

cuss. He decides, but does not deliberate. He acts, but does not agitate. He pronounces but does not give his reasons. His best friends do not know him. He commands confidence, but never asks for it. The eve of the expedition against Boulogne, Gen. Montholon promised to follow him, without knowing where he was going. Every day he presides in silence at the Council of Ministers. He listens to everything, speaks little, and yields nothing. With one word, curt and precise as an order of the day, he settles the most controverted questions. But with this inflexibility of will there is nothing tyrannical or absolute in the form of his expression. He gets the ascendancy without humiliating. Queen Hortense called him the *milky obstinate*, and this maternal opinion is in every respect true."

#### GOUGH IN ENGLAND.

This eminent lecturer has now given lectures in many of the British cities to immense audiences. In Bristol he addressed an audience of 2000 persons, and gave in this place entire satisfaction. Thousands were obliged to leave the place of meeting without hearing him. Many eminent persons attended these meetings. A small admission fee of 3d. and 6d. is charged to all attending the meetings. Great numbers of applications have been made to him to lecture in all parts of England. His health is said to be very poor, and he has, consequently, refused many of the applications. The following is a description from a correspondent of the *Bristol Herald*, England, of the power of Mr. Gough's oratory:

"From Bolton a correspondent writes:—It is not possible to give an adequate description of these orations. In his manner and style there is much that is unique, but nothing eccentric. The most severe criticism is disarmed at once, and all power of eulogy left far behind. Offence can scarcely be given to the most fastidious, nor can conviction be resisted by the most obtuse. The intense evils of drunkenness, the mad insatiation of its victims, the horrible enormities of the traffic, the fearful seductiveness of the example of moderate drinking, the hopelessness of any remedy short of total abstinence, the importance and grandeur of the temperance enterprise, and its paramount claims on the consideration, the conscience, and the practical recognition of every virtuous, manly, honest, patriotic and christian-minded individual, were points which, though not didactically or argumentatively discussed, were constantly brought out and irresistibly enforced. There was no pompous attempt to display superiority of talent, no affectation of ability to teach something new, or utter something grand. Power was wielded with ease, and pathos with dignity. Mr. Gough had but his own experience and the results of his observation he said, to put before his audience. His aim was not to amuse or merely gratify. He had an object other and nobler than that. And this was evident to all in all he said. Every sentence he uttered told on the imagination and intellect, the sympathy and conscience of every mind, and throughout, but one intense pulsation throbbled the entire audience."

So far, Mr. Gough seems to have been successful in England, but he does not speak to the most influential classes. His lectures are, word for word as reported, similar to those he has delivered in Canada, but they will bear repeating. He will do a great deal of good in Britain.

**A NOVEL IDEA.**—A writer in the *Scientific American* proposes to build the great Pacific Railroad, not on the ground, but about five feet above it. He would have the whole distance piled, and on these piles he would place the roadway. This idea is a novel one, and if a railroad could be built equally strong on this plan as on any other, we do not see what is to prevent the pile driver from triumphing over the barrow and pickaxe. Grant that there be no objection to the strength and longevity of such a road, and it possesses advantages that place it far in advance of any other mode of construction. In the first place it would be free from dust; secondly, it would be somewhat springy in its nature, and thus allow locomotives to make much better time with less wear and tear than they experience on a road made perfectly solid. That a road built on piles can be rendered practicable is shown by our Hudson River Railroad people. Between Albany and New York there are some twenty miles, over which the rails are laid on piles. Just below Hudson there is one single stretch of upwards of four miles. This portion of the road wears as well as any other; while its entire freedom from dust makes it one of the pleasantest pieces of the whole route.

The projector of the pile road proposes also another improvement. Instead of placing cars above the rails, he intends to let them hang between them. By means of a properly shaped axle this is very easily done, and when it is done, one hundred miles an hour can be made without any fear whatever that the cars will fly from the track or bring up in a gravel pit. A road built upon piles, the *Scientific American* says can be constructed for \$10,000 per mile. If this be so, it would make the whole cost of the New York and San Francisco Railroad less than thirty millions of dollars, which is some seventy millions of dollars less than a road can be built for on any other known plan. A road resting on piles would have very little grading to do. When the land declined, the level could be preserved by driving the piles a small distance into the earth; where the land ascended, the same level could be preserved by driving the piles into the soil an increased distance.

