

to a point, which has not been explored by any competent archaeologist. Indeed, the difficulty and danger which would have attended any attempt of the kind, and the jealous and insular of Muslim arrogance, put research out of the question, and it is only under new circumstances, that it may be successfully undertaken. If so, it is probable that a light may be thrown upon the very earliest history of the human race. Our inscription has already been discovered which is conjectured to bear the name of a founder of the city. A correct copy of this has been written for, if not the stone itself, and there is no doubt that the one or the other, together with other interesting remains, will soon be in London.

From Babylon also very interesting accounts have been received from Major Rawlinson, in the first part narrating the progress of his own exploration and in the next, describing some tablets of uniform character, discovered in the earliest diggings of the new Assyrian Association, and sent to him from the locality about 90 miles to the south of Babylon, where the ruins of a city, apparently equal, or superior, in extent to Nineveh now offer themselves for the operations of the society. Here again a great and extraordinary field is open for inquiry. The inscriptions contain the names of Belshazzar and Antiochus, successors of Alexander the Great, and there seems to be little doubt that the monuments discovered from this site will furnish the most important facts of the Grecian wars in Asia, of which so little except generalities (aided by conjectures) is known. Truly we may be led to the belief that the secrets of the old world are about to be revealed in a manner quite unthought for till the present era.



### Ladies' Department.

LILLY LOW:

BY JOHN PETRIE.

Come home, come home, my Lilly Low, and hide thee in my arms;  
For there when thou may'st weary be thou'lt ever find sweet rest.

This world is cold and carefu'; but my heart will be to thee;  
A well-spring in life's wilderness o' love and constancy.

Thy father's gone, my Lilly Low, and frien's thou hast few,  
And rare as rubies are the frien's that faithfu' are and true:

But thou may'st trust me, I will prove, as far as I can be,  
A father and a faithfu' men' my Lilly Low, to thee.

Thy mither for the bairnies has struggled lang and sair,  
To eke their bits o' bread and claes, and gie them decent care;

But for thy sake, my Lilly Low, it wad be joy to me,  
To be thy comfort, and the stay o' a' that's dear to thee.

O, gowden is that smile o' thine, my bonnie Lilly Low!  
Unlike the cauld pleasant smirk that artfu' queens bestow;

'Tis lighted by the tender heart which, weel I wend,  
Will be,  
As leal and lithesome aye to mine as mine man be to thee.

place held a meeting privately, organized and passed resolutions, selected their leaders and marched armed with axes and hammers to the grocery, when they entered Miss Peck read the resolutions to Mr. Green and then asked him what he would take for his barrel of whiskey. His reply was \$100. This they refused to give, but would give him a fair price for it. The leaders then took possession of the whiskey barrel rolled it out, cut off the hoops and and the earth drunk it. Mr. Green seized one or two jugs and left. The women numbered 41, girls 8 and comprised nearly all in town. They gave Mr. Green notice that if he persisted in selling liquor there the next time they visited him they would give him a coat of tar.

The boys then obtained the beer, gathered up the fragments of the barrel and broken bottles, placed them on it, marched round the town tolling a cow bell and finally down to the river and deposited them in the water.

**A WOMAN HALF A CENTURY IN BED.**—Susan Pierson, of Bridgehampton, Long Island, died not long since in her 72d year and the 52d year of her extraordinary confinement. Her case was peculiar; it is probable it has no parallel. For more than fifty years she did not set her foot upon the floor, and in all that time did not sit upright in bed. One year of that time was spent at a neighbour's house, with which exception the extent of her travels in fifty years was from one corner of her room to another, once a week in a strong man's arms. This change was always attended with an almost entire loss of voice, from which she did not recover until after a night's repose. The best medical skill and all her patrimony were expended in vain, in endeavoring to restore her health. The upright posture always and immediately produced violent retching. All hopes of her being restored to her former health were long since abandoned. All who knew the deceased knew her as "Aunt Susie" and all who knew her, knew an humble, truthful, cheerful child of God. All her property being consumed, she was dependent. It was touching to hear her speak in gratitude of the goodness of God in providing so good a home and so many mercies. For the most part she did not suffer pain. She had all the time of her confinement, excepting one year, the untiring attentions of an inseparable sister, a Christian woman, who survives her, about 80 years of age. "Aunt Susie" lived a quiet, retired life, but not a idle nor a useless one. She was industrious at the use of knitting needles, almost her only employment. Her Bible, her constant companion, was not out of her hand, or out of her reach for half a century. She has now gone where she can enjoy life with the rest of God's saints.

**FEMALE PHYSICIANS.**—Massachusetts has a female Medical College to which the Legislature has just appropriated \$1000 annually for five years, in aid of the medical education of females by the establishment of forty scholarships, the beneficiaries of which shall be selected from the several Senatorial districts in numbers according to the Senatorial apportionment. So in the land of Puritans female M.D.'s are authoritatively recognized. This is somewhat of an innovation, but if females desire to heal the sick there is no earthly reason why the field should not be open to them.



### Youth's Department.

**"I NEVER DRAW ON TO-MORROW"**—It is like anticipating one's income, and make the future bear the expense of the past. When a thing is done, it is off your mind. To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.

This is from SAM SLICK and a more sensible paragraph than ever came from REV. SIDNEY SMITH'S pen. In its precept is all of life's success—never draw on to-morrow, but let each day's thought

draw on to-morrow for its accomplished purpose, and with the consciousness of work achieved there is no further pack to carry to bed or weight to oppress the heart.—Sandusky Register.

