The Lewis County Republican.

TERMS—TO SUBSCRIBERS BY MAIL $1,50 PER ANNUM, BY VILLAGE CARRIER $2—IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 25. MARTINSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1855. WHOLE NO. 963.

FLOWERS IN WINTER,

Which were Painted upon a Porte Livre.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born,
Of sunshine and of flowers!

For well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown home—
The lights and shades, the purple stains
And golden hues of bloom.

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of Spring,
This dream of Summer time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our Fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimac
(Sold old ancestral legends say)
Could call green leaf and blossoms back
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall
Beneath his touch put out their leaves;
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud and bloom before his eyes;
From frozen pales he saw the pale,
Sweet Summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,
Came the sad Dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues complained
Of household use and wrong

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
The pipkin wore its old time green;
The cradle o'er the sleeping child
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
While wandering in her sylvan quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet,
That Druid of the West—

And while the dew on leaf and flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power,
And caught his trick of skill

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more bright,
And paints upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light!

Without are neither gold nor green,
Within, for birds, the birch logs sing,
Yet Summer-like we sit between
The Autumn and the Spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland balm,
And her whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O Winter snow!
The sweet azalia oaken dells,
And hide the banks where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells!

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brook-side home;
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives,
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when Spring comes round again,
By greening slope and singing flood,
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE SEPARATION.

Emma Wilmot, a girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle, in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London.

"Uncle," said she, "I think there are very few sights that you have not not seen; pray were you ever present at a fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once at a fire, it was the most awful description of a fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was a not a London fire, either, where the spring of a rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand in procuring engines and assistance from every quarter. It took place in a retired country situation, ten miles from any town, and to sum up the horror, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friend.'

"Will you tell me the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma—for the fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I for the sake of my friends that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma: "had insured the house much beyond its value and were glad of the additional money."

"No, Emma—you are wrong; the house of my friend was certainly insured—but the insurance was beneath its value; and they lost many little articles of use and ornaments endeared to them by circumstances and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong; they certainly gained a treasure—or rather they regained it; for they had possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now, uncle, you speak in riddles; do pray tell me the story."

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave a nod and a smile of assent—and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere regard; they lived in a beautiful country house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighborhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland. They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual—and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy feature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separation, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple"

"I do not quite agree with you there, Emma," answered her uncle; "there may be circumstances which justify the painful measure; such, however, were not the circumstances of my friends; the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and love of dissipation, but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable they should have been different, they were both haughty, exacting, irritable, impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights where no one else would have descried them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on both sides. The lady complained of the attentions of a lover in her husband, and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing or smile for his gratification alone, as she was wont to do in the days of their courtship. They became contradictory, peevish and sullen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important.'

"How different from my dear father and mother!" said Emma; "who can never keep anything a moment from each other."

"The confidence which they withheld from each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters: and several of the friends thus injudiciously distinguished, made use of the idle and common phrase: 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.' This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and return to her parents. My friends, as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail or endeavor to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability would soon disappear, when not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love," said Lady Wilmot, smiling: it is almost bad as praising yourself.

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all my persuasions were in vain, I was obliged tacitly to consent to the introduction of Mr Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation; he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to me more fatal than the box of Pandora—since hope could but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar; the fortune brought to him by his wife was small, and had been settled on her for pin money; but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his income. He expressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although knowing their kind temper, and feeling natures, my very heart was wrung at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland, and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her, than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth—I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar, and deep was my sorrow to think that aught but death should dissolve that union. I could not, however, bend her haughty spirrit. 'She was undervalued,' she said; 'she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents, and thither she would return.' I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar; this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that, in honor of my arrival, she would dine at the table that day.

"It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr. Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarassed person among us."

