

THE OLD MAN'S PLEA.

BY W. H. BRINTON.

It is said that age has withered my brow,
And wrinkled the face of my youth;
And 'tis said that infancy creeps me now,
But how should I know it be true?
There's a group that attend my parent knee,
While the raving laugh and shout;
Of their innocent revelry,
Put all my age to the test.
It is not the clay of this mortal frame
That is young, I know full well;
But the snare that fills its depth with flame,
And its youth no time can quell!
That immortal pulse that knows no end—
Oh, say, will it ever grow cold?—
Then the thrill I feel over time shall ascend,
And I never shall grow old.

I look on the group that circles me so,
Partaking the joys of the hour;

There is love in each eye, and smiles on each
brow,

That touch me with magical power.

My thoughts are o'erhanging with memory
sweet,

And my by-gone days appear;

In a happy land again my feet,

And my life-fed years are here!

Then ne'er say that Time has rehled me so
wrong;

That my youth he has taken away;

For I yet canst thrill to sweet childhood's song;

And rush in the mimic play!—

Whilst the hazy hours my thoughts employ,

And the dreams of life unfold;

My strong heart o'erflowed shall be with joy,

And I never shall grow old.

Oh the life of joy, and the fire of soul—

How they mount or the wrecks of time!

And heavenward—still heavenward they prowl,

With a diabolical thine.

Though the dry dust choke the fevered throat,

And crumble the fate-struck eye,

Yet—the spirit chants with an angel note,

For the flesh alone can die!

Aye, this is the youn that never grows old,

Though daemons may myriad years;

'Tis destined to live o'er time untold;

And mose o'er the dust of the spheres.

"Tis the geru of a life forever to bloom,

While immortal dews shall it bathe,

And Heaven will joy at its blest perfume,

And God of its Beauty will breathe,

—Cayuga Chief.

EFFECTS PRODUCED BY THIS CONTRARIETY.—How many natural effects do we see daily produced by their contraries! Thus it is, that poisons are ingredients in the composition of the most excellent antidotes.—The oils of tarrat and vitriol, mixed together, grow hot and boil, though separately cold.—A paste made with equal parts of filings of iron and sulphur, takes fire when sprinkled with common water. A piece of unslacked lime, which is cold, receives a brisk heat by the mixture of water, which is still colder.

Ice will produce fire, if air water is made to boil for half an hour, to make the air pass out of it. Two inches of this water must afterwards be exposed to a very cold air, and when it is frozen, the extremities of the ice are to be melted before a fire, till the ice acquires a convex spherical figure on both sides. Then, with a glove, this kind of burning mirror, being presented to the sun, and the rays being assembled by refraction in a common focus, will set fire to common gunpowder.

If a phial of ground glass, and full of water, is exposed to the sun when it is very hot, it will set fire to fine gunpowder, placed in the focus of this burning mirror made of water. These experiments show clearly, that the rays of the sun lose nothing of their nature by piercing and passing through the pores of water and ice.—Ex.

A SPIRITUAL TEACHER.—Dr. Hodge, of Providence, recently alluded, in a discourse, to the spirit manifestations of the day, and said that, without arrogance, he thought he could say he felt himself far more competent to teach the spirits he had heard from, than they were to instruct him; that, from the words which were said to come from the eminent men who had lived in former times, it was quite evident in their cases it had not been gain for them to die, as from the senseless sentences they were alleged to have dictated, the truth of the common proverb was verified, "a live dog was better than a dead lion."

A FINE STREAM.—A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days afterwards a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right, except the fine stream of water you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the Judge.

"What, that little brook? Why it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you should empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Why, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the Judge blithely.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't.

THE HAIR.—Dr. Cazenac, of the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris, has published a valuable paper on hair, in which he says the most healthy mode of dressing the hair of females, especially young ones, is to let it be as loose as possible, or arranged in large bands, so as to allow the air to pass through them. It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots; pulling them tight tends to deprive them of their nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should also not be cut nor thinned, but merely shortened.

THE DUKE DE ROSQUELAIRE.—The Duke de Rosquetaire, when traveling used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for wine. The bishop seeing a strange traveler of mean appearance thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and wished to gratify his ruling passion, cried out, "Hil! hil!" Rosquetaire immediately desired his postillion to stop, and the curious prelate advanced to the carriage, demanding:

"Where have you come from?"

"Paris," was the curt reply.

"What is there fresh in Paris?"

"Green peas."

"But what were the people saying when you came away?"

"Vespera."

"Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant and uneducated persons call me Hil! Hil! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Rosquetaire. Drive on, postillion." The Duke passed on, leaving the astonished bishop staring after the carriage.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We are told that the following conversation was overheard among "the volunteers of the Rio Grande." Scene, night.—Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the mud, one volunteer first—"Jim, how came you to town?"

Volunteer 2d—"Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered—and, besides, I like war! Now tell me how you came out here."

Volunteer 1st—"Why, the fact is, you know—I!—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because I like peace!"

Henceupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep.

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