

others two old chaps were hustled up that had seen their best days on board the now defunct steamboats Boliver and Ploughboy, and given a place at the foot of the table, among the most preteading and gold clad compeers—grim, gaunt, consumptive looking old fellows they were too, and reminded one strongly of charity hospital or a sheriff's sale. Well there they stood with the names of their respective boats to which in better days they had belonged, traced in large bronze letters across the back rail, patiently awaiting some hungry guest to oppress them once more in their last and worst days.

Well it chanced that two customers arrived in the city: the one the pilot of an ox-wagon, and the other his engineer; that is, he locked the wheels, "scotched" them and occasionally fired up on the oxen when a hard hill had to be stemmed. They're as nice a pair of spectacles—no specimens—of the genus Hoozier, as you could wish to look at. The driver rejoiced in the name of Boliver, but was called in his neighbourhood Bottistail, for short. He was "one of em," as sure as you live. He was as long as a covenant's sermon, and about as fat as a "stall fed sitting pole;" his head was about the size and shape of a cocoa nut water-dipper, and his nose as sharp and thin as a guomen of asundial. His eyes were small and twinkling his under lip gave back from the upper, and his chin receded from that again; his hair was thin, strait, and a flax color, and no two of a length; his feet were encased in number twelve brogan boots, and he made a track about the size and shape of the half head of a flour barrel. He wore tight red jeans 'oh no we never mention 'ems," and a flax colored coat with ham cracker tails, that came to a point about a foot from his heels. His legs were remarkably small, but what they wanted in diameter they made up in length. The fact is, he was split up to his shoulders—he was. He chewed tobacco, sung Barbara Allen sassally, and went about four feet at a stride, and slow at that. His mate was a fat, a very fat, overgrown green boy, about 18 years old, and the most remarkable feature for a fat one was his nose; it was an outrageous nose, and made after the pattern of a goose-wing broad axe. It is said of him by the facetious J—that he got into a fight once, daring which a man hit him on his nose with a handspike, when thirty-eight bats and a kingfisher flew out of it; but be that as it may, it was, as I said before a most outrageous nose.

Well, they concluded, in solemn council, after they had fed their oxen, to take supper and breakfast at the hotel or "grub at the tavrin," as they called. When the bell rang the driver took the led for the supper room, with the fat one holding on to one of his coat tails. Slowly and warty, thus they marched along the table in quest of a seat, when at length the driver's eyes fell on the Bolivar's chair on the opposite side, and next on the Plough Boy's. Turning with a slow and labored wink on his companion, "Legs" said, "I be darn'd if these fellers don't adzactly know how to do it slumb. See that!" pointing to the vacant chairs, "do you know what them ar letters spell's ar'd what they're for?"

The fat one gave a long, fixed, bewildered sort of a stare, whistled and shook his head.

"Ah! son, you is green, I seee, yet; you knows nothin about a city;" and planting one of the brogan boots well forward, drawled out, "that ar cheer, that, has on it B-o-l. Bol-i, Boli-v-ar, var-Bolivar! that's my name, that cheer's for me. The tother one is yours, because it has on it P-l-o-u-g-h, Plough-B-o-y, Boy-Plough Boy; and you is one, you know, and I be dar'd if them chaps ain't some—found out my name without axin, and your trade by your looks! Well, I will be dar'd!" The fat one was in the most profound amazement at the novelty of the thing, and people's smartness generally, and Legs in particular, and during the time occupied in reaching the vacant seats had his oleaginous mind in a beautiful state of mystification in regard to the whole proceeding.

When he sat down he shook his head mechanically, and turning in his seat, spelled out the words, tracing the letters with his finger.—This appeared to satisfy him, and he "set to" on his supper in good earnest.

After stowing away as much provision as they well could, they disappeared until breakfast, until the grand finale of the thing came off.