"Oh that terrible lawyer!" said Emma; "How I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear girl," said Major Hervey; he was a worthy and upright man, he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so, and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from lawyers and medical men; we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes and distresses, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events subdue the outward expression of them. They grieve like others for misfortunes of their friends and relatives, but if they gave a tribute of ardent sympathy to the suffering of every client and patient they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement highly unfavorable to the cool, deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quitted us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact, the whole room presented a dreary appearance; her harp and pianaforte were in packing cases ready for removal, a table near the window, which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing desk and work box were not in their accustomed places, and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage was removed.

Mr. Chambers retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character by endeavoring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting and the insignificant station held by a separated wife. But Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious—she was only vain and exacting; she preserved her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her 'good night.'

"All that now remained in my power was fervently to entreat the Heavenly Disposer of events, in my prayers, to have pity on these poor deluded young people—to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirits, and to lead them at some future time, again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread at the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

I woke again. It was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decisive smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed. Several fires had lately taken place in the neighborhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many of the surrounding families. And this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the day preceding had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and had been heard to avow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar. We gave the alarm to the servants; and finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighboring farm house for assistance, and employed the others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames.

"First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her lady gently and quietly, to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer house at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to assemble for the present.

"Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labors of the servants, who removed many articles from the house; at length the flames spread with such rapidity, that we were compelled to desist, and I walked down to the summer house to console and reassure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise on discovering that she was not there. Her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor was one of her clothes to be discovered; it was evident that she had been awake, and sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her safety by flight.

"I must say that I felt more angry with Lady Falkland than terrified about her—for I supposed that, unwilling to be identified with her household, or run any risk of any communication with her husband she was about to leave, she had sought refuge in one of the farm houses in the vicinity. I thought it right, however, to inform Sir Edgar of her absence, and was returning to the entrance of the house for the purpose, when I was startled by a piercing shriek from Lady Falkland's maid, who followed me. I looked in the direction to which she pointed, and at the window of a little apartment above the drawing room what was my horror to behold Lady Falkland making despairing signs for assistance!—This little room had been a great favorite with Sir Edgar and herself during the early months of their marriage, on account of the extensive view it commanded; she had it fitted up with bookshelves, a guitar and painting materials, and they passed much of their time there.

"It afterwards appeared that, unable to sleep, the idea had struck Lady Falkland that she would take a last farewell of this room endeared by so many early and tender remembrances. She sat down on a low ottoman there—her own peculiar seat—rested her head on the chair usually occupied by Sir Edgar, and gave vent to her grief in repeated and passionate sobs, till at length she fell into that dull and heavy sleep so often the result of continued weeping.

"She awoke to a scene of awful danger. She attempted to open the door; but the flame and smoke that assailed her immediately drove her to the window. It was two stories from the ground; death would be the result of jumping from it. One of the servants immediately ran to a neighboring farm where, he said, was a ladder sufficient to reach to the window; but how poor appeared this prospect of relief, when the danger was immediate and imminent—the staircase was in flame. Who would venture to ascend?

"I offered large pecuniary rewards to the person who should save her life. One of the under gardeners, tempted by my munificence, advanced a few steps into the house and then returned.

"'I shall be suffocated in the attempt,' he said, 'and what will become of my widow and fatherless children?'

"At that moment Sir Edgar, who had been giving directions in a different part of the premises, made his appearance; and more by gestures than by words, we pointed out to him the situation of his wife. I shall never forget his agonized cry of distress; but he did not waste a moment in the deliberation. He snatched from me my military cloak and rushed into the house. The old steward who had been in the family at the time of his birth, endeavored to hold him back.

"'You are rushing to certain death, Sir Edgar,' he cried, 'pray return.'

"'I will save her life,' he exclaimed, 'or lose my own in the attempt!' and in another moment he disappeared up the blazing staircase.

