

a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppage, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared with Neptune's distance? Ha! Adam and Eve started by our railway, at the creation, to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.

### Song on Steam.

The following fine poem, by Geo. W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky, Blackwood has pronounced "the best lyric of the century."

Harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As a tempest scorns a chain;  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boasts of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting a wayward breeze,  
When I saw the pleasant reel,  
With the toil which he faintly bore,  
As he turned at the tardy wheel,  
Or toiled at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the carrier dove,  
As they bore a law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love,  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last,  
And they invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,  
And laughed in my iron strength!  
Oh! then ye saw a wonderous change  
On the earth and ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er  
The mountain steep decline:  
Time—space have yielded to my power—  
The giant streams of the queenly West,  
And the Orient floods divine.

The Ocean pales where'er I sweep,  
To hear my strength rejoice,  
And monsters of the briny deep,  
Cower trembling at my voice.  
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,  
The thought of the godlike mind,  
The wind lags after my going forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
My tireless arm dot play,  
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day;  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
From the hidden caves below,  
And I make the fountain's granite cup  
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade,  
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,  
Where my arms of strength are made,  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put in print,  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breasts to decay,  
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"  
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"  
While I manage the world myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

### Kossuth's Personal Appearance.

He stands about 5 feet 8 inches in height, has a slight and apparently not strongly knit frame, and is a little round shouldered. His face is rather oval, a pair of gray eyes, which somewhat reminded me of O'Connell's in expression, well set beneath a full and arched brow, give an animated and intelligent look to his countenance. His forehead, high and broad, is deeply wrinkled, and time has just begun to grizzle a head of straight dark hair, and to leave a bald spot behind. He has got the true Hungarian nose, but it is a fair, well formed feature,—such as a French passport would describe as *moyen*; a thick moustache nearly covers his mouth, except when he speaks or smiles, and unites with beard and whisker in a full flock of dark hair, falling down from the chin. The portraits are singularly unlike him in either person or expression. Whether from his recent captivity or constitutional causes, there is somehow an air of lassitude in his look, to which the fatigues of his voyage not improbably contributed. Altogether he gives out the idea of a man of thought rather than a man of action; there is a speculative air in his face, mingled with melancholy, which would mark him for a visionary or theoretical enthusiast rather than a great leader or a soldier. He was very plainly attired in a dark green frock-coat, with a little silk braid at the back and edges, and wore a common low-crowned square felt hat. Madame Kossuth, who seems in delicate health, stood beside her children, Francis and Louis, boys, and Wilhelmine, a girl, the eldest about 11, the youngest 7, and was dressed as simply as her husband. Some fine looking fellows, bearded like the pard, in braided military frocks lounged about the decks, a few of whom as indeed possibly their leader might have done, had suffered, no doubt, a good deal from sea sickness.

### HOW THE YANKEE CURED THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG OF STEALING SHEEP.

Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who had lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow: always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet, when he did play any of his tricks, it was done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it so happened that one of Abner's neighbor's sold a farm to a tolerable green looking specimen of a Dutchman: one of the real, unintelligent, stupid sort. Von Vlom Schloppsh had a dog, as Dutchmen often do, who was little less unintelligent than his master, and who had since leaving his "faderland" become sufficiently civilized, not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbor's sheepfold on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the best natured manner in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep!"

"Yah, dat ish bace—bad: he ish von goot tog.—Ya, dat ish bad"

"Sartain; its bad, and you'll have to stop 'im."  
"Ya, dat ish allsoss goot; but Ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? He was nicked? Wall, now look here, old feller, nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut the tail close off, chock up tew his rump. That'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya, dat ish goot; dat cure von sheep-steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will; he'll never touch sheep meat again in the world!" said Abner, gravely.

"Den come mit me! He von mity goot tog: all the way from Yarmany I not take von five dollar; but come mit me and hold his tail, eh. Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Abner; "I'll hold his tail, if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya, dat ish right: Ich make him von goot tog—"

There, Blitzen, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep-steel rasheull, I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and his master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident: and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large stick of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right. Now, you von tam tief-sheep, I learns you petter luck," said Von Vlom Schloppsh, as he raised the ax. It descended as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a lettle too close!"

"Mine cot!" exclaimed the Dutchman; "you shust cut 'in off de wrong end!"—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

### A Combat.

The following interesting description of a fight between a Boa Constrictor and a Crocodile in Java, we take from "Merry's Museum." It will be read with interest.

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom.—Stretching its limbs close over this pond was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil; taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape from his position saw a crocodile in the water rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped, plumb upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round and round the body of his antagonist, she disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and although there were tremblings along the back, the head hung listless in the water. The crocodile also, was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

A MODEL BED.—Among the articles exhibited at the World's Fair, is a "bed arranged with an ingenious mechanism, which rings a bell at any hour that you may wish to get up, or, if this hint prove insufficient, the sacking rises on one side and rolls you out upon the floor."