

line of British glory the crowning wreath of being foremost in the career of humanity.

In the house, Lord Palmerston enjoys the distinction of being the most popular speaker that ever rises to address them. He owes this enviable advantage neither to the brilliancy of his eloquence nor the fluency of his language, for to the latter of these departments, in particular, he is rather deficient. Though so long a member of the house, and although from the commencement versant in public business, yet he has never attained the easy fluency of some far inferior speakers. He seems often at a loss for a word, hesitates and draws, and keeps his hearers for a moment or two in expectation, though it rarely fails that the word that does come amply repays expectation. His popularity, however, is rather owing to his dauntless courage, to his buoyant spirits, to his unflinching good humor, and to his readiness of resource, by which he never fails to foil his most determined opponent. It need not be remarked that Lord Palmerston's policy is not palatable to more than one section of English politicians. All the friends of continental despotism, and all those who claim the friendship of the late prime minister of France, M. Guizot, as a matter of course oppose themselves to Lord Palmerston, and have more than once attacked him on what they conceived to be vulnerable points of his policy. It is a sight to see Lord Palmerston rise to reply to one of these attacks. His air and bearing are in themselves enough to inspire confidence among his friends—so elevated, so imposing, so self-assured it is, that the very sight of him often inspires a cheer. Then he never indulges in vague declamation, or assumes the air of an injured man. With one or two playful sarcasms or biting retorts, couched in the most homely language, he turns the laugh of the house upon his erstwhile adversary, and then, having prepared a favorable reception for his defence, he proceeds to the matter in hand at once, defending, justifying, and supporting the policy he has adopted, and in the course of his defence giving utterance to the most weighty maxims of statesmanship. It is refreshing to hear a man brought up in the old school of Toryism giving utterance to the most liberal sentiments with a heartiness and intelligence which clearly indicate that he both thoroughly comprehends and cordially assents to them; and all this, too, in the most quiet and playful manner. There is no assumed air of dignity in Lord Palmerston's style of address. He does not belong to the *ore rotundo* school of orators; that phrase, or collocation of words, which most naturally conveys an idea, is the one which Lord Palmerston invariably prefers to every other. Hence his speeches generally abound in the most familiar colloquialisms, advancing sometimes to the very verge of vulgarity, were it not that they are redeemed by their happy appropriateness, and the conviction is instantaneously admitted by every listener, that no other form of words would so happily, so naturally, and so clearly convey his meaning. He has evidently studied intimately the powers and capabilities of our good old Saxon tongue, and has in consequence attained a consummate mastery over that noble instrument for the transmission of thought. As a master of retort, Lord Palmerston stands unrivalled. For quickness and dexterity in seizing an adversary's weak points, he has no competitor in the house, and Lord Brougham alone could match him elsewhere. This quality stands him often in good stead. It frequently happens that negotiations are proceeding with foreign powers which cannot at the moment be divulged, though that will not serve for an answer to impatient members of parliament. In such a case, Lord Palmerston's replies, evading the question, or overwhelming his adversary with ridicule for putting it at such a moment, have a convulsive effect upon the house. The following may be given as among the latest, if not the best, instances:—Mr. Urquhart, who frequently bores him with such questions, wanted some information about the late affairs of Naples and Sicily. Lord Palmerston replied, that the papers, which would be laid before the house, would give all the information required. "Yes," said Mr. Urquhart, "but when shall we have these papers?" Lord Palmerston could not precisely say, but "there was a good time coming!" The laughter that this sally occasioned effectually extinguished even Mr. Urquhart's curiosity.

Except in connection with the affairs of his own department, Lord Palmerston seldom speaks in the house. He probably finds the foreign office quite enough to manage; and certainly the events of the last year have brought him forward quite as prominently as any other member of the cabinet. How he has conducted the affairs of England in relation to foreign states, during the troubled period referred to, must be matter for the inquiry of a future historian; but we shall be much mistaken if the conclusion come to is very different from the verdict, that, amidst some errors and imperfections, this man was worthy in troubled times to guide the foreign relations of Great Britain.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor laundress at Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the cir-

cumstance, thought this would be a favorable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbors to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he after a wretched existence of ten years, on his death-bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.

From the New York Albion.

PLACES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Give me a place to laugh in,
When the darkling night hath come,
And the festal hall is bright with lamps,
And echoes the music's hum;
Where twinkling feet are dancing,
And whirling round and round,
And mirth has a short, but an innocent reign.
At last on earth's bosom found.

Give me a place to think in,
When the silent twilight glides
With a steady step o'er the shadowy vale,
And up the mountain sides;
Where I may look within my mind
And analyse its thoughts;
And chide myself for idleness,
Which fog-like o'er them floats.

