

## GENTILITY.

Gentle it is to have soft hands  
But not gentle to work on lands;  
Gentle it is to lie in bed,  
But not gentle to earn your bread;  
Gentle it is to cringe and bow,  
But not gentle to sow and plough;  
Gentle it is to play the bean,  
But not gentle to reap and mow;  
Gentle it is to keep a girl,  
But not gentle to hoe and dig;  
Gentle it is to trade to fail,  
But not gentle to swing the flail;  
Gentle it is to play the fool,  
But not gentle to keep a school;  
Gentle it is to cheat the tailor,  
But not gentle to be a sailor;  
Gentle it is to fight a duel,  
But not gentle to cut your fuel;  
Gentle it is to eat rich cake,  
But not gentle to cook and bake;  
Gentle it is to have the blues,  
But not gentle to wear thick shoes;  
Gentle it is to roll in wealth,  
But not gentle to have good health;  
Gentle it is to cut a friend,  
But not gentle your clothes to mend;  
Gentle it is to make a show,  
But not gentle poor folks to know;  
Gentle it is to run away,  
But not gentle at home to stay;  
Gentle it is to smirk and smile,  
But not gentle to shun all guile;  
Gentle it is to be a knave,  
But not gentle your cash to save;  
Gentle it is to make a bet,  
But not gentle to pay a debt;  
Gentle it is to play at dice,  
But not gentle to take advice;  
Gentle it is to curse and swear,  
But not gentle plain clothes to wear;  
Gentle it is to skip and hop,  
But not gentle to tend the shop;  
Gentle it is to waste your life,  
But not gentle to love your wife.

I cannot tell what I may do,  
Or what sad scenes may yet pass through;  
I may perchance turn deaf and blind,  
The pity of all human kind;  
I may perchance be doomed to beg,  
And hop about upon one leg;  
And even may I come to steal,  
BUT MAY I NEVER BE GENTLE!  
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,  
Oh! may I never get that low.

## Terra Del Fuego.

An officer in the United States Navy, in a letter to the "National Intelligencer," gives the following description of that almost unknown people, the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, the island continent at the Southern extremity of South America:

"The Terra del Fuegians, so called from the country they inhabit, (which in turn derived its name from the number of fires seen along the shore by the first navigators) made their appearance while we were anchored at Borja Bay. Shortly after we had reached this place a small singular canoe was seen to leave the shore and make its way towards our ship, and in a few minutes we were honored by a visit from two of the Indians, with their numerous wives, children, and dogs.

Upon coming on board the vessel they proved the most inveterate beggars I ever met with. There was nothing they saw for which they did not ask; they begged for themselves, and, if unsuccessful in their application, for their wives and children.

Their usual demand is for tobacco and biscuit, and in endeavoring to purchase some of their weapons and curiosities, we found that the former article was the most prized; and next in value were the bright buttons from our uniforms, (and probably they congratulated themselves on finding people simple enough to give away such splendid ornaments) and then biscuit, old clothes, and empty bottles.

The Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable of all the aboriginal inhabitants of South America. They are low in stature and of a copper color; their clothing, consisting of a sealskin, worn with the hair outwards and tied round their person by means of sinews, is of the very scantiest description; their food is revolting. They live chiefly upon muscles and limpets, and, whenever they can procure them, eagerly devour seals, sea otters, porpoises, and whale's flesh, preparing none by fire, but eating as they cut it from the prey.

In their voracity they bear a greater resemblance to some wild animals than to human beings. Their arms seem to consist solely of bows and arrows and spears, pointed sometimes with glass and sometimes with bone; of these they willingly dispose in exchange for their favorite weed.

The most noticeable things about them are their baskets and their canoes, both of which manifest some labor and ingenuity in construction. The former are formed of bark or plaited grass; the latter are of bark, and put together without a particle of metal. The sides and bottoms are sewed together by means of sinews, small bars of wood are placed athwartships to preserve the shape, and the seams are caulked with some gummy preparation. They are small and light, so as to be easily paddled by about two women.

But their skill in making the canoes may be compared to the instinct of animals, for it is not improved by experience; we know from Drake that this, their most ingenious work, has remained the same for the last hundred and fifty years.

The faces of the men generally seem devoid of any intellectual expression, and, as they belong to the "nil admirari" school, they expressed astonishment at nothing.

The women are better looking, and did not hesitate to exhibit their surprise or amusement.

I shall never forget the wonder of one of them at first seeing a looking-glass. She first looked at herself, then laughed and sought behind for the reflection; then looked again, and laying it down on the deck, endeavored to seize the image.