**NARROW ESCAPE BEFORE THE FALL OF TABLE ROCK.**—We have covered with a gentleman, who with his life, was a few minutes before it fell, on the extreme projecting point of the Table Rock, looking over at a stake of the rock that had fallen about 8 o'clock that morning. Our informant had passed from Table Rock to the ferry, and was about midway across the river when the rock fell, with a noise resembling "a broadside of a frigate," completely obstructing the path-way that leads under the great sheet of water. The fallen mass is of that magnitude that it is supposed no effort will be made to throw it into the river. Indeed, the prevailing sentiment at the Falls was decidedly against its removal, as it is evident to every one who knows the locality, that there has at all times been hazard in going under the sheet. Three masses fell, first the shale, then the larger por-

tion of table rock, and in a few minutes after its small remainder. There was no person under the sheet of water when the rock fell, but several persons were dressing for the exhibition.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

#### Humorous.

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

**A JACK FOR EVERY JILL.**—In Manchester a wedding party was coming out, of a higher class than common, and, as usual, a crowd was assembled to watch their return to the carriage.—"Ay, but hoo's vast fon," (she's very plain) said a factory lass to her companion, pointing to the bride. "Hud thy din, wench," was the answer. "What's the odd? There no'er was a fou face but there was a fou fancy!"

A clergyman having expostulated with an Indian for being too fond of rum, the fellow replied: "Why, I heard you tell the people at church to love their enemies."

**A YANKEE LOVE SONG.**—I've seen her out a walking, in her habit De La Rue, and it ain't no use a talking, she's pumpkins and a few. She glides along in beauty, like a duck upon the lake; oh! I'd be all love and duty, if I only was her drake.

**DIALOGUE.**—"Say, friend—they say the Liquor Law causes more liquor drinking than was ever seen before, and 'old ladies' are taking it now."

"How so?"

"Why, Mother Earth drank 25 barrels the other day in Massachusetts, and sips a little almost every day somewhere in Vermont."

**AN INTERNATIONAL JOKE.**—England is sometimes said to have the constitution of a horse, but it would seem that France is just threatened with the constitution of an ass.—*Punch.*

However the world may think of it, I should not think the man sound at heart against whom the world has not something to say.—*Kossuth.*

A few days ago, Pat Murphy asked for a money order at the post office in Dundalk, and was particular in stating that Dundalk was in the county of Louth, and that Louth was in Ireland; but when asked where Ireland was: "Fakes," says he, "you have puzzled me now quite entirely."

A man died of apoplexy, the other day, in Michigan. The next morning the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation of one beef-stake, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie." Sensible jury that.

We have lately seen several definitions of "old fogey." The last is given by a correspondent of the *Pennsylvanian*.—"It is one who sits on the short tail of progress and cries—wo! wo!"

**QUEER REASON FOR KISSING.**—A gentleman, on parting with a lady, gave and received—as he supposed—a kiss of friendship. After the door was closed, he overheard the following: "Why, Lucy, sint you ashamed to kiss a man, all alone with him?"—"No, ma, I am not," answered Lucy; "for I only kissed him to smell his breath, to see if he hadn't been drinking."

A letter from Rome states, "that the Pope has been laid up with a scalded foot." *Punch* says he does not wonder at this, since the Holy Father has been for a long time in *hot water*.

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,  
Are never valued till they make a noise;  
To show how trusted, they their power display,  
To show how worthy, they their trust betray,  
Like pence in children's pockets, secrets lie  
In female bosoms, they must burn or fly.

**A SECRET.**—"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

*Punch's* discourse on Bricks is amusing, particularly the passage:—How common it has been of late years to say to a man, whose virtuous tendencies are of the first order, "My dear fellow, you are a brick." It becomes, however, more emphatic in the usage of the third person. "Do you know Mr. so-and-so? Is he a good fellow?" The answer in one word is, "He's a brick." The answer is satisfactory, in all senses, to the propounder of the question—indeed, indeed a more satisfactory reply cannot be uttered. We have this kind of expression called slang—it really is not so. Gentlemen, take up your Plutarch, turn to the life of Agesilaus, and what do you read? You'll find, if you understand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning it immediately, for the purpose of history, as well as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the ambassador from Epirus went to Agesilaus, to have a diplomatic chat with him, he said to him:—"Where on earth are the walls of Sparta? In other States of Greece the principal towns have walls—but where are yours, dear Agesilaus?" The Sir Stratford Canning, or Lord Cowley, from Epirus, was answered by that amiable monarch:—"I'll tomorrow at morning dawn show you the walls of Sparta. Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the best black soup that Sparta can afford shall be put on the table; and I'll show you the walls." They met; and Agesilaus had drawn out his Spartan army before him, and, with exulting cheer and dignified mein, said to his friend from Epirus, "Look! these are the walls of Sparta, sir; and every particular man you see is a brick!" How classical becomes the phrase! how distant from slang!

