

the law, he seized his hand, and said—"I'm very glad, indeed, you're coming air—I'll have the law of the villain—he liveth on the blood of the country" (the poetry of fear, meaning he was a half-pay officer.)

"Who and what?" said the attorney, "do you fear or mean?"

"Why, that villain, capt. B.," replied Mr. A. "He wrote me a challenge—and so, as I thought he did it only to frighten men, God forgive me, I wrote and said I'd meet him. It is at long he passed me, going into the town, and I told him to mind time and place, and to bring his coffin with him, thinking (would have led to some jaw, and there would have been an end on't; but he looked at me as if he would have the heart's blood of me, and I know he's now gone to buy powder and ball for my murder; but I'll prosecute him, sir."

The lawyer told him plainly that having accepted the challenge, he could not prosecute, but that he thought captain A. would forgive him, upon an apology being given. It was given—and it was accepted; the attorney riveted for ever to him two friends, and acquired the reputation of a most able and most humane negotiator.

An Italian nobleman fought sixteen duels upon the question, which was the better poet, Ariosto or Tasso, and being mortally wounded in his sixteenth, with his dying words confessed, that he had never read either.

THE FATE OF A GENIUS.

Who has not heard of the famous saying of the Emperor Maximilian—"I can make a peasant a peer, but I cannot make a skilful an artist as Albert Durer?" Poor Albert! Although deservedly honored, esteemed and supported by the illustrious patrons of genius and learning who were his contemporaries, Albert Durer was a miserable man. He lived under the dominion of a termitant. His wife a second Xantippe, harassed him continually; and his uniform patience and good nature served only to increase her petulance and persecution. He labored with untiring assiduity, day after day, to produce those exquisite engravings, by amateurs, and yet she would reproach him as if he were idle and inattentive to the interests of his family. Frequently would she follow him to his studio, and there in presence of his pupils, pour forth the vials of wrath, and abuse him most vociferously.

Albert, accustomed to such storms, said not a word.

"But sat like patience upon a monument."

"Herein," says his Teutonic biographer, "he acted like a philosopher; for if you blow a few sparks, you may kindle a great fire—if you attempt to stop the steam of a kettle, you will cause a tremendous explosion."

Durer's wife accustomed to associate in her reproaches the name of Samuel Duhopert with that of her husband. Samuel was a poor little humpbacked hard-featured man, who, as he manifested an extraordinary talent for painting, was employed, and occasionally instructed, by the compassionate Albert. This gratuitous instruction was altogether at variance with the principles which this worthy lady had so strenuously advocated.

Displeased and insulted by all but his benevolent master, unable almost by his labor to obtain the necessities of life, what but a fondness approximating to adoration could have induced Samuel to persevere in the design of being a painter?

He was never happy but when he was wandering about the fields and woods of the environs of Nuremberg, admiring the beauties of nature, and sketching such objects as particularly attracted his attention. After passing a leisure day in this manner, he would return to his work; never speaking of his country excursions, and never venturing to show his original works. Accustomed to continued raiillery, he supposed that his designs would only expose him to the ridicule of his companions.

Excepting these excursions, Samuel went regularly at day break to his work—took his seat in the humblest position, as if conscious of inferiority to all around, and was actually engaged during the hours of labor. He would afterwards retire to his cottage, and finish on canvass, the sketches he had made in the country.

Three years passed away in this manner, and Samuel had displayed to no one, not even his master, the works of his labor to which he had devoted many midnight hours. His toils and privations were too great to be endured much longer. He found that he was very sick; he thought he was about to die; and he wept like a child. Alas! said he I shall never be a painter.

For a week he was stretched upon his miserable bed, and no one came to administer consolation. His agony and his tears were seen only by his heavenly father. Abandoned by the world, he sought a refuge in heaven;—and He "who temper the wind to the shorn lamb," mitigated his sufferings. As soon as he was able to walk, a providential impulse induced him to endeavor to dispose of the last picture he had painted.

