How Pat went a shooting Red-birds

BY C. G. LELAND.

Three men and a bull bog ugly,
Two guns, and a terrier laster
They'd better stand out in the mud there,
And set themselves up for game!
But no! I see by the cocking
Of that red haired Paddy's eye,
He's been 'reading' too much for you, sir,
Any such game to try!

'Whist, Jamey, me boy! kape dark there,
And hold the bull-dog in!
There's a bloody big cloud o' rade-birds
That made a prpperin'!'
'Chip bang!' speaks the single barrel;
'Flip-boost' roosts the old 'Queen Anne:
There's a Paddy stretched out in the mud-hole,
A kicked over, knocked down man!

The big bull-dog's eyes stick out,
And the terrier's bark begins;
The Paddy digs out of the deep mud,
And then the 'discoursin'' comes in:
Oh, Jamey, ye precious young blag-gard,
I know ye're the divil's soul
How many fingers' load, thin,
Did ye put in this dommed old gun?'

'How many fingers? Be jabers!
I niver put in a one!
D'ye think I'd be afther samming
Me fingers into the gun?'
'Well, give me the powdher, Jamey!'
'The powdher is sure as I'm born,
I put it all in yer musket,
As I had nivir a powdher-horn!'

[Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE THIRTY NINE DOLLAR MARE.

Four or five years ago, while traveling in the State of Maine, I chanced to halt at an out-of-the-way tavern in those parts, in the bar room of which during the evening, I heard the substance of the following story related. It may divert a portion of your readers, and so I write it out for you.

Speaking of horses, remarked the leading talker of the evening, speaking of horses reminds me of a mare I knew a long time ago, when 'three minute nags' weren't so plenty as we hear about now-a-days.

There was a blacksmith in the town where I then lived, who was a very fair judge of horses and who generally owned a 'rusher' for those times, though almost his entire fortune was ordinarily invested in his 'crab.' He sold his old mare one day, and kept his eye open for another beast, when the right kind of an animal might fall in his way.

It chanced soon afterwards, that there came to the door of his little shop, one day, a gray mare—a long, lean-bodied wench, the owner of which desired to have her shod.

The blacksmith looked in her mouth, (as horsemen sometimes will), and then he tried her dock. He stood in front of her, and then beside of her, and then examined her feet, and then went to work to shoe her.

'How old is she?' he asked quietly, as he proceeded to pare and trim her hoofs.

'Nine years come spring,' said the owner.

The blacksmith looked in her mouth again, and said, 'Yes, you can warrant that.'

'Warrant? well, she's a good beast, anyhow,' responded the owner.

'Is she sound?'

'As a fresh kick'ry nut.'

'Kind?'

'As a cosset sheep.'

'Maybe you'd sell her?' continues the blacksmith, slowly, as he finished her last foot.

'Yes,' replied the owner, handing the blacksmith a dollar for his job. 'Yes, I'll sell her.'

'How much money, cash down?'

'Forty-five dollars.'

'Five and forty. She must be a good 'un then.'

'She is a good one.'

'Say forty, stranger, and I'll venture to take her.'

The bargain was closed, the stranger walked away with his old saddle on his arm, and the gray mare walked into the blacksmith's little shed stable. It was a heap of money for him to put into a single horse, but he thought she had good points in her making-up, notwithstanding the fact that she hadn't been over-fed, of late, or too carefully groomed.

A little care and grooming very soon developed her more satisfactorily, and the purchaser chancing to be a dozen miles from home one night, 'hurried up her cakes' on his way back, and led a noted three minute pelter straight into town, like open and shut!

'Well done! Well done, old Thirty-nine,' said the blacksmith, enthusiastically, as he applied two huge straw wisps to her reeking sides, not left her while a single hair was turned upon her body. 'Well done, old 'oman! I'll take you round to Walnut hill, and will see about this.'

And he did take her there, once, twice, thrice, fifty times; but he said nothing, only that 'the mare was a good creeter to draw, and he was content with her.'

At the end of four or five months the old man took a leather pouch, shut up shop, and rode his gray mare to Boston, halting at the old Eastern Stage house, in Ann street. Here he remained quietly for three or four days, scarcely showing himself, and never speaking of his mare.

One evening he overheard some of the 'boys' in the bar-room 'talking horse,' and he listened earnestly.

'Go!' said one of them, 'I rather think he can, in two-fifty, sure!'

