

fixed in a certain purpose or opinion as long as you oppose him; if you see reason for agreeing with him, and say, 'Well, perhaps his opinion is right,' that moment he begins to see that he was wrong. And thus, it may be, without any positive desire to annoy or contradict you, but simply that, from the cross-grained nature of his mind, he can find no pleasure in agreement. It is naturally difficult to him to assent; he will agree to nothing readily, not even to differ from you; he would rather differ about the difference. Such a person may be called thoroughly perverse, and is very difficult to cure, because he is not likely to have intellectual capacity enough to understand his own case, if it be ever so well explained to him. Such people remain unconscious of their vice of character; and when they suffer from it, are prone to believe that the fault is in others. They do not willingly or knowingly determine to contradict,—to take an opposite view of a matter—to pursue a perverse line of conduct, but they have a predisposition to do so. Their mind is easily perverted, because it is weak. Perversion is not often seen in strong minds.

There are various degrees of Perversity—and there seems to be a sort of pleasure in each. For instance, many persons take a great pleasure in teasing,—it is one of the commonest amusements of partially perverse minds. It is sometimes thought charming in pretty young ladies, but it is usually considered disagreeable in clever school-boys. Now, although we know the nature of perversity sufficiently to understand that the pretty young ladies and the clever school-boys may both feel a pleasure in teasing, yet we do not comprehend that the parties operated upon in either case should find it pleasant to be teased. We are of opinion that properly constituted minds find it unpleasant; and that it is the prettiness in the young ladies which pleases, not the teasing. We do not deny that a perverse mind may find pleasure in being teased; just as vitiated tastes prefer wormwood to strawberries.

Perverse minds like to be thought eccentric; they would spend much trouble in order to establish a reputation for oddity. They do not see that the right aim of a man's life is excellence not oddity. These people will take great pains to have their dress, houses, and manners different from the prevalent fashion. Not that they have discovered any improvement, but simply that they may be unlike other people. They parade their opposition to custom, not because they think the custom pernicious, but because they love to oppose and to have their opposition talked about. If they could manage it, they would walk on their heads, merely because the rest of the world walk on their two feet; and as far as I can observe, their heads would sustain no injury from such a mode of locomotion.

Perverse minds delight in showy fallacy, paradox, and distorted and disguised truth. If you wish to get the assent of such a mind to any particular proposition, you must not enunciate it plainly and simply.

'I think, therefore I am,' is an assertion to which perverse people may demur; but if you put it in another form—and say, 'I am unconscious that I think I exist, therefore I am—conscious,' they will be inclined to think it a truth.

Tell such people that man's mind is a machine for carefully balancing his self-interest in all transactions with his fellows, and that on all occasions he acts in accordance with his self-interest,—and they are likely to believe you; although they intoxicated themselves with bad wine last night, knowing that the wine was bad; and they fooled away their money on it, and would have a prostrating headache from it this morning. Tell such people that the first duty of a government is to take great care of rogues, (hereby offering a premium for crime) and they will see great beauty in the principle; and will talk eloquently in favor of that view of the criminal code which embraces no other idea than that of reforming the criminal and making him comfortable. Perverse people take especial delight in making a part appear greater than the whole, and in magnifying small things. If you show them a beautiful statue, which has some slight flaw, they will fix their attention on the flaw only. In vain you say, 'Oh, but observe the beauty;' they will reply, 'Nay, but look at the flaw.'

There are, doubtless, many pleasures in perversity which none but the perverse are acquainted with. I dare say, dear reader, you will think with me, that it is not desirable to invade their exclusive right to these pleasures, although we should thereby be enabled to write a complete account of them. To use an expressive French phrase, 'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;' or, as the mercantile English say, 'We cannot afford to do it at the price.'

From Waterton's Essays on Natural History.
FRESH AIR.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquaria, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out

of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in prime health the year round. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry-tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting-place. The cow and the horse sleep easily on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without any fear of catching colds. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to, a precaution little thought of now-a-days.

THE MOTHER OF THE MUTE.
BY FRANCES BROWN.

My child, our home-fires light is shed
On the curls of many a fair young head;
But none that glance in the ruddy beam
Like thine of the dark and jetty gleam.
And there are eyes with the cloudless light
Of life's spring morn, that shine
Upon our home; but none so bright
As that starry glance of thine.

It hath shone on my soul through all the tears
And clouds of my sad and silent years.

Silent, though voices glad and young
Oft by our board and hearth have rung;
Sad, though the smiles that young lips wear,
And the joy of unwearied hearts was there;
It rose through the light of summer's day,
Through the sunless twilight chill;
Each voice had part in the harmony,
But thine alone was still;
And well might thy mother's heart deplore
The chord that was mute for evermore.

