

## THE PRINTER'S SONG.

Print, comrades, print; a noble task  
Is the one we guily ply;  
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask  
The wonders of earth and sky!  
We catch the thought all glowing warm,  
As it leaves the students' brain,  
And place the stamp of enduring form  
On the Poets airy strain.  
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling  
The slender letters round,  
A glorious thing is our laboring,  
Oh where may its like be found.

Print, comrades, print; the fairest thought  
Ever limned in Printer's dream,  
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought,  
By the light of beauty's gleam,  
Though lovely, may not match the power,  
Which our proud art can claim;  
That links the past with the present hour,  
And its breath—the voice of fame.  
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling  
The slender letters round:  
A glorious thing is our laboring,  
Oh where can the like be found.

Print, comrades, print; God hath ordained  
That man by his toil should live;  
Then spurn the charge that we disdained,  
The labor that God should give!  
We envy not the sons of ease,  
Nor the lord in princely hall,  
But bow before the wise decrees  
In kindness meant for all.  
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling,  
The slender letters round;  
A glorious thing is our laboring,  
Oh where may its like be found.

## MARY'S BOWER.

FROM GILFILLAN'S "ORIGINAL SONGS."

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,  
The lave-rock in the sky,  
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,  
An' a' aboon is jey!  
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,  
Though a' without be gay;  
Nae music comes to greet the morn  
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,  
His ship has crossed the main;  
There's wae'ful news in Mary's bower—  
He ne'er returns again.  
A breaking heart in Mary's bower,  
A wasting form is there;  
The glance has left the eye sae blue,  
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,  
The lave-rock quits the sky,  
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,  
For coming winter's nigh.  
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,  
The temptress loudly rave—  
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower  
Now wither on her grave!

## CHOOSING A WIFE.

An article lately appeared in the Religious Record—on this subject, and contains some peculiarly happy and just remarks, which we cannot forbear to transfer to our columns, for the good of all concerned. Excellent as is all the advice offered, we trust our fair readers will agree with us, that the best of the whole is the conclusion:

It is desirable to have an intelligent companion. I do not insist that your wife shall have what is understood by the term "an education." There are many who have that, who are about as intelligent as barbarians. But seek for one who is in the habit of exercising her intellect. Who reads, and reflects, and has an inquisitive mind.

It is desirable to have a wife who is domestic. A street spinster, a gadding news-carrier and busy-body, is the last woman who should have a husband. A young woman, who is more fond of gossip and company abroad, than of domestic duties, is not fit to be married.

Be not anxious to get a wife who has riches. If this runs much in your mind, I shall be sorry for the woman who has the misfortune to become your wife. If you make this a paramount consideration, be not surprised if you find yourself yoked with a woman who has not many personal qualifications that are to be desired.

When you have obtained a good wife, see that she shall be equally secure of having obtained a good husband.

A PLEASANT PARLOR INMATE.—Miss Fuller, in her last letter communicated from Europe to the columns of the New York Tribune, mentions having become acquainted with Dr. Southwood Smith, the well-known philanthropist.

"On visiting him," says the lady, "we saw an object which I had often heard celebrated and had thought would be revolting, but found, on the contrary, an agreeable sight; this is the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham. It was at Bentham's request that the skeleton, dressed in the same dress that he habitually wore, stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life, and with a portrait mask in wax, the best I ever saw, sits there as assistant to Dr. Smith in the entertainment of his guests and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forward, resting the hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and had named "Dapple." The attitude is quite easy; the expression of the whole, mild, winning, yet highly individual.

"It is well known that Bentham, in order to oppose in the most convincing manner the prejudice against dissection of the human subject, willed his body to the surgeons, and in a codicil, subsequently written, made a final bequest of his skeleton to his friend Dr. Smith."