'Ha-ha!' roared the rest, (for three-minute horses even, were not very plenty at that period.)

'I'd like to match him against something that can trot. Your wigglers and rackers and runners are not the thing.'

'Give me a square trotter and I can just leave him! that's all.'

'Ken you?' asked a voice near by, modestly.

The company turned about, and saw an unshorn, rough-visaged man sitting in his shirt sleeves, to whom the young buck did not reply at all. Our blacksmith (for it was he) continued to smoke his pipe. The boys put their heads together for a lark, and the foremost asked:

'Perhaps you have got a horse that you would like to exercise a little?'

'Yaas,' responded the rude-dressed stranger, 'I don't mind a little exercise for the old mare, bein' you don't take nothing on it, I take it.'

'Why, yes. Just for the name of the thing, we'll go five hundred or so.'

'Five hundred what?' exclaimed the green 'un, jumping from his chair and smashing his pipe at the same moment.

'Five hundred dollars, to be sure.'

'O, git out! You're jokin.'

'No, we can't trot Jim short of that; it wouldn't pay.'

'Wal, naw look here, nabur, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll hoss agin hoss, yourn agin mine, in harness.'

'No, sir, that won't do.'

'But five hundred! Come, say fifty. That's enough, really.'

But there was no other way, and the black smith placed his money at last in the landlord's hands, which the sharpers instantly covered.

'Do you know him?' they asked, as the old fellow moved off.

'No,' said the host. 'He has just come in from Salem, he says.'

The preliminaries were quickly arranged, and the afternoon but one following was agreed for the trot, over the Upper Mill Dam road. Everybody had heard of the queer bet before the next evening, and the road was lined with pedestrians and carriages. The challenging party lived in Charlestown, and the horse they had named was the crack of the time; so they cared nothing about what was to trot against him, and asked no questions.

The day was clear and cool, and the blacksmith had been upon the ground full two hours. His gray mare stood at the roadside in a wretched harness and worse gig (though the latter was light and strong), and several times, as the company gathered, she had been moved and buffeted for being in the way of gentlemen. She bore her persecution meekly however, and the blacksmith, in his shirt sleeves, said nothing.

'Where's your horse?' asked the confident jockey who was to drive his competitor.

She'll be here in time, now. Don't go to givin' yerself any extra trouble about her now, cause you'll hev your hands full, I'm thinkin', by and bye. Wot'd yer give fer that ere skillet you've got on your head?'

'That's my riding cap, Sawney.'

'Edsackly. And them silk fixins, ar'n't them rather costly?'

'Where's your horse? Time's up.'

'Out of the way with that old crow bait,' shouted one of the fast boys, hauling up at this moment, and seeking to get the place occupied by the blacksmith's team.

But there stood the mare, with her head drooping almost to her feet, seemingly jaded and woe-be-gone, when the blacksmith hopped into the gig, looked at his watch and said,

'Here we are, then, mister.'

'But where's the horse that you are going to trot?'

'Here she is.'

'Well, I don't trot with no such skeleton as that, mind you,' said his opponent, 'not by a long chalk.'

And a furious roar of merriment went up from the crowd, who were in ecstacies.

The blacksmith insisted, however. He'd trot his mare, or claim the money. And the animals were called to the start, mile heats, from the crossing, best two in three.

At the word, away they went; the horse fairly leading the way. The mare kept behind up to the half mile post, fell off on the third quarter, and the horse came into the post a splendid winner, in 2 : 42—the mare barely saving her distance, coming home at a half gallop and half trot, amid the yells of the crowd.

The blacksmith had a 'friend' in the congregation, who had a 'pile of the ready.' To be sure, no one knew this, and he was evidently a rich man. He took all the side bets he could muster, at big odds against the mare. She blowed badly at the stand, and the blacksmith looked haggard and earnest. The crowd roared again, at the second start, but the roar was brief this time.

'Now, go, 'Thirty nine!' screamed the blacksmith, as they went away on this heat. And she did go. Instantly taking the pole, stretched right along, passed the half-mile mark, finished the third quarter without a miss step, and came home five lengths ahead in 2.40.

Money began to change hands again! But the horses came up for the third heat, and at the words 'now go, 'Thirty-nine.' the mare made an awful gap between herself and her competitor. The mare led the way, aye, every foot of it, from the start, and distancing her rival, passed the winning post, well in hand, clear down in the thirties. She was a good 'un,' added our narrator

'And what became of this beast?' we asked.

