

Douglas's Reception in Chicago.

Sept. 1st, at half-past seven p.m. Mr. Douglas commenced his speech; the report of it, which followed is copied from the Chicago Journal:

Mr. Douglas arose and observed that he had come to explain the objects and provisions of the Nebraska bill. This announcement was followed by a storm of hisses, groans, cheers, &c. He then said that he would answer all questions that were put to him in a respectful manner. He had come to lay before the people the grand principle of the Nebraska bill. They did not understand the bill, and but few of them had ever read it.

This remark brought forth such a tornado of discordant noise, that it was some minutes before he could proceed. He proceeded. The whole of the city press has united in condemning me, but none of them have published my bill in order that it might vindicate itself. You see they have done me great injustice. You have been told that the bill was a measure to extend slavery into territory then free. (Yells, groans, hisses, &c. for some minutes.)

The bill does not legislate slavery anywhere, the statement that the bill legislates slavery either way is untrue. I will expose the slanders heaped upon me. The principle of the bill is to allow the people the privilege of regulating their own institutions in their own manner. This is the great principle that our revolutionary fathers struggled for. (Laughter.) This is the great principle upon which the glorious Declaration of Independence is founded. (A voice—'All men created free and equal!') Gentlemen, if you will be quiet, I will go on, but it is impossible for me to proceed with an such interruption. (Renewed interruption.) Personal violence has been threatened me, if I dared to come here and vindicate myself, but I intend to speak, and intend to be heard. I repeat, you don't understand the measure. The State of New York has the same right to have slavery as Kansas or Nebraska. The State of Illinois wants slavery herself. (Tremendous uproar.) You listen, gentlemen, to all who come to address you, but you drown my voice, so that I shall not be heard. I ask all to keep silence and not disturb the meeting.

The Mayor here arose and told the policemen in the crowd to arrest any one who should be seen throwing any missiles. (Renewed uproar.)

I must again request you to be silent. You deny that it is correct to allow the people the right of self-government. You say, too, that it was wrong to repeal the Missouri compromise. (Cries of 'Yes' for some minutes.)

Will any man rise and tell me that he was in favor of that compromise? (Cries of 'Yes,' and renewed disturbance.) I will proceed to show that none of you were ever in favor of the Missouri compromise. (No, no.) First, the free soilers who voted for Van Buren in 1848, their platform repudiated all compromise with slavery. Having thus disposed of the free soilers and abolitionists—(No, no, no!) Gentlemen, I will relieve the free soilers and abolitionists if they desire it. None of them were ever in favor of the law until Douglas talked of repealing it. Was any one in this crowd in favor of it? (Continued cries of 'yes,' 'Dug' was in favor of it himself.) I will show you why I did not stick to it, if you will keep silent. (Go on.) The compromise measures of 1850 affirmed the great principle of the non-intervention of Congress with the question of slavery. This measure it did to remove the Missouri restriction, and I did it. (Groans and hisses.) Would any one here like to see the Missouri compromise rescinded? (Cries of 'yes,' and continued noise and disturbance.) The Illinois legislature passed resolutions instructing me to support the principles of non-intervention. In the house 61 voted for the resolution and 5 against it. (Nine cheers for the four.) I was instructed by the legislature of my State, and acted accordingly.

Gentlemen, by the Nebraska bill the people are allowed the right of self-government. (A voice, 'Who appoints the governor and judges?') The President of the United States. (Three groans for Pierce.) He appoints Judges in every State in the Union, why not in Nebraska and Kansas? (Read the section of the bill, 'Read the bill.') The bill was published in one of your city papers to-day, and you can read it at your leisure. (Don't take that paper, take a voice, 'What a head!') The best interests of the United States required that my bill should become a law, and that the right of the people to self-regulation should be recognized. (A voice, 'Let the niggers govern themselves!') Gentlemen, we are not talking about niggers—we are talking about the Nebraska-Kansas bill.

Gentlemen, you have had a convention lately in the first congressional district. [Three cheers for Washburn!] Cries for the harbor bill. You can't hear anything about the harbor bill to night. I am talking about the Nebraska bill, and I intend to talk about it. If you think to put a stop to the free discussion of this measure, you are dealing with the wrong person. I shall stay here and talk as long as it suits my convenience. Chorus, 'We won't go home till morning, till morning, till morning, till daylight doth appear!'