THE LUDICROUS.—A nice appreciation of the ludicrous is said to characterize the American character, as many a foreigner has confessed, after paying a visit to the capitol at Washington, during one of the merry moods of the great ones there assembled. Nor is there any thing in this necessarily vulgar. The idea that dignity can never laugh, and gravity never regale itself with a bit of quiet fun, is an unphilosophical notion.—Even Washington, the gravest and most dignified of men, could enjoy a ludicrous scene, as he more than once manifested in public. Dunlap says of him:

"The assertion that this great man never laughed, must have arisen from his habitual, perhaps his natural reservedness. He had from early youth been conversant with public men, and employed in public affairs—in affairs of life and death. He was not an austere man either in appearance or manners, but was unaffectedly dignified and habitually polite. But I remember, during my opportunity of observing his deportment, two instances of unrestrained laughter. The first and most moderate was at a *bon mot*, or anecdote, from Judge Peters, then a member of Congress, and dining with the general; the second was on witnessing a scene in front of Mr. Van Horne's house, which was, as I recollect it, sufficiently laugh-provoking. Mr. John Van Horne was a man of uncommon size and strength, and bulky withal. His hospitable board required that day, as it often did, a roasting pig, in addition to the many other substantial dishes which a succession of guests, civil and military, put in requisition. A black boy had been ordered to catch the young porker, and was in

full but unavailing chase, when the master and myself arrived from a walk. "Pooh! you awkward cur," said the good-natured yeoman, as he directed Cato or Plato (for all the slaves were heathen philosophers in those days) to exert his limbs—but all in vain—the pig did not choose to be cooked. "Stand away," said Van Horne, and throwing off his coat and hat, he undertook the chase, determined to run down the pig.—His guests and his negroes stood laughing at his exertions and the pig's manifold escapes. Shouts and laughter at length proclaimed the success of the *chasseur*; and while he held up the pig in triumph, the big drops coursing each other from forehead to chin, over his mahogany face glowing with the effect of exercise, amid the squealing of the victim the stentorian voice of Van Horne was heard, "I'll show ye how to run down a pig!" and as he spoke, he looked up in the face of Washington, who, with his suite, had just trotted their horses into the court-yard unheard, amidst the din of the chase and the shouts of triumphant success. The ludicrous expression of surprise at being so caught, with his attempts to speak to his heroic visitor, while the pig redoubled his efforts to escape by kicking and squeaking produced as hearty a burst of laughter from the dignified Washington as any that shook the side of the most vulgar spectator of the scene."

THE WIFE OF MANY HUSBANDS.—It is the custom of affectionate seamen, when they go on long voyages in government ships, to leave a portion of their wages to be drawn by their wives. The paymaster at New York, thought, a while ago, that a certain woman came often for the domestic charge of her husband's wages, and on an examination of the matter, he found that she was the wife of no less than five different seamen.

THE BITTER MELON.—The famous oriental philosopher Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all.—"How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lockman replied, "I have received so many favors from you, that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer of the slave struck the master in such a degree, that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.

## Modern Degeneracy.

Bayard Taylor has been lecturing upon this subject at Hartford, and we gather from the *Hartford Times*, that he assumed the moderns to have degenerated from the ancient stock, in the matter of "broad chests, stalwart frames, and noble bearing." This is a vulgar error, and one into which a public lecturer should not have fallen.—We have seen in our day a pretty extensive assortment of Roman, Norman, Anglo-Norman, Spanish, and other ancient armor, covering a period of many hundreds of years, and we feel certain that the average dimensions of that ancient harness was rather under than over the size which would be required for the average of the same races at the present day. It is true that the powers of endurance of the men of old might have been greater than are generally possessed by the "degenerate modern wretch;" but we do not believe that, with the same amount of physical training, the animal man of the 19th century is at all inferior to the man of old Rome or of the age of chivalry. We doubt, most vehemently, that Milo was a "better man" than Ben Caunt, or that Richard Cœur de Lion could have thrashed Tom Hyer. Certainly we never saw a dozen suits of mail into which either of these samples of "modern degeneracy" could have encased himself. Much has been said about the enormous *espaldrons*, or two-handed swords, wielded by the earlier Normans. We have seen a specimen or two, supposed to be genuine, and we will venture to say that many a stout dragoon could sway them with sword arm alone. Seen through the fog of tradition and the gradiloquence of those poet laureates of chivalry, the old chronicles and bards, the men of by-gone days loom large; but judging of their size by their iron shells and their weapons, they were not "children of a larger growth" than ourselves. We doubt, vehemently, that Godfrey of Bouillon and his confreres could have withstood the hurricane of man and horse which thundered over the field when Murat commanded a charge of imperial cuirassiers.—"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—*Major Noah.*