

France, Eliza Clergnes, at the age of 118 years. At that age she still tended her goats. In February of the present year, 1852, died in Bohemia, Fr. Murger, aged 108 years. After quitting the military service, at 70 years of age, he labored as a journeyman until his 105th year. His commune then gave him a pension which permitted him to cease his long labors.—*Portland Transcript*.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder. "You've been in the water, again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No 'buts'! haven't I forbidden it—hey?"

"Yes sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a heavy hail storm about the head and shoulders of the child.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for! I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startlingly transparent. Laying her hand softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. DEAR MOTHER, said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!"

"Harry, remember, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother!—It's too bad, I say; he's a tyrant, mother," said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth, "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will the medicine she takes do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footstep. I say it is brutal, mother!"

"Harry! (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips) for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here!"

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside, before retiring to rest. "God be thanked, he sleeps," she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then prayed for him.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck; "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will for what he has made you suffer; don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him and resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated in a low sweet voice the story of the crucifixion. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"

There was a great hurrying to and fro, in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a HEAVY HAND that dealt those angry blows on that young head!

The passionate father's repentance came too late—it came with the word that his boy must die!

"Be kind to her," said Harry as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now, when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty word springs to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angel voice whispers—"PEACE! BE STILL!"

FANNY FERN.

### CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The rattle-snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle-snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of skilful manœuvres leaves but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattle snake. Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim that the rattle-snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattle snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corsetted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of his helpless victim. Thus the two remain 30 or 40 minutes—the executor then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

### LION CATCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Lemue, who formerly resided at Montito, and is familiar with the Killibari country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. He well knows that the method prevailed, and was certainly not uncommon among the people. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighborhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and heard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would spring upon some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping that he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering him powerless for the moment, while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.—*Rev. J. J. Freeman's Tour in South Africa*.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal relates the following:—

"While on a visit to my friends in New Hampshire, the past week, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Rosina Delight Richardson, the only daughter of Mr. Nathaniel and Mrs. Mary Richardson, of East Alstead, Cheshire Co. N. H.

Miss Rosina is 19 years of age, is 5 ft. 3 1/4 in. high, measures 5 ft. 4 1/4 inches around the waist, 6 ft. 2 inches around the hips, 22 inches around the arm, above the elbow, 14 inches

around the arm, below the elbow, and 2 ft. 10 inches in a straight line across the shoulders.

At birth, she weighed 6 pounds, at 5 years 148 pounds, at ten years 238 pounds, at 15 365 pounds, and now at 19 years of age, she weighs 478 pounds. On estimating the quantity of cloth in her clothing, when dressed for a ride on a winters day, we found it to contain 98 1/2 yds. of 3-4 wide cloth.

She has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is of fair complexion, and has what phrenologists would call a well balanced head, the perceptive organs predominating. She can knit, spin, weave, and make a shirt, or a batch of bread, is a good singer, and plays the piano with taste and skill—is considered one of the best scholars in the town where she resides—is courteous and affable, and lively in conversation, and evinces a general knowledge which might raise a blush on the cheek of some of our most dashing city belles.

### A MODERN HERCULES.

In the beginning of the last century—he was born in 1710—there was a strong man named Thomas Topham, who attained great popularity.

He was bred as a carpenter, but his taste led him to turn publican, and he became host of the Red Lion, near the ring in Moorfields, a situation chosen for the sake of the gymnastic exercises of which the ring in Moorfields was the theatre. Topham failed in his public-house business, but succeeded as a sporting character attended races, and exhibited his strength in towns. He heaved his horse over a turnpike gate; he stretched out his arm and squeezed a pewter quart pot in his fingers as though it had been made of egg-shell. Being annoyed by the ostler at an inn in Derby, he seized the kitchen spit and wrapped it round his neck after the fashion of a comforter. Still in Derby, he took up a watchman asleep in his box, and put him, box and all, over the wall into Tindall's burying ground. On board a West Indian man he alarmed a sailor by crumbling a cocoa-nut at his ear, breaking the shell with his fingers as he was in the habit of breaking pewter pots. At a race in the Hackney Road, being annoyed by a man in a cart he went behind and dragged the cart backwards out of the crowd, in spite of the struggles of the horse to pull it on. Topham limped, for he once laid a wager that if his legs were clasped about a tree, three horses could not drag him from it. The experiment was tried, and the horses being whipped, swerved suddenly aside, so that Tom's legs were broken. But what a fine fellow he was. He was the man to draw. I am quite sure that three such men would draw a house if I could get them into Dury Lane. The success of the whole combined entertainment would be something altogether monstrous.

