

Literary Guardian.

THE SHAM SAILOR DETECTED.—Mr. H.

was now waiting with a gentleman who had been the earliest of his life at sea, when a 'turnpike' shuffled on board of them. Mr. Haliday just been conversing on nautical affairs and Mr. Haliday said to his companion, 'Now there is a brother sailor in disguise; of course you will give him something.' 'He is a brother' said the friend with disgust—'Did you see him?' Mr. Haliday answered he had. 'He spits to windward' was the reply. Mr. Haliday asked what that meant. 'A regular landman's trick,' said the true salt, 'real sailor never spits to windward. Why he couldn't, great are the delicacies of the art, and so hard is it to unferret nature.—*Saturday Review.*

ADVERTISING FOR WIVES.—The following extract is on Artemus Ward's lectures on "The Children in the

"I am suffering for a wife as much as absurd as
 sitting under a parasol for an umbrella. It is absurd—it is
 absurd—and I suspect that some of those fellows who
 profess that method of securing domestic bliss ought to
 be put in the stocks. I have a wife, and I am contented
 with a wife, however, there will be a simple-minded
 fortunate young man among those who advertise in
 the lecturer would say, why advertise! There is
 probably some young lady of your acquaintance for whom
 you have a certain regard. Why not go to her boldly,
 and tell her there is a commodious apartment to let in
 your heart, with board! If you get the mitten do not
 repair, but charge elsewhere for another mitten. You
 may as well have a pair of mittens. One mitten is no
 use at all. I know a young man out West who has

mitta enough to go peddling, and he is yet healthy. Don't be bashful, young man. Don't be like the young man who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a pretty girl on bright moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was: 'It is quite moonney'—yes, he replied, 'munchy.' And there wasn't another word said."—*American Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF PESTALOZZI.—A GOOD SWISS EDUCATOR WHEN A BOY.—One occasion, during the troubles that afflicted his country, a peasant, who frequently supplied him with a draught of milk, had his cows stolen during the night and carried away; and he was her only support, and the loss of them would have reduced her to beggary. She searched all over the district in which she lived, but found them not, and

to despair of their recovery. Henry heard of her news, took compassion on her, and started off by himself after the lost cattle. After he had travelled several days among the mountains, making inquiry of every settler he met, he at last obtained a trace of their flock. They had been taken away by some of the Indians going to the frontiers; he had followed on their track, and at last, after two days more travelling, day and night, scarcely allowing himself any time to repose, came up with the thieves. Henry seized the cows in his possession, and was driving them before him for the sake of their milk. He boldly threatened the rascals; the recruits laughed at him, and threatened him with chastisement; he expostulated, but to no purpose. He was fainting for food, and begged some.

bread, but they refused him, and inflicted on him severe beating, at the same time driving him away from the place at which they resolved to spend the night. The poor lad was compelled to retreat; but he did not go far, for in the middle of the night he was, when his cruel enemies were asleep, and got possession of the cows, which he drove in the direction of their home, and before the morning dawned he was far beyond the chance of pursuit. He subsisted on the milk of the animals as he proceeded homeward, and at last after much toil, fatigue, and the want of sleep, restored them safe and sound to their owner.

LEAVING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN.—There are few more perplexing periods of a man's life than the space of time he is occupied into sending in his photograph.

do. Of itself the attempt to "protect your own best impression of countenance is a disgraceful effort, and the consciousness that the face you put on the camera, be, will be the one by which, in all future time, you look into your friends' albums will know you, does not diminish the embarrassment. You have a vague impression that to look smiling is to look ridiculous, and look solemn is still more so. You desire to look intelligent, but you are hampered by a fear of looking silly, you wish to look as if you were not sitting for your picture, but the efforts to do so fill your mind more completely with a melancholy consciousness that you are, in fact, exhibiting feelings, pressing on your mind at the critical moment, very painful; but they are entirely unexpressed by the view.

