

DEATH OF A MISER.—An old gentleman named Blamire was found dead in his room in Adam Street, London, lately. His history is an extraordinary one. He was a barrister by profession, and possessed of considerable property. For the last twenty years, however, he has occupied three rooms in Adam Street, and never allowed any one but himself to enter them. For the last twelve months he has never been out of the house. His housekeeper took his meals to the door of his room on a tray, and left them there. Last Wednesday he did not take them in; and, not hearing anything of him for the next two days the housekeeper called in the police, who broke open the door. Mr. Blamire was then discovered in an arm-chair dead, and his body fast decomposing. There was no bed or bedding in the rooms; but a great quantity of newspapers, books, paintings, and valuables of different kinds were strewn about. Death, the medical man said, had been caused by low fever, accelerated by neglect, and the jury at the inquest on the body returned a verdict accordingly.

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man addressing him said, 'I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?' 'No, I don't,' said Abernethy, 'I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up. I want to be off.'

JOHN G. WITTE, ESQ.

The above named gentleman, to whom reference is made in another column, in connection with his extensive business as an importer of Hardware and Fancy goods, is a native of Lubbeck in Germany. He is now about thirty-three years of age, and emigrated to New York, his present place of residence, and the headquarters of his extensive business about thirteen years ago. About a year after his arrival in America Mr. Witte went into business on his own account, and it says much for his skill, energy, and tact, that his connections already extend from Cuba to the Hudson Bay Company's territory.

Mr. Witte is well known and highly respected by the mercantile community, both of Canada and the United States, and he cannot but be proud of the name he has earned amongst our merchants as one of the most honorable business men that visits them.

Habits influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel: and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

Poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant of greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

A PRETTY FANCY.—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst: then it steps to the tree it sat under, and thence to the ridge of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall elm and from the elm to the tall church spire, and then to the threshold of heaven, and thus you can see it go as though it walked upon red roses.—Taylor.

In the cars from St. Louis to Chicago the other day the conductor shook a passenger to awake him into a sense of delivering his ticket. The man was dead, and cold—Disease of the heart.

About Doctors.—Dr. Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than 'half seas over,' and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: 'Drunk, by Jove!' Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' said the letter, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the enclosed—a hundred pound bank-note.'

KING CHARLES THE SIMPLE AND HIS FOOL.—This good fellow's influence was so great that Charles, King of France, once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased with the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. 'Oh, content enough,' was the reply, 'but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool.' It was this fool who once tried his master's nerve by rushing into the room, one morning, with the exclamation, 'Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have arisen in the city!' 'What!' cried the startled king: 'with what intention have they risen?' 'Well,' said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, 'probably with the intention of lying down at bed time.'



PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN G. WITTE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 336.

HEALTH IN A BALLOON-CAR.—A correspondent who sends from London an interesting account of a recent private balloon ascent says:—Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell both say that in the highest altitudes the lungs get a far wider inflation, and Mr. Glaisher says he feels on these occasions, and for a long time afterwards, a healthy expansion of the lungs, and a throwing back of the shoulder blades, a vast number of the air cells in the exterior portion of the lungs being inflated that ordinary respiration in the lower and denser atmosphere here rarely calls into activity. Some eminent physiologists have expressed a decided opinion of the healthful influence of balloon ascensions to a rare atmosphere, particularly in its direct effect on the lungs. Professor A. J. says he believes most people would lengthen their lives by an occasional balloon ascension to an altitude of three or four miles. Perhaps ere long we shall have aerostatic doctors for persons threatened with consumption or chest complaints. In this connection it is an interesting fact that in a place like New Orleans, during the prevalence of yellow fever, every person escapes the epidemic who lives only fifty feet above the surface of the ground. Perhaps some great pneumatic breathing ma-

A DUEL.—Two Parisian actresses had a quarrel the other day. They fought and one was wounded. The guardians of the Bois de Vincennes found these dames satisfying their honor in the approved style with cold steel, and did not secure the weapons before blood was actually drawn. The surprising part of the affair is that the quarrel did not arise from love, jealousy, or even professional etiquette; the two 'princesses of the foot-lights' had got to words, and from words to sharper weapons even, on the subject of Russia and Poland. The only harm that came of this sanguinary affair, was that M^{lle} H— had to play the same evening at the theatre with a bit of black sticking-plaster, too large for a patch, on her pretty right cheek.

The effects of narcotic poisons seem to be destroyed by pouring cold water on the face and head. A girl, accidentally poisoned in England with laudanum, had had all the usual remedies administered without effect; when cold water was applied, however, she breathed more easily and bled from the nose. The treatment with water being suspended, she relapsed into coma; being resumed she again rallied and in 60 hours was completely recovered.

In pursuance of a recent order of the Secretary of War, all the female copyists employed in that department have been discharged. Regular male clerks will be employed in their places.

FAILURE OF FRENCH IRON CLADS.—It now appears that England has nothing to fear from the iron-clad squadron of France, which recently sailed from Cherbourg with a view to test the sea-going qualities of the ships. They have experienced some very rough weather, and it has been ascertained that, however useful they may prove as a 'home squadron,' they are utterly unfit for service in a heavy sea. Even in a fresh breeze the vessels are reported as rolling most terrifically, so that the sailors could not keep their feet, and it was found impossible to open the port-holes for action.—The commission of inquiry have come to an unfavorable conclusion respecting them, but before publishing their final report another trial is to be granted the vessels in the Bay of Biscay.

CONVERSATION.—Surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

WOMEN AND PLEASURE. Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates, and destroys.

Some steam elephant with a long proboscis, will be invented, that will elevate its huge trunk two hundred or four hundred feet in the air, suck down the pure atmosphere, and by means of the same mechanical force ventilate and vivify hospitals, sanitariums, institutions of learning, hotels, and even whole blocks of houses or entire cities, thus driving the 'fiend of fever' or mephitic exhalations far away from the abodes of men. I positively believe this will be done at no distant day, and before long I will give you some devious and practical ideas on the subject.

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and to drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all these, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be.—Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

The sugar and corn crops of Cuba promise to yield but little this year. Cause—want of rain.