He put it under his arm, and went toward the shop of a broker, determined to sell it for whatever he offered. It so happened that he passed by a house where many persons were assembled. He discovered that was a public sale of valuable paintings, in consequence of the death of the gentleman who had collected them. After a hile hesitation, Samuel went

boldly into the house, and entreated the auctioneer to offer his picture among the other articles for sale. The man agreed to do so, and estimated it to be worth three thalers. "Well," said Samuel, "that will furnish me with food if a purchaser can be found. Let it go."

The picture was passed from hand to hand, while the auctioneer, with a monotonous voice, exclaimed, three thalers—who will make an offer—three thalers—Oh, said Samuel, "my picture will not be sold. What will become of me! And this, too, is my best picture. I could not make a better. There is the Castle of Newburg, and there are the trees and the Abbey, and the Pregnits winding along so beautifully! How many days"—here his soliloquy was interrupted by an individual who exclaimed,

"Twenty-five thalers." Samuel elevated himself as much as possible that he might see the man who had pronounced those thrice blessed words. To his surprise it was the broker to whom he had intended to sell the picture.

"Fifty thalers," said a gentleman in black.

Samuel would willingly have embraced him.

"A hundred thalers," cried the broker. And in rapid succession the stout gentleman in black and the broker contended for the picture.

"Two hundred."

"Three hundred."

"Four hundred."

"A thousand thalers."

The crowd became interested in the matter, and surrounded the rivals who were thus like two combatants in a ring. Samuel thought he was dreaming, and pined himself several times to ascertain whether he was awake.

The stout gentleman thought the last offer would terminate the contest, but was mistaken.

"Two thousand," said the broker, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Ten thousand, cried the other."

"Twenty thousand," exclaimed the broker, convulsively clapping his hands.

"Forty thousand," uttered the other, who was equally agitated.

The broker hesitated, but the triumphant look of his antagonist induced him to say,

"Fifty thousand."

All eyes were turned to the stout gentleman.

"A hundred thousand," cried he.

"A hundred and twenty-five thousand," responded the broker.

"The original for the copy—beat that, if you can, sir," said the stout gentleman to the broker. The broker mortified and defeated, left the room, and his opponent took possession of the picture.

And now Samuel came forward, and approached the purchaser, who, conceiving him to be a mendicant, was about to give him some money; but Samuel, to his astonishment, declared himself to be the painter of the picture.

The gentleman, who was one of the most wealthy noblemen in Germany, tore a leaf from his pocket book, wrote some lines.

"Take this, my friend," said he, to Samuel, "it will put you in possession of your property."

Samuel was no longer poor, and persecuted, and despised. He was honored by the rich, and beloved by the poor. He would frequently say,—"there is but one friend who will never leave you, and he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The painting which was purchased by the nobleman, as we have already related, is now in possession of the King of Bavaria. Beautiful as the landscapes of Claude Lorraine are, there is but one that surpasses this exquisite picture.

THE BROKEN BOND.

Hundreds of our youth who have read Writ's graphic life of Patrick Henry, have actually supposed the effects ascribed by the imitabile biographer to the powers of that self-taught orator's eloquence, in the parson's cause, the beef cause, and the scene in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to be mere fantasies of the writer's brain, and out of the question in the practice of real life. To those who have never witnessed the force of eloquence upon the minds of a listening multitude, such inference may certainly appear natural and very excusable, especially if they had not the pleasure of knowing the exalted character and pure purpose of Mr. Writ. But for others to doubt the veracity of his pen, seems very much like questioning one's own existence.

Patrick Henry, however, is not the only orator of our infant republic, who by the force of eloquence, has cleared the courts of justice and the halls of legislation. And to back this assertion, we here offer the simple story of the events connected with the "Broken Bond," referred to at the head of this article.