photographer. To prevent a hasty misinterpretation of the subject, which the bewildered state of your mind is fully too probable, he wedges it into your feelings under the form of a head-rest, which gives you exactly the appearance of a head-rest, if somebody was holding on to your hair behind the ears. In such a situation you may be pardoned if a somewhat blank look comes over your usually intelligent features. The photographer, of course, sees this defect, and does his best to remedy it by a little cheerful exhortation, but usually with no other result than that of making matters much worse. "Just a little expression in your countenance," if you please, sir,—perhaps if you could smile," is the most irritating admonition to receive at such a moment, when you are already too glad that the photographer has his hand on the eye. If you smile, you are smiling at him, and

COMPROMISES.—It is very much to be wished, for the benefit of the faithful men, that society would come to some general agreement on the subject of compliments. At present, the whole social law upon the subject is in a state of confusion which is a mere pitfall for the unwary. At some occasions when a compliment is very little

ness insulting to the compliment; and the discretion in principle is not very obvious. To compliment a young lady upon her dress is a rude familiarity. To sneer upon her beauty is only tolerated if she belongs to the emancipated sisterhood of "fast girls," and she ought to be resented even then if she has many listeners overhear it. But seat her at a pianoforte, and the case is changed. Compliments cease to be rude, and the constraint or repulsive on the other. The man who would stand at a pianoforte listening to a song, and omit to end to ejaculate "beautiful," would be condemned every right-thinking mind as unworthy the name of a man and of a Briton. Compliments on such occasions are not simply permissible, but are exacted with rigor

of the ordinary tribute of civility which to man is due, you might as well let a lady stand for half of a chair while you were sitting down, as allow music to languish for want of a plentiful supply of lyrics. And the young lady, who would blush and bridle when she was leery, submits with smiling inability to the most fulsome ditty on the subject of singing. In fact, if the song did not close amid a chorus of admiration, every one would feel that there was an awkward silence. People would feel that there was something awfully and unpleasantly permanent and fitfully and uneasily, as if somebody had uttered a startling impropriety, and the performer would be partly justified in flouncing away from the piano, after passing the rest of the evening in the dumps. This appears to be that a public performance is incom-

young lady is not satisfied to remain unnoticed in the background, but wishes to attract a special share of general attention to herself, and it naturally follows that she desires some one to notice that her efforts have not been in vain. The world is so constituted that she refuses comments by any one who professes rather to refuse comments; there are people who eagerly cater for them; unfortunately there are people who derive positive pleasure from the act of flattering others. Their souls are a living hell of butter, and a little of it escapes upon every passing breeze. Probably they began the practice from calculation to secure as many friends as possible, and to climb into the habit soon grows upon them, and clings to them after the hope of getting on in the world has lost its power. They are very disagreeable people to meet in

stymy, upon ordinary occasions, for they are always putting somebody out of countenance; but their real mission in the world is to attend at musical parties. They should be jammed in between the pianoforte and the wall, and there. So placed they are in a position to perform voices which in their absence, it would be impossible to supply; for complimenting does not come by nature to the master of the house who should try it for the first time, in ignorance of the difficulties of the attempt, and without preparation, is very liable to come to an untimely end in the very middle of his pretty speech.

Saturday Review.

STEAM MACHINERY.—One of the latest applications of steam machinery is to the manufacture of glass and

pieces, and in large specimens, such as the Great clock manufactured by J. W. Benson for the International Exhibition, its use is found to be of the greatest price. Not only is the work turned out with greater than that cast or cut by hand, but a great saving of time, labour, and expense, is also the result; and Turvet's clocks, which, but a few years ago, were excessively dear, are now to be obtained at a very much reduced price. J. Benson, at his manufactory, by means of steam machinery, produces not only such clocks as that in the Exhibition, valued at 2,000 guineas, but also the strong accurate time-keeping for the village church or school at a guinea. His manufactures also include all kinds of bridges, Railway-entrances, Music-halls, and Chimney stacks for those for ordinary use in the shops.

Benson's Illustrated Clock Pamphlet contains a carefully prepared price-list of every description of clock and timepiece, with a short and interesting history of the Art of Clockmaking. In it will be found a variety of patterns of ormolu and bronze clocks suitable for the Drawing and Dining Rooms, the Library, &c., and it will be sent post-free for two stamps, in the manufactory, 33 and 34, Ludgate Hill, London, C. Established 1749.