Give me a place to love in,
Where the boughs of blossomy trees
Shut out the blaze of summer sun,
But let in the cool sweet breeze;
While a streamlet sparkles near it,
With a voice that seems to say,
"Love on, love on, my waves shall run
By night as well as by day!"

Give me a place to love in,
With the loved-one resting nigh;
A smile on her lip, a blush on her cheeks
And a lovely thought in her eye;
Where no fear of ill to haunt us,
No taint on our pure thoughts found,
We sit hand in hand as long as we like,
And dream it is fairy ground.

Give me a place to rest in,
When tired of the world and its ways,
I leave the noisy haunts of men,
And the glitter of Fashion's rays;
Where I may lay on the bosom
Of a dear and faithful one.
The head that aches, till it findeth there
The peace Love gives alone.

Give me a place to pray in,
A sanctuary of peace,
Where no worldly care can enter
To bid the prayer cease;
Where the earnest spirit, seeking
Heaven's strength with humble zeal
Shall find that bright consoling light
Which Christians truly feel.

Give me a place to die in,—
I have no mother now;
Or on her breast I'd seek to rest
With the death stamp on my brow,
Her lips should breathe the prayers
A parting soul that soothe;
Her tenderness should ease and bless
Even as it did in youth.

Give me a place to die in,
A place where God will be,
With some kind friend to clasp my hand,
And softly pray for me;

Where, every fear excluded,
Hope and Death's pangs glide in;
And a pardoning glance from an Unseen
Eye
Blots out the sinner's sin.

By J. S. Dwight.

THE IDEAL OF AN EDUCATED HUMBLE HOME.

From the best home which worldly enterprise can make, turn now to another, less favored with fortune's abundance, but supplied with rich resources of a higher, surer, and more satisfactory kind. See what education can do; see the treasures of the mind brought out; see how the poor in this world's goods are sometimes rich in one another. The house and furniture are plain, but marked by taste and happy invention and arrangement—revealing many a token of the pleasant walk, the deep enjoyment of nature, while calm enthusiasm lifts the jaded soul out of the ruts and holes of daily care, puts it in possession of itself—of its own freedom and immortal life. The space is small; but, by the magic of great thoughts, of noble, quickening sentiments, read, and conversed about, and mus'd upon in the midst of busy duties, expanded to a boundless fairy-land. There may not be great store of luxuries, but there are books, wells of pleasure inexhaustible. There may not be excitements and gaieties, with which the great endeavor to forget themselves; but there are habits of mental activity, which never let society grow dull, or the most familiar friends grow weary of one another. They draw upon the treasures of the mind, and find what worlds of wonders lie within them. They may not own the splendid decorations, the proud architecture, the costly works of art which another's wealth can purchase; but they may have a cultivated taste, a sensibility to the charms of earth and sky, which they have only to step to the door or the window to see; or they are in the possession of some beautiful art, like music or drawing, which gives them the key to all the glories invisible, but no less real, halls and galleries of beauty; and they can be inspired and delighted at home, as if the rapids of Niagara were leaping around them, or the glaciers of the Alps sparkling beneath them. They are without the advantages of colleges and of business which lie in the same direction with learning; but they are determined that scholars and professional characters shall not monopolize the treasures of the mind. The materials of the sublimer thoughts are open to them. Nature, and the soul, and God, are never beyond their reach, but are always inviting them to angelic meditation and communion, if they are duly willing, and have the energy to put down the disturbing voices of appetite and passion, and to slip the reins of grovelling habit. The Bible is with them; and to them it is not a book occupying so many cubic inches of space on a shelf, and so many minutes of the day in the formal reading; but it is another world into which they enter, transported on the wings of thoughts and heavenly passions quickened by its words; it is a talisman in their midst, which sheds a sweet, holy light around it, and making all the place and all their forms transfigured. The daily meal will be frugal, but seasoned to an exquisite zest by happy affections, happy thoughts, and endless variety of intellectual entertainment; not that there need be any pedantry or effort to talk wise; it only needs active minds which know how to feel free from care, free from jealousies, suspicions, and low fears, abundance of good feeling, sensibilities alive, and tastes refined,—and let them take care of themselves; they will, without much forcing, provide abundant entertainment, and make the meal an hour of sweet society, a truly intellectual feast. Every new power which is cultivated, every new talent which is encouraged and kept in requisition in the bosom of a family, is so much reduction of the huge clouds of commonplace and dullness which settle down upon us. Such a home is a fond retreat in the midst of a most interesting world, whither all minds from their own eager adventures, or enthusiastic walks with nature, or fruitful lessons of labor, or failure, or silent studies in the search of truth, resort to contribute all they have, and feel their measures increased an hundred fold, like the loaves and fishes in the miracle, by bringing them together. Multiply inward resources, then, and you put the sense of poverty to flight; you reduce worldly desires to a reasonable moderation, and endow yourself with skill to compass any reasonable end, or turn any ordinary failure to good account. Home is not merely a place; nor is it enough that it be a comfortable place; it should be a school—a sphere for the exercise of our whole nature. If we want the true spirit of home, then home is not a place any more than heaven is. We are at home where we are most in possession of ourselves; where we are most; where the activity of all our powers is best ensured. And ought not every one to be most in his home; shall he reserve his dullest and worst moods for that sacred place; shall he go out into the world for excitement, and make no provision for the mild and never-failing and satisfying excitement of conversation, of useful studies and employments, of refining arts and amusements in his home! Shall he drown himself in business or politics all day abroad, only to drown himself in sleep at home? Shall he be worth less in the midst of his family than he is anywhere else? Shall the ignis fatuus of money-making or of professional ambition withdraw, if not his affections, yet the presence of his affections from home, and leave the family altar desolate and cold.