"I had scarcely time to hope before Lady Falkland gave me fresh cause for alarm—The flames were approaching rapidly to the place where she stood, and she evidently contemplated the desperate measure of a leap from the window; and I was shuddering at the idea of speedily beholding her mangled form, when I saw her drawn back by a strong hand. Sir Edgar wrapped the cloak round her and carried her from the window. Once more I ventured to breathe. As Sir Edgar ascended the staircase without material injury, I trusted that he might descend it in the same manner; but at that moment the event so long anticipated took place—the staircase fell with a tremendous crash, and all hopes of retreat were cut off. A dreadful and inevitable death seemed now the portion of these two young people; but there was a melancholy consolation in the idea that they would be clasped in each other's arms, and exchanging mutual assurance of forgiveness. My head began to swim, and my eyes to feel dim, and I was on the point of sinking to the ground, when loud shouting voices near me aroused me to perception, a party of men were approaching bearing the expected ladder, and headed by Dennis O'Flaherty, an Irish laborer at the farm. Even at this moment the strange thought passed through my mind of the manner in which we estimate the value of a person according to the existence of local circumstances. I had frequently during my visits at the hall, conversed with Dennis O'Flaherty, and amused myself much with his brogue, his blunders, and his uncouth manners. I knew him [illegible] but it had never entered into my head that he could possibly be of use to me in any other point of view than as a person to be lauged at; but now, when I contemplated his athletic frame, his muscular limbs, and his bold bearing, I felt that the utmost genius of most polished courtier of the age would be an object of inferior consequence in my eyes to Dennis O'Flaherty; and the sweetest music would have been less delightful to my ears than the powerful brogue which made itself heard above all the rest in vehement commands to his companions to waste no time, but set up a ladder quick and steady.

"It was speedily set up under Dennis's direction, he was at the top in a moment. Sir Edgar deposited the fainting Lady Falkland in his arms, he speedily bore her down, and Sir Edgar followed in safety—Three loud cheers broke from the assembled spectators, as he reached the ground.

"I could not join in their acclamations, but I silently and fervently offered up a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of my dear young friends, and a prayer that the circumstances attending it might have a beneficial effect on their future lives. Lady Falkland was not hurt by the flames, although weeping and hysterical through alarm; she was immediately borne to the farm, and medical assistance was procured for her. Sir Edgar had not escaped so well—he was severely scorched and in great pain; but in the midst of his sufferings he could not refrain from telling me of his happiness.

"The few minutes that elapsed between his entrance into Lady Falkland's room and the arrival of the ladder, had passed in the most tender interchange of protestations of affection and in lamentations over their too probable separation from each other by death—although they had so recently desired a separation in life. At length the medical man having left Lady Falkland, took Sir Edgar under his care, and immediately silenced his transports by a composing draught. Fire-engines arrived from the country town, and in a few hours the house had ceased to blaze—presenting, however, a lamentable spectacle of blackened and smoking ruins.

"Morning came; the father and mother of Lady Falkland were expected, and I rode to meet them, anxious to acquaint them with the happy change in the prospects of their daughter. They were astonished that I should greet them with a smile, still more so when I described the tremendous scene of the preceding night which seemed little calculated to excite such a token of pleasure.

"But most grateful were they when I had finished my story, and fervently did they return thanks to the gracious Lord who had thus wonderfully and mysteriously wrought good out of evil.

"I led them to the farm, where they fondly embraced their beloved daughter, she was sitting by the bedside of her husband, who then, no longer supported by the temporary excitement, was suffering severely from the effects of hurts, and a tender and affecting scene ensued. When I left the room, I encountered Mr. Chambers, the lawyer.

"'I am exceedingly sorry,' he said to me, with a look of doleful apology; 'but I have reason to fear that the deed of separation has been destroyed by the flames.'

"'So much the better,' I replied cherfully; 'Sir Edward and Lady Falkland are now happily reconciled, and the deed of separation, even if recovered, would be no better than waste paper.'

"'Pardon me, Major!' said he, with a provoking curl of his lips, you can only conjecture that point. We lawyers are not to be satisfied except with proof, and time alone can prove that the deed will not again be required.'

