

'I Never Gossip.'

'Oh no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale; it does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no, there's no danger of that.'

If everybody was like me there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh no, I never gossip. But did you know that Miss Elliot had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't! Well, she has; it's a real brocade; I saw it myself. I do say it's shameful for her to be so extravagant; I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith.

You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did; why, it's only two months since her father failed, and now, to see her dash out in this style, it's a burnin' shame. I suppose she thinks she's goin' to catch young Lawyer Stanhope, but I guess she'll find herself mistaken; he's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

'And there's that upstart dressmaker, Kate Manley, setting her cap for the doctor's son; the impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part; I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when any one's around; my word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't; then she says she's only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia, and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so either; but I guess Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.'

'Some folks call her handsome? well, I don't; she ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane; then the way she does up her hair in such fly-away curls; and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair straight as my Maria Jane's. Impertinence! if she'd let curling papers and curling irons alone, I'd risk but what here hair would be as straight as anybody's.'

'But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! well, all I can say, is, you've got a v-e-r-y peculiar taste; why, she's proud as Lucifer; been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time?'

I don't believe it! I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then, above all things, to get that little girlish looking thing; why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now; then she's just about the right age for him. She is two years older than the minister! I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! if some folks would mind their own business as well as I do, I'd thank them!—[Aimee Carleton, Waverly Magazine.]

POWER OF THE PRESS.—This power can only be estimated by the amount of metal in the springs of action. It is not as the engine of the locomotive—computed by horse-power.—Because the Press is a great motive moral power, capable of making the flattest lie, round, square or oblong, as may be desired—of blowing up a falsehood into the formidable proportions of life and truth, as is the man in the play of the 'Magic Pills,' who is mashed flat by a millstone.

The power of the Press can never be computed with figures until the circle is squared and the forty-seventh problem of *Euclid* solved like the riddle of the Sphinx. Thus we may say the Press can do so much for so much; but how much more it can do for more, another age than this must determine. Thus: we have known the weight of five hundred in silver, counted out on the beam end of leverage; so weigh down the moral influence on the other side, that certain parties receiving the metal on the turn, have declared their past life 'hypocrisy,' and forthwith gone over as a 'knave among knaves.'

In other instances, we have known the same motive power acting on the springs of the Press as to make a consistently inconsistent demagogue the only pure, upright and perfect man—the only man by virtue of virtue, entitled to public confidence. Handy-bandy, it can transform a small thief into a great speculator in stocks.

What is it that the Press cannot do if it will? It can prove to the entire satisfaction of any 'moderately honest' man, that when Brown said at such and such a time that he did not mean it when he said it, first; and secondly that he did not say it. It can prove that such and such facts, admitted to be facts, are no facts. The argument may run logically thus: no cat hath two tails. Every cat hath one tail more than no cat. Two added to one is equal to three. Thus, according to Press logic, 'every cat hath three tails.'

Clute's wedge power and the lever of Archimedes cannot be used as comparatives to give any adequate idea of the 'Power of the Press.' With metallic weight, it has often pressed a 'gourd head' onward to the chair of State. Virtue has been made vice; and vice clothed in such habiliments of virtue, that the Devil himself (who is represented as having an all penetrating eye) has not been able to recognize its own.

FRANKLIN'S GREAT DISCOVERY.—In the last number of the London Quarterly Review, we find a just tribute of praise to Franklin. M. Arago, in his writings upon electricity, gives very little credit to Franklin for making the experiment which proved the identity of electricity and lightning. He says, 'the first views of Franklin on the analogy of electricity and lightning, were only simple conjectures. The sole difference between him and Nollet was only reduced to the project of an experiment.'

'This sole difference,' says the Reviewer, 'of which M. Arago makes so little account,' was the grand difficulty to be overcome. The resemblance between lightning and electricity were too obvious to escape attention; and the idea, in fact, had occurred independently to three or four persons. 'If any one,' says Nollet, 'would undertake to demonstrate the notion, it would please me much.'

It was just here where Nollet broke down. He could neither see what was the single link wanting to complete the chain, nor how to apply it. Electricity was the rage of the day, and not one of its numerous students could hit upon the method any more than Nollet. The sole difference between Franklin and the rest resolves itself into this, that he did that which nobody else could do.

This tribute to the great discovery of Franklin, contains the kernel of the matter. The experiment of Franklin to prove the identity of lightning and electricity, was the most sublime ever performed. The old philosopher drawing lightning from the thunder cloud with a simple kite, well entitles him the appellation of the 'Lightning Tamer.'

THE DRUSES.—They retain in the old age of their race, some beautiful customs of the primitive time:

It is a remarkable fact, and one which proves the very ancient standing of the habits and customs of these people, that when a man has once descended from a tree, having shaken off as much fruit as his strength permitted, he will upon no consideration shake that tree again, however much fruit may have tenaciously adhered to the boughs. What is left is considered as the portion of the poor and the gleaner; in this instance, the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, act in strict accordance with the law contained in Deuteronomy, 24th chapter and 20th verse. 'When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.'