From Fitch's Lectures.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Those in easy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little, breathe very little air into the chest, and thus, independently of bad positions, contract a wretchedly narrow small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched open to double their ordinary size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and all the agent required, is the common air we breathe. Supposing, however, that no obstacles exist, external to the chest, such as facing or tying it around with stays or tight dresses, or having the shoulders lay upon it. On rising from bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, your chest thrown back, and shoulders entirely off the chest. Now hold your breath, and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as you can, again fill your chest and walk about, holding in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breathes as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is heavier and denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will soon become very flexible and expansive, and will soon enlarge its capacity and the size of the lungs. While forming a fine chest, and after it is formed, great care is requisite to establish perfectly correct positions, so that the chest shall not be contracted, and all your efforts counteracted by bad positions. If your positions are habitually bad, in spite of all you can habitually do, the chest will be more or less contracted. The rule with you should be, and the rule of health is, to keep the bottom of the chest, the ends of the short ribs, and the lower end of the breast bone, as far out from the back bone as possible. To effect this the chest must be perfectly straight, and thrown a little backward from the waist at all times. The small of the back is made flexible, but the hip joints are the points from which to stoop either backward or forward. The joints are ball and socket joints, like a swivel in some degree. The trunk of the body may bend forward as much as you please, for all useful purposes, and the chest and the whole spine of the neck be kept kept perfectly straight. Hence no lady should make a table of her lap, either for sewing, reading or writing, or any occupation whatever. Let all these and all work you do, be arranged on a table before you, and that table be raised to the arms, or as high as possible, so as to keep the chest straight. A little practice will make this infinitely more agreeable than to stoop, whilst little or no fatigue will be experienced at your occupation, compared to what is experienced whilst stooping, or from habitual stooping. The weight of the shoulders will be thus kept off the chest, which is one of the grand causes of fatigue from manual labor. You will thus entirely prevent the mark of servitude being impressed upon your person, in a pair of round stooping shoulders, and a flat contracted chest.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

George Buckham, living in Harlam county, Ky., is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, and is perhaps the oldest man now known to be living. He is one hundred and fourteen years old, was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, and has lived for several years in a hollow sycamore tree, of such large dimensions as to contain his family, consisting of a wife, five or six children, bed and bedding, cooking utensils, &c. The exploring agent of the American Bible Society, in his travels in Kentucky, recently found him, and also saw several respectable gentlemen who had spent one or more nights with him in this singular home. He professes to hold the Lutheran faith, being of a German family, and received the Bible with peculiar manifestations of gratitude. What a life for one man to spend. What a long train of events has marked this century, through which he has drawn the thread of his existence.

Where did William Cobbett first see his industrious and estimable wife? At the wash tub. Don't stare, soft handed delicate, water hating young woman. As true as we live, Cobbett fell in love with his wife while she was dressed in homespun, with her gown pinned up before, and she was rubbing clothes at the wash tub. A pretty place to make love, think you. But Cobbett was a man of rare talent, notwithstanding his peculiarities—What he wanted in a wife was prudence, industry, and good sense; not show, laziness and fluctuation. We'll be bound to say his good lady never read a fashionable novel, attended a dancing school or ball room, or learned to thump on a piano.

A LINGERING DEATH.—A melancholy looking boy may be daily seen in Castle Ditch, exciting the compassion of charitable passers by. He leans against the side of a shop, apparently from want of food. A placard on his breast, for he is too weak to speak, bears the following inscription: "I am an orphan, and starving." (The poor fellow to our knowledge has been starving for the last three months, and was there yesterday, so that his powers of endurance must be considerable.—Ed. Bristol Journal.)