"I was glad to escape from this undoubting gentleman to the clamorous rejoicings and congratulations of Dennis O'Flaherty. I gave him a sum of money, which Sir Edgar afterwards trebled, and I resolved never to laugh at his blunders again, since he had so happily refrained from blundering in a case of life and death.

"Lady Falkland attended her husband with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity during an illness of several weeks. On his recovery they passed some months in travelling, and neither of them made any complaints of want of attention on the part of the other. The house was rebuilt exactly in the same form, but it was more attractive to my eyes than it had ever been—for it had now become a 'Mansion of Peace.'"

"And do you really think it possible, uncle," said Emma, "that a couple who were once on the verge of separation, could be thoroughly happy afterwards?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," said Major Hervey, "they are as happy, Emma, as your own dear father and mother."

"Now, uncle, I cannot believe you; I shall be like your skeptical friend, Mr. Chambers, only satisfied with proofs."

"Then I will give you a proof, Emma, which will be quite satisfactory even to the skeptical Mr. Chambers: it is of your own dear father and mother I have been speaking."

Emma cast a wondering, incredulous glance at her mother.

"Surely, my uncle is jesting," said she.

"No, my love," answered Lady Wilmot; "he has given you, under imaginary names, a narrative of facts. The awful scene took place twenty years ago, on this very site; and the room where we are now sitting answers to the one in which I stood momentarily expecting a painful and violent death, and shrinking from the idea of appearing before my Creator with a spirit irritated by angry pride and a conscience burthened with the neglect and defiance of my duties as a wife and a christian. I trust that by the assistance of Providence, I have been enabled to correct the faults of my temper, and most happy, my dear Emma, am I to say, that I have never observed any indications of the same imperious and exacting disposition in you; but in case any future alteration in your situation should bring to light any defects in your temper hitherto unknown, I am glad that your uncle has told you these particulars of early wedded life of myself and your dear father. Your choice, I trust, will be cautious and prudent; but that choice once made, consider that it is equally your duty and interest to bear patiently with the foibles of the object of it; and ever remember that the bonds you assume are [illegible] porary ties, but are to be worn by yourself, and by the husband of your selection, in fidelity and constancy, 'so long as ye both shall live.'

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FROGS.

"On a log sat a frog,
Weeping for his daughter;
He wiped his eyes, and caught some flies,
Then jumped into the water."—Anon.

Frogs have their uses—other than to form the staple of French soup. They have been even of more benefit to the world in matters of science, than in matters of digestion; for a genuine philosopher is your long-legged, ill-shaped frog. The family to which he belongs, is a very ancient family—indeed if he were to urge his pretensions, he might with very good reason, go back beyond the origin of man; for both geology and the inspired record allow him an earlier existance. There was a time when he and his family, the *Batrachia*, could look abroad over the works of creation, as we do now and claim them all as theirs—claim them by virtue of a higher organisation, as men rule the brutes and as Anglo-Americans drive the *true* Native Americans before them. A time when primeval silence was broken only by their croakings, and the serpents hiss, and when they were the real and only lords of creation. This climax in the fortunes of the family was successive to the reign of Fishes, and coeval with that of Birds.

In the way in which our friend comes to maturity he is, like all of us, subject to the great order of creation. Cold blooded in youth as in age, he springs from an egg, which hatches in water at common temperatures; and never laying it to heart that he is only a foundling, his wants are supplied by a little mud, and some sunshine. But ere he enters on the immunities of frog-ship, he must pass a probationary existance as a tad pole,—breathing like a fish, through his gills, swimming like an eel, with his tail and abhorring air, as the toper dreads water. With the instincts of a fish to all intents and purposes he is a fish, and were he never to see the sunshine and light, a fish he would forever remain. But at this period, a transformation begins. Legs start from his body; his air bladder becomes a lung; his tail gradually perishes. Thus is it conclusively proven that Lord Monboddo placed his men with tails in the true order of succession, when he made them out antitypes; and that he only in error, as regards the comparatively insignificant matter of their *ever having existed*. It lacks but this to prove that *we* were once thus longitudinally adorned.

