

you talk! No, never. Well, if that don't tell you, then, what Bunkum is. All over America every place likes to hear of its members to Congress, and see their speeches, and if they don't, they send a piece to the paper, in case if their member died a natural death, it was skivered with a bowie knife, for they have seen his speeches lately, and his friends would citizens don't approve such members; don't seem to them as if Squashville, or Lamberton, or Squashville or Punkinville, or Lamberton makes itself heard and known, as if it were too. So every feller in bounden duty talks, and talks big too, and the smaller the State, the louder, bigger, and fiercer its members talk. Well, when a critter talks for an election, just to have a speech in the paper to read it home, and not for any other purpose than electioneering, our folks call it Bunkum. Bunkum is a great place for a State of Maine is a great place for a State of England, with all steam on, and a million of dollars, payable in pine logs and boards, up to Bangor mills—and call out a hundred thousand militia (only they never fight), to capture a saw mill to New Brunswick. Bunkum—all that flourish about Right Bunkum—Bunkum—all that brag about your Canada sheriff was Bunkum. All the Right o' Sarch, was Bunkum. In short, we set the fashions to them (as Paris gals do to our milliners) and all over America is Bunkum."

LAMENTATIONS ON LATE HOURS.
You can't get out a bed afore twelve, in winter, the days is so short, and the fires aint made, or the room dusted, or the breakfast can't be made, or something or another. And if you did, what's the use? There is no one to talk to, and books only weaken your understandin', as does brandy. They make you let others govern you, instead of guessin' for yourself. I wouldn't swap ideas with any one, I make my own opinions, as I used to do my own clocks; and I find they are truer than other men's. The Turks are so cussed, they have people to dance for 'em; the English are wus, for they hire people to think for them. Never read a book, Squire, always get for yourself. Well, arter breakfast, it's a hat and coat, umbrella in hand, (don't never forget that, for the rumatiz like the police is always on the look out, to grab hold of a feller,) and go somewhere where there is somebody or nother, and smoke, and then wash it down with a sherry cobbler.

KILTS.
I shall be off to the Highlands this fall; but I am sure they hant got no woods there; nothin' but heather, and that's only high enough to tear your clothes. That's the reason the Scotch don't wear no breeches, they don't lie to get their kilt; so they let 'em scratch and tear their skin, for that will grow agin and trousers wear.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.
While a worthy individual was "laying down the law" the other day to a knot of his acquaintances, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a load of potatoes to his cart, and who appealed to the man of knowledge—"Come awa' Mr. Knowledge, knowledge is power, ye ken; gie us a wee bit o' this poke o' a'tatics."

CAUSE OF BECOMING FAT.
Theodore Hook, meeting a friend just after leaving the King's Bench Prison, who said to him, "What was getting fat, 'Yes," replied "I was enlarged to day."

From Philip in search of a Wife.
THE SOUL.
It is not strange, that nearly nine tenths of the Christian world cling to the barren and infertile notion of the annihilation or suspension of the soul, until a day of judgement! In opposition to such a belief, as where the scriptures and prophets of old are represented as being in heaven, or as carried up to heaven by angels, and how at variance with the whole economy and order of the universe would such a law be! Everywhere around us we see activity and life. The very body which we throw off goes to lend vitality to new forms of being. And "all is in busy, stirring, stormy motion." The clouds come and vanish, and are now and down like steeped in sunbeams, and the very rocks under our feet, are perpetually undergoing changes. They are a workshop for a moment. And, amid this stupor and unconsciousness? Must the active principles of the soul be suspended and kept torpid for countless centuries, while the very life of the valley is teeming with life! Alas! how can a belief so incompatible with the evidences of God's natural and revealed laws, find a place in the soul of civilized man!

From Martin Chuzzlewit.
AMERICAN CONVERSATION.
The greater part of it may be summed up in one word—dollars. All their cares, hopes, and all to be melted down into dollars. What's the chance contributions that fell into the warm caudron of their talk, they made the gruel

thick and slab with dollars. Men were weighed by their dollars, measures gauged by their dollars; life was auctioneered, appraised, put up, and knocked down for its dollars. The next respectable thing to dollars was any venture having their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, honour and fair dealing, which any man cast overboard from the ship of his Good Name, and Good Intent, the more ample stowage room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft. Deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute its star by star; and cut out stripes by stripe as from the arm of a degraded soldier. Do anything for dollars. What is a flag to them!