Just before the war of the revolution, Deacon Dudley C. of New Hampshire, accompanied Zebina C. his neighboring merchant, to the town of Boston. They had called on Mr. Frazier, a large importer of foreign fabrics; with whom Mr. Z. C. was in the habit of dealing. The deacon thoughtful and enterprising, proposed trade also; but the wary citizen declined the purchase of his butternut and hickory piths, his pickle trout, and bales of peltry; but finally expressed his wish to purchase a drove of cats, for a ship which he was about to send to a quarter

of the world where the animal was unknown. But said the crafty purchaser, they must be trained to the whip, had to regulate marches across the country to ship board, and then to a market in foreign trade. The deacon thought of the offer, and concluded that as horses, mules, horned cattle, sheep, hogs and turkeys had been trained and driven by thousands across the country to a market, he could not see why the cat also might not be trained for the same purpose. At all events if he could drive not them he was sure he could train them to follow him, for his old Tab often followed him to the field and woods. He therefore concluded to furnish the drove of cats. A bond was drawn and executed, and a large sum of money was advanced, in order to enable him to prosecute his arrangement. On reaching his home, the Deacon immediately prepared a room in his garret, and began to collect his drove, exercising them every morning under the crack and lash of his long whip, to regular marches round the room.

The plan operated favorably while the number of cats were small, and the space sufficient for free movement; but when he had assembled a large number opposition arose; and when the whip was applied to force obedience, the whole mass, as by common consent and simultaneous movement, pounced upon the poor Deacon, and would have torn him piecemeal, but for the timely aid of the family, who roused by the noise burst the door of the chamber, and allowed the cats to escape. The deacon fortunately survived his wounds returned the money advanced him by Frazier through the agency of his neighbor C., and relinquished the contract.

The war which ensued called the whole strength of the country into the battle field, and both the high contracting parties to the cat contract, did their country some little service.

Some ten years after the peace of 1783 Frazier on closing his business, journeyed through the interior to collect his balances; and among the rest called on the deacon for the fulfilment of his bond, demanding the amount of advance (which the country merchant had never returned) with interest, and a heavy sum as smart money for neglecting to perform his covenant.

This was like a thunderbolt to the ears of the poor Deacon, who had not once doubled but that the merchant's money had been promptly returned and the bond cancelled. Presuming there must be some mistake in the matter, he resisted payment; and an action was instituted to enforce the demand. The cause was brought to an issue at the village of Keene, where the good people had just finished a new and tasteful church, and had turned the old one elevated some eight or ten feet upon a granite foundation over to the purposes of justice. The Deacon when he found himself drawn into the law, employed the slick-headed, eagle-eyed and eloquent Ben. West, to defend his cause; and against him had been pitted the young and brilliant J. Mason. From the singular character of the case, the parties litigant, and the high standing of the counsel employed, a general interest had been excited; and women and children thronged to the house to a literal stuffing to hear the story of the Broken Bond.

The pleadings were opened by young Mason, with a bold flourish of anticipated triumph, frequently mingled with a larking sneer at any serious attempt at defence—and he was replied to by the grave and stubborn charge of a direct and premeditated attempt upon the life of the venerable Deacon,—an officer, who in those days and among the people, stood in sacred relation to the church, next to the minister.

To sustain this charge, the witty counsel first held the princely clad full powdered merchant up to the gaze of the court and crowd, as an old notorious and experienced cat dealer, familiar with all their habits, and so long immured to their society, as to have imbibed most of their nature, alleging that if shut up alone in the jury's lobby, he would instantly mew for his old companions. This brought a tremendous burst of irrepressible laughter from the whole crowd, and set the bench in a perceptible titter. When the fit had fairly subsided, he adroitly changed his key, and presented the unoffending, grey headed deacon, cast helpless upon the floor, beset by a hundred furious animals, made desperate by hunger and long confinement—some fastened upon his throat, sucking out his life blood, and others at his face, gashing his cheeks and tearing out his eyes with their claws. His peculiar picture brought the whole scene before the eyes of the court, the jury and the people whose sympathy was excited to a shower of tears, commingled with audible imprecations on the head of the wretch who had plotted the mischief.

Of this general excitement, the adroit counsel took instant advantage, and, bearing with irresistible force upon the feelings and conscience of the discomfited merchant, assigned in tones of language that went to his heart and harrowed up all his sensibilities, his position with cats in this life, and in the life to come—with an escort of cats as he made his journey thither. This denunciation was fervid, withering and overwhelming, and was instantly followed by a continued chorus of cat squalls, proceeding from among the very feet of the spectators, as though the assigned escort had actually arrived to accompany the affrighted merchant on his untied journey. The children began to cry, the women to scream, and the men

to stare, and all to move en masse towards the door way, seeking immediate egress. The panic was universal, the jam fearful, and to many nearly fatal. Some fell and were trampled upon, others pitched headlong down the granite steps, bruising their flesh breaking their bones while others leaped from windows twenty feet from the ground. The house was cleared, neither judge nor jury would return to it that day; the cause went for the Deacon by general acclamation—and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter the following day.

