Ameridischarge of their daily duties; and whilst rapidly extending its dominions in the all wish the faithful public servant to be properly recompensed, we may, at the same time, feel well assured that the steady hand of retrenchment can, at a moment of na- put up at the mouth of the Amoor, for the tional distress, be most profitably employed in probing into the details of the expenditures for the army and navy, that are sweeping collectively from the Treasury nearly thirty millions of dollars a year.

Another prolific source of expenditure is the system of subsidise, applied directly or through the Post Office Department, to the commercial steam marine, which, as shown in the deficiences of that Department, and in other ways, must embrace an item of near five millions of dollars annually.

The question of public printing, now alling for its millions rather than its few hundred thousand annually, is receiving some share of public attention, and it may be fairly hoped that it will not escape the close attention of Mr. Boyce's important

Again, the tendency to increase the comensation of every attache of the Government, in the departments of a civilian character, cannot escaped the attention of any one who has noticed the course of legislation at Washington, in recent years. The point of honor, that formerly attached, in a degree, to every public officer of a national character, appears to have subsided

into a consideration of emolument alone. The cost of collecting the revenue of the Union, when we allow for the value of the rental of Custom Houses, wear and use of cutters, &c., is represented by another annual draft of five millions upon the Treasury, and like all the others enumerated, is an additional burthen upon the industry of desert. We saw, chased, killed, cooked and the country. It will be properly a question before the committe, whether by a radical change in the mode of assessing or raising the revenue, this last formidable item cannot be greatly alleviated, if not altogether

dispensed with. That the mode the constitution contemplated, making "taxation and representation" move hand and hand, i. e., each State to furnish its quota, in the ratio of its representative force in Congress, would dispense with this last burthen of five millions for the expenses of collecting the revenue. there can be no dispute; and for one (of many) the writer hopes to live to see the day when the wise system of revenue contemplated by the founders of our Government will be the only existing one with the

This would, it is true be a departur from the policy of the Government for the present century, that commerce should, be ling!"

ing from each State its quota for the nation's support, that if the people can have the question fairly submitted to their decision, it is safe to predict that its obvious tendency to guard against the practice of profuse expenditure and its consequent check upon Congressional corruption, would invoke the

warmest support. The adoption of this system of revenue of course, would ignore the doctrine of protection, which a few still cling to as applicable and favorable to the industry of the country. I say doctrine of protection; for it can readily be shown that the liberation of trade from the fetters that the revenue laws now impose, would place our agriculture, manufactures and commerce, in a still farther advanced position, in the scale of the world's competition, than they even low possess.

We all remember t' at one of the public declarations of Henry Clay (who has been styled "the Father of the System") was, that "Protection for protection's sake was dead;" and it is not too much now to say that the dozen or more years that have elapsed since it was made, have not, in the experience that they have de-

veloped, weakened its force. The question whether the public lands should be used as a direct source of revenue has often been debated. The higher policy would probably favor their reservation as a basis for national credit, whenever an emergency might require its use, reserving their present income to discharge the interest and principal of the existing debt. Commerce might then be alone charged with the necessity of conveying to the Treasury our yearly requirement, which might, without an inconvenient retrenchment, be brought within the sum of forty millions of dollars, based upon the scale of values of the present year .- New York Journal of Commerce.

Exploration of the Amoor River by an American .- Mr. Collins, the American Consul of the Amoor river, recently obtained permission of the Government to explore it. and he has sent to the Government at Washington the result of his observations.

"Mr. Collins states that the whole of this river, for a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, is susceptible of steam navigation, and the country drained by the Amoor has a population of about five millions. There are already four vessels trading from the San Francisco to the Amoor. Amoor country, and the last year two iron steamers, built in Philadelphia for the Rus sians, were shipped around Cape Horn and purpose of trade and exploration. Mr. Collins states that the Russian government desires that the Americans should have all the advantages of the great trade of this new country, and hold out every inducement for that purpose. After reaching the mouth of the Amoor, the theatre of his consulship, he thought he had discovered so many facts of great importance to the commerce of the United States that he determined to return mmediately and report to his government. The report which he has made to the Secretary of State occupies some 250 pages of closely written manuscript, and is a condensed account of the country in the vicinity of the navigable waters of the Amoor. its population, trade, products, &c., as well as suggestions as to the proper articles of commerce which our people may export there with profit."

