

[From Harper's Magazine.]

JUDGE NOT.

Many years ago, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way toward the palace of General Zaienezek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of another.

"I do not; but judging from his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic?" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious sages of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Gottingen, continued his studies in the college of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Appennines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest.

When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose grey mustaches and old fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a palatin traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to those speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest and said:

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray, what use does he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic?"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Conova to honor the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors, for it, the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine the Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes groans over the lot of the peasant, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hear-

ing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continued to write, said to him:

"Well, Apolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want for any thing."

"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils; it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—JUDGE NOT BEFORE THE TIME. Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I cannot now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day thro' labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and on a very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasant's children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As to his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

ONE OF THE DUELS.

The reply of Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville (Ky.) Journal, some months since, to a person who had challenged him while on a business visit to Little Rock, Arkansas, has been much commented upon by the public press North and South. In that reply Mr. Prentice said:

"Presuming that your notes are written to me with a view to a duel, I may as well say here, that I have not the least thought of accepting a challenge from you."

"There are many persons to whom my life is valuable; and however little or much value I may attach to it on my own account, I do not see fit at present to put it voluntarily against yours."

"I don't want your blood upon my hands, and I don't want mine upon anybody's."

"I have not the least desire to kill you, or to harm a hair of your head, and I am not conscious of having done anything to make you wish to kill me," &c.

When we first saw the correspondence in the daily newspapers, we called to mind a very laughable circumstance said to have occurred in Albany, during a session of the Legislature at the Capitol, several years ago—of course before the prohibition of duelling by statute in this State.

It was an exciting political time, and owing to some "words spoken in debate" by a heated member, during the "heated term," touching somewhat upon the private character of a brother member, a challenge was forthwith dispatch-

ed to the offending member by "a friend," as such a messenger is called in the language of the code of honor.

The challenge was at once accepted.

Pleased with this promptness, the second said:

"When can we expect your friend?"

"Don't want any friend," said the challenged party. "I waive all such advantages. He can have a dozen if he wishes."

"This is magnanimous, but it is not according to the 'code.' Well, sir, if I am to confer with you directly, what weapons?"

"Broad-swords."

"The time?"

"Day after to-morrow, at twelve o'clock at noon, precisely."

"At what place?"

"At O——, on the St. Lawrence. Your principal shall stand on one side of the river, and I will stand on the other, and we will fight it out."

The "second" frowned: "This is no jesting matter, Sir. You are not serious?"

"Why, yes I am, too! Hasn't the challenged party a right to the choice of weapons and place?"

"Well—yes—Sir; but not to unusual weapons in unusual places."

"Very well; pistols will not be objected to, of course."

"Assuredly not: the gentleman's weapon."

"Very good, then. We will meet to-morrow in the little village of B——, and at twelve o'clock, precisely, we will fight on the top of 'Sugar-Loaf Hill,' standing back to back, marching ten paces, then turning and firing. Will that arrangement be satisfactory?"

"It will. We shall be there."

And the parties separated. Now Sugar-Loaf Hill, at the place aforesaid, was exactly what the name imports; a sharp, conical pillar of ground, remarkable all the immediate country round for its peculiar formation.

The time arrived, and the parties appeared on the ground; but the state of the case leaked out very quick.

"Sir!" said the second, as he arrived with his almost breathless "principal" at the apex of the Sugar-Loaf, and surveyed the ground—"Sir! this is another subterfuge! What kind of a place is this for a duel with pistols, back to back, and a forward march of ten paces? Why, Sir, both parties would be out of sight at eight paces, let alone ten; and in turning to fire you must fire into the hill-side!"

"So much the better for both of us!" answered the "party of the second part;" "we are on terms of equality, then, which is not always the case in modern duels."

Outspoke the challenging "principal" then, in words too plain to be misunderstood:

"Sir-r!" he said to the second "principal," at the same time looking daggers at him; "Sir-r-r! you are a coward!"

"Well! s'posin' I am? You knew I was, or you would not have challenged me!"

"They do say" that the two "parties" that went down the steep sides of Sugar-Loaf Hill, on that memorable occasion, were as difficult of reconciliation as when they ascended its sides; and, moreover, that they were as different in temper as possible. One party was laughing, and the other "breathing out threatening and slaughter;" but nothing came of it after all. This was the last of that duel.—[Knickerbocker.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY NAILS?—A tall, gawky-looking countryman, during the height of the business season last fall, walked into one of the largest wholesale dry good houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the invitations of the numerous salesmen to inspect their latest patterns, he strode into the counting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in solemn conclave. After taking a cursory glance of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of its occupants, he asked with an unctuous Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, you—got any nails?"

"Nails, sir! nails!" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the lot, "No, sir, what should we do with nails?"

"Wall, I dunno—thought may by you might. Haint got no nails, eh?"

"No, sir," replied Dombey again, with an emphasis, and pointing to the door.