Some time after the death of Mr. West, which happened immediately after the adjournment of the celebrated Hartford Convention, of which he was a member, and which was the only public trust he was ever prevailed upon to accept, it was discovered that he, finding the Deacon's defence desperate, added stratagem to his eloquence, and placed the night previous a number of boys under the floor of the court-room with cats, who, upon a concerted signal, were to make their squall. They were admitted through the rear wall and after night secretly dismissed.

"Nothing is beneath the attention of a Great Man."—This short sentence is inscribed over the door of the small building, in Holland, which was once the workshop of Peter the Great; and furnishes, more than volumes of common description and history could do, an insight into the character of the man who raised the Muscovites from the deepest barbarism to the rank of civilization, and laid the foundation of an Empire, the extent of which the world as yet seems little able to comprehend.

One of the most fatal errors to which men are subject, is the disposition to treat small things with contemptuous indifference—forgetting that great things are but an aggregate of small ones, and that discoveries and events of the greatest importance to the world can be traced to things most insignificant in themselves. Nothing more truly marks an original mind, and stamps its possessor as a truly great man, than the seizure of circumstances which would pass unnoticed by the multitude, and, by subjecting them to the analysis of his reasoning powers, deducting inferences of the greatest practical results.

The power of the loadstone to attract iron, has been known from time immemorial; accident discovered the fact that a magnetized needle would indicate the North, but for a long time this truth was productive of no results. In the hands of Flavia Goja, of Analfi, it produced the mariner's compass, an instrument which has changed the whole course of commerce, and opened America and Australia to the rest of the world. To mention only one of the results that the use of the compass in maritime discovery has led to—it has given the potato to Europe, and thus trebled the means of subsistence.

We owe the Galvanic, or Voltaic battery, one of the most powerful instruments in advancing science the world has yet seen, to Madame Galvani's noticing the contraction of the muscles of a shinned frog accidentally touched by a person on whom her husband was at the moment making some experiments in electricity. The experiments of Galvani and Volta were followed up by Davy, Hare, and Silliman, and effects which have astonished and instructed the world, have been the result. The dry galvanic pile, in the hands of the discoverer, De Luc, was nothing more than a scientific playing-Singer, of London, a mechanic of genius, saw the pile, and applied the power thus generated to moving the machinery of a watch; and one constructed by him has now run more than sixteen years without winding or loss of motion.

A Chemist was at work in his laboratory, preparing a powder for a certain purpose. A spark fell into his composition, and it exploded; and from that day gunpowder was discovered. Some may question the utility of this discovery, but we do not. Gunpowder has materially aided the miner, the founder, and the chemist; it has made war, when now carried on between nations, a less evil than formerly; but, more than all, it has given internal order and tranquility to the kingdoms of Europe, by knocking down those strongholds of feudal barbarism and cruelty, the castles of a haughty and domineering nobility, and placing the weak, so far as regards protection by law and security to person and property, on a level with the highest.

A German peasant carved letters on the bark of a beech tree, and with them stamped characters on paper, for the amusement of his children. Nothing more was thought of this; but from it Faust conceived and executed moveable types; and printing, an art that has perhaps exercised a greater influence on the destiny of mankind than any other, thus had a beginning.

Galileo was in a church at Florence where a drows Dominican was holding forth on the merits of the Virgin, and the mericles of the Holy Church—things about which the philosopher cared very little. The principal tump of the church had been left suspended in a manner that it swung to and fro by the slightest breath, and caught the eye of the philosopher. The regularity of its oscillations struck him, and the idea of employing such vibrations to measure time occurred Galileo left the church and returned to his study, and in a short time the first pendulum ever made was swinging.

