

So sudden was the movement, that before ten seconds had elapsed, all was over, and the Frenchman rushed from the room, holding the fragments of his jaw bone, (for it was fractured!) and followed by his countrymen, who, from that hour, deserted Cafe Philidor; nor was there ever any mention of the famous Captain during the stay of the regiment in Paris.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From the New York Sun.

#### UNCLE ABEL.

Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my Uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he was learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with its picture of the face of the sun, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly holly-hocks and morning glories, blooming around the windows. There was the 'best room,' with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the great Bible on it in the other. There was aunt Betsy, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May.

Aunt Betsy, aforementioned, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to every thing; and though my Uncle had been twice married, aunt Betsy's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left aunt Betsy a much less tractable subject to manage than ever had fallen to her lot before. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew upon the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma until he arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of all high places and sanctities as this very master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was 'Sabba-day,' or any other day.

He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him, with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled how to bring the sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with aunt Betsy's Scotch snuff, and once he washed the hearth with uncle Abel's immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way. But uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly, to be entertaining. 'Edward, Edward, must not play on Sunday,' his father would say; and then Edward would shake the curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in dismay through the 'best room,' with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomfiture of aunt Betsy and all others in authority. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that 'it was not in nature to teach him any better,' and that 'he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot.' My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time, our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling book, and then attacked the catechism;—went from 'man's chief end' to 'the commandments' in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to 'amen.' After this he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his white hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder to see whether papy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, master Edward bid fair to be a literary wonder. But alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsy tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he staid by his bedside day and night, try-

ing all means to save with affecting pertinacity. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor," said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the check curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. "Oh, dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate the cat crossed the floor. "There goes pussey," said he: "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussey any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and the sweet features settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, "too much for his pride, and he lifted up his voice and wept! The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great bible, and beginning the psalm "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy and splendour of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly; and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble." My uncle arose, I saw him walk towards the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surprisingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on. His heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood at the front door. The bells were ringing for church, the morning was bright, and the birds were singing merrily, and the pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh uncle Abel brake forth—"How happy that creature is! well, the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to the dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weakness at which the thoughtless smile,—but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever."

#### THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

Our wildernesses are rank for want of men, and on our geography is written, in river, lake and hill, 'the promise to pay,' in abounding interest, all rational investments in money. The Swiss who is perched on a declivity of the Alps; the Irishman who earns but a livelihood in rejected bogs; the Hollander, who can rescue no more of his soil from the sea; the Sicilian, who has hardly enough of macaroni and wine for his being; the Swede from his sands of pine: the Pole, hunted by the Russian cossack; the German, from the historic battlements of the Rhine, or the rich graperies of the plain, we invite; we welcome here, each and all; whether they come from the burning land of the Moor, or the frozen regions of Siberia; for this ever has been the asylum, the refuge, of every people of the old world, from the time the puritan Englishman landed on the rock of Plymouth, to the landing of the Swedes on the Delaware; the Dutch in our own New York; the Germans in Pennsylvania; the Spaniard in Florida or Alabama; and the French in Louisiana. It is the prerogative of a republic, to mould all nations into one, to change the subject to the citizen; the monarchist to the republican; the disorganizer and the agrarian to the grandeur of a sovereign himself. True, in this fusion of conflicting elements, there is often danger; but the experience, not of a half century alone of the constitution, but of the two hundred years of the prevalence of republicanism in America, proves it can all be done.