HOW TO LIVE IN THE RECOLLECTION OF PROSPERITY.

The philosopher Anaximander effectually provided for his not being forgotten, when, being asked by the magistrates at Lampsacum, where he had resided, what they should do to honour his memory, he made the seemingly small and simple request, that the boys might have leave to play on the anniversary of his death.

Extracts from the Travelling Diary of a German Naturalist.

A very good natured view of English society and manners is taken by the author of this volume, and as it may be interesting to many ladies (besides their admirers) to know what foreigners think of them, we will transfer to our columns a passage or two with reference to the subject. Our German friend must have found it a matter of difficulty to tear himself away from a country where so much beauty and excellence reside.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

On my first visit to England, it seemed to me that beauty was the general rule for the women there, and its opposite a rare exception. Fifteen years later, although with eyes become more critical, I could not avoid being amazed by the number of beautiful persons amongst all classes, and being confirmed in my earlier opinion that Albion is pre-eminently the land of feminine loveliness. The skin of Englishwomen is so pure, transparent, and fresh, that the most fastidious critic's eye must pronounce it faultless. The complexion usually equals the most delicate rose-red, the hair is oftenest luxuriant, and rarely too light in colour, mostly brown, but occasionally blackish, and now and then of a red tinge. The teeth commonly vie with ivory in whiteness, and are also an object of especial care and preservation to their fair owners. Blue and brown eyes are the commonest, and I do not think them the least deficient in liveliness—but their fire is subdued by a certain softness of expression. Sallow-noses are seldom seen—and the insipid Grecian outline of this important feature is happily not much oftener met with. No lack is there of coral-red lips, and the mouth which they form has often the most gracious expression, and all the charm of loveliness. Neck and shoulders are frequently of perfect beauty. The bust is allowed to be one of the chief personal graces on which Englishwomen may boast; and many of them in this respect may undoubtedly well sustain a comparison with the most faultless forms represented by the masterpieces of antiquity. Nay, I am inclined to think that the English outline will charm the taste of many even more than the Greek.

FEMALE NATURE IN ENGLAND.

A mighty energy of feeling, and a deeply romantic trait, peculiarly belong to the female nature in England. In cases of severe adversity this nature exhibits itself in a nobler aspect. Under blows of this kind, the true love of the wife, her unselfish attachment, her devotion and capacity for self-sacrifice are best shown. In the misfortunes of her husband, in his struggles with an unkind and cruel lot, the English lady appears in the fairest light, and comes forth in all her excellence. Not only does she resign herself calmly to the inevitable, not only does she confide her own grief to herself, not only does she avoid what the nicest care every expression which might even remotely sound like a reproach; she is even more expressing, officious, devoted and cordial to her husband, than in his prosperous days—she endeavors to hide from her husband and soften the hardships of their altered state, and employs all the eloquence of the heart to inspire hope for the future, and make the present endurable. I have heard traits described of more than one English lady in such circumstances, which were deeply affecting, and revealed a nobility of disposition that commanded a great deal more than admiration.

The French Governess, or the Embroidered Handkerchief.

ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

While nothing is considered so disreputable in America as to be 'aristocratic,' a word of very extensive signification, it it embraces the tastes, the opinions, the habits, the virtues, and sometimes the religion of the offending party; on the other hand, nothing is so certain to attract attention as nobility. How many poor Poles have I seen dragged about, and made lions of, merely because they were reputed noble; though the distinction in that country is pretty much the same as that which exists in one portion of this great republic, where one-half the population is white, and the other black; the former making the noble and the latter the serf. "What an exceedingly aristocratic pocket handkerchief Miss Monson has this evening," observed Mr. G. to Mr. W., as we passed into Mrs. Leamington's rooms that evening; "I don't know when I've seen anything so aristocratic in society." "The Monsons are very aristocratic in all things; I understand they dine at six." "Yes," put in Miss F., "and use finger bowls every day." "How

aristocratic!" "Very. They even say that since they have come back from Europe the last time, matters are pushed farther than ever. The ladies insist kneeling at prayers, instead of inclining, like all the rest of the world." "Did ever one hear of anything so aristocratic!" "They do say, but I will not vouch for the truth, that Mr. and Mrs. Monson insist on all their children calling them father and mother, instead of pa and ma." "Why, Mr. W., that is downright monarchical—is it not?" "It's difficult to say what is and what is not monarchical now a days, though I think one is pretty safe in pronouncing it anti-republican." "It is patriarchal, rather," observed a wit who belonged to the group.