They marched in to breakfast with much more confidence and deliberation than they had exhibited on the preceding evening; and found the table nearly full. After diligently searching among the vacant seats for their "cheers," and not finding them, they determined to examine those occupied, and at length found the Bolivar's chair supporting an effeminate dandified person, with a thin mustache, very white hands, and long-toed boots. The Plough Boy's held a meek, pale-looking, sleek-headed man with a white cravat, and who ate fried chicken and hot biscuit. Our hero peeped first on one side and then on the other, until he became satisfied of the identity of his "cheer." So he craned his neck over the dandy's shoulder and accosted him with "See a here! I be dar'd, mister, if I don't hate to stop a feller when he is a bolten his grub, 'specially when it seems to do him so much good as that ar flitter cake is a doing you; but I be dar'd if you ain't made a small mistake, owing to the fog this mornin—you've got my cheer!"

"Oh—ah your chair fellow, who—how came you to own that chair."

He looked up at Legs, who stood leaning over him as solemn as a clock, and the mus-

tache slightly curled. "Go away fellow or I shall call the landlord."

"Now see a-here mister, that ar cheer is mine. I be dar'd if it ain't. It's got my name, my cristen name, on this here board; and if you don vacate quick, I'll mix with you so darned immediately that these fellers can't sort us without a sifter. We'll be like two pints of red eye in one jug. I be darned if I don't. I ain't fear'd of any thing that wears this side of Tar river, so that you needn't sit thar on my premises, an turn up that bary lip at me. I cum from the forks of beaver dam, I be dar'd if I did'at, and I'll grub right thar, or die on the dang hill; I be dar'd if I don't. Are you gwine to vacate."

The dandy affected to pay no attention to his belligerent talk, but sipped away at his coffee, when quick as lightning our hero swung his huge fist around in a circle and brought it down on the poor effeminate's head with a force that nearly drove him through the chair; and sent his coffee and cup bounding across the table, whilst its contents flew in spray in all directions. The next instant he gave the chair a jerk that dislodged his victim, and he fell stunned on the floor.

A long pendulum swing of one of the brogan boots sent him under the table where he staid until the fray ended. A negro servant seeing the dandy disappear so mysteriously, sung out, "De great golly if he haint druv him frow de flos. Run Pete down in de cellar, and bring him up, while I gets de currier."

During this time the fat one had been singing a kind of second to the conversation of his patron in the ear of the sleek headed man who ate on without the slightest attention; but when he heard the crash, and looking, saw the dandy invisible, he concluded that it was a perfect grease spot affair; so up he bounced, and retreating to a side table locked his hands before him, and stood silently and patiently awaiting the end.

No sooner did he leave his seat than the fat one took possession, and fell to work on his predecessor's biscuit, coffee and chicken at a most frightful rate, without once raising his head. By that time our hero was fairly seated on his Bolivar chair, the landlord came, backed by a whole squadron of sleek negroes, and two or three bar keepers, and without a word hustled him off towards a side door with a negro hanging on each arm, his long legs making fearful gyrations and sad havoc among the negroe's shins the while; the landlord then aiming one tremendous and well directed kick at his rear, sent him flying like a pair of scissors across the street. When they turned to wreak vengeance on the fat one, he was not there, he had made good his escape, and carried with him every particle of the meek man's chicken fixens.

When the two friends met at the waggon, our hero asked the fat one in a very dejected tone of voice, "I say did that ere feller get a swing at your rear?"

"No by gravy, he did'nt; I see'd his foot go plump out of sight in the fork of your coat tail, and you rise from the yearth like shootin so I moseyed quick the other way, but (slapping his hand on his stomach) I saved that feller's biscuit and chicken, and what little coffee he had on hand, afore times got too hot. I've got it rite here."

"Well, I be dar'd if it ain't good luck for you my son—if he had a planed that boot of his'n in your rear, he'd a basted grease enuff out at the top on your head to grease a cotton factory. When he raised me I tho't he was a turnin me hinside out, that my starn would be a head of my nose afore I went five feet, and that the bee martins would build in my hair afore I lit. I be darned if I wes sure I ever would lite at all. Oh dura his tarzal picker, I say, but they were our cheers and if I war'nt afear'd of bein kicked into into kingdom cum, I'd hev him, I'd be dar'd if I did'nt."