### A TRUE STORY—THE RESULT OF A KIND ACT.

Many years since, a boy who thought and dreamed of nothing but music, wandered into a certain large establishment in Boston, where his favorite instruments were manufactured. Passing into the extensive saloons where these instruments were displayed, he sought out a quiet corner, and sitting himself at one of those magnificent pianos, he first looked around, to be sure that no one was listening, then began to play some of those beautiful waltzes of Beethoven, which at that time so suited his capacity and suited his heart. Borne away in a delicious musical reverie he did not for some time observe that a figure had stolen up to him and was listening as he played. A benevolent face was over him, and a kind voice addressed words of commendation and praise, which being the first he had received, sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. The proprietor of the establishment, for it was he, then asked the boy if he would like to come and live among those pianos, discoursing just such music to purchasers thus forming, in a word, a connection with his establishment. But books and college were done with, and the books thrown aside. The boy had reached manhood; but the spirit of music haunted him, and again he found himself in those spacious saloons. He had just ceased playing upon one of those magnificent instruments again, and stood looking dreamily out of the window, down upon the crowded "Washington Street" below.

Again a quiet figure stole up to him, and a most musical and pleasant voice began to speak. The person before him was of small stature, had the manners and garb of a gentleman, was dressed in black, with a single magnificent diamond pin in his bosom; the only contrast in his appearance was a clean white apron of a workman, which he wore. It was the proprietor of the establishment again; who, wealthy as he was, had his own little working cabinet, with an exquisite set of tools, and there put the finishing touch he entrusted to no one else. The proprietor inquired kindly of the young man as to his plans for life. These, alas, were undetermined. The voice of music was more fascinating to the ears; but a learned profession of some kind seemed to be the wish and expectation of his friends. Music, however, was the first and strongest love, and he had sometimes thought if he could go abroad to study, he would decide for that. But he was poor. His father had given him his college education and his blessing as capital for life. A harsh struggle with the world was before him; music, therefore, was hardly to be thought of.

In the quiet tone of that low, pleasant voice, the proprietor, as though making an ordinary remark, rejoined, "Well, but then, if the sum of five hundred dollars a year for a period of four years would suit your purpose, I could easily supply you with that."

The world grew dim before him and the young man was almost staggered with surprise; but when he recovered himself there was the same quiet gentleman standing beside him, and looking pleasantly out of the window.

Two months afterwards the young man sailed for Europe, where he passed the allotted time, and longer, from means with which his own compositions in the mean time furnished him. And whatever of knowledge, and whatever of artistic culture, and whatever of success in life as connected with Art, have since been his, he ascribes entirely to that most generous and noble hearted Mucenas of Art. And to the latest day of his life he will never cease to cherish the memory of his first and best friend.

That noble friend was Jonas Chickering of Boston, now lying cold in death, and that boy is the present Editor of the N. Y. Musical World—the writer of this article—and nothing would have prevented a grateful declaration of this noble deed. But the unwilling condition absolutely imposed—of silence; that the circumstance should be reveal-

out having to earn the money a second time in the attempt how to induce a "constant reader" of a newspaper to become a constant subscriber; a plan of editing a paper without being considered dull by the giddy, frivolous by the "serious minded" unappreciated by three-fourths, and cheated by the other quarter. Men,—When found, to make a note of."

### Humorous.

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

### NORTH RIVER POETRY

I saw her on the forward deck a sitting in the sun  
A smile upon her ruddy lip and in her hand a bun,  
I looked about a minute, and found my heart was fixed;  
And I then began to go it strong as it could be mixed.  
Oh Crow's Nest, lofty Crow's Nest! far rising o'er the tide!  
Did ever such a beauty in such a steamboat glide?  
And waiter—dark-brown waiter! who carves fast and free,  
Didst ever hand a tater to maiden fair as she:  
And captain—courteous captain, who helps folk to land  
Didst ever take a ticket from such a pearly hand:  
And benches—gentle benches, arranged in goodly ranks,  
Did such a fairy figure e'er rest upon your planks!  
"Ah no!" replied the Crow's Nest, as on the steamer slid:  
And "No," returned the darkey, "I think I never did!"  
And the Captain said— "Mong wench—she's just the one to strike!"  
And "Oh," exclaimed the benches, "we never felt the like!"  
One note of admiration went up from every one,  
And I bowed with adoration to the beauty with the bun.  
'T was at the Palisades I told her of my love,  
And she said, "Go ask my mother," at Albany above.  
So I travelled up the river, in loving doubt and pain:  
But "went it" in a quiver of rapture home again.

### CHANGING A CONSTITUTION

"Doether, jewell, I am in a bad way entirely."  
"What ails you, Dan?"  
"I feel 'n' it more than I can tell your honour."  
"Are you in pain?"  
"The houls time."  
"Do you sleep any?"  
"Divil a wink, barrin' without or two, when nature, poor crathar, is exhausted intirely."  
"Good appetite?"  
"Not a patatee's worth."  
"Night sweats?"  
"You could wring the shivers out o' me."  
"Well you are in a bad way, that's a fact, but if you are prudent we can build-up your constitution."

"Arrah, doether, couldn't you get me a new constitution altogether. I would sell the ould one at half price. You could take it out you know, while I'd be tipsy with the chloroform!"

**Pretty Goon.**—The Cleveland Plain Dealer has the following: An athletic specimen from the Emerald Isle called into the counting room of one of our River Street Merchants.

"The top of the mornin', ye, musther P."  
"I've been told ye're in want o' help."  
"I've but little to do," replied P., with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the very boy for ye. It's but little I care about doing, and it's the money I'm after, sure."

The naive reply procured him a situation with P.

The Boston Bee says: "A man can get along without advertising, and so can a waggon without greasing but it goes hard."

How can you get de cork out ob de neck ob a bottle widout breaking the bottle or pulling the cork out?

Why push it in ob course.

How did de whale dat swallowed Jonah obey a Divine law: Because Jonah was a stranger, and he took him in.