From Sam Slick.

GANDER PULLING IN AMERICA.

But describe this Gander Pulling. Well, I'll tell you how it is, says I. First and foremost, a ring-road is formed, like a small race-course; then two great long posts is fixed into the ground, one on each side of the road, and a ropemake fast by the end of each post, leavin' the middle to hang loose in a curve. Well, then take a gander, and pick his neck as clean as a babby's, and then grease it most beautiful oil the way from the neck to the head, till it becomes as slippery as a scaped eel. Then they tie both his legs together with a strong piece of cord, of the size of a halyard, and hang him by the feet to the middle of the swingin' rope, with his head downward. All the youngsters, all round the county, come to see the sport, mounted a horseback. Well, the owner of the goose goes round with his hat, and gets so much a piece from every one that enters for the "Pullin'; and when all have entered, they bring their horses in a line, one arter another; and at the words "Go ahead!" off they set, as hard as they can split; and as they pass under the goose, make a grab at him; and whoever carries off the head wins. Well, the goose dodges his head, and flaps his wings, and swings about so, it ain't no easy matter to clutch his neck; and when you do, it's so greasy, it slips through the fingers, like nothin'. Sometimes it takes so long that the horses are fairly beat out, and can't scarcely raise a gallop; and then a man stands by a post with a heavy load ed whip, to lash 'em on, so that they mayn't stand under the goose, which ain't fair. The whoppin', and hollerin', and screamin', and beltin', and excitement beats all; there ain't hardly no sport equal to it. It's great fun to all except the poor goosey gander.

FROM COMSTOCK'S NATIONAL PHILOSOPHY, FRICTION BETWEEN AIR AND WATER.

The friction between air and water often produces the most magnificent, and, sometimes disastrous consequences; for its owing to this cause only, that the ocean raises into mountain waves, before the force of which all the works of man are nothing. It is true, that waves are often seen when the wind does not blow, or when it has ceased, because the ocean, when once set in motion, continues to roll after the cause has ceased to act. A boat rowed across a lake, forms waves which do not reach the shore until long after the line of the boat has been obliterated. Even the small motion given to a surface of water by a fall of a stone thrown into it, will be perpetuated for many rods in circumference. The propensity in water to perpetuate any disturbance in the natural smoothness of its surface is the reason why the ocean rises into waves, mountains high, beyond the reach of the storm which first set it in motion, and perhaps, many days after the storm has ceased. Seamen often know, from the appearance of the ocean, that there has been a storm at a distance, though not a sheet of their own has been filled with a breeze for days and weeks. In rounding the Cape of Good Hope, it is said that the swell of the sea is sometimes so great, that each wave and each billow is a mile across. During the continuance of the wind, and in places where the waves are owing to its friction alone, the effect may be counteracted by pouring oil on the water, which spreading, defends it from the contact of the air, and thus produces a calm. If this can be done at the windward side of a pond, where the waves begin, the whole surface, it is said, will soon become as smooth as glass. It is said also, that boats having to reach the shore through a raging surf, have been preserved, in consequence of the sailors having thrown a barrel of oil on the water.

By Jeffrey.

SIMPLE PLEASURES THE BEST.

When the inordinate hopes of youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views—when the keen contentions, and eager rivalries which employed our ripen years have expired, or been abandoned—when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility, and of our fondest affections lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave—when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate—when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted, what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned, to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame; we are naturally led to recur to the days of our childhood, and to retrace our whole career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of the greatest humility and indulgence than those by which it had been accompanied; to think all vain but affection and honour, the simplest and the cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious, and generosity of sentiment the only mental superiority which either ought to be wished for or admitted.

From Mrs. Mill's Wives of England.

BARGAINING.