My child, there have been both prayer and tear,
One sound of that silent chord to hear;
But the hush was deep, and the prayer was vain,
And the tear will never fall again;
For now thy part in the world of thought,
So early lost, is found,

In the blessed love our faith hath taught,
And the hope that knows no bound:
For its pinions cleave the cloud of time,
And its eye looks forth to the tearless clime.

Oh! blessed be the saving power
That won thee back that priceless dower,
And taught thine hand the silent art
That well can speak from heart to heart.
But, oh! the voices of thy youth,
That were clear as sunlit streams,
They are lost in time, they are hushed in death,
But they have not left my dreams:
I hear them bent on the midnight breeze
With the sounds of my childhood's streams
and trees.

Though some have swept over my after-path
In tones of woe and in sounds of wrath;
And changed and cheerless as they grew,
May grow mine own home-voices too;
But thine, it will never lose the tone
Of childhood, gushing clear
From the heart's free founts, that yet have known
No stain of time or tear:

For the sealed-up spring may never blend
With the streams life's darker fountains send:
But rise to greet me on that shore
Where time and its losses come no more.

From the New York Courier.
THE PRINCES OF GERMANY.

It seems to be quite a general opinion that the German people have to bear all the expenses of the princely courts of the country.—There are in Germany more than thirty sovereigns or reigning princes, and about a hundred meditated princes, who formerly were sovereigns also or independent members of the ancient German empire. The sums of money annually spent by all these princes, we may confidently estimate at 50,000,000; and this amount added to the expenses for public service would increase the annual budgets of Germany to an enormous amount.

But, first, in Germany, the taxes are lower than in almost any other country in Europe—for, upon an average, each inhabitant has to pay less than two dollars per annum, whereas the proportion of taxes in England is at the rate of two pounds sterling, and in France at the rate of forty-nine francs. And, secondly, with regard to the expenses of the princely courts and families in Germany, the people have not to contribute out of their pockets one single cent towards them. The fact is, that these families subsist entirely on the revenues

of their domains, or family estates. We will mention one instance. The Prince of Leichtenstein is, in his quality as ruler of a German State having the same name, member of the Germanic Confederation, or Union. But this smallest of the German principalities yields no more than 20,000 florins, which are spent again for the public service; nevertheless, the Prince Leichtenstein is one of the richest landed proprietors, and his estates, chiefly in Austrian Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia, yield an annual revenue of at least 1,500,000 florins.—Thus, the people in the above named principality contribute nothing whatever to the expenses of this splendid household at Vienna, but he reaps them by his own means.

All the other German princes are in the same or a similar condition. They are possessed of property as well as millions of private men throughout the whole world; and the fact that this property consists chiefly of family estates commonly called domains, makes no difference at all. The revenues from these estates far exceeding the expenses of the princely households, it is evident that the assertion that German princes did live at the charge of the people, is unfounded.—On the contrary, in former time the surplus of the revenues, applied to purposes of public service then as well as at present, proved almost sufficient for the public expenditure; and what the people had to pay in taxes was a trifle. Only the wars and other extraordinary contingencies since the first French revolution, have increased the taxes of the German people.

From 'Democracy in France,' by M. Guizot.
THE FREE WILL OF MAN.

Let any man dive into his own heart, and observe himself with attention. If he have the power to look, and the will to see, he will behold, with a sort of terror, the incessant war waged by the good and evil dispositions within him—reason and caprice, duty and passion; in short, to call them all by their comprehensive names—good and evil. We contemplate with anxiety the outward troubles and vicissitudes of human life; but what should we feel if we could behold the inward vicissitudes, the troubles of the human soul?—if we could see how many dangers, snares, enemies, combats, victories, and defeats, can be crowded into a day—an hour? I do not say this to discourage man, nor to humble or undervalue his free will. But victory is impossible, and defeat certain, if he has not a just conception and profound feeling of his dangers, his weaknesses, and his need of assistance. To believe that the free will of man tends to good, and is of itself sufficient to accomplish good, betrays an immeasurable ignorance of his nature. It is the error of pride; an error which tends to destroy both moral and political order, which enfeebles the government of communities no less than the government of the inward man.

