

bring eighteen or twenty. They carry all the characteristic of age about them, without even suspecting that they are old women. Nay, they even laugh and sneer, and make themselves merry with such mirth as malice can enjoy, by sarcastic reflections upon the age of others, who may step in modestly between them and admiration, or break down the monopoly of attraction which they have enjoyed for a season, either in imagination or reality. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is gray as the mountains. They are old women that have much of either. They are dry, heartless, dull, cold, indifferent. They want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labour of love which is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. Old women, old lady, old grimace, old gripe, or any other nickname with the epithet 'old' prefixed to it, is as commonly applied by children to bad tempered mothers, nurses, or aunts, as pretty, kind, sweet, dear, and other youthful epithets are instinctively applied to the good-humoured grandam with her wrinkled face. There is an old age of the heart, which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a Love who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

If there be one part of the continent more than another where the tourist blesses the introduction of railways, it is assuredly the interminable sandy plain in the midst of which it pleased the insane fancy of the great Frederick to establish his Prussian metropolis. But like everything mundane, railway travelling in Germany has its disadvantages; for, to those who, like myself, are abominators of smoking, a journey in a German 'Gesellschaft' railway carriage, is positive misery. It must be that Germans endeavour to stifle their political cares and sorrows in the fumes of tobacco smoke, for assuredly if all were well with them, they would not smoke so incessantly. The practice has become well-nigh universal; and I fully expect to find the women smoking when next I visit Germany. Now they stoutly maintain that a man is not a man unless he smokes; and a lover would have but a poor chance of success if his sighs were not perfumed by tobacco smoke. The modern German smokes from morning till night, aye, and sometimes through the night hours too, as I know to my cost; for on one occasion lately, when my bed was placed against a door which communicated with the adjoining room in the hotel at which I was staying, in Berlin, a stream of smoke came through the keyhole almost uninterruptedly during the night. No place is safe from the pollution. In the bedrooms you will find pieces of sandpaper attached to the walls with notice requesting smokers to rub their matches on the sandpaper, and not on the walls, which request, however, is little heeded; and in the railway carriages you will see, and be considerably inconvenienced by tin boxes fastened to the sides, bearing the words 'Zu Abfall von Cigarren.—Correspondence of the Literary Gazette.

A SLIGHT COLD.

CONSIDER 'a slight cold' to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or as occasioned by the damp finger of death laid upon you, as it were, to mark you for his, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, be those who are aweried of the painful round of life, and are on the look out for their dismissal from it; but be learned off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of gospel, by all those who would 'measure out their span upon the earth,' and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness, who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward, as long necks, narrow, chicken chests, very fair complexions, exquisite sympathy with atmospheric variations, or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic character—if they choose to neglect a slight cold. Let not these complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, if we call 'a slight cold' the egg, and pleurisy—inflammation of the lungs—asthma—consumption, the enormous reptile, the matter will be more than correctly figured.

There are many ways in which this egg may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration, sitting or standing in a draught, however slight—it is the breath of death, reader, and laden with the vapors of the grave! Lying in damp beds (for there his cold arms shall embrace you) continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, cherish the creature that shall at last creep inextricably, surely inward, and lie coiled about your vitals. Once more, again—again—I would say, ATTEND TO THIS, all ye who think it a small matter to neglect a SLIGHT COLD.—Warren's Diary of a Late Physician.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434

muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated being and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own.

The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; but the lady bird can fly twenty two million times its own height in less than an hour.—An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles an hour; sound 1,142 English feet in a second.—Bucks.

From Graham's Philadelphia Magazine.

OH, WOULD I WERE A CHILD!

BY MARIE DELAMAR.

Oh would I were a child again!
A child with spirit free,
Singing glad songs of merriment
Beneath the hawthorn tree,
Watching the many colored clouds
Pursue their course on high,
Trying to count the silver stars
That gem the evening sky,
Weaving, beside bright sparkling streams,
A wreath of sunny flowers,
Or reading wondrous fairy tales,
In green, sequestered bowers.
The lights, the sounds of Nature then
My happy hours beguiled;
Would I could feel their power again—
Oh, would I were a child!

I chose my sprightly playmates then
For simplicity and mirth,
I cared not for the lofty
Or the great ones of the earth;
Rich in the love of cherished friends,
I asked no monied store,
Save to relieve the beggar's wants,
That wander to my door.
I wrote my artless verses then
Without effort, toil, or aim,
And read them to a list'ning group,
Without a hope of fame;
By worldly views, ambitious dreams,
My thoughts were undefiled;
Would I were now as free from care—
Oh, would I were a child!

Yet soon my youthful heart began
To spurn a life like this,
I deemed the far-off glittering world
A fairy land of bliss;
I left my playmates to their sports
And castles built in air;
I dreamed of scenes through which I moved
A lady, proud and fair,
And, while my short and simple tasks
With careless haste I coned,
I longed to study learned lore
My feeble powers beyond—
Like Rassalas around me,
The Happy Valley smiled,
Yet I longed to leave its limits
And cease to be a child.

