

rough and tumble of pioneer life. They went probably expecting, from the glowing accounts of some writers to find themselves in another Utopia, or an earthly paradise like that described by Claude Melancton to the credulous Pauline, as her future home. They found, instead, a new community, where, of all others, it is most difficult to avoid God's universal decree that man shall live by the sweat of his brow. But there is little doubt that industrious artisans farmers, and indeed all who do not expect to live without work, will find their toil well rewarded and a happy home upon the virgin soil of Nebraska, and that it will speedily become a State with many of the elements of political and commercial power developed.

THE THREE GENERALS.—Of the three military chieftains—Washington, Bonaparte and Wellington—Washington by odds, exhibited the finest specimen of physical manhood. Bonaparte possessed the largest brain, and had the finest cerebral developments. Washington had, however, three mental qualities which the Corsican had not viz—calmness, perseverance and adhesiveness. Bonaparte was in his youth a very handsome man, in his age he was decidedly "passe;" Washington from his earliest youth to the hour of his departure, had a belligerent expression in which serenity and goodness ever warred for the mastery. Wellington's face was that of a martinet; it was stern but not intelligent in its general expression. Of the three in maturity, Washington's face exhibited more forcibly "the action of the face within." Napoleon in youth was slim in form, rather meagre in outline, in age quite corpulent, or rather puffy approaching the "obese." In eight Napoleon was about five feet six inches and when he was back was rather insignificant looking, and would in a crowd have passed unnoticed, but for his intellectual characteristics. However he was more presentable than Wellington. Both in "physique" were inferior to Wellington.



Ladies' Department.

THE REMINISCENCE OF LOVE.

Love, unrequited, soon must die,
Pride heals the transient smart;
Indifference will support the sigh,
That rises in the heart.

But let the passion be returned,
In all its tenderness;
Then its pleasures will be mourned,
Nor time can make it less.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
As time its stream still flows;
The more within my heart I ponder'
Love's image deeper grows.

Ambition, pleasure, all must fail
To quench the stifled flame;
And I alone life's sea must sail—
No other heart to claim.

Hamilton.

CYMRU.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

The Paris correspondent of the Columbus Journal translates the following story from late German papers:

A very rich old lady, the countess de K... had, by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent domain, a

resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially in painting. At sixteen years of age they were already cited as masters, but at this epoch a new crisis appeared. the same symptoms, the same pains, the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused at first, but vanquished by the supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature. A short time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarells that they contained had already their duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died, and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return, she gave birth, a second time, to twin boys who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had so unfortunately lost.

They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which happened at the development of the first children, were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms, the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went into Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together on account of the extraordinary resemblance of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principle of their existence. The mother, consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. the day that Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers had pronounced eighteen years ago.

WOMAN FOUND IN THE WOODS.—A woman, upwards of fifty years of age, was found about seventy or eighty miles above the mouth of the Oconto River in the early part of last week. She seemed to be partially crazed, and can give no intelligence as to where she belongs. She has probably been wandering in the woods for weeks. She says that her maiden name was Mary Ann Kingsland; that when a child she lived in the city of New York; went from there to Genee County, where she went to school until she was 13 years old; she there married a man by the name of Crosby, who lived in Canada, who died soon afterwards; that she next came to Illinois and married Mr. James Day, an engineer on an Ohio river steamer. Up to this point she relates her history very clearly, but all after is confused, and it cannot be ascertained where she belongs or how she came to stray into the woods, except that she has been on Wolf River, and says something about hunting for roots and herbs. It is possible that she was lured from there to where she was found, and on the way she

extract: "At Subouneca, where there is a bungalow I attended the market at which there were several hundred hill men and women. It is really surprising to see them, for it can fall little short of such an infliction, the Southal women put themselves to in order to, as they imagine, adorn their arms ankles, and throats which are laden with heavy brass or bell-metal ornaments. I had a quantity of these ornaments weighed, and found that the bracelets fluctuated from two to four pounds; the ankles four pounds each; and as a fully equipped bello carries two anklets, and perhaps twelve bracelets, and a neck lace weighing a pound, the total weight of ornaments carried on her person amounts to thirty-four pounds of bell-metal—a greater weight than one of our drawing room belles could well lift. Almost every woman in comfortable circumstances carries 12 pounds weight of brass ornaments upon her person." The "Englishman" adds. It may seem absurdly foolish to us that pretty Southal girls should load themselves with brass ornaments, which it would be a punishment for a convict to wear but the custom is not a more foolish one, in our opinion, than that by virtue of which young English ladies dance the Polka in the month of May in India.



Youth's Department.

SONNET—EARLY RISING.

Arise, the man within me! cease to doze
Let not the animal subdue the man;
Nature requires but little—short repose,
Then let me give to thought the time I can:
Since thinking is the germ of life within,
Unprofitable, too full of sin—
Life without it, is but a grov'ling state,
Duties neglected, trusting to blind fate.
Sins of omission are but lazy sins,
They are as heinous as the active—bold;
Man knows not half his powers—he begins
Life's earnest battle when he's growing old;
So moments precious I redeem from sleep
To climb up learning's ladder high and steep.
Hamilton. CYMRU.