In the same spirit they never reap the fields without leaving a full measure for the gleaners—they rarely muzzle the ox 'that treadeth out the corn'—and they will not yoke a bullock and a mule together. However, with this tenacity in their adherence to their own usages, they have some tolerance for strange fashions, and have now, we find, learned to recognise even a European hat, though when Barchardt visited them, one of their maledictions was—'May God put a hat on you!' At present they compare it to a cooking pot, and laugh at the absurdity. Half a day in a Druse home is pleasantly suggested by Mr. Chasseaud. The patriarch of the family having gone to his song and his plough, labors until noon.

ADVICE FOR THE GIRLS.—A young lady may think it interesting to be delicate and have white hands, and sit with them folded, and her person listlessly disposed during the greater part of the day; but she will soon find that she craves only poor and watery diet, because she does not exert herself enough to require heat-producing food, such as meat and butter; she will soon become cold-blooded; albumen or tubercle will be thrown out either in her lungs or bones; the white tissues, as we say, predominate all over the body; there will be no surplus of blood or life-force, other obstructions of vital consequence to her existence will occur; her digestion will suffer, and so she will be inclined to think she is hopelessly diseased; she may begin to cough or to scrape her throat; the circulation is becoming too low to send the blood through the minute arteries and veins of her lungs, and tubercles will form; then she will become a subject for the consumption-curer and his lies.

No, no, my young friends; neither medicine nor inhalation will cure you—up! out with the birds! clothe warmly your body and protect your feet; see the glorious sunrise and hear the morning song of praise to the Great Source of Life.

THE IRON HORSE.—El hu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, has a better fancy of the iron horse, than we remember to have seen elsewhere. Thus he describes him:—

'I love to see one of those huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon his iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone.'

He would 'snake' St. Peter across the Desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little, sober-eyed tobacco chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always interested in this man, for begrimed as he may be with coal dust in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of the huge steam horse.'

LIFE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP SEA.—The U. S. ship *Vincennes*, of the North Pacific Expedition, in its recent exploration off the coast of Kamtschatka, obtained bottom at a depth of 1700 fathoms with the line, and took up some very minute specimens of sea infusoria on it—These, when submitted to the microscope, appeared to have been living but a few moments before, and were supposed to have died when brought near the surface, and relieved from the immense pressure of the superincumbent water. These infusoria give evidence that they were designed to live under circumstances which, hitherto, have been supposed fatal to all animal organisms. The manner these infusoria were taken was as follows: Bands of four goose quills, open at both extremities, were inserted in the end of the iron rod

which pierces the bottom; a small valve permitted the water to flow through them as they went down, but closed as they came up. These quills pierced the bottom, and were filled with the adhesive fine clay of the ocean bottom containing the minute organisms.

THE CHEERFUL TEACHER.—A cheerful, kind-hearted teacher will always be welcome to his pupils. They will rejoice to see him approach the school-house, even if the hour of study has not yet arrived: because they know he rejoices in seeing them happy, and will not interrupt their amusements before the regular time.

But the morose and ill-natured teacher is ever unwelcome, and hated by his scholars. He is regarded as the enemy of their happiness, and rarely enjoys the confidence of his school. On the other hand, the teacher, especially of larger boys, should not forget the dignity of his profession, nor place himself entirely on a level with his pupils.

They should be taught to respect, as well as love and confide in him. While it is proper that he should witness, approve and control their recreations, we think it in general unadvisable for him to participate in them.—[Penn. School Journal.]

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—A Western editor on entering his office, and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer capers, called out to him—

'Jim, what you doing on the floor?'

'Why, sir, I have had a shock!'

'A shock?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What kind of a shock?'

'Why, sir,' said the lad, gasping, 'one of your subscribers came during your absence—said he owed for two years' subscription—paid it, and also paid another year in advance.'

'In advance!' gasped the editor, nearly as much overcome as his lone apprentice.

'Yes, sir, and it has produced such an effect upon me, that I have been perfectly helpless ever since.'

'And well you may, Jim. But get up; if you survive this you are safe, as there is little prospect of another such catastrophe in this office.'

In the electrotyping process, which has so extensively superseded stereotyping, a surface of wax is prepared, into which the form or page is impressed, leaving a perfect intaglio mould. This mould is powdered with plumbago, to give the wax a metallic coating, and then hung in the bath of a galvanic battery. The wax mould remains in a chemical solution until a thin copper shell, which is an accurate reproduction of the mould, is formed by gradual deposits upon the plumbago surface.

The frail copper plate is then stiffened by soldering the back of it with tin to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch. Into the mould thus made ready for use, the liquid metal which is to form the final plate is poured. After it has filled every interstice and there solidified, it is lifted out of the mould, and presents a relieved surface, into which every letter is clearly and sharply defined, and is then ready for use.

ADVANTAGE OF PRINTING.—Mr. —, a well known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand.

I want, said she, that you should print it over again. It's gettin' a little blurred, sort o', and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ax? Fifty cents.

Can you have it done in half an hour? wish you would; want to be gettin' home; live a good ways out of town.

When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

Lor' sakes a massy! exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, how good you've fixed it—it's e'na' most as good as new! I never see anythin' so curious as that printin' is!