Above all things to be guarded against in making bargains, is taking advantage of the poor. It is a cruel system adopted by the world, and one against which women, with her boasted kindness of heart, ought especially to set her face—that of first ascertaining the position or degree of necessity to the party we deal with and then offering a price accordingly. Yet, how often do we hear the expression, "I get it done so well and so cheaply; for poor things they are in such distress they are glad to do it at any price." And a pitiful sight it is to see the plain work and fine work that is done upon such terms. A pitiful thing it is to think of the number of hours which must have been spent, perhaps in the endurance of hunger and cold, before the scanty pittance was earned; and to compare this with the golden sums so willingly expended at some fashionable milliner's, where, because the lady of the house is not in want, the kind-hearted purchaser would be sorry to insult her feelings by offering her less.

LOVE KNOWS NO AGE.

Love forces no grave—its happiness and its trust beyond the earth, but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly, pass calmly on to live for ever.

How to get on in the world—be honest, temperate, industrious—and—mind your own business.

EDUCATION.

There was recently a State fast in Georgia, on which occasion, Bishop Elliot, of the Episcopal Church, preached a sermon which was published in the Charleston Mercury. We copy a single paragraph therefrom. It is a strong plea for home education—an argument for the free eminence of moral discipline—the cultivation of the affections, and the in-fixings of religion as a principle of action. We recommend these remarks to the early consideration of all parents.

"And what shall we say of Education? Can so good a thing as this be spoiled? Can there be a worm at the root of the tree of knowledge? Aye, my beloved hearers, there can be, and there has been, and there is, and unless it be speedily dug out, it will destroy the whole fabric of social life, and bury us beneath its ruins. And the evil lies in this—in considering education as consisting solely in the acquirement of knowledge, and not as well in the eradication of vice—in the infusion of virtue—in the formation of habits—in self discipline and self denial. This evil will never be reached by the multiplication of schools, by the increase of colleges, by the diffusion of knowledge; its cure must begin at the fireside. The domestic hearth—the family circle—the father's authority—the mother's love—these are the instruments which must come into operation—the operation, too, upon Christian principles—before we shall see a return of the lofty tree of moral sentiment—of the noble regard of principle above fear and above favor—of the straight forward honesty that understood not the meaning of fraud—of the sterling patriotism that knew no private ends—which distinguished our fathers. Education, unaccompanied by moral training, is like a sword in the hands of a madman, and yet grieved am I to utter it, much of the education of the country, is of this sort. The schools of most reputation are eagerly sought—the colleges, of richest endowments, are greedily visited—knowledge, knowledge is the cry, while not a thought is spent upon the moral education which may be going on during the acquisition of that knowledge—of the poison of immortality, the licentiousness, of infidelity. My beloved hearers, let them be beheld in the knowledge of the day, than procure them at such a cost. But no schools, however well be conducted, no colleges, however strict the moral discipline, can achieve anything for your children, until you yourselves train them in the homestead, to obedience, self government, to reverence, to courtesy, to virtue. It must be "line upon line and respect here a little and there a little;" it must be daily instruction in the word of God—it must be a constant watchfulness over faults and habits—it must be earnest prayer for them and with them; and accompany all this, must be a free use of the rod of correction, for "folly is boned up in the heart of a child," and nothing else can fetch it out. This is education, and it is the want of this which has made our schools and colleges rather engines of evil than instruments of good. Education without moral discipline, increases crime, and surely this has been our experience, for honesty and high principle were far more common in the land when its education was the simple training of the fireside—when the Bible and the Prayer Book were almost the whole array of Literature—when the cottages of the country were not polluted with the folly and the trash of the cheap literature of our day—too dear at any price, because, asking for the sacrifice of our children's innocence and virtue. Not that I would despise a finished education—you cannot think so, for I am straining every nerve to combine the most finished with this very moral training—but for myself, I should rather see my children ignorant of every thing save their Bibles and their Prayer Books, than have them subjected to the influence of the polluted atmosphere in which they must move in pursuit of the knowledge that is so counted valuable. This is another ground for humiliation, that Christian parents should so little consider this matter, and I pray God that this day's meditation may turn the hearts of the fathers to the children—When I see this, then shall I feel sure that the axe has been laid at the foot of the fraud and crime that have been disgracing us, and that the next generation shall at least retrieve, if it cannot vindicate the reputation of this.