T. Hoag, Esq. U. S. District Attorney, here appeared, and being unable to make himself heard, was assisted by Mr. Douglas to a seat.

The Mayor also attempted to address the audience, but failed in securing any attention.

Mr. Douglas essayed to speak, but was greeted by a storm of groans, shouts, &c. Turning to Mr. Bross, the editor of the Democratic Press, he remarked that he here saw the effects of instigating a mob, or words to that effect. Renewed disturbance followed, and it was seen to be impossible to continue Mr. Douglas then read a letter purporting to have been sent to him through the post office since his return from Washington, threatening disturbance if he attempted to speak in public in Chicago, and even hinted his removal to another sphere of existence. He then turned against the railing of the stage and made some indistinct remarks about a 'mob' and about Chicago as 'the great mob city' of the Union. This did not seem to allay the surging tumult very materially, and groans, shouts, hisses, &c. continued in fierce confusion.

The speaker then defied the crowd to put him down, and said that he would speak again and again if necessary, until he secured a respectful attention. [Cries of 'Good! good! Do it more! Try it again!'] Another attempt to speak on the Nebraska question was succeeded by a perfect typhoon of discordant voices, and cries of 'Small giant! Little Dug! Milliken! Dr. McVicker! Cook, carry him home! Young America! &c.

After a short consultation, it was deemed prudent to adjourn, and the company on the stand retired. The crowd then dispersed. Some of them, however, formed in a procession and marched with torches to the Tremont House, where they waited awhile for another speech. Not being gratified, they gradually separated, and here was the finale of the most fatal attempt at 'conquering prejudices' and 'whipping in.'

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

To one who said, 'I do not believe there is an honest man in the world,' another replied, 'It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself.'

The captain of a merchant vessel, on loading at Constantinople, feared to leave part of his cargo exposed during the night. 'It will not rain,' said a Mussulman. 'But some one may steal them.' 'Oh, never fear,' replied the Turk, 'There is not a Christian within seven miles!'

Most Valuable Discovery in Ohio.

If Cotton is king in Washington, and Manchester, and Satrap in New York and Boston, 'Scotch Pig' is king wherever cheap, soft, sundry iron is melted into castings. The iron princes of Scotland exist, and rule the market, by virtue of the famous black-band ore. This invaluable mineral deposit has lately been found in Ohio. It exists in great quantities in Mahoning county, underlying a deposit of coal in at least two townships, and probably many more.

The identity of what was hitherto deemed a worthless bituminous slate, with the famous black-band, has been but recently ascertained. Intelligent iron masters, and experienced English, Cornish, Welsh, and American miners, have walked, worked, and bored, over and through this ore for years past, unconscious of the wealth that lay neglected beneath their feet. A Scotch miner, temporarily attached to a blast furnace, recognized his old friend, as flung out from an ore heap by a filler as worthless slate, and speedily had it elevated to the consequence that belongs to this distinguished ore.

Simultaneously with this kind providence, up rises from the heart of the people of Ohio, without trumpet blast, or proclamatory noise of any description, one of the heroes beloved by the Democracy.

He is of no kin whatever to the Honorable Elijah P. Morgan, so graphically sketched by Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit—not even his tenth cousin. Public receptions are nauseous to him—crowds weary and wife him—it has never entered into his head to boast of what he had done, or to magnanimously promise his country that he would for the future keep a sharp eye to her interests. Not being of the Pogram breed, he has never proved himself to be carried 'dead head' around the country, for the chance of noisily informing stray companies of clumsy militia men, that they were the bulwarks of their country, or of trying to raise a blush upon the cheeks of a few baroque loads of weary women, by dwelling upon their surpassing beauty. Not at all of the halant, copper-gilt, Pogram species is our hero, but of the silent, doing kind: A revolutionist he is—not of political office holding, but in the great and noble art of iron-making. Charles Howard of Ohio, has changed the form of the blast furnace.

