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Youth of the Modern Race.

Horace Greeley, when quite young, was an exceedingly interesting lad. All the villagers were fond of him; and there was not—until darker hours came—a dog within ten miles of his father's house which did not wag his tail and run to meet him whenever he chanced to pass along the road. His countenance was round and rosy, and to some extent bore resemblance to that type of face which we occasionally see in those whom Providence, for inscrutable purposes, has sent into the world to enjoy its opportunities without being responsible for their use or abuse. His eyes were small and blue, and his hair and complexion of dazzling whiteness, yet he was by no means an idiot, although when lounging about the town pump—which even then he preferred to the rum-shop—or running through the village with a long string attached to a cabbage trailing behind him, he was frequently taken for one by strangers. His parents were not very fond of him, and shortly after the close of the war of 1812 an aunt of his made a suit of soldier-clothes for him out of an old red flannel petticoat, which served very well for a coat, sewed strips of red down his trowsers legs, made a paper soldier-hat for him, and gave him a sword of lath. Thus arrayed he strutted about, thinking the people had great respect for him, indeed it was long a tradition in the family that once when met by a gentleman who said to him, "How d'ye do, General?" he ran out of breath to his mother, and said, "How did that man know I was a General?" His innocence and honesty were amazing even at that early age, and he began to think that he was born to be a ruler among men.

The lad grew and soon his inquiring mind began to seek the causes of things; he asked himself, "When by attaching a string to a cabbage it is made to follow me, what is it that draws it, I or the string? Am I sure that anything has an inside? Yes; because when I cut it, the cabbage for instance, I see the inside; but is it not an outside which I discern and will it not always be an outside which is perceptible to my senses? Alas I can never be sure that anything has an inside." Then he wandered down to the village pump and made known to the villagers his anguish of mind, and they said, "Horace is a queer chap, but he has intellects." Even the fence-viewers could not answer his sublime arguments.

Sometime before this, Franklin had brought down lightning from a cloud by means of a kite, and Horace, in thinking over this strange experiment, asked himself; "Is not the reverse of this proposition true, and if kites can bring down lightning from the clouds, does it not follow that lightning will bring kites from a cloud or vice versa, that clouds will bring down kites from a lightning; or, on the other hand, that lightning will bring down clouds from a kite?" He made these three propositions to his father, who was forced to confess at the same time his son's ingenuity and his own ignorance; so Horace went to the fence viewers, and proposed that in the interests of science, all the wire fences for ten miles around be torn down, and the wire given to him to try his experiment. The proposition was plain, and straightforward, and honest, but as yet the farmers had not learned to love science for its own sake, or to have implicit faith in young Greeley's abilities; the fence-viewers unanimously resolved that, although Horace was honest and an undoubted genius, wire fences cost money and "must and shall be preserved." Young Greeley called them a set of liars and chicken-thieves, who didn't know enough to see that, if once should kites be brought from the clouds by means of lightning, the town would have a monopoly of the kite trade, as Geneva has of the watch trade. The fence-trade; "Where are we to get our lightning from?" To this the young man had replied: "Send up the kite; and bring down the lightning; pickles, or otherwise preserve it, and when the time comes, send it up for the kites;" but the foolish fence-viewers refused to do so. From this time Master Greeley was known as "the philosopher." For the time he was seen morning, noon and night, busily engaged in rubbing his hair with a long, black silk ribbon, in order thus to create for himself a quantity of electricity for his own ends. He rubbed so long and hard that he speedily became bald, and then the people began to respect him more than ever.