No new principles are envolved, when the tad pole becomes a frog. His water breathing gills are simply exchanged for air inhaling lungs, and no new courses are opened for his blood. Thus one plan pervades the whole animal creation. To comprehend something of the modifications of this plan—by which animals are adapted to the different circumstances of the air or water they inhabit— is by so much to have approached the conception of God's original idea in the creation of living things.

But even when the tadpole has entered upon a higher stage of existance, he is not destined to hold it uninterruptedly. Having in the day of prosperity rejected his gills, the friend of his need, he finds himself, when the winter months return, like many a man who leaves a living business for something that promises better, under the sad necessity of *hypothecating* himself in in the mud. He thus passes the winter, dependent on his skin, in the absence of lungs or gills, for the means of support, just as many a broken down spendthrift in similar circumstances, depends on his wife, he does not breathe at all,—the temature of his body is scarcely above that of the surrounding water,—his blood, the circulation of which is very slow, is purified by exposure through his skin, as that of the fish is through his gils. His waters hybernation,—or as it might be termed, his aquatic *wood chuck ism*, reduces him to a lower condition than be has yet known.

During the summer, when our friend is somewhat warmed up, he is not so phlegmatic. On the contrary he evinces a most commendable disposition to keep up with the times. As he has been provided with a very feeble apparatus for getting up heat on his own account, whatever his private predilections may be, he very wisely becomes the creature of circumstances—He is more mecurial even than his friend, the Frenchman,—indeed he becomes quite a thermometer, for in his very merriest moods, a little ice water will render him sedate and contemplative. In this, decidedly the *fastest* portion of his life, he cannot fully dispense with the oxydising power of his skin, and so he seeks the fair, because he finds it to contain more oxygen, than did the water. For in his aqueous home, he found but an occasional bubble; and his wants were ill-supplied, even by the double measure of oxygen this contained. But he is unable to venture far from water, for having no scarf skin, he would be smothered if the surface of his body were once to become dry. The application of a coat of oil will suffocate him, though he can in the warmest weather, go half an hour or so without breathing.

In regard to breathing through his skin the frog is after all, but one remove from the rest of us. Some ingenious experimenters have recently proved this, by covering an animal with a coat of varnish so as effectually to preclude its sweating.—Instead of going into a fever, as they expected, it grew colder and colder, until it finally died. Most of us mammalians breathe so much through the skin that we might be smothered in an hour or two, by completely stopping its pores. It is probably by preventing any approach to such a stoppage that currying cattle is so grateful to them, and frequent bathing so beneficial to ourselves. This may also be the philosophy of the action of poultices on inflamed parts, favoring by their moisture the escape of carbonic acid gas.

The temperature of the blood in animals is higher as they have greater power of motion, just as the natural beat of the frog is greater in summer, than when he lies torpid during the cold of winter. Angle worms are only a degree or two warmer than the earth they inhabit, and fishes, generally, bear about the same relation to the water they dwell in, though some of the most voracious, like the shark, are fifteen or twenty degrees warmer. Turtles are cold blooded and sluggish of movement, the contrary, some ten degrees warmer than man. The temperature of insects sometimes rises to 120 deg.—which is perhaps the highest, natural to any living thing, and their powers of motion are proportionately great.

The *Hybernation*, or torpidity in winter of certain animals, is on some accounts very interesting. Woodchucks and snakes in their winter quarters are but little above the temperature of ice, and only become active as they become warmed. They go into this condition in the fall fat, and come out of it in the spring lean. They breathe, and their hearts beat not more than half as often as in their summer life. In this fact is shadowed forth another great and practical law: that with any individual the slower the pulse, the greater the probability of longerity. Life Insurance Companies note the number of beats in a minute, and in the low stages of disease, if the pulse remains nearly natural, no immediate danger is apprehended. We seem to be entitled to a certain number of beats in a life time; and if the machinery is not stopped by some accidental cause, the faster its motion the sooner it runs down.

