

A MOUNTAIN CAT.—A gentleman yesterday brought into our office one of the most curious animals we have ever seen. He was caught in a trap baited with sugar, on the North Fork of the Yuba. Some have named this species of animal the mountain cat; but, with the exception of some of his habits, he seems to resemble the cat very little. He is about two and-a-half feet long, one-half of which length is his tail, which is ringed with alternate white and black. His shape more resembles the kangaroo than any other animal, his haunch portions being much larger than his breast. His head is small, with very large, glittering, prominent eyes, and a nose somewhat approaching the form of that of the lemming. He is as flexible as a weasel. With short legs and fine fur, and exceedingly clean and neat *toilete*, he is really one of the nice young men of the animal tribe. He is a curiosity, being unlike any thing we have before seen in any zoological collection or in a wild state. His color is grey, not so silvery as the grey squirrel, and the most inquisitive little Paul Pry that has ever looked in upon us. He is a far handsomer and cleaner animal than the coon, in all graces is as much his superior as is "Hyperion to a Satyr," and when we establish a new political party, shall probably instal him instead, as the insignia of our embodied principles.—*Alta California.*

AFRICAN CHIEFS.—At a late meeting of the Ethnological Society there were introduced a Zuloo chief, and also a Kafir chief; his wife, of the tribe of Annampoula, an infant child about a month old, brought over to this country by Mr. Caywood, and introduced to the society by Mr. Tyler, with a view the more clearly to illustrate the paper submitted to them by Earl Grey. The appearance of these interesting strangers in the rooms attracted general attention. The Zuloo chief is a man of fine muscular proportions, standing nearly six feet in height, the limbs being finely proportioned and displaying a symmetry not met with in the black tribes of other parts of the torrid zone. The Kafir chief was somewhat taller than the Zuloo, being about six feet and wearing the emblems of the rank of his caste, which was particularly marked by the circular natural coronet formed of matted hair, on the top of the head, which is considered to be an object of great distinction by its possessor. The war dress of both chiefs was composed of the same materials, consisting of numerous tails of the mountain cats, strung together, and hanging from the neck to below the knee; but a peculiarity very remarkable in both of them was the way in which they carried about their stuff or scent boxes, being the small horn of some animal peculiar to their country, ingeniously covered with a lid, and the small end being passed through a hole cut in each ear, from which place it is taken as occasion requires. In the course of the evening they exhibited their war dances, and also their mode of attack upon their enemies, the two chiefs being placed antagonistic to each other, but it required the constant interference of the interpreter to prevent what was gone through in sport for the gratification of the spectators from becoming earnest, almost from natural instinct to those who were engaged in it. Indeed, the war cry, the appearance of the features, the extended nostrils, and ready and certain aim, gave it all the aspect of a fatal reality. The Kafir chief also exhibited his mode of attack upon cattle, armed with a buckler of buffalo hide and a spear, which he performed with great dexterity. It appeared that these people had been brought to London by railway, and in their own language, they described their wonder at the velocity with which they travelled. On it being explained to them that the car-

riages were not moved by bullocks or any other cattle, but by steam produced from fire and water, the Zuloo wanted to know if so, how it was that the pot in which he boiled his food did not run off the fire—a question, it is needless to say, that caused great amusement.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted; but let a single part of this be defective, and you go a hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in, and is derived from, a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable.

There is but one road to permanent happiness and prosperity, and that is the path of unspotted integrity, of high-souled honour, of the most transparent honesty.

PITMEN AND MATHEMATICS.—A paragraph has appeared in the papers, stating the fact, that the booksellers of Newcastle had observed that most of the standard mathematical works were purchased by pitmen. The following anecdote is in point. Some years since, a gentleman on his passage from Newcastle to Shields in a steam-boat, went into the engine room, and found one of the books mentioned—namely, "Emerson's Fluxions"—lying on the table rather black and smutty, evidently much read. He asked the young engineman who read the book? He answered that he did when he had time. Rather surprised at the fact, and presupposing that he was a young man of superior talent, he questioned him upon the subject, stating that himself had studied these matters at the University—had passed, he believed, a fair examination—and obtained a creditable degree. With this prelude they entered freely into conversation; and from that time the stranger used all his influence to bring the studious engineman into notice. The engineman is now a distinguished mathematician, and the author of many of the very works alluded to. He had a short time previous to this interview "risen from a bank-trapper to a breaksman" in a Newcastle coal pit, as stated in evidence before the Lord's committee the last session; and is now—Professor Hann, of King's College!—*Gateshead Observer.*

THE BIBLE.—The Bible itself (as Professor Maclagan has said) is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written fragment by fragment throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing—history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, liberal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer—in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, of subjects not obvious, but most diffi-