

you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week and not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

In learning what others have thought, it is as well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self; when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men to achieve success, whether in art, literature or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures by practice a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all of which can be only gathered into a single whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.—[Bulwer.

THE FREED SLAVES.—The Philadelphia *North American* submits the following as a carefully prepared estimate of the number of slaves thus far set free by the Administration, or by the events of the war:

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| Mississippi, one-third..... | 155,450. |
| Alabama, one-third..... | 145,023 |
| Arkansas, two-thirds..... | 74,074 |
| Virginia, one-third..... | 163,629 |
| South Carolina, one-sixth..... | 67,066 |
| North Carolina, one-sixth..... | 55,176 |
| Louisiana, two-thirds..... | 201,150 |
| Tennessee, two-thirds..... | 183,912 |
| Delaware, one-third..... | 592 |
| Maryland..... | 87,188 |
| Missouri..... | 114,535 |
| Texas, one-sixth..... | 30,427 |
| Kentucky, one-third..... | 75,163 |
| Georgia, one-third..... | 154,066 |
| District of Columbia..... | 3,185 |
| Indian Territory..... | 7,369 |
| Utah and Nebraska..... | 44 |
| Aggregate..... | 1,368,500 |

SILVER IN AUSTRALIA.—Silvermines are being discovered to a considerable extent in Australia, and are beginning to afford quite a promising yield. Late advices report "silver Cornwall" at St. Arnaud, in the colony of Victoria, out of which the English journals are prophesying new elements of Australian prosperity, and new and important commercial enterprises. Like the gold discoveries in that region, so have these new silver discoveries been prompted by the wonderful developments of the mineral in Washoe. An association is contemplated in London, to explore and work this new field of enterprise, with every appliance which English experience and capital can bear upon it. The London *Times* is rather inclined to complain that there geologists and scientific men have not made the discovery at an earlier day, and suggests that lost time on the part of these gentlemen by an early preparation of suitable works, popularizing information as to the true indications of silver deposits in mineral regions, and the best method of searching for it, one that shall be a guide to the miner abroad and at home, and be of universal benefit. Even with reference to home mining. Districts in England, it is intimated that the doubt might not, after all, be so inadmissible, that argentiferous product has been too long overlooked in the zealous search after grosser, but not less useful minerals.

SOME HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.—Before entering a drawing-room, look through the key-hole to see who's there, and adapt your style to your company. If announced by any other name than your own, correct the servant publicly, and, should it be a boy in buttons, kick him.

Should any stranger in company observe that "is fine weather," wink slyly, and say, "you mustn't tell." Thus you will gain a character for caution and secrecy.

If you have not been introduced to a lady with whom you are desirous of speaking, address her as "What's-your-name."—N. B. There are exceptions to this rule.

Dancing a waltz by yourself is generally set down to vanity or misanthropy, therefore 'tis best avoided.

Should you bump against other couples in a dance, swear horribly at your partner, and refuse to give her any refreshment.

On recognizing a lady in the street whom you have seen at a party on the previous night, cry out, "How are you

—eh? all right?" You can jocosely allude to her excessive dancing by a tender inquiry as to the state of her poor feet. Should she not courteously answer your questions, set her down for a bloated aristocrat, and pass on.

ON one occasion the Senior Stephenson accidentally met a gentleman and his wife at an inn in Derbyshire, whom he entertained for some time with shrewd observations and playful sallies. At length the lady requested to know the name of the remarkable stranger. "Why, madam," said he, "they used once to call me Georgie Stephenson; now I am called George Stephenson, Esquire, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further, let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners, of all classes, from the highest to the humblest. I have made my dinner off a red herring at a hedge bottom, and gone through the meanest drudgery; I have seen mankind in all its phases, and the conclusion I have arrived at is, that if we're all stripped, there's not much difference."

HOW GODFREY CHOSE HIS WIFE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back in his chair, and put his feet upon the mantle-piece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a constant visitor, and all 'our set' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know that either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister?"

"Well, frankly then, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the younger, to be the more womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at whatever hour I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always, in the morning, have to wait sometime before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly, and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put my lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washwoman, for instance."