Some children playing with glasses of a Dutch spectacle maker, accidentally placed a couple so that the steeple a church appeared much nearer, and turned bottom upwards. From this small beginning was produced the telescope—an instrument which, more than any other, has enlarged the boundaries of the universe, and given to man more exalted ideas of that Being who spake all these worlds into existence.

About one hundred and fifty years ago an old man might have been seen in his study, apparently amusing himself by witnessing the escape of steam from an old wine bottle, and then instantaneously plunging it into cold water. There are many even multitudes who would sneer at an observer of nature who could stoop to notice such a trifle; yet this expansion and condensation of steam in the wine bottle, and the train of thoughts which it suggested, in the hands of the Marquis of Worcester, gave birth to the steam engine—the most valuable present that science has ever made in the Arts. Those very men who are now filled with delight and astonishment when they behold the beautiful steamboat majestically ploughing the waves, or the steam-car whirling its train of carriages over the rail-road with almost the rapidity of thought, would be the first to look and speak with contempt of the train of causes that led to such important results.

But perhaps the example of Newton, more than any other, conclusively proves that there is the whole circle of nature, nothing trifling to a truly great mind. Thousands had seen apples from the trees to the earth; yet no one had ever asked the question whether the cause that caused the apple to fall to the earth, extends to the moon?—Yet this question, and its solution, was the key which unlocked the mechanism of the universe, and given to man power and ideas that could otherwise never have been in existence.

The great truth these examples inculcate is this—there is nothing trifling in nature, nothing that is not worthy of attention and reflection, nothing that does not form part of the great chain of cause and effect, and capable, consequently, of leading to the most valuable and interesting events. There is an impression abroad, that it forms no part of the business of the tiller of the soil to think. This is not true, and the position should be exploded at once. It is scarcely possible for a man to be more favorably situated for an observation of nature, than is the farmer. His business is with the soil he treads upon—with its constituents and their varying proportions—with the green earth and its covering of herbs and plants, its trees and flowers; while overhead is stretched the broad o'er arching sky, inviting to useful reflection, and urging him to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Agricultural.

SAVE YOUR ASHES.

Wood ashes is a very powerful stimulant to corn. The effect of a pint of ashes upon a hill is very great, causing it to yield more than one to which it is not applied. The importance then of saving wood ashes is more apparent.

Corn, again, manured with unleached ashes in the hill, will be less annoyed by the cut-worm, than one to which other manure has been applied.

The best soils for corn, are the sandy colored earths, which have but little clay in them. A clover sod, well turned over, makes the best preparation for the crop.—*Farmer and Gardner, for 1837.*

TOMATOE.

There is perhaps no vegetable of equal value, so little known and cultivated in this country, although we are happy to observe that it is rapidly coming into notice. There is no vegetable easier produced, none that better rewards the labors of the planter.

It has been in use as an article of luxury, either raw or stewed, in soups or fricasees, for gravy or catsup, for pickles or sweetmeats, in the southern part of the European Continent. In France and Italy as well as in many of our eastern cities, the tomatoe, or love-apple, is highly relished and extensively employed in various culinary preparations. They are esteemed by all, salutary as an article of diet, and I am acquainted with some instances among my acquaintance, and with many others through the medium of different publications, in which the free use of them was followed by rapid and permanent convalescence from disease of the liver. Indeed as a dietetic luxury, its utility is so go great and varied, that few who have adopted its use, can be prevailed upon to dispense with it.

The Tomatoe plant is a native of the tropical parts of our continent, but will flourish in our latitude on a good soil with a very little expense of time and labor. The plant of the larger varieties grows luxuriantly and bears enormous quantities of fruit. It is stated by the Ohio Farmer, that a man near the city of New York received \$1800 for the tomatoes he produced from half an acre, in 1836. They may be produced from the seed in the open air on a warm soil, but in order to have them in season and the fruit fine and well matured the seed should be started in a hot bed, and transplanted as soon as the weather will admit. If you sow the seed in the open garden, let it be done as early in the spring as may be without endangering the young plant to injury from frost. Sow in rows or plant in hills about 2, 2 1-2 or 3 feet apart, according to the