The introduction of emigrant population, which ocean steam navigation is to effect, has scarcely attracted public attention as yet. This navigation is so much in its infancy, that we have not thought of its ultimate influence upon the tide of population that has for two hundred years been running to America, with a swell and force increasing every additional day. Nor is it probable that

this influence will be immediately felt, on account of the high price of the passage money, and the greater pay the steam ships can have for passengers on business or pleasure; but it is as sure to be felt anon, as was the like influence in settling the great west of this country, the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, which without steam navigation, could have been hardly settled even to this day. The frequent and rapid communication by the steam ships, through letters as well as by passengers, is constantly leading to an interchange, and a similarity of thought, that breaks up the foundations of society in the old world. The amount of foreign letters that have gone through the New York post office is prodigious; amazing, indeed, to those who mark its yearly increase. London now is as near to us as New Orleans, and Liverpool is better known than St. Louis. Paris exerts over us a local influence, as if were but just over the Hudson. The milliners of the Boulevards are omnipotent in Broadway. An American lady is awed and abashed, if she disobeys the fiat of a Parisian *femme des modes*. German musicians are dictating law in the language of the soul. German soldiers, the guardians of our republic, parade our streets in uniform.—Rossini is as well known here as on the Rue de Rivoli. Europe reigns in our saloons. Even the kitchen has yielded at last, and Paris is now complete master of that important cabinet. Thus the European that comes here, finds a home. He has journals of his own tongue to read, and society of his own to live in. Thirty or forty thousand Germans are among us in our city. They have two newspapers, in their own language, of opposite politics. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen are here. They have two journals of their own. The Spaniards and the English have their journals, also, and we are flooded with English literature. Cologne is not more German than parts of the eleventh ward of this city. Cork abounds in many of its streets and lanes. The English Chartists are here a powerful body of men. Even the Welch have a church, and a periodical. The French amalgamate more with us than any of our foreign population. But the language of each prevails in its own circle, to its full extent. It is well known, that on a Sunday, the people of the continent of Europe resort to the suburbs of their cities for exercise and air; and now let those who wish to see how even this European habit prevails in New York, visit Hoboken on a Sunday afternoon; a place which then appears to us more like the suburbs of Antwerp, or some other European city, than American ground.—*N. York Knickerbocker.*

From an Address of C. S. Todd, Kentucky.

#### AGRICULTURE.

"The advances made in agriculture by the Romans, so beautifully illustrated by their poets and orators, shared the fate of other improvements that were buried in the dark ages, and it was not until the revival of letters that the present system of farming commenced in Flanders, about 800 years ago; and although the soil was originally a barren white sand, it now yields twice as much as the lands in England. The practicability of creating soil is shown in the history of Flemish husbandry. They seem to want nothing but a space to work on, whatever was the quantity or the quality of the soil, they made it productive. It is their maxim, that "without manure there is no corn—without cattle there is no manure—and without grain crops, or roots, cattle cannot be kept." The productiveness of their lands proceeded from six causes, small farms, manure, rotation of crops, clover and roots, cutting the forage and grinding the grain—and the farmers giving their personal attention to their farms; no lumbering, no fishing, no speculation, no hankering after office. In conversing with an experienced farmer, I was led to inquire as to the best mode of making corn. He told me that I must keep my work horses fat. Neither he nor I then knew that Cato, one of the most illustrious of the Romans, 2000 years ago, had announced that "the true secret of farming consists in feeding well."

"The great Von Thaer first introduced into Prussia, the agricultural schools, which, connected the science with the practice of agriculture—which made the gentlemen farmers, and farmers-gentlemen—combining intellectual with physical power, and literature with labor." Frederick expended a million annually for these purposes, and said he considered it as *manure spread upon the ground*. In Paris a society has been formed which communicates with more than 200 local societies in France, receiving annually the sum of \$100,000 from the public treasury. Agricultural colleges have been established at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Prussia, Bavaria, Hungary, Wurtemberg, Ireland, and France, and in Scotland, who effected her late astonishing improvement by her skillful agriculturalists reducing their practice to writing, thus establishing agriculture as a science. Fellenburg has a school in Switzerland with pupils from Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, North and South America. The Highland Society in Scotland has appropriated 500 sovereigns as a premium for the first successful application of steam-power to the cultivation of the soil, and premiums for other objects, to the amount of \$15,000. The agriculture, both of England and Scotland, has been advanced to its present prosperity by the