The magic circle of the world
I now have stood within,
Yet I turn from its frivolity,
I tremble at its sin,
And Knowledge! my long cherished hope,
The object of my love,
She still eludes my eager quest,
Still soars my grasp above;
I add from her bright treasury
New jewels to my store,
Yet miserable, I murmur
That I cannot grasp in more.
Before me seem exhaustless heaps
Of mental riches piled,
Yet still, in learning's brightest gifts,
I feel myself a child.

Oh foolish, oh repining heart,
Thus willfully to cast
Vain wishes to the Future,
Fond longing to the Past!
Panting to overleap the bounds
Of childhood's simple track,
Anxious to 'scape from woman's cares
And trace the journey back;
Should I not rather be content
To pass from youth to age
Striving to do my appointed work
In life's short pilgrimage?
Then let me school my rebel heart,
And calm my fancies wild,
And be in meek, submissive love
Indeed a little child.

PAT'S WARDROBE.

At an auction of furniture which took place in the 'Lang Toun,' (Kirkcaldy) the other week, among the onlookers, were a few Irish labourers. On a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbour, 'Pat, I think you should buy that trunk.' Pat, with some degree of astonishment—'An' what should I do with it?' 'Put your clothes in, sure.' Pat gazed at him with a look of surprise, and with that laconic eloquence peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed, 'An' go naked.'—Fife Herald.

CHRISTIANITY.

The real great, secondary cause of the success of Christianity was its purely democratic tendency. It is in fact a quiet leveling system.

Sketches of Lectures.

SOCRATES.

ONE of the most brilliant of the New England Course of Lectures was delivered at the Brooklyn Institute on Thursday evening of last week by Rev. Thomas Starr King, of Boston. The subject of his address was Socrates; and it was as interesting as felicity of diction, precision of analysis, force of imagery and a wide range of information could well make it. In commencing, he remarked that only one other name was familiar to the human lips as the representative of the spirit of highest beauty. And yet there is some haze about him. It is known, or believed, that he was the teacher of pure morals—a light working in darkness; perhaps the purest pagan light that brightened the ante-Christian years. Of the man himself, but little is generally known. He was born in Athens 468 B. C., twelve years after the celebrated battle of Salamis. His father was a statuere, and he followed the same business until he was about thirty five years of age; when he threw down his tools, and determined to be a moral school master. Nothing more than a common education had been given him in his early life.

We must not think of Socrates only in the stately sense of a philosopher. He never wrote a book, and he studied but very little.—He was a home missionary; and his subjects were men; and the street, the market place, the work shop, and the exchange were his school. He was to the Athenians, like the gad fly about the lazy horse, stinging him from time to time until he gets him into a brisk trot. Neither was he a philosopher in his appearance. If he could stand before you to night, as he walked in the streets of Athens, you would think that the grave had disgorged some besotted loafer. His eyes protruded from his head as if he was half suffocated.—His nose was short, flat, and snub—being more useful on that account, as he said, as it could receive the various perfumes from all parts of the universe. His mouth was large, and his lips thick. His neck, too, was short and thick; and in corpulence, we should call him a modern Alderman. He often practised dancing at home in hope of somewhat reducing his flesh. There is no irrelevance in our thus speaking of his appearance, inasmuch as he made it a frequent source of merriment to his friends. In spirit, he was a Brahman; in looks a Satan. In winter and in summer his custom was to go barefooted. Thus went wandering about the streets of Athens the son of Sophroniscus! But in spite of his corpulence, Socrates was a perfect athlete.—He had thighs of brass and muscles of oak.—When about 40 years of age, he was drafted for the army, and was sent to serve in a company in Thrace. Amid this cold climate where the hardest soldiers were clad in furs, with sandals upon their feet, Socrates walked barefooted upon the snow and the ice; and he once astonished his fellow soldiers by standing in the open air 24 hours!

This leads us to speak of Socrates as a mystic. He was not a philosopher but a seer. He boasted always, from early youth, of a Divine commission, and relied on spiritual help. To the end of his life he believed in supernatural influences and in visions. He had a sort of spiritual rapping in his bosom. Sometimes he was led to utter the prophecies of this inward monitor. And yet, unlike other mystics, he was a terrible logician. And yet he did not make any high professions of his learning. He went into the streets of Athens as an enquirer of truth. Instead of preaching any system of his own philosophy, he pretended he did not know anything—that he was an earnest seeker after knowledge. 'I create nothing,' said he, 'I am a learner, and the humblest of all.' And yet, most persons who fell in his way, found his ignorance a great deal more tough to deal with than the wisest man's knowledge. 'Piety alone,' said he, 'fits the souls for the communication of Divine secrets; and none reach them except those who consult and obey the Deity.' Socrates probably knew almost all of the fourteen thousand male dwellers in Athens. At one time we behold him holding friendly converse with a priest of the dominant religion there; and next we see him arguing with the lawyers, or merchants, or laborers. Perhaps we may best realize his relations to Athens, if we fancy him returned to the earth and behold him walking the streets of New York, and taking up here his mission of reformation.