He has advanced the art of smelting iron ore, prodigiously towards perfection. He has cheapened the cost of iron, to all consumers of this most valuable of the metals. In his experience as a founder, he had in common with other iron masters, observed that at certain periods in a blast, or otherwise, in the life of a furnace, it produced more metal than at others. With sound, philosophic method, he once blew out a furnace that he was working at this period, and examined the inside of it to see what was its condition at the moment of its best performance. He discovered what hundreds of other iron masters had witnessed before him, that the action of the blast and the power of the heat, had worn and enlarged the furnace at the top and at its bottom. But unlike them, he connected this change of shape with the fact of the increased yield of the furnace, and determined that that was the true form in which a furnace should be originally built.

We insert two contemporized cuts here, made with a jack knife, that will sufficiently illustrate Howard's improvement. A is the shape of the interior of the common, orthodox furnace. B, shows the inside of Howard's.

It was precisely four months and ten days from the dumping of the first load of stone for Mr. Howard's furnace, to the putting of the blast onto it. There was no preliminary heating up of the stock, as is always done by the regular founders. The masons quit work, the furnace was charged, and the blast clapped onto her, and out came the iron.

The initiated will appreciate the changes thus far noticed. The stack is 47 feet high. The base is 25 feet square. The first 15 feet are of sandstone, and also built square—and battened on the outside 1½ inches to the foot. It has four arches. The inside of the furnace is carried up perpendicularly—the stone being neatly cut and fitted to a 12-foot circle, to receive the hearth. The 29 feet above the square bottom are circular—and built of fire-brick. The outside wall is 11 inches thick, the inside lining of brick, 13 inches long and 11 inches thick, with 11 inches of backing sand between. The entire thickness of the circular portion of the stack, is 33 inches. It is hooped around with iron.

This furnace thus dispenses with the old fashioned hearth and bush. The inside, instead of being drawn in small at the top, is carried up straight, and gives the tunnel head the same diameter as the top of the bush. The first visible effect of this great innovation is, that the furnace is cool around the bottom, and about the tuyeres. The blast is not kept down by the conical shape customary to all other furnace interiors. The wind enters easily, and passes up easily through the stock. Next, the stock will not lodge in this furnace as in others, nor will it fall irregularly and at intervals. If the charging is steady, and the engine steady, the stock must come down steadily.

The influence of this, in giving uniformity to the character of the iron, will be appreciated by founders. The increase in the capacity of the furnace to carry burden, will also be noted by them.

The hearth in Howard's furnace is cut circling, and battens fast from the point above the tuyeres, and intersects the lining 16 feet from the bottom stone.

Such is the new erection. It will make a revolution in the production of pig metal. It is a very great improvement, and entitles the able man who has introduced it to use to the public consideration and gratitude.

With the very insufficient blast derived from a 14 inch steam cylinder, driving two wind cylinders of 5 feet stroke, and 40-inch bore, this furnace yielded right off, 10 tons a day of dark, coarse grained iron. It can produce 15 tons a day of mill iron. A furnace previously constructed by Mr. Howard, upon a plan approaching to this, with 11 foot mouth and 14 foot bush, is now yielding 25 tons of iron a day, though its materials are so lean as to take 8 tons to the ton of metal.

In close geographical connection with this important improvement in the iron manufacture, is a fact so discreditable, and so aggravating, that a saint, if of the protection faith, might be expected to swear over it. Upon that bleak road, across it, past numerous furnaces, past rolling mills, runs the line of the projected railroad from Cleveland to Pittsburgh down the Mahoning Valley.

We saw announced a few days since the arrival in New York of a Mr. Perkins, the president of this road, returned from England, where he had been to purchase several thousand tons of rails. What a shame it is that with superabundant coal, with inexhaustible iron ore and limestone contiguous to it, and with such men as Howard to build and work her furnaces, Ohio should buy her railroad iron 4,000 miles away from home, instead of making it herself, within her own borders. The act is so irrational, so wasteful, that one is almost tempted to believe that the purchase in the case of this road was induced by the voluptuous desire to enjoy Paris,

and cheaply to visit and pleasantly to lounge through Europe, and not by the wishes or the interests of the stockholders or the corporation. —[The Democracy.]