'Oh, he sold her for a thousand dollars before he left Boston She went South, but died soon afterwards. She cost him (with her new set of shoes, valued at one dollar), forty dollars. He callhd her 'Thirty-nine.'—[Yankee Notions.

Recollections of a Western School-master.

[From the Columbian.]

Reader, staid and sober, did you ever "teach the young idea how to shoot?" Was it ever your daily task to sit enthroned on the pedagogue's tripod, with a ferule for a sceptre, and a birch rod at your feet as the means of enforcing obedience to your commands? Was it ever your privilege to look round upon the young faces of a half-hundred subjects, and like Alexander Selkirk, exclaim, at least mentally,

"I am monarch of all I survey!"

If you have ever enjoyed these privileges, you are, to some extent, prepared to read and appreciate my 'recollections.'

The teacher's task is difficult to perform. He is expected to ingratiate himself into the special favor and affections of his students, and, at the same time, to stand pre-eminent before school-trustees, parents, neighbors, friends, and foes—'The world, the flesh, and the devil'—as a perfect paragon in manners, a model in morals, and a Solomon in wisdom. The royal fiat, the supreme 'vox pupuli,' has gone forth into all the world, that he must 'keep order in his school,' and it is further commanded, that he must not neglect the little ones, nor show any partiality. Mrs. Wiggins knows exactly what order is. She was once a student herself, when a little girl, and therefore stands prepared to say when a teacher does, or does not keep order. She has her standard of order, and requires the instructor of her children to come right up to it. Mrs. Fleggins, too, is a lady of close discernment. She attended school one quarter, in 1813, in Buncombe, North Carolina, and feels entirely competent to know, and by no means backward to say, what is meant by order. She has her standard, but from the task of showing what it is, "Good Lord, deliver us." And then, there's Mr. Sapiens, a prominent subscriber to the school, and a very influential man. He will tell you, that he always subscribes two scholars; that he labored four days in building the school-house, and contributed seventy-five cents towards buying the nails. Yes, Mr. Sapiens must be consulted. He knows a great many things, and among others, precisely how a school ought to be managed.

He says, 'that order is Heaven's first law,' and that Mr. Pedagogue must not make it the last item in his code. And Mr. Windy feels interested in the cause of education of the rising generation. He says, 'that he hasn't much larnin', and never teached a school;' but, then, he has clear and distinct notions of the duties of a teacher.

Old grandmother Grub, Mr. Windy's mother-in-law, minds 'mighty well how the old minister used to do, when she was a gal.—How he teached the children, and sung 'Old Hundred;' but she sagely suggests, that there are no such men now-a-days.

All these, and a score of other persons, sit in judgment daily, on Mr. Pedagogue's qualifications, mental and moral, and especially do they descant on his abilities to govern a school.

His students, too, have their view of propriety. If they number fifty, then there are fifty differently constituted minds, fifty different judges of Mr. Pedagogue's abilities, fifty different standards by which he is tried, and fifty different tribunals before which he must answer for all his deeds in school. Now, each of these fifty students (it may be there are two or three exceptions,) has three objects in view, all of which he wishes to accomplish at school.

1. He wishes to prove himself to be the most promising boy in the neighborhood, and that he has the natural ability no one dare doubt, for father and mother have both, several times, preceived the remarkable talents of their young Hopeful, and grandmother has not hesitated to confirm their opinions.

2. He wishes to learn as little as possible, for it is too much trouble for him to study.

3. He wishes to give the teacher as much trouble as possible; and he manifests this last wish and purpose of his heart, by his wayward conduct and disobedient course.

Now, Mr. Pedagogue has enough to do. He has work enough for both his hands and all his heart. Let him lay all other tasks aside, for this will fully occupy his time, it will call for all his skill, and demand his utmost patience.

The teacher, to be successful, must make teaching the business of his life. It must be his vocation. He must love to teach.—He must not take it up because he can not find something more lucrative to do; nor must the love of ease influence his choice.—No profession imposes more labor. Now must he seek to please everybody. To do his duty must be his highest aim.

Application.