Behold him walking down Wall street in the morning, and arguing there with the bankers and brokers upon the transient and paltry worth of stocks in Morris Canals and Erie Railroads, and endeavoring to impress upon their minds the truth of a destiny for man somewhat higher than this. And then he catches a lawyer by the button and tells him that there will be call for subtle eloquence at the last assize. At half past one, he saunters into the Exchange, and is soon found addressing a group on the nature of The Beautiful. At two, look for him at Delmonico's, arguing the foolishness of this habit of eating—that it is a mere gratification of a want, and that the part of wisdom is to keep as far as possible from the want! At four, you shall find him in close communion and conversation at some prominent residence on Fifth avenue. After entering into all their various pleasures and amusements, he will not fail to wind up with some good advice upon the true life—which is one of temperance, sobriety and simplicity, &c., &c.—I imagine him in all these various phases, and you shall then know what Socrates was to

Athens, and how he would be welcome among us.

After a few more remarks on this head, the lecturer passed on to notice Socrates in his domestic relations, remarking that he was a great admirer of human beauty. He had a noble estimate of Woman; and were he among us, and an extemporaneous speaker, his voice would undoubtedly be heard in the councils of the Woman's Rights Conventions at Worcester. 'I have long held the opinion,' said Socrates, 'that the female sex are inferior to us in nothing except bodily strength.'—There is no disputing that Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a Tartar! She had often made a practice of 'mopping' her husband; she used to knock over the table when he expected a friend to supper; and once she tore off his cloak in a fit of anger, when walking the streets. But the sage was never ruffled. 'The visitations of water,' he used to say, 'are but the forerunners of the thunder that generally follow my good wife's tongue.' All these domestic perils he turned to moral benefit.

After a few remarks on the close friendship existing between Socrates and his favorite pupil, Plato, Mr. King closed his address by giving a graphic description of the closing days of his life. He spoke of his accusation by Melitus during the sway of the thirty tyrants, his arraignment before the hundred judges, his serene bearing during the trial, his calm indifference at his sentence of death, and the strong fortitude with which he pressed to his lips the cup of hemlock which soon put an end to his life. Those judges of Socrates are forgotten now. But his presence is one of the sacred teachers in the memory of the race; while his career gives strength to reformers, and preaches to us the majesty of self-sacrifice. The loyalty of his life, the firmness of his principles, the serenity of his bearing, fortify more powerfully all our hopes, than his arguments of the truth of immortality.

MODERN MACHINERY.

A writer on the benefits machinery has conferred upon man, anticipates the day when it will perform nearly all the domestic drudgery now done by hand.—It will carry hot and cold water to all parts of the house, bring coal up stairs, and carry dust down, answer the door, make the beds, clean shoes, attend to the cooking, and perform a thousand other similar offices. In some instances, the writer suggests how these things may be accomplished. In numerous businesses requiring polishing processes, circular brushes are made fast on a shaft revolving at a speed like a lathe. Shoes held against these brushes would be polished without labour. Coffee, tea, and similar things might be prepared by the gas jets alone, and without the aid of servants. Ascending the stairs to answer bells might be dispensed with by internal telegraphs. But increased facilities for people to have all things near them, would much diminish the labor, and moreover, using lifts, such as are used for workmen in the mills, would remove the toil altogether. Waiting on the table could be performed by a machine. In fact, all kinds of domestic drudgery which requires a large number of servants in a house, will, in time, the writer thinks, be performed by contrivances requiring no manual labor, and the office of a domestic servant cease to be, and humanity become really emancipated from a slavery created by these wants, as oppressive as negro servitude.

The following are some of the changes produced by the steam engine. The poor have worked for the rich in all times, and no otherwise could it be. It was the law of nature to win a firm platform for the thinkers to stand on, and plan the escape of humanity from the hell of oppression. The steam came and took upon itself man's drudgery; process after process was turned over to it; the emancipated slaves—time amalgamated by their drudgery—humbly striving with it, as a blind man with his friend, whom he mistakes for a foe. But still went on the strife; drudgers disappearing, and losing themselves in humanity—a struggle that will go on till drudgery be no more. The remains are fast going. What then? There are less weavers but not fewer men. Chippers and filers have disappeared behind self-acting machine tools, but other men in greater numbers do more delicate kinds of work. Cotton mills start up with many floors, and working men are lifted up to them by machines, to save the labor of ascending the stairs. Ever is the engine on the watch, as though to say, 'What can I do for you next

STAND ASIDE!

At a recent political meeting at the West, a young and ambitious son of Demosthenes mounted a stump, and throwing off his coat, proceeded to speak as follows:

'Mr. Speaker—When I open my eyes and look over this vast expanse of country; when I see how years of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization, and expand on either side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet; I cannot resist the idea, sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room, the continent, the entire continent, and nothing but the continent, and we will have it.

Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm upon the Oregon Coast, his left upon the Eastern seaboard, whistle away the British power, while reposing his leg like a freeman upon Cape Horn. Sir, the day will come—the day must come.'