

flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English; and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no stateliness or reserve about him; and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His person is not much above the middle size. He is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of eighty-two. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind is very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to Science and the effect the American Journal of Science and Art had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country; and particularly commended the labors of Col. Fremont in the far West, of Prof. Bache in the Coast Survey, and of Lt. Maury in Navigation.

Bringing out his maps, and tracing out his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Captain Fitzroy's in the Journal of the Geographical Society. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course that he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit to the United States in 1801, when he travelled no further north than Philadelphia. He told us he passed three weeks at Monticello, with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him a fertile theme: our topography, climates, productions, institutions and even political controversies were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force.

At the time of our visit, he was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the outline form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labour were with him consumed by the demand of the King. He added that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has been often remarked, accounts for his prodigious performance in literary labor.—Prof. Silliman's Visit to Europe.

Ladies' Department.

THE SEASONS OF A FEMALE'S LIFE.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhanging with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing with little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garbler's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooch a glossy spaniel down,
To lude her blushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and bound and song
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room;
Fretted on the pane,—without, the whirling snow,
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past and griefs of long ago.

of coarse brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noblemen drank little or no wine in summer—a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions—even ladies dressed themselves extremely plain.—The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which however were very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre—and to use less assiduity in playing and spinning their distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large, is the sure sign of ruin in small states. So in Florence he might very well deplore what in London or Paris would be to cause a smile. Wretchedly, indeed, plebeian hovelled; and if noble castles were cold, dark and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy from the horrible modes of torture, characteristic cruelty, too frightful too dwell on. Few of the infamous structures built at the times treated of, stand at present. Yet their ruins disclose rueful corners.—History of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

WOMAN'S INGENUITY.—A CURIOUS PLACE OF DEPOSIT.—A young woman was arrested in Boston recently, on a charge implicating her in passing counterfeit money. On searching her trunks, the officer came across some knitting work, and was induced to unwind the ball of yarn attached to it. Having reached the inside of the ball, he found a nice wad of twenty-four bills on the Asiatic Bank, Salem, altered from one's to ten's. The woman was locked up in default of \$5000 bail.

THE HONEYMOON.

COMPILED BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH THE "MISERY."

Second day—Speechless ecstasy—bliss impossible to be expressed.

Fifth day—Bliss still in the ascendant—appetite begins to "look up."

Ninth day—Lady eats her dinner without being kissed between each mouthful.

Twelfth day—"Oh! you naughty naughty boy!" not said quite so frequently.

Fifteenth day—Gentleman fancies a walk *solus*, comes home and discovers his charmer in tears.

Sixteenth day—Gentleman and lady having returned to the world of sighs gentle chidings, and a promise "never to go out alone in future," are invisible nearly all day.

Eighteenth day—Lady is presented with a beautiful breast-pin—gentleman consults her about the details of their domestic arrangements.

Twenty-first day—Gentleman and lady fancy a "little change," and go to church.

Twenty-fifth day—Lady begins to "pack up," preparatory to her returning from her wedding tour—Gentleman assists her, and only kisses her once, during the operation.

Twenty-eighth day—On the journey—Gentleman keeps his lady "bird" very snug.

Twenty-ninth day—Commit the dreadful faux pas of falling asleep in each other's company.

Thirtieth day—Arrive home—greeted by mother-in-law on the threshold—mother-in-law hugs her dear son, and vanishes aloft with daughter—Husband dancing attendance in sitting room for nearly two hours—already feels savage because the dinner is getting cold, and spirit begins to rebel against the mother of his Amelia. Amelia presently descends, looking very charming—Husband brightens up—dinner put on the table—mother-in-law drinks wine, and is affected to tears—Amelia consoles her dear "Ma"—evening wears on—mother-in-law leaves—Augustus returns inward thanks, and goes to bed, determined to be at the store very early in the morning, and "wake up" the clerks.

PURITY OF THE ENGLISH LEGISLATURE.—We read in the London Times, of the 10th December, that Mr. Hudson, the great ex-railway director and member of Parliament, has been sentenced to re-pay £54,590 to the York and North Midland Railway Company, of which he was formerly a



Youth's Department.