It hardly seems possible that the subjoined specimen of a 'Pulpit Exercise in Texas' can be authentic, and yet we are informed by a brother editor in that region, that it is entirely true, he himself having heard it delivered:

One of the most zealous preachers who draws illustrations from every thing, and suffers no opportunity to pass, at all admitting of a moral, arrived at his log church one morning quite late, and took for his text:

'Marvel not;' and then he went on in the following strain, in his peculiar drawling, nasal, half singing voice:

'My friends, the Scripture says, Marvel not, and hence it is wrong to marvel-er.—As I was a-riding along this morning-er, on my way to this place, I happened to look up; and I seed a parcel of boys a-playing marbles-er. There was a lean boy, so thin that is seemed as though if he had been a little thinner, the wind, when it blew, would blow him away-er; and there was a fat boy there, so fat that if he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer-er. And they were playing marbles-er: and I heard what they said-er. And soon I heerd the lean boy, so thin that it seemed as though ef he had been a little thinner, the wind, when it blew, would blow him away-er, say, 'I'm fat.' And he lied-er; for he was no more fat than I was-er.

And they played again-er; and I heerd the fat boy, so fat that ef he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer-er, say, 'I'm lean.' And he lied-er, for he was no more lean than I was-er.

And there come up a little boy, who was very spry, as spry as a cricket-er. And he kept running about, and jumping and shouting-er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while I heerd him say, 'By golly, I'm dead-er; and he lied, for he was no more dead than I was-er.

Now, my brethren, the Scripture says thou shalt not lie-er; and you see how marbleing'-er leads to lying-er; and you see how very wrong it is to 'marble;' and therefore I say again 'Marvel not-er.'—[Knickerbocker for May.

Spoiling an Appetite.—The Rev. Dr. Allen, formerly Pastor of the Congregational Church in Duxbury, Mass., was one of the old time eccentricities of that State. Among the anecdotes related of him, we find the following good one in the New England Farmer:

'During a visit to Boston, on a certain occasion, he was invited to dine with an acquaintance who had once failed, but then lived in great style. He entered the house, just before the dinner hour, and after glancing at the ostentatious parade upon the table, and the other extensive arrangements made to entertain him, he quickly slipped off. His sudden disappearance excited no little wonder. The feast was delayed, but the guest was not seen again that day.—Some time after, he called upon his friend, and on being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he replied that when he saw what an elegant dinner was in preparation for him. the rememberance that his poor neighbor and parishioner H— (naming a townsman who had suffered severely by the failure of this very man) had nothing but clams to eat, so destroyed his appetite that he was glad to leave the house.'

It is a happy thing for some folks that appetites are not so easily spoiled now-a-days.

Another anecdote of Dr. Allen may be called:

Sin in a Fiddle.—When a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offence to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied:

'It may be as you say, sir; I don't know but you are right; but if you are, it strikes me *the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin!*'

The hero of the 'big fiddle' was untuned.

Domestic Economy.—One cold night in February, a traveler entered the log house of a Georgia planter in an unsettled part of the State. A glorious pine-knot wood fire blazed upon the hearth, but the apartment was nevertheless exceedingly uncomfortable, from the fact that the doors and windows stood wide open, admitting the full current of cold air upon the one side of those within, while the other was fairly roasting.

'Well, stanger,' said the planter, 'I don't know how it is: I keep these tarnation great fires goin' all day long, as you see, but some how or other, the rooms aint the thing no how.'

'Shall I teach you how to make them comfortable?' asked the stranger.

'Why, I reckon I wish you would.'

The stranger rose and closed the door and windows.

'Well, I declare, that is more comfortable, any how. I tell you what, old woman,' he added, turning to his wife, 'you most recollect that.

A hard Hit.—About the hardest hit we have seen is the following, which is contained in John Mitchell's recent letter to Archbishop Hughes:

"Now does your Grace see anything so horrible in a plantation of negroes? Are you not aware that priests, bishops, monasteries, yea Popes, have held slaves? Yet it is not wonderful that you should not covet a plantation in the South, so long as you possess that enviable piece of property, the *Calvary Cemetery*, where I see by the newspapers 118 *of your flock were buried last week at a fee of* five dollars *per corpse to you.* I wish your Grace joy. I have been almost tempted, instead of a well-stocked plantation in Alabama, to wish for a *well-peopled grave yard* on Long Island."

☞ 'Is that the tune the old cow died of?' asked an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle.

'No, beef,' said Jonathan, that are's the tune old Bull died of.'

☞ The Texas papers complain of the sad increase of crime in that part of the country.

On Manure Furnishing Food for Plants.