Business Endurance.

Men of genius without endurance cannot succeed. Men who start in one kind of business may find it impossible to continue therein all their days. Ill health may demand a change. New and wider fields of enterprise and success may be opened to them; new elements of character may be developed. Men may have a positive distaste for some pursuits, and success may demand a change. None of these cases fall within the general rule. Men may have rare talents, but if they are 'everything by turns, and nothing long,' they must not expect to prosper. No form of business is free from vexations; each man knows the spot on which his own harness chafes, but he cannot know how much his own neighbor suffers.

It is said that a Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways, an English sailor knows but one method, but in that method he does his work well. Life is not long enough to allow any one to be really master of more than one pursuit.

The history of eminent men in all professions and callings proves this. The great statesman Daniel Webster was a great lawyer. His boyhood was marked only by uncommon industry; as a speaker he did not excel in early life. With great deliberation he selected the law as his profession, nor could he be deterred from his chosen pursuit.

While a poor student, not the tempting prize of \$150,000 a year as clerk of the courts, then a large sum gained with great difficulty for him by the zeal and influence of his father, nor could all the persuasions of the father turn him from the mark he had set before him; and his great eulogist, the attorney general of Massachusetts, is another marked illustration of resolution and endurance. One profession—life-long—longer than one profession—making him one of the chief ornaments of that profession, if not its head in the United States.

Our late distinguished ambassador at the Court of St. James, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, whose wealth has poured out for all benevolent purposes in donations large as the sea, can recall the time when he had his profession to select, and the first dollar of his splendid fortune to earn. He chose deliberately a calling; he pursued that occupation with integrity and endurance, through dark days and trying seasons, and the result is before the world. This case affords an apt illustration of the proverb of the wise man, that a man diligent in his business shall stand before kings; and not before men.

The late John Jacob Astor, as he left his native Germany, passed beneath a linen tree not far from the line that separated his native land from another, and made three resolutions, which he intended would guide him in all his life: '1. He would be honest. 2. He would be industrious. 3. He would never grieve.' He was on foot; his wealth was in the small bundle that swung from the stick laid on his shoulder. The world was before him. He was able to carry them out. His success is the best comment on his endurance.

Stephen Girard, at the age of 20 years was in quite moderate circumstances, being the captain of a small sailing vessel on the Delaware, and part owner of the same. No trait in his character was more marked than his endurance, and this element gave him a fortune.

All men who have succeeded well in life have been men of high resolve and endurance. The famed William Pitt was in early life fond of gaming; the passion increased with his years; he knew that he must at once master the passion or the passion would master him. He made a firm resolve that he would never again play at a game of hazard. He could make such a resolution; he could keep it. His subsequent eminence was the fruit of that power.

William Wilberforce in his earlier days, like most young men of his rank and age, loved the excitement of places of hazard. He was one night persuaded to keep the faro bank. He saw the ruin of the vice of gaming as he never saw it before; he was appalled with what he beheld. Sitting amid gaming, ruin and despair, he took the resolution that he would never again enter a gaming house. He changed his company with the change of his conduct, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his age.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was once requested to drink wine with a friend; the doctor proposed tea. 'But drink a little wine,' said his host. 'I know as much of wine as I know of horses,' said Johnson. 'I resolved, as I could not drink a little wine, I would drink none at all.' A man who thus supports his resolution by action was a man of endurance, and that element is as well displayed in this incident as in the compilation of his great work.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his first speech in parliament it was regarded on all hands as a most mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a parliamentary career, and enter upon some field better suited to his ability. 'No,' said Sheridan—'no, it is in me, and it shall come out.' And it did, and he became one of the most splendid debaters in England.

Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits, the courtier, the man of gallantry and dissipation, obtained such mastery over himself by labor and endurance, that to illustrate the fact, he stood several hours apparently unmoved, in a pond of ice and mud, water, up to his chin.