Upro a time a bear poked his nose into a peasant's house in Kamschatka; and, at the same moment, the housewife, who was getting breakfast, set a hot tea-kettle down on the hearth and vanished out of an opposite door. Bruin smelt of the tea-kettle and it burned; stung with pain he put his paw upon it to crush it to death; and then more severely burned and enraged beyond bounds, he caught the tea-kettle up and began to hug it, and the more it burned and scalded him the harder he embraced it. At last Bruin gave it up as a bad job, and retired. And now, when you see a man attempt to stop a newspaper by threatening to trash the independent editor, or stop his paper, just set him down as a bear with a tea-kettle; for, ten to one, he will get the worst of it in the end.



#### Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### TO MISS E. P., FOR HER ALBUM.

I wish not, from trouble your life may be free,  
We know such a wish would be vain,  
But I wish on the journey your burden may be,  
Such as you may have grace to sustain.

I make no pretension to passionate love,  
The language too common would seem;  
But I really beseech thee, permission to give  
The sincerity of my esteem.

I seek not your warmest affection to gain,  
Or to bask in thy love's sunny ray,  
But a share of thy friendship I hope to maintain,  
While through this existence we stray.

These numbers accept, as a tribute, I pray,  
To the kindness that glows in thy breast;  
Though the writer may wander far and away,  
May you be both happy and blest.

When reviewing the past, if perchance you may see  
The lines I have written you here,  
May the thoughts they awaken in memory be  
Too sweet to admit of a tear.

COLBORNE, 1853.

W. H. F.

#### THE WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

On the 3th inst., the Women's Rights Convention took place in New York City, and continued in Session two days. Mrs. Lucy Stone, Miss Antoinette Brown, Mrs. Vaughtan, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Mott, and several other females spoke, assisted by Messrs. Greely, Barnum, Burleigh, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and others. After a prayer was offered, Mrs. Mott spoke as follows:—

This is a Convention for declaring a principle, not for going into details. The principle is the co-equality of woman with man, and her right to practice those arts of life for which she is fitted by the delicacy of her hand and the feebleness of her mind. We have been ridiculed by some of the press, and by some radicals. We have ever met opposition in religious circles, which is not to be wondered at, as woman aims at the highest of that of the pulpit, from which the prejudice of centuries has kept her out. Woman's voice has been compared to a cambric web; it is called too fine to be heard in public assemblies; but let trust it shall be so used as to be heard in every part of the house.

Miss Lucy Stone read the following resolutions prepared at the preliminary meeting, and offered to the Convention for acceptance. It was moved, and voted by the house, that they should be open for discussion as a whole:

1. *Resolved*, That this movement for the rights of woman makes no attempt to decide whether woman is better or less than man, neither affirms nor denies the equality of her mind with that of man—makes no pretence of protecting woman—does not seek to oblige woman any more than man is now obliged to vote, take office, labor in the professions, mingle in public, or manage her own property.

2. *Resolved*, That what we do seek is to gain these rights and privileges for those women who wish to enjoy them, and to change public opinion that it shall not be deemed indecorous for women to engage in any occupation which they deem fit to their habits and talent.

3. *Resolved*, That the fundamental principle of the Women's Rights Movement is—that every human being, without distinction of sex, has an inviolable right to full development and free exercise of all energies, and that in every sphere of life, public and private, functions should always be commensurate with powers.

4. *Resolved*, That each human being is the sole judge of her sphere, and entitled to choose a profession without interference from others.

5. *Resolved*, That whatever differences exist between Man and Woman, in the quality or measure of their powers, are equally designed to be and should become bonds of union, means of co-operation in the discharge of all functions, private and public.

6. *Resolved*, That the monopoly of the elective franchise thereby of all the powers of legislation and government, but solely on the ground of sex, is a monstrous usurpation—demanded alike by reason and common sense, subversive of all principles of justice, oppressive and demoralizing in its spirit, and insulting to the dignity of human nature.

7. *Resolved*, That we see no force in the objection that our taking part in politics would be a fruitless source of domestic sensation; since experience shows that she may be allowed to choose her own faith and sect without any such evil result, though religious disputes are surely as bitter as political. The objection be sound, we ought to go farther, and endeavor to forego all religious opinions, or to adopt the religious creed as the political creed of her husband.