"Good, I will."

"Go there as a washwoman?" cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years mourning; and, although a kind and indulgent parent, had no objections to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton for her future husband; and Jenny, who was the younger, and gentler in spirit, had tried to conquer a carefully conceived preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness and courtesy touched her to the very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough, tumbled braid of last evening's coiffure gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, and hair smoothly brushed in a pretty knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door, with artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining-room door. "Will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura. "Send him up."

The servant descended to obey the last order.

In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he

wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket upon a table and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," said he taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and held them up before Jenny.

"It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny, quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves, to wear with my new silk?"

"But," said Jenny, "you cannot afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh! Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account."

"Nonsense! it will stand till I am married, then I can easily save it out of my housekeeping money."

"I wouldn't wish to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The pedler looked at the sisters. "You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, Miss. Look in the glass."

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I'd like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that for-get-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said: "Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time is probably valuable," and then passing a chair, she added. "Be seated, sir, you must be tired."

"I am tired indeed," was the reply.

"I will take that scarlet bunch, and those red camellias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you can't afford it."

"Yes, I can. Godfrey is rich."

The old man bit his lip.

"Think, said Jenny, in an undertone, 'if you love him, how much it will grieve him, if he should discover this deceit.'"

"Nonsense. Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds."

"Laura! steal from father?"

"There, don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties. He, in the meantime, was running over the disordered hair, shabby dress and lazy position, while he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here"

"I can't. Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret; I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlors must be dusted, and there is my white mull to be finished."

"Before I'd be the drudge that you are," cried Laura.

"Drudge! nonsense! I have plenty of time for enjoyment, and father cannot have a comfortable house if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry, you may, do it," she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura—"There, I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call again for the change?" said the pedler. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers, on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again," said Laura.

So the pedler took up his basket, and walked home, threw aside his wig, beard and disguise, and wrote an avowal of his hand and heart to Miss Jenny Somers, which was accepted.

Varieties.

—A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens:

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can sir; this is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites! and what is that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared.

"Dross."

"And what is iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!"

—It is said that there is a decrease of fifty per cent. of candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church during the past two or three years.

—A letter from a traveler in the new oil regions of Pennsylvania says: "We were paddled across the creek, by an oil prince, aged fifteen, heir to a million, coatless and hatless, and with but one suspender to keep his courage and his trousers up."

—A poor Frenchman being aroused from sleep by his wife, with the cry, "Get up Baptiste, there's a robber in the house," calmly answered, "Don't let us molest him. We will watch and let him ransack the house, and if he should find anything of value, I'll take it away from him."

—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit violently. A lady who saw the proceedings, exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead."

"So he is ma'm, but the crayther's not sensible of it."

—A French firm, Messrs. Hachette, are getting up the most magnificent illustrated edition of the Bible ever published. A half million dollars has been expended for illustrations.

—As the reward of villany, some men are hung, some cropped and branded, others elected to office.

—When the American poet, John G. Saxe, was invited to attend a "horse fair," at Springfield, Massachusetts, he could not attend, but wrote a letter commencing, "Gentleman, I am very much obliged for your horseplicity."

—The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being one night belated and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth, and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

—The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. It is told of him that, having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to test the honesty of his servant, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

—A gentleman who had put aside two bottles of capital ale, to recreate some friends, discovered just before dinner that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel," said his master, "what do you mean by this?"

"Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds, that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the ale at once, lest it should turn sour; for there's nothing I do abominate like waste."

—An old lady who had insisted on her minister praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hail storm—and, on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him undertake anything without overdoing the matter."

—On Sunday night Philip Plois, a respectable farmer, residing near Parma, Monroe Co., was killed by his son, a deaf mute, some twenty-two years of age. It appears that the son had been visiting in Rochester and was brought home by his father, evidently in a sulky frame of mind. After the family had retired for the night, the lad came down stairs, stabbed his father with a common case knife, sharpened to the point and fled from his home on horseback. He is still at large. He is one of three mute children, and was evidently insane when he committed the murder.