We have derived these lessons from the Habits of the Frog, his structure might teach as many more, as illustrative of God's infinite wisdom in the creation, as these are of his boundless goodness in the support of his creatures.—*Country Gentleman*.

A SEVEN MILE LEAP ON THE ERIE R. ROAD.

[We gave a short time since an interesting "Railway Sketch," by "Sentinel" of the *New York Courier & Enquirer*. The following is from the same pen.—*Country Gentleman*.]

There was in conveyance across the Erie Railroad some valuable horses.

It was a night of intense cold and however luxurious to cattle, whose experience of floor and roof is limited, to the attendants, the crevices and openings of the cars let in entirely more of the wild northwester than was agreeable. The owner of the horses in the car near the tender had an apartment rather more guarded, and as he understood all the ways of his animals he was not in the same fear that others less experienced would have of being with them. Nor is it without real danger, to ride in a car with a horse. The sudden start may break the halters, and in the fright a scene of plunging and trampling takes place, in the midst of which, the presence of a man might, for his sake be well spared.

The train was approaching the long seven miles down grade which occurs just before entering Deposite from the westward. At the last station, the Superintendent had deemed it best to have two very heavily burthened cars affixed to the rear of the train. They greatly augmented the load, and the engineer demured, but the discipline was good, and the order was obeyed. It gave the engine enough to do on the level grade, and all it wanted on an ascent. What precisely it was to do, when the heavy grade was to be run down, was not quite clear. The engineer had nerve, however, and while he doubted the safety, he did not falter. The cars coupled, the slight blow was given to the starting bar, and the train was off. The engine gave forth its exhaust (as the word was quaintly phrased of engines that know no exhaustion) with a vigorous whistle, and over the the level the wheels rolled sharp and hard in the bitter frost.

The train was due at Deposite at such a time as would cause it to meet another, which by that time was to be on the switch—awaiting the passage of the western cattle train. In a few minutes, my informant found that the down grade had been reached. He had with him several of his friends who were in the same business, and who had left their uncomfortable cars for his pleasanter one. The tremendous pressure of the load soon bore upon the engine—The stout cattle, the heavy and weighty cars, and the great additional burden which had been added at the last station, crowded on to the machine, from which the engineer soon realizing the condition of his train, had withdrawn the steam—so that it moved by its own momentum alone. Another and more appaling truth soon manifested itself—that with the increase of cars additional brakemen had not been sent, and that the break force was becoming powerless. Powerless! it soon becomes as a velvet touch rather than a grasp on the wheels. The ice on the rails rendered even the force that was applied useless, and each instant increasing, that train fast rolled—then rushed—then tore along;—my informant says he knew of no gradation of speed. From the moment that the down grade was reached, it seemed to him and his companions—shut up as they were in that close apartment with animals whose strength would at the first terror arouse to destruction—to him the sensation was as if the train fell. It had all the peculiar motion, not continuous or regular as in the rapid roll of the wheels, but as if all else but the train were away, and it was going at the speed of a hugh mass, falling, and in the acclivity of decent increasing at each second;—and all this fearful time that train at Deposite was to be met. They knew it was to be met. Engineer, fireman, brakemen, and conductor, and the hardy drovers that were the passengers, knew it, and in their terrific speed feared less, if it might be, for themselves than for this doomed train, through which, and over which, amidst dead and mangled men and crushed fragments, never stopping for shriek or sorrow, their train would go. The miles, they were passed over, no one thought of their existence. The train tore onwards. The men upon it intensely conscious. The engineer stood on his platform knowing that the wildest and most appaling danger was about him, in shape and form irresistable if the thread of safety snapped. The speed made a leap for life, but a more rapid rush to death. He could not retreat. The wheels refused the least adharence to the brake.—The ponderous train itself rushed madly on, and in an instant more Deposite was to be reached.

