BABY RHYMES.

Yes, it is the sweetest baby,
Pretty little blue-eyed Bell;
In her cheeks the deepest dimples,
In her smile the softest spell;
Papa takes the "pwecious tweasure,"
Just as it begins to coo,
And in tenderest accents asks it,
"Love me, blue bell?—say you do!"

Six months now has baby gladdened
All the household with her glee—
'Twas 'mid snow she came among us,
Type of angel purity;
Oh, you prettiest rosy posy,
What shall we compare to you?
Then we ask her mother's question,
"Love me, blue bell?—say you do!"

Uncle, aunty, and dear granny,
Each contend for baby's laugh—
While the fascinated stranger
Asks us for her photograph;
Meantime what says baby dumpling?
"Googlegilruggiegooglegoo?"
This she answers to the query,
"Love me, hearts-ease?—say you do!"

All good angels wait on baby!
Be her path with roses strewed,
Brightly fall the sunshine round her
As she grows to womanhood—
May her cheeks retain their dimples,
And her eyes be just as blue,
When some manly voice shall whisper,
Love me, dearest—say you do'"

VENTILATION OF BED-ROOMS.—There should be a constant circulation of fresh air in bed-rooms. The lungs must respire during sleep as well as any other time, and it is of great importance to have when asleep, as pure an air as possible. It is calculated that each person neutralizes the vivifying principle of a gallon of air in one minute; what havoc, therefore must an individual make upon the pure air of his bed-chamber, who sleeps in a bed closed snugly with curtains, with the doors and windows shut, and, perchance, a chimney board into the bargain! Our health and comfort depend more upon these apparently trivial points than most people are aware of. "Confined air," says Dr. Franklin, "when saturated with perspirable matter, (the quantity of which is calculated to be about five-eighths of what we eat,) will not receive more, and that matter must remain in our bodies and cause disease. We may recollect, sometimes, on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get to sleep again. We turn often without finding repose in any position. This "fidgettiness," to use a vulgar expression, is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retension of the perspirable matter. It would be well, if in all the apartments, but especially in bed-chambers, the upper sashes of the windows were contrived to let down; for, by this means the admission of fresh air would be, at all times, perfectly safe, as the body, when even under such a sweat as could not without danger, be interrupted, may receive all the refreshing restorative, and invigorative influence of the air, without being exposed to a stream of it." Franklin himself, whatever might be the season, slept window open, more or less, and advised his friends to do the same, many of whom adopted the practice, and acknowledged the advantages of it.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Buonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt nervously anxious, as the custodier of such a deposit; and though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor, all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A—— sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained—it was an enormous rat dragging the heart of Buonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Cæsar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.—*Dorset Chronicle.*

VALUE OF SALT.—There are many countries on the habitable globe where salt has never yet been found, and whose commercial facilities being extremely limited, the inhabitants can only occasionally indulge themselves with it as a luxury. This is particularly the case in the interior of Africa. "It would," says Mungo Park," appear strange to an European to see a child suck a piece of rock-salt, as if it were sugar. This, however, I have frequently seen; although the poorer class of inhabitants are so very rarely indulged with this precious article, that to say that a man eats salt with his provisions, is the same as saying he is a rich man. I have suffered great inconveniences myself from the scarcity of this article. The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt, that no words can sufficiently describe it."—*Park's Travels into the Interior of Africa.*

VOCAL MUSIC CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH.—It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that beside its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of our academy," says Gardener, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and, as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs." These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increase the activity and powers of the vital organs.—*Musical World*

INTELLECT DEVELOPED BY LABOR.—Are labor and self-culture irreconcilable to each other. In the first place, we have seen that a man, in the midst of labor, may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these principles; and we have here a strong presumption, that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next we have seen, that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another important consideration, that almost all labor demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world; so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and, with less labor, gives a better product. Make men intelligent and they become inventive; they find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn it to account, to understand the substance on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and, as the history of this country shows, there will be no bounds to useful inventions.—*Channing on Self Culture.*