The hair of both sexes is worn long, and is almost as coarse as the mane of a horse; the men have no beards. Captain Cooke has compared their language to the sound made by a man clearing his throat; but, says Mr. Darwin, "certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds."

One word is made to assume a great many different significations; the same one, for instance, meaning the Deity, the sun, a ship, a child, a dog, and an amulet, or charm, generally consisting of a bit of glass suspended from the neck.

Notwithstanding this singular paucity of sounds in their own language, they readily catch the pronunciation of words, and repeat with perfect correctness any sentence uttered in their hearing, although they cannot attach any meaning to the words.

Of their domestic arrangements we could learn but very little. Previously we had found along the shores their wigwags, or rather arbors, consisting of broken branches of trees stuck in the ground and covered with leaves and grass. In these miserable huts, around a small fire built in the middle, they sleep, coiled upon the wet ground like animals.

All their property they seem to carry about with them in their canoes. Every man has at least two wives, some of them more; probably each as many as he requires to take care of him, to paddle his canoe and collect his food, for the whole labor devolves upon the female portion of the community.

We were informed that these savages are never cannibals unless driven to it by absolute starvation, and then they only eat their old women. Upon having been asked, on one occasion, why they did not kill and eat their dogs, of which animals they have great numbers, in preference to their own people, one of them is said to have given the answer that dogs were useful in catching otters, but that the old women were good for nothing.

Our visitors remained with us for a long time, begging for every thing they saw. The sailors crowded around them, and gave to them, with Jack's usual liberality, tobacco and old clothes. Of the former they are extravagantly fond. Indeed, in their anxiety to make the most of the fragrant weed, they do not emit the smoke at all, retaining it in their mouths and endeavoring to swallow the whole, so as apparently to reduce themselves to the very verge of suffocation.

When presented with the clothes, neither men nor women hesitated long to divest themselves entirely of their already scanty covering to assume the dress given them. They were elated with any acquisition of the kind, and no dandy, however faultlessly arrayed, ever seemed more perfectly satisfied with his appearance than did these women when dressed up in cast-off flannel coats and trousers. The next day they would reappear in their seal skins, and their new habiliments vanished, we never knew whither.

Among our servants were several mulatto boys who seemed to attract more the attention of the Terra del Fuegians than anything else. Apparently they could not understand why their hair should curl so tightly while their own was long and straight.

They laughed heartily at the first of our boys whom they saw, and Tom laughed as well at them, probably thinking, although he did not so express it, "rira bien qui rira le dernier."

One of our men who was unable to walk, on account of having cut his foot, next attracted the attention of one of the visitors, who signified his ability to cure him, and by signs asked for a pipe and tobacco. When furnished with these he commenced smoking, at the same time uttering low grunts; then, leaning over the foot, he blew a little smoke upon it, and, suddenly raising his face and elevating his hands, he blew a large cloud upwards. This was repeated several times, but, owing perhaps to the little faith reposed by the patient in this mode of practice, altogether without success.

[Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.]

## Gloves and Cigars.

"I must really have a new pair of gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper but he laid this down and looked crossly up.

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said:—

"Surely you have forgotten, James.—It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves, and I have been out a great deal as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was a silence. The wife continued her sewing, and her husband read sulkily on; at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured to remark by way of direct apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometime I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes.

"I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I

got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was re-trimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and so, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on—

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct; however, like most men he was too proud to confess his error except indirectly.

He took out his pocket book and said:—

"How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other necessaries?—I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar, whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said:—

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply for a full minute; for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which her needle moved showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said:—

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker, and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sun his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about six dollars, which, at the end of the year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife saw her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have, every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and, if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife. "Put into my hands a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to buy gloves and etceteras for me."

I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all I can save of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains of the hundred."

"It is agreed," I will pay quarterly, beginning with to-night." And he took out his purse and counted thirty-seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our readers have, no doubt, guessed already. She continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and, at the end, rendered in the account, by which it appeared that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife had spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full, without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a wry face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollars allowance to his wife.

Husbands, who think their wives waste money on gloves, should be careful to waste none on cigars.