A SNAKE KILLING CAT.

The Warrenton, N O Flag says that a gentleman living at Elk Run, in the lower end of that county, has the good fortune to possess the most remarkable grimalkin yet known of the cat kind. Its body is of unusual length, its legs like those of a bench legged chair. The fur is of a reddish color, the whole beautified with black spots and streaks of different figures they are long in the back and round on the belly and jaws. Black stripes run across the ears, which are very long and tipped at the ends with a blue tuft of hair. Its physiognomy is fierce and its nature savage.

His master's house being infested with snakes which had been bred in a neighboring stone fence, she took it into his head to eschew such game a rats and mice, and make war upon the snakes, all of which he soon destroyed. Having acquired a taste for this kind of sport, he extended the field of operations, frequently making excursions more than a mile distant from the house, and returning each and every day with a snake ranging from two to seven feet in length. He has continued this practice for eight weeks. On one occasion he returned much fatigued, and perfectly wet and covered with saliva. It was supposed he had encountered one of those large but rare serpents known as the Goo-bat. This turned out to be true, for the day after Mr. Marv B. Rulls found the snake dead, and signs of a dreadful conflict on the sand. Most or nearly all the wounds had been inflicted on the back of the neck. The weight of the horrid serpent was fourteen pounds eleven ounces!

This class of serpents are natives of Eastern Virginia, and very large hawks and large owls—the

is covered with large scales. Each side of the belly is marbled with large spots of chestnut color, to the middle of which is a spot perfectly round, and like burnished gold. They have been known to swallow small pigs, muskrats, opossums, &c. They avoid the sight of man, and are consequently rarely seen.

The cat still continues his war upon the snakes. These facts may not gain credence at a distance, but they are so well known and attested, that no one in the neighborhood doubts them for a moment.

THOUGHTS AT CHURCH.

By FANNY FRANK.— I have an old fashioned way of entering church, before the bells begin to chime. I enjoy the quiet brooding stillness. I love to think of the many words of holy cheer that have fallen there, from heaven-missioned lips, and folded themselves like snow-white wings over the heart of despair. I love to think of the sinless, little ones whose early temples, have been laved at the baptismal font. I love to think of the weak, yet strong ones, who have fearfully tasted the consecrated cup, on which is written. "Do this in remembrance of me." I love to think of those self-forgetting, self-exiled, who counting all things naught for Gethsemane's dear sake, are treading foreign shores, to say to the so-eout-fettered pagan, "Behold the Lamb of God." I love to think of the loving heart that at yonder altar have throbbled side by side, while the holy men of God pronounced "the twain, one." I love to think of the loving smile of which death itself was powerless to rob the dead saint over whose upturned face, to which the sunlight lent such mocking glow, the words "Dust to dust," fell upon the pained ear of love.

I love, as I sit here to list through the half opened vestry-door, to the hymning voices of happy Sabbath scholars, sweet as the timid chirp of mom's first peeping bird. I love to hear their tiny feet patter down the aisle, and mark the earnest gaze of questioning children. I love to see the toil-hardened hand of labour brush off the penitent tear. I love—"our minister," how very sad he looks to day. Are his parishioners unsympathetic? Do censorious, dissatisfied spirits watch and wait for his halting?

Now he rises and says, slowly—musically, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." What such sweet, soul-resting words, do his tears overflow? Why has his voice such a heart-quake? Ah! there is a vacant seat in the pastor's pew. A little golden head, that last Sunday gladdened our eyes like a gleam of sunlight, lies dreamlessly pillowed beneath the coffin-lid; gleeful eyes have lost their brightness; cherry lips are wan and mute, and beneath her sable veil the lonely mother sob. And so the father's lip quivers, and for a moment Nature triumphs. Then athwart the gloomy clouds flashes the bow of promise. He wipes away the blinding tears, and with an angel smile, and upward glance, he says: "Though He slay me yet will I trust in him."

Humorous.

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

THE KNOW-NOTHING.

Where have you been? asked Mrs. Snob
As Mr. Snob reeled in the door;
A pretty time to seek your home,
I'm sure it's twelve o'clock—and more.
These midnight revels will not do;
Shame on you, Snob for acting so!
Where have you been? I ask again.
Says he, Dear wife—I do not know.
A pretty plight your hat is in;
And see, your coat is muddled o'er;
Your nose is like a to-ma-to;
And you can scarcely reach the door.
How came you so—you naughty man!
Say Mr. Snob, how came you so?
My dearest wife, don't bother me—
You've heard me say I don't know.

I see it all, you cruel man!
Cried Mrs. Snob, excited quite;
You've joined the men who nothing know.
And you've been meeting them to-night!
Well, I'll forgive you if you'll tell
Me why they meet in secret so!
Come, Snobby, you can tell me how
Why, Mrs. Snob—I do not know.