One day, while fishing in a brook which ran near his father's house, he caught a fine black trout, and was so pleased with the brilliancy of his plumage that he determined to take it home; put it in a cage, feed it with bird-seed and see if in time it would not become a fine songster. So home he ran, his eyes sticking out of his head with joy and excitement. All the villagers flocked around him, and shouting like mad, pursued him to his father's door, but the old man would not let them in. For," said he, "when my son is trying a spirit, he don't like lookers on," but Horace insisted on letting the poor creatures come in. To their great amazement, no sooner was the trout made to stand on the roost, using its pectoral fins as claws, then it began to warble in the sweetest manner imaginable, and then greedily set about pecking at the bird-seed. "You see, my poor fellows," said the triumphant youth, "that all animals, whether birds of the air or fowls of the sea, or tapirs of the jungles, are essentially alike. They are all equal, have equal capacities, equal longings, equal aspirations, and the same destiny. There is no essential difference between them; One Creator made them all. How necessary is it, then, to give them equal opportunities of enjoyment! If this fish, which you now see praising myself and the Author of all good, had been allowed to remain in the brook deprived of sun and air, and eating only worms and fish-hooks, would it now have been as free as the bird?—would it have enjoyed the high life? No, my friends, no. Go to your homes; tell this to the fence-viewers." The people slunk abashed to their homes, and as they went out the trout leaped to the upper roost gave one triumphant crow, turned over on its back and breathed its last.

At about this time our young philosopher fell in with the work on the "Vegetable Kingdom," written by a Frenchman named Fourier, and from it he contracted the belief that vegetables are infinitely perfectible. He pondered this thought for weeks, and finally arrived at the conclusion that the great mistake hitherto made by farmers, and which had resulted in nothing but evil, was the planting of one single crop of vegetables within a certain area—potatoes in a potato patch, from which corn and rye are rigidly and unjustifiably excluded; apples in an orchard, and separated by unjust distinctions from oats and pears; and so on. He discovered or rather endeavored to promulgate the great thought, that what should be raised was neither the corn nor the oat, nor the plum, nor yet the clover, but the vegetables in its wildest and truest sense. He said to

neighbors: "You are fools and blackguards, numbskulls of the most heinous sort and deepest dye—a scurvy, low-lived, contemptible, set of timorous idiots. Wherever you plant corn you should plant a pumpkin vine, a mulberry tree, a field of clover, an orchard, turnips, cabbage, rye, and all sorts of cereals. The name of such a farm is phalanstery, which, however, will not be perfect unless you place in the same spot a lot of horses, hens, asses, turkeys, salmon-trout, codfish and eels. Thus only can perfection be obtained. O come, my fellow-men, my sisters my brothers, come you bear-eyed, lopped, lantern-jawed, long haired set of fools and donkeys, let us together establish a phalanstery. Restrain not the longing clover from fructifying the grape, nor the turnip from matting with the daisy. Think of it once—of its beauty and utility; the pumpkin shall lie down with the skunk cabbage, and the little child shall eat them." Experienced farmers shook their heads and would not take his advice—the scurvy rascals—but a few believers established a model farm of this sort at Brook Farm, and then Greeley left them to their innocent enjoyments, he had led them thither and was too honest to remain with them. He hated to be laughed at after being ridiculous, while he was doing the absurd thing he cared nothing for mirth at his expense.

Failing with vegetables, he tried to make cats live amicably with dogs by varnishing the first with oil and soaking the latter in water. It was on the nature of this experiment that he became "a quiet, unassuming gentleman, anxious to avoid notoriety and escape criticism," as the *Tribune* afterwards feelingly remarked. He became disgusted with animals, and determined henceforth to eat nothing but vegetables, to which he was driven, not because he loved them, not because he could not sustain himself by partaking merely of minerals. He tried to eat dirt awhile but his health began to fail, and he relinquished the diet.

His reputation as a philosopher and friend of man had now spread far and near, and from all sections of the country people flocked to see the "Chipp-chopper of Chappaqua," for such a title, among many others was one he loved, and one he had received from a well known habit of his. Whenever he was nominated for any office he ran away to Chappaqua, sat down by the window and watered. As soon as he saw people come near his house, who looked as if they might be delegates, he tucked his trousers into his boots, seized an ax, and ran out to meet them, at such times he always honestly declared that he had not seen them, and was then on his way to cut down some trees, like a plain, blunt man, honorably endeavoring to earn a living. Such are some of the anecdotes that are told of him, but he himself declares that they are infamous lies and wretched sophistries, invented by malicious men, who knew them to be so.—*N. Y. World*.