TIGHT LACING.—Tight lacing not only prevents a due development of the muscles by pressure, but, by fixing into one immoveable mass the ribs and vertebræ of the back, which, more especially in youth, should have free motion on each other, makes the whole upper part of the body a dead weight on the vertebræ of the loins, which, in consequence, give to one or other side, and lateral curvature is produced. Not only does tight lacing act directly in this manner, but indirectly it operates in diminishing muscular vigor by impeding respiration. It is well known that muscular power bears a relative proportion to the produce of respiration, animals having the highest development of the respiratory organs being the most powerful in muscular force. Tight stays compress the ribs together, and prevent the play of respiratory muscles; when applied during the growth of the body, they prevent the development of the chest, and thus lay the foundation of many pectoral diseases. The female form, at least in youth, requires no artificial aid to improve it. We would think of putting stays on the Vuem de Medicis?—*Beale's Observation on the Spine.*

A NAIL IN THE HEART OF A HORSE.—A correspondent of *The Field* mentions that the Right Hon. Sir J. Trollope recently sent an old hunter, which was incurably lame, and incapable of further service, over to his kennels to be killed for his hounds. When he was cut up the huntsman took the heart for some young hounds ill of distemper, and in cutting it up his knife struck against some hard substance, which he found to be a blacksmith's shoeing nail, fully 2½ inches long and imbedded in the heart, with the head of the nail near the point, the sharp end upward. The nail had never been clinched, but was nearly straight, the point slightly turned, and it looked as if it had been rejected by a smith on trying it in a shoe. The horse has been for eight years in Sir John Trollope's possession.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.—Mr. Slang used to say, "my horses, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says "our horses, our boys," or our farm. This substitution of our for my, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus:—Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang. "No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say MY dairy." "Say OUR dairy, Mr. Slang." "No, MY dairy." "Say OUR dairy, say OUR," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker. "MY dairy, MY dairy," vociferated the husband. "OUR dairy, OUR dairy?" re-echoed the wife, emphasising each "our" with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Mr. Slang remained under several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. "What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she. "I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, "to see anything of our hat." The struggle was over. It was our horses, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

PRODIGALITY—AND WANT.—In the tenth year of the reign of Edward IV. (1470), George Neville, brother to the Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into the arch-episcopal see of York, entertained most of the nobility and principal clergy, when his bill of fare was as follows:—300 quarters of wheat, 350 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, a pipe of spiced wine, 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 wethers, 300 hogs, 300 calves, 3,000 geese, 3,000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 rabbits, 200 bitterns, 4,000 ducks, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 2,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1,000 egrets, 400 bucks, does, and roebucks, 1,500 hot venison pasties, 4,000 cold ditto, 1,000 dishes of jelly pastics, 4,000 dishes of jellies, 4,000 cold custards, 2,000 hot custards, 300 pikes, 300 breams, 8 seals, 4 porpoises, and 400 tarts. At this feast, the Earl of Warwick was steward, the Earl of Bedford treasurer, and Lord Hastings comptroller, with many more noble officers, and 1,000 servitors, 62 cooks, and 515 menial apparitors in the kitchen. But it must not escape our observation that this man died in the most abject and unpitied want.

STARVATION POINT.—If we cannot with any precision say how long starvation will be in effecting its fatal end, we can say how much waste is fatal. From the celebrated experiments of Chossat on inanition, it appears that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of 0·4. That is to say, supposing an animal to weigh 100 lbs., it will succumb when its weight is reduced to 60 lbs. Death may of course ensue before that point is reached, but not be prolonged after it. The average loss which can be sustained is 40 per cent.; sometimes the loss is greater, especially if the animal be very fat: thus, in the transactions of the Linnæan Society, a case is reported of a fat pig which was buried under 30 feet of chalk for 160 days; his weight fell in that period no less than 75 per cent. Curiously enough, as an illustration of what was just said respecting time not being an index, fishes and reptiles were found by Chossat to perish at precisely the same limit of weight as warm-blooded animals, but they required a period three-and-twenty times as long to do it in; thus, if the experiment be performed of starving a bird and a frog during the warm weather, although both will perish when their loss of weight reaches 40 per cent., the one will not survive a week, the other will survive three-and-twenty weeks.—*Blackwood.*