The individual in search of nails took his time about it, but left the counting room. In turn he asked every clerk the same question, and received the information from all, that 'nails' formed no part of the stock of the establishment.

"Well," said he, going towards the door, "don't keem nails here nohow!"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he held a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding toward the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted there.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails."

"Nails, no sir! You've been told again and again that we've got no nails—so you had better go."

"Yaas—but you really ain't got no nails?"

"No sir, I've got no nails," thundered the principal salesman.

"Aint got no nails, eh? Well, then, jest look a'here, Mister, if you ain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd been in, if you'd happen to have the itch!"

CLEANING AND CARDING WOOL.—The Wool is not always clean when it is washed white. Cleansing wool is, by far, a more difficult operation than carding. Those who have wool to card had better take it to the machine to be cleaned and carded, when it has conveniences for doing it properly. Never grease wool till the day it is carded. Carry the grease to the machine with the wool. Grease on wool soon becomes

rancid, and then it is as bad as the gum and dirt of the fleece.

As some will cleanse, or attempt to cleanse their own wool it may not be amiss to give some directions upon the subject. Ten years experience qualifies me to say, that the following recipe will work well, with proper care. To four pails water, add four quarts of salt; heat the solution as hot as you can bear the hand in it; put in the wool loosely, say 2 lbs. at once; in ten minutes it will be cleansed; squeeze out the liquid, (which is better than before, for the second use) and while the wool is warm rinse in plenty of water.

Many use soap, pound the wool or rub it on a wash-board; this is all wrong, as such a course fells the wool like a felt hat, and fails to remove the gum. It is difficult to convince such a practitioner that cleansing wool is a chemical process, not mechanical. Soap renders wool sticky. No one need fear of having his wool "dropped" if it be well cleansed. Clean wool is perfectly white and free from gum. Again, wool must not be left in a pile while wet, till it musters or mildews; if so, no machine I ever saw will card it well. I say again, pick out all burs, sort your wool as you want it, and take it, together with the grease, to the machine, and say to the carder "cleanse and card." If you do so, the chances are you will have good rolls. Perhaps others may know of a better recipe than the above.—[Wool Grower and Stock Register.

PROVERBS FOR PLANTERS.—Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you.

Although, in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

Trying to farm without capital is like trying to run a locomotive without fuel. Money and wood must both be consumed, if they are to move the machine of the farm or of the rail.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals, and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle will soon return carats of gold.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay-day has passed.

Fences operate in two ways—if good they are a defense, if poor an offense.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as with some, soon result in weakly animals.—[Life Illustrated.

ANALYSIS.—The following is a simple method of analyzing soils for ordinary agricultural test. Weigh a convenient quantity of the earth to be analyzed, say 1,000 grains, dried in the open air; dry the same before a fire on paper, so as not to scorch the paper, re-weigh, and the difference will be the moisture. Roast the residue; reweigh, and the difference will be the organic matter. Pour a convenient quantity of muriatic acid on the remainder; when stirred and settled, pour it off, and add oxalate of ammonia: the precipitate will be the lime. Mix remainder with water, and stir it well; when a little settled, pour off the turbid mixture, and the suspended contents are argillaceous, and the depo it silicious.—[Life Illustrated.

CASTOR OIL A MECHANICAL LUBRICANT.—There is considerable advantage and economy in the use of pure castor oil as a lubricating material for machinery. For this purpose it will go at least twice as far as any other oil. The cause of this gain are, that this oil does not run out of the bearing, whilst it does not clog from viscosity, and it is entirely free from acidity of every kind. Experience has shown, that bearing which formerly required oiling twice or thrice a day, are kept in perfect order by one daily application of fine castor oil. As to the cost, the present market price leaves, under the circumstances, a saving of 50 per cent.—[Mechanics' Journal.

TEMPERING.—Kiesser, of Switzerland, prepares admirably hardened razors, penknives, and kindred articles, from English cast-steel, by plunging the blades, at a cherry-red heat, into a bath made of fourteen parts, by measure, of yellow rosin in fine powder, two parts fish oil, and one part hot melted tallow. They are then allowed to cool perfectly, and without wiping them, are re-heated to a low red heat, and immersed in water in the usual way of tempering such articles. The edge of the blade treated in this manner is said to be very fine.—[London Artizan.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BREWER'S YEAST.—Boil one ounce of hops in four quarts of water until the hops fall to the bottom of the pan; strain it, and when milk-warm, add six ounces of flour and five of sugar; set the mixture by the fire, stirring it frequently; in forty-eight hours add four pounds of potatoes, boiled and bruised fine; next day bottle the yeast—it will keep a month. One fourth of yeast and three of warm water is the proportion for baking.—[Life Illustrated.

DIRECTIONS FOR SLEEPING.—The Phrenological Journal says, that in sleeping, that posture should be chosen which is promotive of deep and full inspirations, because nature renders the latter deeper when we are asleep than awake, except in action. Hence a high head, by cramping both the windpipe and the blood vessels, is bad. The head should rest on a line with the body.