Life on the Plains .- Herds of Buffulo. -A member of Company C. 1st Cavalry, U. S. Army, recently arrived at Fort Leavenworth from an expedidion on Western plains writes as follows to his father in Springfield, Illinois: 'We had an interesting expedition, but I have had no time to particularize any of the many interesting scenes and incidents. Suffice for the present to say, that we traveled over two thousand miles, and saw some of the most splendid picturesque and beautiful country to be found anywhere, and some of the wildest and most desolate country outside the great ate, buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, &c. Of buffalo we saw millions, and very near the same number of antelope. For nine days of our travel we passed through one continuous herd of buffalo: The whole country was literally blackened with them as far as the eye could reach daily. We had to surround our camp the prize we choose to strive for. There is with fires at night, to keep from being over run by mighty herds of this wonderful ani-

An accepted lover one day walking in pretty village in Bedfordshire, along with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm and describing the ardency of his love, remarked:

"How gransported I am to have von hanging on my arm !".

"Upon my word," said the lady, " yo make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported, and the other is hang-

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS. The concluding lecture of the series of Whitboy Swart, residing in the Zwarte Rug-

gens, went out at daylight one morning in search of a horse, and while strolling about the neighborhood in which he resides, his attention was attracted towards a bush, by the yelping of three young dogs, that had followed him from his home. On approaching the spot to which the sound directed him, he was startled by finding that his canine companions had jointed a beautifully spotted tigress, that was lying on its back, with which they appeared to be enjoying a very satisfactory romp. Upon perceiving the man, the animal sprang to its feet, and Whitboy, though a noted hunter, and an athletic, bold and active man, retreated from the spot, being unarmed, except with a small switch or stick; the tigress pursued him, and finding that he lost ground, he resolved on wheeling about and facing the animal, which, with one blow of its paw, tore away part of his cheek, and would, with the violence of the concussion, have knocked him to the ground, had it not been for the support he received from a small bush near him, which prevented him from falling on his bacy; probably to this circumstance he is indebted for his life, for with the tigress above him he would have

been perfectly powerless.

Whitboy struck at the savage beast with

the switch in his possession, but this also fell from his hand; to preserve his face he now assumed a pugilistic attitude, when the tigress seized hold of his arm; with his other hand he then picked up a stone, which he placed in the jaws of the enraged brute, to prevent his arm from being bitten in two. This dis done, he next seized his opponent by the throat, and by his great strength threw her down, and placed his knee on the neck; fortunately the dogs, though young, now harrassed the enraged animal, and thus kept its paws engaged. The man then drew his arm out of the jaws of the animal, but when he had almost extricated it, the stone fell out, and the animal seized to be disabled. With the other he now took the stone, and battered the tigress' nose and teeth. In this position, and in the greatest agony, he was two hours contending with his enemy. He had a knife in his pocket, but the other hand having been rendered helpess, he could not open the blade; he now contrived by main strength to move himself and the tigress to yards off. The struggle of the two combattrampled quite hard, and the spot covered with blood. Reduced to the last extremity, and I elieving the animal to be in a similar state, he resolved on encouraging the dogs to attack her, while he jumped up and ran