We have said that plants contain four organic and ten inorganic constituents, and that the law of nature demand that, from the soil and atmosphere, each one of these should be available, in order to secure perfect crops; and a full supply of each, to secure abundant crops. Perfect ears of corn can be raised on a soil lightly manured, from hills four feet apart, and one stalk in a hill, one ear to a stalk, even if the ground is plowed only six inches deep, provided the soil is not too wet or too dry. But quite a different culture and manuring is required to grow twice the number of hills, three stalks to a hill, and twin ears on most of them. The same will apply to raising wheat.

Waiving remarks on the laws requiring a deeply and finely pulverized soil, for another article, we will, in this, consider manures as furnishing food for plants. From repeated experiments, it has been ascertained that the stale of animals contains a great amount of nutriment, or food for plants; that similar effects are produced by applying the droppings of poultry, (guano,) animal manure, (blood and offal of slaughter-yards,) &c., &c. Much of the value of these is liable to be lost by putrefaction and evaporation. By chemistry, we ascertain what this is, and the way to retain it. It is well known that in cleaning horse-stables, especially under the floor, there is a very pungent smell. The same is true in opening a heap of stable-manure that has been thrown up and heated. This smell is produced by the escape of ammonia, which is the essence and value of manure. The loss is greater from privies, because the contents are still richer, and more highly charged with fertilizing gases. How to retain these, and to fix them in a state in which they will remain till used by the growing plants, is a question of great importance, which a scientific knowledge of these elements alone can answer.

An English writer says: Before you begin to clean out your stable, dissolve some common salt in water; if a four-horse stable, say four pounds of salt, dissolved in two buckets of water, and poured thro' the nose of a waterpot over the stable-floor an hour or so before you begin to move the manure; and the volatile salts of ammonia will become fixed salts, from their having united with the muriatic acid of the common salt; and the soda, thus liberated from the salt, will quickly absorb carbonic acid, forming carbonate of soda.

This powerful solvent will be a valuable agent in preparing the manure for the reception of plants, after it is applied to the soil. Night-soil is rendered inodorous by mixing it with charcoal-dust, (carbon.) Dry pulverized clay, and plaster of Paris, and ten times its weight of peat muck or turf, may be added, or any other carbonaceous matter, with good effect. In heaping up manure, a portion of this mixed with it will, in a great measure, prevent the escape of ammonia, by their chemical action as above described. I have long practised sprinkling pulverized charcoal, or plaster, daily in our stables, and also in heaping up my manure with a free use of salt. The result has been most satisfactory. This gives it double value when kept under shelter. When mixed with alternate layers of meadow mud, treble the quantity may be obtained.—[The Plough the Loom and Anvil.

Starch Manufacture.

Mr. Edward Tucker, Esq., Belfast, Ireland, has invented a process of manufacturing Starch, from grain and potatoes, which appears valuable. It is substantially this:

The reduced grain or potatoes is submitted to the usual process of fermentation, and is washed, so as to seperate the bran, or refuse of the potato, from the rest of the materials forming the substance to be treated. The starching liquor is then run into a vat and allowed to remain for about thirty-six hours, for precipitation. The supernatant liquor is then run off, or removed, and the precipitate is broken up. A solution of sulphate of sado, or Glauber's salts in boiling water, is prepared, in the proportion of about 13 lbs. of the salts to one ton of the wheat, or other grain under treatment; and after cooling down this solution, it is poured into the precipitated starch; and the vat being filled up with water, the entire contents are thoroughly mixed, and intimately incorporated by stirring. The mass is then allowed to stand for twenty-four or thirty hours perfectly quiescent. In the subsequent process, technically known as the 'fine shift,' when the water and slimes are removed, another solution of the same salt is employed, but in much smaller proportions; about 3 lbs. weight only being applied to one ton of wheat. At this stage, in combination with the sulphate of soda, a portion of sulphuric acid is used, in the proportion of about one quart of the acid to the produce of four tons of wheat. The acid, in a diluted state, is poured gradually into the vat, which is then nearly filled up with fresh water; and the whole contents are thoroughly mixed by agitation. When the starch has been precipitated, it is finished, and prepared for sale, and used in the ordinary manner. The patentee remarks that he has found sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, and other salts and acids, available for a similar purpose. This general process renders pure all water suitable for manufacturing starch, however hard and unsuitable it may have been originally. The pure starch is also better seperated from the glutinous constituent of the grain; whilst the manufactured starch is superior in purity, sweetness, and strength, fineness of texture, and whiteness, as compared with all starch made the usual way; and the yield is generally increased.—[The Plough, loom, and Anvil.