Mr. Colfax had occasion to enforce the rules of the Senate under somewhat peculiar circumstances the other day. The sale of wine in the Senate restaurant is positively prohibited. Senator Spencer went in and ordered dinner and wine for himself and a party of friends. The keeper of the restaurant protested that he could not furnish wine, as the Vice President had given him the very strictest instructions to comply with the Senate rules. Spencer stormed and said he was a Senator, etc., and said he would be obeyed. The wine was furnished and the Vice President was notified that a Senator had given positive orders to be supplied with wine. Mr. Colfax came down in person, called Mr. Spencer out, and quietly informed him that he must respect the Senate rules or be at once reported to the Senate as breaking them. At first Mr. Spencer was disposed to resist, but after very slight reflection, he agreed to comply with the rules and finish his dinner without wine.

WHOSE SNAKE IS IT?—The New York *Sun*, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of a rattlesnake recently seen in Carter county in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary churn. The *Sun* says "it was a very badly proportioned snake," and that "it should have been a good deal longer or a good deal thinner." We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, the State herself or the editor of the New York *Sun*.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

We furnish the *Republican* and *Demorest's Monthly* for \$4 a year.

The Science of Kissing.

First, know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout at a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of the forehead, or on the end of her nose, knock off her waterfall, or jerk her bonnet ribbon, in haste to get through. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression instead of tobacco. Don't sit down to it—stand up. Needn't be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are enough to corner and catch a kiss. More persons spoil the sport. Stand firm—it won't hurt any after you get used to it. Take the left hand of the young lady in your right. Let your hat go to—any place out of the way. Throw your left arm gently over the shoulder of the lady and let the hand fall down upon the right side, towards the belt. Don't be in a hurry. Draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a very handsome shoulder-strap it makes, too. Don't be in a hurry. Send a little life down your left arm, and let it know its business. Her left hand is in your right. Let there be an expression to that—not like the grip of a vice, but the gentle clasp full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry. Her head lies gently on your shoulder—You are nearly heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently yet manfully press her to your bosom. Stand firm and providence will give you strength for the ordeal. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean lightly forward with your head—not your whole body. Take good aim. The lips meet! The eyes close! The soul rides the storm, troubles and sorrows of life. Heaven opens before you! The world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky! Don't be afraid. The nerves dance before the just erected altar of love as zephyrs dance with dew dimmed flowers. The heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. Kissing don't hurt. It don't require a brass band to make it legal. Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin cocktails, lager beer, &c.—for a mandarin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

DIED OF A 25 YEARS' OLD WOUND.—Yesterday Mr. John S. Jennison for some years a resident of this city, died after a painful illness. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, Mr. Jennison joined our army, participated in several battles. At the battle of Buena Vista he received a severe wound in the hip from a piece of shell, and from the effects of this wound he died. Ever since he received the wound, 25 years ago, Mr. Jennison has been subject to intense suffering from its effects, and has never known a moment when it did not trouble him. It has been a running sore all these years, and at times his life has been despaired of. Some time since his sufferings became so intense, and the wound became so troublesome that, as a last resort, a forlorn hope to save his life, and at his request, an operation was determined on. The chances were largely against the successful termination of the operation, but a certain and horrible death stared the patient in the face otherwise.

Last week the operation was performed and portions of the decayed hip bone were taken out. But it was too late. The patient's vitality was too much impaired by long suffering, and gangrene set in immediately, Mr. Jennison dying as stated yesterday, of pyaemia.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Bulletin, June 12th*.

There is little doubt that a strong effort will be made by an influential portion of the Liberal Republican element, combining with a "large following" among the Democrats to produce a change of candidacy in the matter of President and Vice President. The preference of the Liberal leaders in this movement is strongly, perhaps wholly, for Adams. The New York *Nation* deals terrible blows to Greeley and his supporters, and says, without reservation, that as between Grant and Greeley, Grant is the best man to vote for. The attitude of the New York *Post* is the same. The gentlemen who follow the lead of these papers are men whose influence the Liberals can hardly afford to dispense with. To them the Greeley move is a forlorn hope, both as regards its prospects of success and its advantage to "reform"—if successful.—*Chicago Mail*.

Wool.—The best authorities estimate the world's product of wool for 1871, to be 1,620,000,000 lbs. Of this quantity the United States produced 122,000,000 pounds.

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