A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee—
Hereafter thou may'st utter sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told—
Hereafter thou may'st press, in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold,
Press her lips the while they glow.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke delay
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

Youths read this:—

ELIHU BURRITT.

A letter written by Elihu Burritt the "Learned Blacksmith," contains some interesting incidents of his career.

Mr. Burritt mentions that being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself when very young to a blacksmith, but that he had always such a taste for reading, that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were but half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of the winter.

He next studied the Greek, and carried the Greek Grammar in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some iron at the forge.—In the evenings he sat down to Homer's Iliad, and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited it to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast; this with an hour at noon being all the time he could spare from his work. Being unable to procure the books he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he could procure them at the different ports he touched at. He travelled more than a hundred miles on foot to Boston with this view, but was not able to find what he sought: at that period he heard of the American Antiquarian society at Worcester. Thither he went his steps, and arrived in the most utter indigence.—Here he found a collection of ancient, modern and Oriental books such as he never imagined to be collected in one place. He was kindly allowed to read what books he liked and has reaped great benefit from this permission.

He used to spend three hours daily in the hall, and he made such use of these privileges as to read upwards of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

The following horizontal musings of a loafing tuppier, deserve to be perpetuated. Hear his wail:
Leaves have their time to fall,
Any so, likewise, have I.
The reason, too, 's the same—all
Comes of our getting DRY.
But here's the difference 'twixt leaves and me—
I fall's "more harder" and more frequent-ly.

EDITED BY

Here he is the baby of Watson.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A man may dream in troubled sleep,
A dream of what he's owing;
A woman dreams of putrid meat,
And knows some mischief's brewing.
The self-same thing each dream doth mean;
Each points to coming ruin:
They're riddles, plain as may be seen—
Are easy checked by paying.

With these remarks, unto those larks
Who long have bought on credit,
We wish to say that you must pay,
Or else we'll make you tread it!

No longer need have you to plead
That we can do without it:
We want what's ours; and, by the powers,
We soon will set about it.

At our next great Division Court
We'll soon begin to warn ye,
Unless you come, and that right soon,
And plank the California!

TURTLE IN EXTASIES.—Accounts from Honduras represent the turtle in the bay as exhibiting symptoms of extraordinary excitement, flapping their fins, paddling about with unwonted rapidity, lifting themselves on end and dancing and jumping out of the water,—in short, realizing the most vital idea of lively turtle. These symptoms of hilarity among the furnishers of green fat, have been referred to the anticipation of the extinction of the city of London Corporation, and consequent discontinuance of the Lord Mayor's dinners.—Punch.

Lady.—"No, I've nothing for you. You always ask me every time I cross.

Boy—(who sweeps the crossing).—"Yes; and every time you crosses you always gives me nothink!"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington; "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat!"

A LUCKY FELLOW.—"Do you get many lickings?" inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate. "No," was the prompt, half-indignant answer; "I've got a grandmother."

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said his father one day, "as soon as I get time I shall give you a whipping." "Well," said the patient boy, "I can wait."

VOTE FOR HIM.—Lewis, the fun-loving editor of the N. Y. Union, (says an exchange,) is a candidate for the Legislature. In the last number of his paper he published a circular to his fellow-citizens, of eight columns. Whereupon he says:—

It may be asked why I write so long a circular. An anecdote will illustrate my answer. Once upon a time, an old lady sent her grandson out to set a turkey. On his return, the following dialogue took place:

"Sammy, have you set her?"
"Yes, grandma."
"Fixed the nest all up nicely?"
"Mighty fine, grandma."
"How many eggs did you put under her?"
"One hundred and twenty, grandma."
"Why, Sammy, what did you put so many under her for?"

"Grandma, I wanted to see her spread herself!" My opponents will pitch into my circular—hope they will have a good time in making a large percentage off of it. A short one would be as much as they could get over; but I wanted to see them spread themselves.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a thoroughly absent man. One day his domestics broke into his study, with the intelligence that his house was on fire. "Go, inform my wife," said he, "you know I never interfere in household affairs." Lessing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window, and not recognising him, said, "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," said Lessing, composedly walking away, "I shall call another time."

A LITTLE fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; there was a struggle between smiles and tears; the train of thought was broken: "Ma," said he, resuming his weeping, "I want to be his cry out—Ma—"