It is almost needless to add that in a few moments after the fracas the old chairs were hurled over the balustrade, and converted into kindling stuff in less than no time.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

Two little girls went into the fields to gather flowers. Here they found buttercups, dandelions, violets, and many other pretty blossoms. One of the children was pleased with everything, and began to pick such flowers as she met with. In a little while this girl had collected quite a bunch of flowers, and though some of them were not very handsome, yet altogether they made a beautiful bouquet. The other child was more dainty, and determined to pick no flowers but such as were very beautiful. She disdain'd to gather the dandelions, for they were so common; and she would not pluck the buttercups, for they were all of one colour, and did not take her fancy. Even the blue violets were not good enough for her. Thus the little pair wandered on through the fields till they were about to return home. By this time the dainty child, seeing that her sister had a fine collection of flowers, while she had none, began to think it best to pick such as she could get. But now the flowers were scarce; not even a dandelion, a buttercup, nor a violet was to be found. At length the little girl begged a single dandelion of her sister, and thus they returned home. When the two children went to their mother, she asked how it happened that one had so pretty a bouquet, while the other had but a single flower. The children told their story, and their mother then spoke to them as follows:—"My dear children, let this little event teach you a useful lesson. Jane has been the wiser of the two. Content with such flowers as came in her way, and not aiming at what was beyond her reach, she has been success-

ful in her pursuit, and has brought back a beautiful bunch of flowers. But Laura, who could not stoop to pick up buttercups and dandelions, because she wanted something more beautiful than could be found, collected nothing from the field, and was finally obliged to beg a dandelion of her sister. Thus it will always happen, my children, in passing through life. If you are content with simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, such as are scattered freely along your path, you will, day by day, gather enough to make you contented and happy. If, on the contrary, you scorn simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, and reach after those who are more rare and difficult to be obtained, you will meet with frequent disappointments, and at last become dependent upon others. Seek not, then, my children, for costly enjoyments, or extravagant pleasures. Be industrious in gathering those which which are lawful, and which are adapted to your situation. In this way you will cultivate a contented spirit, and secure your own peace. If, on the other hand, you disdain enjoyments that are suited to your taste and capacity, you will be hard to please, and perpetual discontent will dwell in your bosom. Thus you see that one course will result in something better than riches, while the other will bring evils that are worse than poverty."—Green's Annals.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORT.

BY LIEUT. A. T. LEE, U. S. ARMY.

I AM old and gray—I am old and gray,
And my strength is failing me day by day;
But it warms my heart when the sun has gone
And her robe of stars the night puts on,
To gaze on the glad ones who gather here,
To breathe their sweet songs on my aged ear.

They bear me back—they bear me back,
To the field of youth and its flow'ry track;
When my step was light, and my heart was bold,

And my first young love was not yet cold;
And I gaze on many a smiling brow,
That sleeps in the still old church-yard now.

It wrung my heart—oh! it wrung my heart,
When I saw them one by one depart;
And they cost me full many a tear of we,
For my hopes then hung on things below.
But the visions of earthly joy grow dim,
With the whitening hair and the failing limb.

I am old and gray—I am old and gray,
But I've strength enough left me to kneel
and pray,

And morning and evening I bless the power,
That 'woke me to light in the midnight hour,
That spared me, to gaze with an aged eye
On a hope that can never fade or die.

I am gliding on—I am gliding on,
Through a quiet night, to a golden dawn:
And the merry hearts that around me play,
Are star-beams to cheer up my lonely way:
And oh! may the waves of life's dark sea,
Deal gently with them, as they've dealt with me.

THE RUINS OF KARNAC.

In the evening, by the rays of the beautiful moon, after looking again upon the dark portal of Luxor, and its gloomy sentries, we started for Karnac. There was formerly a broad road leading from the portal of Luxor to the great gate of Karnac. We passed through fields of long bent grass, and in half an hour reached a village with its mud walls and straggling palms. The dogs turned out snarling and howling as usual. At first we could see nothing neither temples or ruins. Everything seemed low and undistinct.

Turning round a bank we arrived at the famous avenue of sphinxes, and here the first pylon of the great temple was before us, with the moon streaming upon it, and its long deep shadow sleeping upon the plain. As we came nearer, it seemed by degrees to grow upon us; but not till we stood under it were its colossal dimensions evident. The guides and horses seemed like dwarfs.

