

single blade of grass; all vegetation he will then find scorched to death; and if during that interval the sirocco has been more than ordinarily powerful in its blast, then the grass, after being shrivelled into hay, will have been swept far away, and the surface of the ground will have assumed a dingy, yellowish copper color. Hence it is that travellers often give such totally opposite accounts of the same place.—*Van de Valde's Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852.*

From the Morning Star.

"LIFE OF HORACE GREELY."*

We have only taken a sort of vacation ramble through the leaves of this book; of course, are not prepared to enter upon a critical notice of their contents. We should have concluded that the editor was an admirer of Greeley, if he had not told us as much in his preface. There are some things that might have been omitted, and others indifferently said, and still it is, on the whole, quite a readable book, and if perused by our young men, with due caution, is well calculated to do them good.

Horace Greeley is a remarkable character—a man by himself—self-made and self-reliant—destined to leave his mark on the age, and is at this time exerting a wider influence over men's opinions and conduct, perhaps, than any living American.

His success in business has been rapid and complete. In 1831 he visited New York for the first time, with ten dollars in his pocket, clad in the coarsest and homeliest attire. He took lodgings in an Irish squalid boarding house, combined with a low groggery, and after wandering about the streets three days in search of honest employment, entered a printing office and went to work. In 1854, we find him at the head of a printing establishment, which commands the labor of from 300 to 400 persons, and the editor-in-chief of a newspaper whose entire circulation amounts to some 180,000, running ahead of any like periodical in the known world, and increasing at the present time at the rate of 5,500 per week, having had added to its list during the month of January just closed 22,000 subscribers.

Such extraordinary success, however, is not fortuitous. It is not to be attributed to good luck, in the common acceptance of that phrase—it has been wrought out by a mind of ample capacities, impelled into service by indomitable energy and perseverance. His labors have been immense; and during some of the exciting political campaigns, in which he bore a large share, almost incredible, he has been able to bear up under these burdens by the resources of a firm constitution, connected with simplicity of life, and strictly temperate habits. He uses no spirituous liquors, no tea or coffee, eats meat sparingly, hates public dinners, and abominates late suppers, like a reasonable and common sense man!

He is one among a million, upon whom city life, city manners, city extravagancies and city nonsense, have made no impression.

Plain in habit, and rustic in manners, he bobs about in the surging tide of Broadway silks and satins and fopperies and fancies, sometimes with his coat out at the elbows, and sometimes with straw hanging from a slouched hat, as if feeding the cow had been among his last chores, before leaving home for his office or church!

These habits and manners do not seem to be the result of affectation, but spring partly from negli-

gence, and partly from sympathy with the toiling millions for whom he professes special friendship.

His writings on moral subjects have undergone, at least in tone, a decided change for the last few years. He always hated slavery; this hate was bred in the bone; it is naturally allied to a generous and noble constitution like his. Yet in 1834 he thought the agitation of the subject was due to an unjustifiable aggression of the North, and held and expressed opinions on the subject highly conservative, whilst now the doctrine of slavery restriction, and slavery extinction has not a bolder or more radical champion. In 1835 he doubted the expediency and practicability of a law prohibitory of the sale of ardent spirits; now a more decided and strenuous advocate of the Maine Law can nowhere be found.

On the whole, Greeley is one man of an age, and all will do well to study his character and career by buying this book—and still better by taking the "Tribune," the cheapest and best periodical for general news and intelligence in the world.

J. F.

THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE PRESIDENT.

The President of a well known college in Kentucky, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a single visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse homespun, with thick, clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sunburnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an outright, uncultivated ploughboy.

The president, an affable and venerable man, enquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the ploughboy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic, "If you please, sir, I'd like to get some learning. I heard that you had a college in these parts, and I thought, if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the president, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is somewhat singular."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, and black boots," interrupted the boy, his eye brightening with earnestness. "I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as 'to get an education. I want —"

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas; but there was a language in the expressive lip and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner—in the tone in which these words were spoken, that appealed at once to the president's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth. "I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The president resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the ploughboy, who sat silent and mute, holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand; his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sunburnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy

*LIFE OF HORACE GREELY: 450 pp. 12 mo. Illustrated Price \$1.25. J. F. Norton, Editor. Mason Brothers, Publishers. No. 23 Park Row, New York.