

give him powder and ball. They both then turned down Guy street, By this time Judge Day, with two other persons in his sleigh, had got nearly down to the brick house, and Mr. Coffin charged between the men, hoping to knock one or both into the deep snow. They both struck at him with the butt ends of their pistols, but he headed them, and was reining up to charge them again, when he saw they had eluded Judge Day and Mr. Young, who were in the sleigh, and had turned back towards the brick house before mentioned. By this time four or five plasterers or masons had come out of the back house into the road, and Mr. Coffin called on them, in the Queen's name, to assist him. He was then close upon one of the robbers, and turned sharp upon him. In the attempt to get away, he stumbled in the snow, and Judge Day and Mr. Young threw themselves upon him. The other man, in the white hat, ran up, gesticulating and cocking his pistol, shouting to them to "let him go." Two of the plasterers seized him in their arms, and threw him down. They were then both secured, and brought to the West Station, in Bonaventure street, where they were delivered to the police.

As soon as the affair was known the excitement became intense, and crowds followed the prisoners as they were taken to the gaol by Capt. Wiley. They are both strong, powerfully built men, six feet high. The one who fired at Mr. Coffin gave his name as James Dwyer. He was dressed in a blue round jacket and white hat; the other, who gave his name as Michael Monagh, had on a grey coat and tur cap. The money was not found. It is supposed it was thrown away during the struggle.—*Gazette*.

In addition, we may state, that the plasterers mentioned were, Mr. Moir and two of his men, and the fourth individual was a carpenter, in the employment of Mr. Maxwell. The latter, we understand, fought manfully with the highwayman, notwithstanding having received a stunning blow on the face with the end of the pistol, and but for his determination and daring in securing the robber, much time would have been lost, and more injury done by the merciless miscreant. And but for the timely assistance of the parties we have just mentioned, who rendered every assistance in their power at much personal risk, there is little doubt but at least one of the villains would have escaped.

SELECTIONS.

CASH FOR FIVE HUNDRED NEGROES.—At the old establishment of Slatter's, No. 244 Pratt street, Baltimore, between Sharp and Howard streets, where the highest prices are paid, which is well known. We have large accommodations for Negroes, and always buying. Being regular shippers to New Orleans, persons should bring their property where no commissions are paid, as the owners lose it. All communications attended to promptly by addressing H. F. SLATTER.—*Baltimore Sun*.

NEGROES WANTED.—I have removed from my former residence, West Pratt street, to my new establishment on Camden street, immediately in rear of the Rail-Road Depot, where I am permanently located. Persons bringing Negroes by the cars, will find it very convenient, as it is only a few yards from where the passengers get out. Those having Negroes for sale will find it to their advantage to call and see me, as I am at all times paying the highest prices in cash.—J. S. DONOVAN, Balt. Md.—*Ib*.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.—There is an untasteful practice which is a crying sin among young ladies—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid for very, horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands, or myriads, for any number more than two. Were I to write down, for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong expressions when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the boy who cried "wolf" so often when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to misreport conversations, and to magnify statements, in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who in common conversation is indifferent to the import, and regardless of the power, of words. I am acquainted with persons, whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.—*Peabody*.

OCEANIC NEIGHBOURS.—It is curious to observe, on the Pass of Antanagra, the partition of the waters flowing into the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific. Scarcely thirty paces distant from each other, there are two small lagunas. That situated most to the

west is one of the sources of the Rio de San Mateo, which under the name of the Rimac, falls into the Pacific. The other laguna, that to the eastward, sends its waters through a succession of small mountain lakes into the Rio de Pachachaca, a small tributary to the mighty Amazon river. It is amusing to take a cup of water from the one laguna and pour it into the other. I could not resist indulging thus whims; and in so doing I thought I might possibly have sent into the Pacific some drops of the water destined for the Atlantic.—*Tshud's Travels in Peru*.