Coal Ashes.

For several years after the use of hard coal was introduced into this part of the country, the ashes were considered of no value. This has been found a mistake.

We long ago used them on the walks of our door yards or other thoroughfares, and found them to be very useful, securing a hard path that was not easily broken.—Sometimes, indeed, it is desirable to cover them with a thin coat of fine gravel, or some other substance equally clean.

On some soils, which are too loose and too 'light,' we have no doubt that coal ashes would be permanently beneficial.

Again, on a hard clay soil, we know of nothing that is more promising. It contains much silex, in which all clay soils are deficient.

But silex is not the only element which it supplies. It contains alumine, carbon, and iron, in a soluble form, nearly to the amount of twenty per cent. Hence, it is obvious that it is a valuable manure for many varieties of soil.—[Plough, Loom, and Anvil.

☞ At the commencement of the Revolution, the artillery of this country consisted of four pieces, two of which belonged to Massachusetts.

☞ There are three hundred Roman Catholic nuneries in the United States.

The Illusion seen by Prof. Elliott.

As we promised our readers yesterday, we will now attempt to give an idea of the optical illusion seen by Mr. George Elliott last Wednesday in his ascension from this city. In order to do so, however, to be understood, we presume we shall be freely excused in commencing with a short preface.

After he ascended about 3,000 feet he discharged about five pounds of his ballast, when he shot onward and upward with amazing rapidity till he began to approximate the clouds. He then discharged about five pounds more of sand, the remainder of the of the bag, when he again darted upward among the clouds, which were so dense as to wholly exclude all terrestrial objects from his view, and of course he was lost to all observers below. These discharges of ballast were distinctly seen by the visitors, and on the first occasion some one exclaimed that the balloon had bursted.

While among the clouds, he says it seemed to him as if he was in the midst of a large ground glass globe, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, against the side of which opposite the sun, the shadow of Lady Isabella rested, some five or six times larger than the corporeal one. About halfway between him and the shadow, which seemed as if it rested on the glass wall, another balloon was seen of a size between the shadow and the real one, resting as if in a vacuum, which displayed every color faithfully of the original. He then saw another Elliott, clad with features like himself, and seemingly self-like. He then extended his own fingers, when he was mimicked by his image; and whether he extended one finger or more, or whatever he did, this figure duplicated exactly. When he would cause his balloon to oscillate, this balloon would move exactly like his. When he threw out more ballast to elevate himself, this figure sank down instead of rising with him; and when his arose above the clouds into the rays of the unclouded sun, he left the mimic aeronaut below him.

In the ray of the sun above the clouds he found it so warm as to cause him to perspire freely, a state of heat never before experienced at this height, nearly twenty-four thousand feet, where the air is very rarified and generally very chilly.

He then opened the valve for the purpose of descending, and as soon a he sunk one or two thousand feet, which he ascertained by barometrical indications, he felt as if he had entered an ice-house, and a cold chill seized his whole person.

Here he again met his mimic ærial voyager, whom he kept in company for some time, from philosophical motives. Whenever he moved sideways this new gentleman would move in the same direction. But when he moved up or down, the duplicate would move in a directly opposite way: and when he concluded to descend the image moved upward until the tri-colored flask was out of sight, when he could see the car and the aeronaut still standing in it as if in a basket attached to nothing. He still kept looking until his head was Robespierred, and finally piece by piece, his body, and, at last, his feet and basket, ascended out of his sight.

Prof. Elliott says that he has been up a hundred and one times, but never saw anything in the form of an illusion like this before; and he asks the opions of the scientific and learned as to the probable cause of this remarkable phenomenon, for the information of the people.—[Petersburgh (Va.) Intelligencer.

☞ Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the church-wardens recommended to him the relics of their church.—

"Sire, will you deign to take our apostles under your protection?"

"Your apostles! are they of wood?"

"No, sire."

"Of what are they then?"

"Of silver, sire—of solid silver."

"Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly; "yes, I shall bold them to fulfil their mission; it has been ordained that they should go throughout the world, and they shall."

Having said so, the emperor sent the twelve apostles to the mint at Paris.

☞ Married life, says the New York Pick, often begins with rosewood, and ends with pine. My dears, think of that, before you furnish your parlor.

DESERET NEWS,

Published every Thursday, at SIX dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.
Single copy, 20 cents.
Papers delivered at the post office, which will be open each Sabbath, from 12, to 1 o'clock p. m.