**A NEW SUGAR PLANT.**—The forthcoming agricultural report of the patent office will contain an interesting account of a new variety of sugar plant, which it is thought may be introduced with advantage into our country. The plant is called the "sorgho lucre," and has been cultivated to a considerable extent in France. Under the auspices of the patent office the seeds of it have been distributed in various parts of the United States. The sorgho lucre grows very much like Indian corn, and in rich lands attains a height of from two to three yards. It is an annual in France, but it is believed that in the southern United States its roots would survive the winter and send up new shoots in the spring. The juice which is contained in the stalk of the plant furnishes sugar, alcohol, and a fermented drink analogous to cider. The proportion of sugar contained in the juice is from ten to sixteen per cent, and about one-third part is uncrystallizable. Although in a northern climate this last property would be an obstacle to the extraction of the crystallizable part of the sugar, yet it adds much to its facility of readily fermenting, and consequently to the amount of oil which may be produced from it. In a southern climate the proportion of uncrystallizable sugar would be less.

It is thought that the sorgho may take the place of the sugar cane in the more northern of the southern States, where the latter is annual. Its molasses is identical with that manufactured from the cane, and its stalks and leaves furnish

nutritious storage for animals. In the manufacture of brandy or alcohol, the uncrystallizable sugar can be turned to excellent account. Experiments have shown that the central part of the stalk contains the greatest amount of saccharine matter, and that the best time to cut it is when the seeds are in a milky state. The ripeness of the seeds, however, does not appear to lessen much its production of sugar.—[Boston Traveller.]

**IMPRESSIONS OF PLANTS, INSECTS, OR FLOWERS.**—Mr. Looney, the Austrian Consul General who has just returned to this city from Vienna, recently presented to the Farmers' Club, a book containing several beautiful and striking impressions of plants and flowers, which have been taken by a similar process discovered in the imperial printing establishment at Vienna. The likeness produced by this original and clever mode is wonderfully correct. Nature, in fine, is copied to the utmost perfection.

The mode of procedure is aptly termed, in the German language, "Natur selb' stdruck," or Nature's self-printing process. If the original, of which a copy is to be taken, be a plant, flower, insect, or any vegetable substance, it is placed between a copper and lead plate, brought close together with screws, when two heavy rollers are passed over them. The original leaves itself impressed on the lead plate with its whole surface.

If the colors are applied to the lead, as in printing copper-plate, then a striking resemblance is got of the impression; but if a great number of copies be required, the lead plate will not give it on account of its softness.

However if the impressions are to be printed on a typographical printing press, it is stereotyped from the lead plate, and as many copies produced as may be required. If it is to be multiplied by copperplate printing, the galvanizing process is had recourse to. The originals are covered by dissolved gutta percha, which, when removed, is covered with a solution of silver—thus rendering it fit for a matrix for galvanic multiplication.

This new discovery is of great importance for scientific purposes, as students in natural history will be enabled to obtain the most accurate copies of plants, insects, and other things relating to that branch of study.—[N.Y. Evening Post.]

**TALKING AND DOING.**—It is easy to TALK—it is hard to DO. We can all of us talk, but can we all do?

There is a difference, very wide and significant, between the two. He or she who talks the most, as the world goes, does the least. Either is exhausting—and as contrastive in nature as in position.

The man who starts off slap dash, and puts his hands and head square upon the shoulders and hips of things, is the doer. It is he who rules the world, whether its circle be the neighborhood of his locality, the city, state or nation.

He who dallies—talks—and talks and dallies—never does else of consequence. His hands have no power of grasp; his brains no pluck and energy. He is the talker.

We like the doer. He is the man or she the woman for us. Talk may have its place, but it never yet of itself made a pin, lifted a brick, weaved a fabric, or germed a useful, solid thought. There is as much difference between the two as between a gingerbread horse at the baker's and a bold pacer at the race-course.—[Ex.]

**Good Wives.**—That young lady will make a good wife who does not apologise when you find her in the kitchen, but continues at her task until the work is finished. When I hear a lady say, "I shall attend church and wear my everyday gown, for I fear we shall have a rain-storm," depend upon it, she will be sure to make a good wife. When a daughter remarks, "I would not hire help, for I can assist you in the kitchen," set it down she will make somebody a good wife. When you overhear a young woman saying to her father, "Don't purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but one that will wear best," you may always be certain she will make a good wife.—When you see a female rise early, get breakfast and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down and knit, depend upon it she will make a good wife. When you see a female anxious to learn a trade, so as to earn something to support herself, and perhaps aged parents, you may be sure she will make one of the best of wives. The best qualities to look after in a wife are industry, humanity, neatness, gentleness, benevolence and piety. When you find these there is no danger: you will obtain a treasure, and not regret your choice to the last period.—[Ex.]

**How to Treat a Cold.**—Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off, in the following safe and simple manner: On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. In addition, put your feet in water, half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in it; then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick woollen stockings, even if it be summer, for summer colds are too most dangerous; and for twentyfour hours eat not an atom of food; but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever.—[Hunt upon Health.]