Perhaps every man's experience shows it is most probable, that on the train coming westward, there were those who were provoked at the delay which prevented them from reaching Deposite. It was, they said, too bad to be behind time, (as if time was not often our shield from sorrow.) The train ought to be at its card place. Indeed, [illegible] the trains would never be out of the minutes. Every car usually has on some of these reformers, who accomplish all impossibilities, it being so safe and easy to theorise. It did not arrive; the grumblers were yet on the road. Well was it for them that they failed; for when the descending train reached Deposite, it was no more stayed or stopped than the emerald waters do in their fall at Niagara. It would have pulverized them had it encountered collision. On it went—the engineer feeling as if his heart might throb once more, when he saw the train he had expected to crush was out of the way and unharmed.

The level reached—the awful speed slackened—and though it was not brought up under control until it had run miles beyond the stopping place—yet the journey—the flight—the seven mile leap had been accomplished safely.

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.

One of the sub-editors of the Evansville *Journal* gives the following scene as having occurred at Cairo:

A German deck passenger had been barboring the "green eyed monster" during the entire trip from New Orleans, on account of some little attentions his wife received and seemed to court from a dashing starched up "Snyder" who unluckily for the husband was also a deck passenger.

Shortly after the boat's arrival here, he was driven to utter desperation at seeing his wife receive and lovingly return the hateful Snyder's kiss. Calling her forward, he placed himself upon the chalk of the boat;

"Ah, Kathleen, you likes der tailer so better as me all der while, so, mime Got! I' drowns myself ter death."

Overboard he plunged! The wife became frantic, and attempted to follow him, but was stayed by the passengers. She fell upon her knees, and agonizingly entreated her "Sborge" to come back, but no George appeared; she promised unwavering constancy—increased affection—the spirit of devotion and submission he seemed so anxious she should manifest, but nothing save the ruffled waters gave response. She then shrieked for him again, when up from the water shiveringly came an answer:

"I am now so dead as ter very tyvel, if you kiss der Snyder once more any time again; and if you no more kiss him and loves me so good and better as you loves him twice, vy den I comes back myself.—I no likes der tamt tailor, him to get me for his brudder-in-law mit mein wife."

A wild delirious cry of joy escaped the woman. She promised fidelity upon her bended knee, when slowly from beneath the guards of the boat emerged the half frozen Dutchman. He had managed to gain the cover of the guards without being discovered, and there supported himself above the water by the timbers. It is needless perhaps, to say, that since then Kathleen has been a most devoted wife, and holds the tailor in utter detestation.

Romance in Real Life.—The following bit of romance appears in the St. Louis *Intelligencer*:

"Some years ago a very beautiful young lady was the ward of a person in Louisiana, who defrauded her out of quite a large fortune. This lady came to this city, where she married, but not living on good terms with her husband, finally obtained a divorce from him and retired to a convent. Whilst there she received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, and that himself had heired all his vast property, but could not consent to retain that which had been treacherously taken from another, and offering to make restitution. The lady immediately proceeded to Louisiana, had an interview with the heir, and received back, both principal and interest, all that she had been wronged out of. The strangest part of the story remains behind. No sooner had she got possession of her fortune than she returned to this city, sought out her former husband, and in a few days was remarried to him. Verily, the love of woman passeth understanding. The parties are now living at St. Louis, and it is to be hoped will agree better than formerly."

Pauperism.—It is stated that Mayor Wood has decided that the Belgian paupers or convicts for some time past confined in the Tombs, shall be returned by the Belgian Consul to their native country, at the expense of their Government.

—What is the difference between an attempted homicide and the butchering of a swine? Hold your breath for the answer. One is assault with intent to kill, and the other is to kill with intent to salt.

—"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachments. "So shall I," was his reply.

—A wag seeing a lady at a party with an extra low necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration, by saying that she out *stripped* the whole party.

—Tom Corley says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

"Capital" Punishment.—To be hung around a girl's neck till you are dead, dead, dead.

[...]TED COPY

Fulton New York Post Cards
fultonhistory.com

PDF Compression, OCR, web-optimization with CVISION's PdfCompressor