

**GENIUS OF ENERGY.**

THERE is no genius of life like genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men—that certain characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were—grows out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods, and a thought of some great name will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream until midnight over books; you set up shadows and chase them down,—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the “scent lie well” in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you find the metal of his thought thinking on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step towards final development. In such mood it is that one feels grateful to the dusty tomes, which, at other hours, stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould can not cover nor quench.—*H. Marvel.*

**DID YOU EVER SEE THEM.**

There are people who get up in the morning for the express purpose of making somebody uncomfortable before the day is out. They generally pitch upon some sunny-faced, happy, singing human lark, carolling high above the ditches and marshes of life, soaring in the blue ether of his happiness, nearer Heaven than he knows anything about, and taking practised aim at some vulnerable point, bring him plump down, with maimed wing, to flutter in the dust. Now what is good enough for such a miscreant?

It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man it is an instrument of happiness.—*Dryden.*

**FRETFUL PEOPLE.**

Men make themselves uncomfortable, destroy the peace of their families, and actually make themselves hated by fretfulness.” *Beecher* says:

“It is not the work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy. You can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are sweet juices.”

We know a man with a patient, good, Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind or pleasant word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they have lived together.

He is always in a fret. Every thing goes wrong. You would think that he was made of cross-grained timber, and had always been trying to digest a cross cut saw. He is eternally cross, and thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and all the domestic animals have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusty but fairly crusted over with it. He is encased in a shell of acid secretions, through which no sweet juices ever distil. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course he has never worked to any advantage to himself or anybody else. With him every thing always goes wrong. He superstitiously believes “it is because the devil has a spite against him,” when in truth it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

**POVERTY THE ALLY OF GENIUS.**

Homer was a beggar; Plutus turned a mill; Terrence was a slave; *Bæthius* died in jail; *Paul Borghese* had fourteen trades, yet starved with them all; *Tasso* was often distressed for a few shillings; *Camens*, the writer of the “*Lusaid*,” ended his days in an almshouse; and *Vaugelas* left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. In England, *Bacon* lived a life of meanness and distress; *Sir Walter Raleigh* died on the scaffold; *Spenser* died in want; *Milton* sold his copyright of “*Paradise Lost*,” for £15, and died in obscurity; *Otway* perished of hunger; *Lee* died in the streets; *Dryden* lived in poverty and distress; *Steele* was in perpetual war with the bailiffs; *Goldsmith’s* “*Vicar of Wakefield*” was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grasp of the law; *Richard Savage* died in prison at Bristol for a debt of eight pounds; *Butler* lived in penury and died poor; *Chatterton*, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

**VANITY.**—The man who boasts of his knowledge, is usually ignorant, and wishes to blind the eyes of his hearers. Merit and Literature are always discovered—in few instances unnoticed, unrewarded.

**MISCELLANY.**

A lady requested the celebrated *Dr. Whewell*, author of one of the famous *Bridgewater Treatises*, to favor her with his autograph or cipher. He replied thus:

You O my O, but I O thee;  
Then O no O, but ah! O me,  
Pray let not my O a O go,  
Give back O O I love thee so.

Reading the lines literally they stand thus:—

You cipher my cipher, but I cipher thee;  
Then cipher no cipher, but ah! cipher me  
Pray let not my cipher a cipher go,  
Give back cipher cipher I love thee so.

But they should read thus:—

You sigh for my cipher, and I sigh for thee.  
Then sigh for no cipher, but O! sigh for me.  
Pray let not my sigh for a cipher go,  
Give back sigh for sigh, for I love thee so.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—“I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk out for fear that the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to be married!”

A member of the Indiana Legislature who has been “coughed down” on several occasions, recently offered a resolution instructing the door-keeper to buy twenty dollars worth of cough medicine for the use of the members.

Shun a man who doesn’t pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor towards curls, will invariably attempt to dodge the grocer, tailor, and butcher. Faithlessness to the dimity institution, is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and a good bringing up.—*Portsmouth N. H. Chron.*

Alum and common salt in equal quantities, powdered and applied to the cavity of an aching tooth, is said to be a certain cure for that terrible ailment.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of tricks and duplicity, than straight-forward and simple integrity in another.

There is many a good wife who cannot dance or sing well.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—*Addison.*