

the following facts from a reverend gentleman, who knew her well in Sweden, and to whom, both in Europe and America, she has imparted with almost child-like confidence every particular in relation to her pecuniary affairs, as well as to her future prospects and intentions.

Jenny Lind has neither a brother nor a sister living. She lost a sister some years ago, but never had a brother, notwithstanding the numberless stories to the contrary which have been circulated. Her parents are both living in quiet and retirement at their native city, Stockholm, being supported by an adequate sum, put aside for that specific purpose, by their affectionate daughter. Jenny Lind's annual income from property which she has laid by is less than \$5000, (not so much as she could make at a single concert,) and she is fully determined never to increase it, for every farthing of her income and earnings above what she expends for her own personal wants is devoted to charity. The whole of the funds received from her American engagement are set aside for the establishment of Common Schools in Sweden, and it is her intention to devote her personal services to the supervision and inspection of these schools.

Her reverend and venerable friend once said to her, "Miss Lind, I think that you should have a large income secured to you, that you might be prepared in case you should lose your voice."

"In that event," she replied, "one-sixth of my present income would support me well in Sweden, and at all events is as much as any person with proper feelings ought to expend in one year. So I am still left \$4,000 per year for charitable purposes."

A woman with such a heart would indeed be wealthy, if she possessed not a dollar in the world.

Edmund Burke.

This celebrated man was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1730, and died in 1797, at the age of 67 years. He was one of the greatest intellectual prodigies of Europe—the first of orators and of writers of any age or country. He had a brother Richard—a man of great ability scarcely inferior to Edmund; but, like many others, a gay, gossiping, pleasure-loving youth—who grew up into a brilliant, but special man. Prior, in his life of Burke, thus mentions him:—"Richard Burke being found in revelry, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent of the Family; but then I remember when we were at play he was always at work."

Mr. Burke had to contend, at the outset of life, with unusual difficulties, but he triumphed over all; and, therefore, at 30 years of age, he bounded with one spring to the very summit of fame, leaving behind him the whole aristocracy, and all his other more advantageously situated competitors, finely exemplifying his own expression, "He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper."

It is a fact that, at the University, Burke did not carry off a single prize, although he was incomparably the first man in the College of Dublin. He exemplified, as one of his biographers has finely expressed it, the lofty spirit of Alexander, who refused to run in the Olympic Games, on the ground that races were not sovereigns; proudly saying, "were kings competitors, Alexander would run." While the other Students—and many of them sprightly ones too,—were fighting for prizes, Burke was satisfied with simply a respectable appearance in the classes, but devoted every moment to replenishing his capacious understanding with all manner of human knowledge; and hence, when the first prize-men were forgotten, lost in night, Burke shone as the sun in the firmament of political and moral wisdom.

DEATH OF JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq., AND HON. ISAAC HILL.—These individuals, who have long occupied a prominent position before the public, have lately been taken from us by death. Mr. Skinner was the pioneer in the establishment of agricultural periodicals in this country, having commenced the *American Farmer* in 1819. He has been, for the most part, connect-

ed with the agricultural press, from that down to the present time. At the time of his death, he was conducting the *Plow, Loom and Anvil*. His energy, zeal and devotion to the improvement of the industrial interests of the country, are well known, and for the important services he has rendered, his memory will long be cherished with lively gratitude. His death was sudden and entirely unexpected. It occurred on the 21st of March at Baltimore.

It appears that in attempting to leave the post-office in that city, where he had been called on business, he, by mistake, opened a door leading to the cellar, into which he was precipitated, breaking his skull as he fell to the ground. He was taken up speechless, and died in a few hours afterwards.

Mr. Hill died at Washington, from an asthmatic affection with which he had been afflicted many years. He had filled many important political stations, the chief of which were those of United States Senator and Governor of the State of New-Hampshire. Of late years, he had manifested great interest in agriculture, and had published several volumes of a paper called *The Farmer's Visitor*. He also carried on farming to considerable extent, and was quite successful in the management of a tract of land, near Concord, N. H., which previously to its coming into his possession, was regarded as of very inferior quality. His example in this respect is believed to have been highly salutary and useful in promoting agricultural improvement in the section where he lived.—*Albany Cultivator*.