THE SKIPPING ROPE.—The skipping rope, a toy which is discarded by the young girl when entering upon a premature womanhood, but which ought to be looked upon as a necessary article in every boudoir or private room occupied by a woman of civilized life and civilized habits, is one of the best, if not the very best kind of gymnastic exercise that I know. It exercises almost every muscle of the body. There are few women who do not neglect exercise. Men—most of whom have some necessary out of doors occupation—men almost universally walk more than women. Thousands upon thousands of English women never cross the threshold of their houses oftener than once a week, and then it is to attend the public worship of their Maker; and it is seldom that in towns the distance to the church or chapel is such as to occupy more than ten minutes in going thither.—*Dr. Robertson*.

PLANTS.—Plants are frequently blighted during early spring by dry winds; for when branches and leaves are first put forth, they are extremely succulent, and part with water so readily, that during a dry easterly wind this loss by evaporation cannot be rapidly compensated for by the capillary attraction of the roots. The drooping of a plant during a hot day mainly depends upon the extreme evaporation of water that has been extracted from the leaves; and the inadequacy of the terminal fibres of the roots to collect more with sufficient rapidity from the arid earth. If, then, water be artificially added to it, the plant revives, sometimes with extraordinary quickness. It is occasionally observed that when plants cannot remove solid obstacles, they will actually enclose them within their own structures; thus nails and stones have been found imbedded in the trunks of trees; and some Indian nations take advantage of this fact, for the construction of their hammers; they split open the supple stem of a creeping plant, then place an oblong piece of heavy stone in the aperture, and bind it fast with the shoot of another plant of the same kind which is in a growing state; by the end of twelve months the stone is firmly interlaced, the stem which bears it is cut away, and thus a rude hammer is obtained.—*Chemistry of the Four Seasons*.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—It is well known that from Suez to Masuah, the ancient harbour of Abyssinia, and thence even to the Straits of Babelmandeb, a chain of mountains runs nearly parallel to the western coast of the Red Sea. These mountains, on the north of Abyssinia, pass through the country of the Shepherds, and there separate vast districts, which, though exactly of the same latitude, have nevertheless a most remarkable difference in the period of their rains. Both countries are deluged with rain for six months in the year; but the seasons on the two sides of these mountains are diametrically opposite to each other. On the east side, or in the country which lies between these mountains and the Red Sea, it rains during the six months which constitute our winter in Europe; on the opposite side it rains during the whole of our summer months. On account of the violence of these rains, and from the fly that accompanies them, either region becomes, for six months of the year, almost unfit for the habitation of man; while the country on the opposite side of the mountains is teeming with luxuriance and basking under the rays of a prolific sun. The Shepherds, or inhabitants of these adjoining territories, availing themselves of this singular dispensation of Providence, annually migrate, or vibrate, from one side of the mountain to the other. Thus, while one or other of these countries is eternally suffering from the rain and fly, the natives of both manage to enjoy a perpetual summer; and while their cattle are feeding in the cool of the morning, on most luxuriant pasture, and during the burning sunshine of the day, are browsing on exuberant foliage, a mere geographical line divides them from a land, deluged with a pouring rain, deserted by almost every living creature, and condemned to gloomy and cheerless solitude.—*Fam. Lib*.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—It is a common saying with some people, when they are in trouble, "Well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence." They are right so far as relates to the things of this life, but they are wrong as to their never-dying souls. A hundred years hence, and you will either be in happiness or woe, in heaven or in hell. A hundred years, did I say? It may not be a hundred days, or hours, or minutes? Say then, are you pursuing only those things that perish with the using, and the value of which death will destroy? Or are you seeking the salvation of your soul, which will live forever? You would blame the folly of that man, who, for the pleasure of a moment would sacrifice a large estate; but he is wise compared with the man who gives up eternal happiness for all the pleasure of the world. Pray then for the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, to turn you from these perishing joys, to Christ, who has brought life and immortality to light: believe on Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; then a hundred years hence you shall be with Christ, to abide with him forever. Oh! my soul, a hundred years hence, or perhaps in a few days, I shall be either in heaven or in hell!