From the Journal of a young officer.
THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

We then moved on to our encamping ground, which we reached at 3 o'clock, after a march of about 28 miles. The men are completely done up; we cannot do much more. It is not so much the distance as the time they are out, and the little rest they have had lately. They are almost all footsore; and what makes it more painful to see is that they never grumble, but would march on, I believe, till their legs dropped off. When you read in books of such and such a General having advanced rapidly, by vigorous forced marches, you have but a very vague idea, or rather a thought never enters one's head what the poor devils of soldiers suffered from that same energetic move by which the General got so much *clat*. Overdriving a bullock is cruelty, but overmarching a soldier is zeal; not that one would grumble for a moment at making any exertion when there is an equivalent object in view. However, the General was much pleased with the men, and that is more than enough for us, to whom a few words of praise is a recompence for any hardship. Lay in the sun grilling for two hours before the baggage arrived; got a loaf of bread and two eggs; and here I am, after having enjoyed a good bath, once more in comfort, and in charity with all men.

NEW ENVELOPE-FOLDER.—A patented machine has been put in operation at Birmingham for making up letter-envelopes. It is calculated that if worked by one man and three or four boys it would be able to turn out from 30,000 to 35,000 envelopes in a day, the paper being supplied to the machine ready cut. An expert workman can only make up 2000 envelopes by hand in a day.

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.
BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants, and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the under pinnings to a long slab-sided body, of otherwise generous proportion, the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a grey 'five year old' (at least) seal-skin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr Zenas Homespun.

Zenas had been on 'a bat' during the night previous, and had squandered full half a dollar on himself, in white-eye and sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical, and on the morning we speak of he stood at an early hour in—street, gazing

mechanically at the telegraph wires—soliloquising thus wise:—

'—ic—that's the telegraph—W—ic—well, I don't perceive nothing peculiar 'bout them strings, only—ic's bigger than—ic—'

'Toth—ic—'

'The—ic—line, big un,' said an urchin in the doorway, near by.

'When does she—ic—start?'

'You'd better ax in thar.'

'Whar?'

'In the Office up thar.'

The loafer was shown to the door of the building, and by hook or crook, found his way up three flight of stairs into the telegraphic office. The attendants inquired what the gentleman had to forward.

'For 'ud!—who's she?'

'What will you send?'

'Send whar?'

'This is the Telegraph office, sir.'

'Well—ic—who'n thunder said it was'n't?'

'I supposed you had business, sir.'

'Nuthin o' the sort—ic—quite the reverse.'

'What will you have?'

'I want to make—ic—some inquiries.'

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably decided upon having some fun with the fellow, with the view of sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however, for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to benefit the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened, fortunately to be but lightly charged, and concluded that the nob's were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to move one of the balls; the next instant Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He rose as best he could, and turning to the clerk with—

'Look yere, mister—ic—wot's yere name? I kin lick as many such like stunks as you as could be druv into a forty acre lot. Wot in—ic—did yer knock an innocent man down for—ic?'

'Nobody touched you,' said the clerk.

'The—ic—they did'n't?'

'No sir. You took the—'

'Took what? Yere's pure contemptible caper'—and proceeding to push a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went, heels over head across the floor.

'Look yere,' continued the sufferer, who by this time was well nigh sobered—'od blast yer inf—ernal picture, wot in thunder are you about?'

'You mus'n't handle the tools,' observed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.

'Look you, Mr wots yere name—I aint to be fooled this yere way for nothin, I arnt. By thunder I'm an independent individool, I am; and this yere knocking people down, without notice of no kind, ar'nt the thing, by—! If you'll open that yere door, I'll go out of this, and no questions axed.'

'That's the door, sir.'

'That brass handle!'

'Yes.'

'I'm blest if you do though! This child don't meddle with no more hardware in this trap, no how.'

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow slid out. A suppressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed vented itself in a broad haw haw.

'You're a smart young gentleman you are,' bawled the loafer through the key hole, as he held the door fast with both hands—'you're a very smart young man! May be you'd like to get out of that and go to your breakfast bime-by, may be! An' ef yer do git any gib afore noon, jest let a feller about my size know it will yer. I'll teach you to knock people down simultaneously for nothin, I will.' And from the preparations making on the outside, prospect was that the insiders were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the nob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery.

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger in the sealskin cap was discovered in the act of an anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs meantime performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master.

It chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before. In his progress down stairs the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the first flight, he had partially recovered from the first effects of the 'shocks,' but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was not 'set forward' any in his imagination by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire and presuming it was part and parcel of the 'cursed invention,' he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was consuming the seat of his inexpressibles, he put for the street door at full gallop.

'Fire! fire! help, yere! oh! murder!—fire! help!' shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore at a speed which he 'lightning line' itself might have envied. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him a posteriori, he begged him,