THE VINEGAR PLANT.—We spoke last April of a Vinegar Plant given us by a lady friend in Webster. We took it home to our office, procured at an apothecary's store one of his largest glass jars, holding some two gallons, filled it with common sweetened water, committed the plant to it, and there it has been ever since spreading its folds upon the surface, till it was evident that the vinegar had become strong enough almost for the death of the plant; whereupon, this week, we removed the original sweetened water, and supplied its place with new for the plant to work upon. On drawing off the vinegar it was found very strong indeed, almost as strong as lye, and for ordinary table purposes it will be required to be diluted with fresh water. There is no mistake about it—this vinegar plant will keep our family in purest vinegar as long as we shall need such an article.—[Rural Intelligencer.]

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.—In about two and a half minutes, all the blood contained in the human system, amounting to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere, two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted upon by the vitiating air.

Every particle has become less vital, less capable of repairing strictures, or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure does it become, and the blood necessarily becomes more corrupt.

Instead of pills, or patent medical slops, put up in large quart bottles, pure air is vastly better to purify the blood than anything else. Pure air, pure water, and pure food, will ever keep the system in working order.—[Water Cure Journal.]

The reason there is so frequently a 'screw loose somewhere,' is because the 'screws' are generally put to individuals of loose habits.

A JUST TRIBUTE TO PRINTERS.—'It has been my lot,' (said Sir Roderick Murchison, in speaking at the late meeting of the Printers' Pension Society, of the acquirements and merits of the compositors and readers) 'to give more trouble to the printer than most contemporary writers, and I have always admired the address, ability, and tact of the working men, who, if patience be a virtue, ought never to have had the name applied to them that is in common use. It is to an author like myself that the term might in common honesty be applied of printer's devil. I entertain the same regard for the man who works the types, and the reader who supervises the proofs, as I do for the short hand writer who renders my crude speech into good and racy English—a gratitude, I will say, which is seldom expressed by the very numerous public orators who owe the debt.'

A PERSIAN TROOPER.—A Persian on horseback, prepared for war or a journey, is, to the eye, at all events, a formidable personage. He is armed from top to toe; a long gun at his back, a pistol at his waist, another behind, a sword at his left, a tremendous dagger, called a kamma, at his right, while at his belt dangles an infinity of horns, for various sorts of ammunition—powder for loading, powder for priming, balls, &c. Add to this, a swarthy visage, half hid in a long black beard, a tall cap of lambskin, immense trousers, boots, red or black, to the knees, a shaggy yaponcha on his shoulder, or short chidbook under the flap of his saddle, and the Persian horseman is complete.

A young naval officer of Dantzic, lately died under the following circumstances:—He was attending a large party at Olwa, when a boy brought a frog into the room. The young man took it, looked at it a moment, and handed it back. He soon after lifted the hand to his lip, on which there happened to be a small pimple or excoriation.

The lip immediately began to inflame, and caused him so much pain that he was obliged to return home. His whole lip was cut away, but the inflammation could not be stopped, and he died two days afterwards in unspeakable agony.

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining the doctrine, 'Vox Populi, Vox Dei,' against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said: 'I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God.' 'Yes,' she replied, mildly, 'it cried crucify him, crucify him!'

Washington seldom indulged in a joke or a sarcasm, but when he did, he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal army a member of Congress offered a resolution limiting it to 3,000 men, to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than 2,900. The laughter which this excited smothered the resolution.

The record of the Inquisition in Spain shows that for 327 years, from 1481 to 1808, 34,658 souls were 'dismissed to the flames of hell, after their accursed bodies had been burned to ashes at the stake; 18,049 persons were burned in effigy, and 288,214 were condemned to prison and the galleys, a punishment involving, perhaps, greater misery than that of suffering at the stake.

In an artesian well, now in course of excavation in New Orleans, the augur recently brought up from a depth of five hundred and eighty feet, and thickly interspersed with fibres of wood, fragments of bark, shells, etc. It was thought wonderful not long since to find shells and vegetable remains at a depth of sixty feet, but here we have them at nearly six hundred feet.

DORMANT WEALTH.—The Mexican papers announce that the volcano of Popocatepetl has been discovered to be coated with a solid deposit of pure sulphur to the depth of from one to ten feet. The commerce of sulphur and sulphuric acid with the United States alone will yield at least \$30,000,000 annually.

INCREASED QUANTITY OF CREAM.—Have ready two pans in boiling water; and on the new milk coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk into one, and cover it with the other. This will occasion great increase of thickness and quality of the cream.—[Miss Hall's Book.]

The Prussian School Counselor Dinton nobly said, 'I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide him the best education as a man and a Christian which it was possible for me to provide.'

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open.—He says it is as impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut.

'Do you leave any inheritance for your boys?' 'Yes, sir, the best inheritance in the world—Just enough of poverty to keep them out of indolence and dyspepsia for the remainder of their lives.'

Sir William Temple said, and it was very well said, that the first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, humor, and the fourth, wit.

Scolding never did anybody good. It hurts the child; it hurts the parent; it is evil, and only evil, everywhere and always.