So matchless are the proportions, and so simple and so grand the form, that no idea can be formed of the size until it overwhelms one. Passing through it, we entered a small temple, from the neighborhood of which the view which presents itself is extraordinary. Mass upon mass of stones, fragments of pillars, blocks of granite, heaped in endless confusion, meet the eye everywhere, looking as though shaken down by some superhuman power. Wonderful must have been their elevation, but more wonderful still their fall.

I can give no accurate measurement of the size of some of these fragments, but a horse and rider would disappear behind many of the single pieces. Beside the portrait are two sitting statues of granite, facing each other. The great hall of the temple then appeared in all its sublimity. We felt that to behold these magnificent remains, more than repaid us for what we had endured. The sight surpassed both all I had heard and all I had anticipated. Who can describe such a majestic desolation? How came such enormous masses to be shaken to their foundation. No human power, one would suppose, could have worked such ruin. Dread indeed must have been the downfall of Karnac, for column upon

column, tower on tower, walls, roofs, and every foundations, broken up and cast down lie on every side.

The "abomination of desolation sits upon Karnac. The wind has carried the drift of the desert round about it, but still the vast fabric remains. Mountains of sand could not conceal those vestiges of an earlier and mightier age.

Wondrous must have been the power and genius of the people who raised them, and yet how signal is their doom. The Persians and Greeks may have defaced, the Mahomedans may have mutilated the record of the past but it must have been a mightier hand and a stronger arm which accomplished this destruction.

It was not with the tramp of war steeds, the noise of chariots, or the march of legions, that the earth shook and the temples reeled. But it would seem that the judgment of heaven descended upon the land, and left an awful lesson to future ages, to be read and pondered on among the silent halls of this greatest of earthly temples.

The decay of great nations may arise from various causes, as from misgovernment, from internal strife, from conquest, or from a failure of national virtue. But it is impossible thus to account for the changed aspect of the face of Egypt and Syria. Vast districts which are now seas of shifting sand, must at one time been the most fertile plains in the world. It is impossible to reconcile what we know to have been the former state of Egypt, its unrivalled fertility, numerous cities, and immense population, to its present state, without supposing that some great physical evil has taken place. The very ruins of mighty and populous cities of the ancient world are now wholly buried beneath accumulated sands so that not a trace remains of them.

How shall we account for this surprising change? Shall we attribute the decay of the east to the failing industry of man, or to the devastating encroachments of nature? Was it the advance of the sands that drove the husbandman from his fields, as the sea on some coasts now gains upon the land, and extends its dominions at the expense of the cultivator of the soil; or was it the sloth and negligence of man, which leaving the earth without care and tillage, suffered it to run into the waste? Did cultivation wantonly abandon the fertile fields, or was it forcibly driven from them by the ravages of nature it would not withstand. Here it appears to us an interesting field of investigation is open. We see vast, and astonishing effects; may it not be worth while to inquire into their causes.

VICTORIES OF THE PRESS.

Much already has been accomplished, more than people are aware—so gradual and silent has been the ascent. How noiseless is the growth of corn. Watch it night and day for a week and you will never see it growing; but return in about two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such and so imperceptible is the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.—De Quincy.

ANOMALOUS NOISES IN HAUNTED HOUSES.

Mr Poynter states, that at a parsonage house in the country, a knocking which was heard at certain times; and could not be explained, and had obtained for the house the reputation of being haunted, was found to be caused by the baker at the opposite end of the village chopping his wood. The sound it was thought was reproduced in an old well opposite the parsonage. Mr J. A. Picton, of Liverpool, instanced a case where similar sounds, heard in houses, were found to proceed from a steam engine at a very considerable distance, and not audible elsewhere.—The Builder.

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence, it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too will enable the crop to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market to-morrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1660 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process; saving all this useless freight of the 8490 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates.

DESTRUCTION OF BUGS.

A simple method of effectually destroying those obnoxious vermin, has been discovered by a gentleman at Melbourne, whose house was rendered almost uninhabitable by those