FOREIGN SALUTATIONS.—An American gentleman is walking in the streets of Damascus, when up comes a respectable-looking Turk and slaps him on the breast; the American not knowing what to make of this, stares at the Turk, who seems quite disappointed at not receiving a turn in kind for his civility. In the end it turns out that the blow was not meant for an invitation to a pugilistic set-to, but as a friendly token of recognition, such as is very common throughout the East. Again, a traveler riding towards the ruins of Cæsarea, sees two Arabs advancing in the opposite direction, mounted on very fine horses. As soon as they catch sight of him they raise their long spears in the air, and shouting "Yullah," dash at him full tilt: he halts—they circle round him at once, then wish him a happy journey, and ride on their way.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upward, or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly with that divergence from a direct line of vision around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it.

Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was a blank. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields.—*Dr. Binn's Anatomy of Sleep.*

TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.—The nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal, the further they can be heard. Franklin has remarked that many years ago the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound, it was elevated on a triangle in the great street of that city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day, when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a great bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious, and it was ascertained the other sound of a bell struck in the street reached nearly double the distance it did when raised into the air. In the air sound travels at the rate of from 1,130 to 1,140 feet per second. In water, 4,708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on the water that they are on the land.

WOMEN'S VOCATION.—In Europe, on the continent, the profession of midwifery has always been assigned to women. In Austria, for instance, that has 17,000,000 of inhabitants, there are 18,798 midwives; while the regular physicians are but 6,398, and surgeons, 6,148—the women employed thus outnumbering, by one-third, the men, reckoning both surgeons and physicians. If the care of the female sex in the United States was as *decently* provided for, we should now have more than *thirty thousand* women capable of that duty which belongs to women. A *man midwife* is more out of his sphere than would be a women sea-captain.

"They order these things better in Paris," even. In that city of medical lectures, the number of *midwives* is over *one thousand*, and in all France about 10,000. No countries, civilized or savage, except England and the United States, allows the desecration of womanhood by *man midwifery*. Is it not time for these nations to take thought in this most important subject?

ACORN.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tattering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantle-shelf of a room is a very interesting object. I have seen several oak trees, and also a chesnut-tree thus growing; but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

A "FONT" OF TYPE.—As a scrap of information with which few of our readers are acquainted, we give the proportion in which the different letters are cast to a "font" of type, and in which they occur in print:—

Letter *e*, 1,200; *t*, 900; *a*, 850; *n*, *o*, *s*, *i*, 800; *h*, 640; *r*, 620; *d*, 440; *l*, 400; *u*, 340; *c*, *m*, 300; *f*, 250; *w*, *y*, 200; *g*, *p*, 170; *b*, 160; *v*, 120; *k*, 80; *q*, 50; *j*, *x*, 40; *z*, 20; Besides these, are the combined letters *fi*, 50; *ff*, 40; *fl*, 20; *ffi*, 15; *ffl*, 10; *æ*, 10; *œ*, 6. This refers to the small letters only, leaving out points, capitals, small capitals, figures, Italics, spaces, and accents. The proportion for capitals and small capitals differs from the small letters. In those, I takes the first place, then T, then A, and E, &c.

CAUSE OF THE WAR OF 1812.—The manner in which a pig caused the war of 1812, was as follows: two citizens of Providence, R.I., both of the Federal school of politics, chanced to quarrel. They were neighbors, and one of them owned a pig which had an inveterate propensity to perambulate in the garden of the other. The owner of the garden complained that his neighbor's pig sty was insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor insisted that the garden fences were not in good repair. One morning as the pig was taking his usual ramble, he was suprised in the very act of rooting up some valuable bulbous roots; this was "the last feather," and the owner of the garden instantly put the pig to death with a pitch fork.

At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for the Legislature, and his neighbor, who, but for the quarrel, would have voted for him, voted for the Democratic candidate, who was elected by a majority of one. At the election of U. S. Senator, a Democrat was chosen by a majority of one; and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by a majority of only one.—*Historical Magazine.*

☞ Before you give way to anger, endeavor to find a reason why you should not be angry at all.