Perhaps no other nation in Europe at that time could have won the battle of Waterloo except the British, because no other could have brought to the conflict that amount of endurance needed to win. For many hours that army stood motionless before the murderous fire of the French; column after column fell; while not a gun was discharged on their part. One sullen word of command ran along the lines thousands fell—'File up! file up!' 'Not yet—not yet!'—was the Iron Duke's reply, to earnest requests made to charge and fight the foe. At length the time of action came. The charge was given, and victory perched upon the standard of England.—[Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.]

That Man Scolds his Wife.

[From the Farmer's Companion.]

That man scolds his wife; yes, I'm sure he does. Just notice the mute yet speaking wifeness which condemn him. Do you see his mission? the claspings loose, performing the office of ventilators (economical plan, that) and of organs, harps and accordions for old Boreas' music band; the nearly painless windows adorned with old hats and caps; the barn, some what resembling the leaning tower of Piza, its only door hanging lazily by one weathered hinge; the fences tottering, the fruit trees untrimmed, not a bright flower, noble tree, or lowly shrub in all that great desert yard, and the general air of dreariness and discomfort which reign around, are all proofs that the owner of this region of dismalness, scolds his wife and his poor little children! How stealthily, with cat-like tread, they creep about their 'dear papa's eyes in sight? How quickly Minnie's blue eyes droop and fill with tears, while she wonders why everybody else can be happy except her and brother Willie, and wishes she was a little yellow dandelion growing by the old stump, for then she would never be scolded! And Willie, as he hushes his musical laugh, thinks that some day he'll see who is master! Yes, he not only scolds his wife, but he teaches his little ones to fear, dread and despise him. When I pass by farmer Grace's smiling home, blooming with bealy, constantly reminding one of a lovely picture, and hear the merry songs of his cherry-cheeked children, or chat with his noble-looking helpmate, I mentally exclaim, 'he does not scold his wife!'

But what a contrast at farmer Frown's! He can not speak pleasantly when he tries his best. He has scolded so many years he thinks it his

peculiar prerogative to say what he pleases. He addresses his horses (the only objects of his love), by the endearing epithets of, 'you villains! you scoundrels!' and his children are 'gumps,' 'snails,' or 'blockheads!'

The sight of his farm will cause a farmer to sigh profoundly. Deepen upon it, scolding and shiftlessness are twin sisters, who travel hand in hand, converting many an otherwise cheerful home into a gloomy scene of desolation.

Now there's Harry Gray, just settled in his cozy cottage with rose-pink Ellen. I'll wager a tin sapphire he'll not scold her. How pleasant is all around their vine wreathed cot? The flowers are lovelier, the sky brighter, the sun beams more golden, the bird songs sweeter—really it's a miniature Eden. Oh no, he'll not scold her!

Girls, take my advice. When a young man contemptuously sneers at the love of the beautiful and good, 'thinks flowers 'nothing but trash,' delights to torment little children, and scolds his sisters, beware of him, for he will certainly scold his wife.

Don't waste a thought upon his little heart; and brainless cranium, but just say 'No, I thank you!'

BYRON BELL, of Clarendon.

Cromwell's Soldier's Bible.

In the report of Gov. Washburn's speech at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Bible Society, there occurs the following statement: 'Go to the time of Cromwell. Observe the causes which made Cromwell and the Commonwealth. In the army every man had a Bible in his knapsack, and daily read it, and sung the praises of God; and the result was the like of what has been seen in the history of Puritanism.'

His excellency's statement is substantially correct, and the spirit of his speech is entirely so. But it is not literally in accordance with historical accuracy to assert that the soldiers carried the Bible in their 'knapsacks,' nor was it the whole Bible which the army was furnished. 'The Soldier's Pocket Bible,' consisted of appropriate selections from the Scriptures, printed in a pamphlet form. It was generally buttoned between the coat and vest, next to the heart, proving, perhaps, sometimes, a defence from the weapons of the enemies of their bodies, as well as from the wicked one who sought to subdue their souls.

But very few copies of this curious Bible have been preserved. Probably the copy in the possession of the writer of this notice is the only one in this country. A brief description of it therefore may not be uninteresting to your readers.

It was printed on a single sheet, folded in the 16 mo form, and making 16 pages. The whole title, page is worth copying, as it presents a fair and by no means extravagant specimen of the great titles to little books which prevailed about the time of the English Commonwealth. It was printed within a neat border, and read as follows:

THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BIBLE.

Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in the Holy Scripture, which do shew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit soldier to fight the Lords Battle, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight.

Which Scriptures are reduced to several heads, and apply applied to the Soldiers several occasions, and as may supply the want of the whole Bible, which a Soldier can not conveniently carry about him.

And may bee, also useful for any Christian to meditate upon, now, in this miserable time of Warre.

IMPRINTED, Edm. Calamy.

Jos. 18. This book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good success.

Printed at London by G. B. and K. W. for G. C. 1643.

The selections from Scripture are divided into eighteen chapters, each with an appropriate heading to indicate the class of passage contained therein. A few examples of these headings or titles will sufficiently show their general character.

1. A Soldier must not do wickedly.
2. A Soldier must be valiant for God's cause.
3. A Soldier must pray before he goes to fight.

Throughout the work there is manifested entire confidence in a superintending providence, yet no encouragement is given to the Soldiers to neglect any proper personal efforts, or material means to accomplishing their ends; nothing at variance with the standing order, 'to trust in the Lord, and keep their powder dry.'

Since peace societies have become popular, the question has often been put, with the confident expectation of a negative answer, 'Is the profession of the soldier consistent with obedience to the precepts of Christian love enjoined in the gospels?' Cromwell's whole chapter on this subject is short, and we copy it entire:

'A soldier must love his enemies as they are his enemies, and hate them as they are God's enemies. Matt. 5: 44. But I say unto you love your enemies. II. Chron. 19: 2. Wouldst thou hate the wicked and love them that hate the Lord?'

Pa 130: 22. Doe I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee, and do I not earnestly contend with them that rise up against thee? I hate them with unfeigned hatred as they were mine own enemies.'

There will probably continue to be, as there always has been, a difference of opinion respecting the honesty, integrity and sincerity of Cromwell. But one thing is pretty well settled, viz., whatever his character and conduct may have become after he gained the dazzling heights of political power, he commenced his career a devout and true man; and his army was mainly composed of good men, filled with a desire to promote the glory of God and the welfare of their country.

Cromwell's cousin, the celebrated John Hampden, once began to upbraid him for selecting such men for his soldiers, and compared them with those of the king's army. 'Your troops,' said he, 'are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and there are gentlemen's younger sons, and persons of good quality. And do you think that the mean spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of spirit, and take it not ill what I say, of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still.'

Hampden, however, was convinced by a short conversation with Cromwell, that good men made better soldiers than mere gentlemen; as he has himself written—'I accordingly raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward they never were beaten; but whenever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually.'

Those persons who are fond of seeing coincidences and pressing comparisons to their extreme limits, may find a wonderful instance of cause and effect in the fact that the success of Cromwell's army commenced immediately on the publication of 'The Soldier's Pocket Bible'; and they never lost a battle.—[Watchman and Reflector.]

NO PRISONERS THERE.—The report of the inspectors of American prisons shows that, among the large number of convicts in the United States prisons, all professions and trades but printing are represented. There is not one printer there.

The Dynasties of China.

The New York Herald, in an article embracing an historical sketch of China, gives the following account of the Chinese dynasties:

'Chinese authors divide their history by the several dynasties. They may be comprised under the following general divisions:

First.—Ancient History: From the commencement of the Han Dynasty to the conclusion of the Han dynasty.—(207 B. C. to A. D. 263.)

Second.—Middle Ages: From the Tsin Dynasty to the Yuen Dynasty.—(A. D. 264 to 1367.)

Third.—Modern History: From the Ming Dynasty to the present time.—(A. D. 1368 to 1853.)

TABLE OF CHINESE IMPERIAL DYNASTIES.