MY OLD BROWN COAT AND ME.

The moon is up, the stars are out,
The birds are singing free;
They listen while I sing about
My old brown coat and me.

My father was an honest man,
Though very poor was he,
He lived in yonder little cot
That stands beside the lea.

I toiled upon my father's farm,
'Till I was twenty-one,
Then took a little farm myself,
And manhood's life begun.

I wore a coat of homespun brown,
It was not fair to see,
And all the maidens in the town
Laughed at my coat and me.

I fell in love with Mary Braid,
Whose father kept the store,
And never was a maiden loved
More tenderly before.

But Mary, she was very proud,
And haughty as could be.
She told me she would never wed
My old brown coat and me.

I did not stop to plead my case,
For pleading had been vain;
I said farewell to Mary Braid,
Nor saw her face again.

I'm forty summers old to day,
And riches fill my store
My children on the sward at play,
My wife sings at the door,

I've lands enough, and money now,
And honors are in fee.
And every maiden in the Town
Respects my coat and me.

For I have grain upon my lands,
My house is proud and high,
And there are none in all the town
Can wear such cloth as I.

But Mary Braid that so despised
My old brown coat and me,
Was married to the lawyer's son,
His name was Jason Lee.

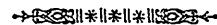
He wore a suit of shiny black,
And talked so proud and great,
That Mary fancied he would make
A rich and noble mate.

But now, alas! her husband roams
A pirate on the sea.
And Mary wishes she had wed
My old brown coat and me.

Then listen, maidens, to my song,
For 'tis of countless price,
Reflect upon the truths I sing,
And treasure this advice.

Remember that an old brown coat,
Though not so very grand,
May cover up as great a heart
As any in the land.

And when you're called upon to choose
From "beaux" that bend the knee,
Just think upon her fate who scorned
My old brown coat and me.



Macaulay.

Macaulay is great as a Speaker. On his rising to address the House, attention is at once riveted to his quiet, slow and considered sentences, as though he had well weighed what he advanced ere he gave it utterance. Slowly he goes on at first like a practised swimmer, who wades carefully over unseen rocks and looking somewhat awkward as he picks his way; but he is soon seen in deep water and away he dashes, fearlessly, flying around him the glittering spray, and rejoicing at his strength. He is now fairly released from the shallowness of introductory matter, and away he goes; far and far. As he proceeds his voice increases in volume and form—his right arm is in unusual motion—his eye kindles, and from his eloquent lips brilliant ideas course each other in rapid succession, until the House is wrapt in close attention. Truth is his weapon, Honesty is his armour, and Facts are the weapons with which he fights. When Macaulay resumes his seat, a dead silence for a moment ensues, and then a burst of applause, such as only sterling eloquence can command, is heard from all present.

ONE OF THE HUSBANDS.

Not long since, a short, rough-looking individual, a Frenchman by his appearance, and still more so by his discourse, was brought before one of our recorders to answer to a charge of violently assaulting and beating his own wife. The prosecutor complained that the accused and his wife, who kept a small shop, were continually disputing and quarrelling and disturbing the peace of the neighborhood, and that the husband generally commenced the strife. The accused appeared to pass his time lounging about the cafe, drinking and playing dominoes with a parcel of rowdy, idle companions, whilst his wife stayed at home working all day and late at night for his and her support.

The wife appeared in court neatly dressed, but much affected at the idea of her better-half being treated as a criminal. She evidently thought he was going to be hanged. The Frenchman looked as dignified and fierce as possible; he considered himself, to judge by his air, an injured individual—injured in his rights as citizen and his prerogative as a husband. The recorder after hearing the testimony, turned to the accused, and the following dialogued ensued:

"Pierre Jobard, you have beaten your wife, it seems."

"I no beat my wife; I strike—I give her one blow."

"You acknowledge that you assaulted and beat her then?"