After running for about 300 yards, he ooked round, and found the dogs coming on alone. He then hastened to a farmer's louse, to request assistance; they visited the spot and curiously examined the small clumps of trees, but having no dogs on which they could depend, the search was soon given up, and the wounded man conveyed to his home. His wounds were dressed, and he lay in a very precarious state for four weeks, having been twice attacked with lock-jaw. His sufferings were ntense, one arm being entirely disabled. and the lower parts of his body severely acerated. He was engaged altogether for two hours and a half. Hopes were, however, indulged, two days before our informaut left the locali y, that a sound constitution and powerful nerves would sustain him, and that he would ultimately recover from injuries which must have proved inevitably fatal to one of less physical power. The conflict of Whitboy and the tigress will rank amongst the most marvelous adventures with beasts of prey in this country--Graham's Town (South Africa) Jour-

American Life .- American life is but the

agony of a fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowds, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life.-We have but one object in our rapid journev, and that is to get the start of our felow-travelers. Our political equality, offerng to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbors; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion and the highest strain of the faculties to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we should not strive

It is a remarkable fact that however

VOL. XIV..... ...NO. 49 LONGEVITY OF LITERARY MEN.

Smithsonian lectures delivered by Dr. Wynne, was confined to the effect of leisure and literary employment upon the duration of life. The lecturer drew his examples of a life of leisure chiefly from English records, which embrace a class among the English nobility who are placed above the necessity for labor, and are necessarily freed from the ordinary stimulants which in the usual walks of life move men to exertion. Until the last few years the members of noble families were supposed to be placed in circumstances highly favorable to lonzevity, but carefully collated facts, derived from the most authentic sources by Prof Guy, of King's College, London, showed that, with a few rare exceptions, such as those of Sir Ralph de Vernon, who is said to have attained the age of one hundred and fifty years, and three Misses Legge, descendants of the Earl of Dartmouth, two of whom died at 105 and one at 111, the duration of life was less among them in any other class, and far below those embraced in the list of friendly societies, made up entirely of the working classes. Of the members of the privileged classes in England kings were found to have the shortest length of life, next peers of the realm, then expectants of titles, and highest on the list those noblemen whose grade of title placed them nearest the mass of the whole population. From this it would appear that la-Lor formed an essential requisite in producing those conditions necessary to a length

its contingencies were rather to be pitied than envied. Among those who were embraced in the literary class were some who, like natural philosophers, generally attained great length of days, and others as poets, in which the duration of life appeared to be short. Between these two classes were many grades whose position in the scale was generally defined by the absence or presence of the imaginative faculties in the production of his hand, which was so severely bitten as their works. As a general rule the calm and exalted studies of the philosopher, although often severe, were found to be favorable to longevity, while the development of that imaginative faculty by means of which the poet was enabled to weave his conceptions into verse was found to abridge its duration.

of days, and those who were placed above

In addition to the effect produced by different species of literary labor upon their the spot where his switch lay, about six prosecutors, there was no doubt that individual peculiarities had much to do with inducing a favorable or unfavorable result .-This was especially the case with poets, who were as a class men of irregular lives. The instances of Burns, Cowper, Beattie and Byron were cited as examples of this position, and many of their personal peculiarities were detailed showing them to have lived either in a state of great excitement or of the deepest melancholy.

The series of lectures just closed embraced a vast fund of valuable information up on an important and hitherto neglected subject, and was listened to by the audience with great attention. They furnish a substantial contribution to science, and manifest the practical value of the institution under whose auspices they have been given to the public .- National Intelligencer.

AFFECTION FOR A MOTHER The following beautiful passage, as true is it is beautiful, is from Mr. James:

"Round the idea of one'smother the mind of men clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant heart when yet soft, capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes to violate her commands ; we may become wild, head-strong and angry at her counsel or opposition, but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower, beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round the idea. we have said the mind clings with fond affection, and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twine, the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues which we doubt not that she possesses."

A Noble Sentiment. Some true heart. has given expression to its generous nature. in the following beautiful, noble sentiment: Never desert a friend, when chemies gather around him-when sickness falls on the heart-when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your in terest and happiness, be sure to shaten h in adversity. Let him feel that his for kindness is appreciated, and that his lo not thrown away. Real fidelity may rare; but it exists in the heart. Who not seen and felt its power? There its worth and power who have never a friend; or labored to make