Name of Dynasty	Duration	No. of Emperors
1. Hsia	From 2207 to 1767	17
2. Shang	1767 1243	38
3. Chow	1243 258	35
4. Tsin	258 206	10
5. Han	207 263	14
6. Tsin	264 420	15
7. Sung	420 479	8
8. Tsin	480 502	5
9. Leang	502 557	5
10. Chin	557 589	5
11. Sui	590 618	1
12. Tang	619 907	20
13. How Leang	907 923	2
14. How Tang	924 936	2
15. How Tsin	936 946	1
16. How Han	947 957	1
17. How Chow	951 959	1
18. Sung	960 1279	13
19. Yuen	1279 1367	19
20. Ming	1368 1644	16
21. Ta Tsing	1644 1853	7
Total		221

This table shows that during four thousand and sixty years, twenty-one dynasties have swayed the destinies of the Chinese Empire, embracing, besides the present sovereign, two hundred and twenty Emperors, whose average reign have been nearly nineteen years each. Two of the present dynasty, Kunghe and Koon Lung, reigned sixty years; the latter from 1736 to 1795, when he abdicated the throne in favor of his son, Tea King, and died four years afterwards.

Of the present or Manchou Tartar Dynasty, the writer says:

'The Manchou Tartars, taking advantage of the anarchy which reigned in China under the last feeble Princes of the Ming Dynasty, invaded some of the provinces and threatened the Capital. This tribe had emerged from obscurity, under the government of a wise Prince, who civilized his countrymen and taught them a syllabic alphabet. Considering its extent, so foreign conquest has ever been achieved in a shorter time, and with fewer troops, than that of the Manchou's over China. In 1644, Shun-cho, nephew of Taung-tai, a Tartar Chief, who had aspired to the Empire, but died, was proclaimed Emperor. The Regency which ruled during the minority of Shun-cho, did much to conciliate the Chinese, and thus laid the foundation of a permanent reign. In 1651, Shun-cho, the first of the present Tartar Dynasty, (Ta-Tsing) began to reign.—He had been instructed in the art of government by a German Jesuit, to whose suggestions many regulations for the establishment of the Manchou Government owe their origin.'

The Merchant.

[From the Philadelphia Merchant, Aug. 19.]

The following little morsel, which we came across accidentally the other day, is perfect in its way. It contains the whole of the life history of thousands in a nutshell, and is as good as a whole volume of morality. How many may be found all over the land whose entire existence from the age of twenty till dusky death snatches them away, is made up of

Tare and tret,
Box and net;
Through toil and sweat, forgetting, or rather, never thinking that life's lease seems not quite as long as the sun; and that it has conditions and claims relating to a higher sphere of action and a nobler state of being; conditions and claims that cannot be avoided nor neglected without robbing our present existence of much of its loveliness, and the beauty and grandeur of its proportions.

It is not quite enough that the books in the counting room of business life are balanced. The sharp, shrewd, hard-dealing money-maker may sit himself down in the splendid parlor of his princely mansion, and say, 'Thank God, I am even with the world and owe it nothing!' There may be some *One Else* whose books don't show quite as fair as his, having been kept on different principles and different views of the true end right. The ledger book on High may not balance with the ledger book below, showing that 'there is more in heaven,' if not on earth, 'than is dreamed of in his philosophy.' But ponder well the lesson conveyed in the following lines:

Tare and tret,
Box and net,
Box and ledger, dry and wet,
Ready made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale and retail, will you trade?
Goods for sale,
Riot or riot,
Fill or quarter, yard or net;
Every day,
Will you buy?
None can sell as cheap as I.
Thus each day
We are away,
And his hair is turning gray;
Over his books
He nightly looks,
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.
By and bye
He will die;
But the ledger book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold, and how he sold his gold.

A Prodigy in Ayshire.

There is at present attending the Hastings school, Darvel, in Ayshire, a girl, aged between 8 and 9 years, who commenced the study of arithmetic less than a twelvemonth ago. Such are the powers of her memory that she is now able to calculate mental, in a very few moments, such questions as these:—How many seconds in 20, 60, 90, or 300 years? How many ounces in 20, 60, or 100 tons? She can multiply such a line as 2894 17s. 11d. by 32, 55, or 96, as cleverly and correctly as any ordinary arithmetician would multiply by 4, 6, or 8. Counts in long division (simple and compound) she divides by short division, or in one line, by such figures as 34, 56, 72, 96, &c., in eight or ten seconds.

The first time her teacher, Mr. Turbet, discovered her remarkable abilities, was when she was