The Boston Post gives an account of the way an officer in the British army of India killed an alligator, and thinks it may have suggested the voltaic battery in the capture of the whale.—The alligator had established himself close to a ford, the disgust and terror of the neighboring population. The officer sewed up six pounds of gunpowder in the stomach of a nice fresh kid, with which he went trolling for the creature, as a fisherman would for pike. Having baited it greedily, the brute sank to the bottom to enjoy its digestion at leisure. His scientific enemy then applied a voltaic battery to a copper wire running through his fishing line, and there was a tumultuous boiling of the water, large torn pieces floating hither and thither in the eddy. The alligator's life and his dinner were finished together.

THE FROG A BAROMETER.—Preceding or during wet weather, the back of the common frog will be invariably found of a dirty brown or black color. Preceding or during fine weather, its back will as constantly be seen of a pretty bright gamboge or yellow color. Intermediate states of the weather will be indicated by intermediate colors on the frog's back. In variable weather, this adjunct to observations made with the barometer and dew-point will oftentimes be found very valuable—such as during a critical hay season; for when the frog's back, barometer, dew-point, &c. simultaneously indicate fair weather, their combination may be relied on as the certain forerunner of clear weather.

SPIRITUAL HYFALUTIN.—The Mountain Cove Journal, an organ of the Spiritualists, has an article under the title of "God Manifest in the Day of Creation," from which we take the following highly interesting extract. If our reader find any difficulty in understanding it, the must attribute it to their unspiritual condition.

"In the beginning of orb-formation, preparatory for man-formations, vehicles of the Quickening Spirit into intellectual formations, the universal concavity and the universal convexity were co-enfolded and encompassed in the universal zodiac, and within the concavity was the visible disclosure unto the germ of the Terrestrial."—*Portland Transcript*.

OBEYING ORDERS.—A farmer sent his son for a log to put on the fire. The son brought a mere stick, and his father whipped him and ordered him to bring another; the boy went out, but did not return for twenty-five years when he came in one evening with an enormous log on his shoulder, which he threw down before the fire, saying:

"There, will that do?"

The old gentleman looked quietly up, examined the log, threw it carelessly on the fire and coolly answered:

"This 'ere log will do, but you have been darnation long time a fetching it."

PREPARING FOR A STORM.—A few nights ago, Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella; and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly sprang out the parapluce.

"What are you going to do with that thing said she.

"Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared."

In less than two minutes Mrs. Bodkin was fast asleep.

An Auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said "this is the most delightful land. It is easiest land to cultivate in Massachusetts—so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here, corroborate my statement—he owns the n patch, and he will tell you how easily it worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a pleasant easier to gather the crops."

QUICK WIT.—Curran was a rare wit, even he sometimes met his match. He once examining a cross grained, ugly faced man, from whom he sought to obtain a dividend. At length he exclaimed, "It's no trying to get the truth out of you, for I see villain in your face!"

"Do you, sir?" retorted the man with smile, "why then it must be so—fair I knew my face was a looking glass before!"

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked father of his son, a "fast" urchin, as he called home one night from the town school. "I don't know, boss," was the reply of the youthful hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod an acher, if you got such a tanning as I did old vinegar-face, this afternoon." The parent stood aghast.

STRIKING LIKENESS.—One of those evening and intolerable bores, who haunt hotel depots, &c., to stare women and girls in countenance, set his two goggle eyes upon Miss —, at the Fitchburg depot, after she and starting at her. She asked him if he had anything of her?

"Oh, no, guess not," says he "I only thought you were the likeness of a gal I used to down at Saco!"

"Ah, indeed," said Miss —, "and you tell your friend I was quite a striking likeness, with which she gave the imp a good rap on the nose with her parasol! Spunky girl, that!"

"Father," said a rough little boy, "I won't buy any more gunpowder from mother."

"Why not?"

"Because every time she drinks it she me up."

The individual who was injured by the dental discharge of his duty has not been from since.