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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Select Poetry.

(Written for the North Alabama Times.)

TO FRANKLIN GUEST SMITH formerly of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, but now of St Paul Minnesota, these lines are affectionately inscribed by his friend and former school-mate

By-Gones.

BY JOE W. FERRY

The church bells are solemnly ringing Frank,
Out on the stilly air,
And memory's busily bringing, Frank,
Back our school-boy days so fair

The days when we played together, Frank,
And studied our lessons o'er,
When our hearts were light as a feather, Frank,
Ah! those days will return no more!

Oh I've never forgotten thy face, Frank
Its nobleness haunts me still,
And brings to my mind the days, Frank,
We spent on Academy Hill

But there's been a great change since then Frank,
And some are under the sod,
There's nothing but bones in their graves, Frank,
Their spirits have gone up to God!

Tom Mullen has gone to his tomb, Frank
The light-hearted generous boy,
Oh, the hearts of his friends were in gloom, Frank
For he was their pride and their joy!

And I felt as if I could weep Frank,
When they covered his cold face with clay,
And left him alone to sleep, Frank,
Till awaked at the Judgment Day

Poor Tom! his hopes were as bright Frank,
As ours in life's sunny morn!
But death rolled the lump of its light Frank,
And left us to weep and to mourn

He has long gone to the City of God Frank,
And join with the holy choir,
In taking the strings of peace Frank
From the strings of a golden lyre

Oh, that would be holy joy, Frank,
To meet in that world above,
Where pleasure without alloy," Frank,
We would find in the Saviour's love!

* * * * * * *

I am sitting here sad and lone Frank
And I think of the olden time,
And the past comes to me like the tone Frank
Of a far off mournful chime

And how has it been with you Frank
In the years that have fled, since we
Joined in the sportive play Frank
And laughed with the wildest glee!

Are your hopes still as gay and bright Frank,
As they were in the long ago
When we danced in the glad sunlight Frank
Or slid on the frozen snow?

Has sorrow ne'er wrung your heart Frank
Have you ever shed a tear
O, say does the world seem as light Frank
As it did in those golden years

At times it seems to me Frank
Like time must have flown
And the world with its sorrows and care Frank
Will fall the young heart's glow

I am sitting here sad and lone Frank
But memory busy still,
Is bringing to mind the scenes Frank,
On old Academy Hill

DECATUR ALA SUNDAY
March 14 1859

Miscellaneous.

Tim Crane and the Widow.

FROM THE 'BEDOTT PAPERS,' BY J. M. WHICHER

O no, Mr Crane, by no manner o means 'taint a minute tew soon for you to talk about gittin' married again See how long's Mrs Crane been dead? Six months! land o' Goshen! why I know a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that There's Phil Bennett's widder 'I was a talkin about jest now she't was Lousy Perce her husband 'ha I'nt been dead but *three* months you know I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry—but for a man it's a different thing—circumstances alters cases you know. And then sittiwated as you be Mr Crane, it's a terrible thing for your family to be without a head to supermtend the domestic concarns and tend to the children to say nothin o' yourself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion and no mistake. Six months! Good grevious! Why Squire Titus did'nt wait but six weeks arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought there wa'nt no pertickler need of his hurrying so, seein his family was all growed up. Such a critter as he pickt out tew! 't was very onsuitable, bu every man to his tate—I hain't no disposition to meddle with no body's consarns—There's old farmer Dawson tew his pardner haint been dead but ten months. To be sure he haint married yet—but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on'd a gin him any mernigment But taint for me to speak of that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich as a Jew but lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr Smith Jubiter Smith, you know him Mr. Crane—his wife, (she was an Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's been squinting round among the wimmen ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it 'll dew so far as I'm consarned—though Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young and haint no famly—very well off tew, and quite intellectible—but I'm purty pertickler. O Mr. Crane it's ten year come Juniiway sence I witnessed the expiration of my beloved companion. An uncommon long time to wait to be sure—but it aint easy to find enny body to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think you're the most like husband of ary individual I ever see Mr Crane. Six months' murderation! curus you should be afeard I'd think 'twas tew soon—why, I have know'd—

MR. CRANE Well, widder I've been thinkin bout takin another companion and I thought I'd ask you——

WIDOW O Mr Crane egscuse my commotion it's so onexpected Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantlety shelf. Dew put a little mite on my handkerchief and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll dew—I'm obleeged to ye, now I'm rather more composed, you may proceed Mr Crane

MR C Well, widder, I was agoing to ask you whether whether—

WIDOW Continuer, Mr. Crane, dew I know its terrible embarassin I remember when my deceased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I spose it's generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me, you see they're generally concerting about what kind of an answer they're gwine to git, and it kind o makes em narvous But when an individdiwal has reason to suppose his attachment reciprocated, I dont see what need there is of his bein flustrated—though I must say it's quite embarrassin to me, pray proceed

MR C. Well then, I want to know if you willing I should have Melissy?

WIDOW The dragon! ——

MR C I haint said anything to her about it yet thought the proper way was to get your consent first When I courted Tryphony we were engaged sometime before mother Kempe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I did'nt go to her first So wh made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me I'll do it right this time and speak to the old woman first

WIDOW *Old no sam*, hey! that's a purty rawe to call me! amazin purlite tew! Want Melissy hey! Tittlebat tom! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I ad ways kound you was a stupid ton Tim Crane, but I must confess I didnt think you was quite so big a fool want Melissy dew [illegible] lasm old Cat you resist he to spose she'd look at you? Why you re old enough to be her father and more to a Melissy aint only in her twenty onetth year. What a ridiculous figure a man on your age, as gray as a rat now! by and bye when this world's comfit to its self on her what fools old bachelors will make of themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!

MR C Why widder you surprise me, I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you had been so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls

WIDOW She! your head, Tim Crane, nuthin sass to me There's yer hat on the table and here's the door and the sooner you put on the one and march out the other the better it will be for you And I advise you afore you try to get married again to go out west and see if yer wife's cold and arter you re satisfied on that point, jest put a little limpblack on yer hair twould add to yer appearance undoubtedly, and be of service tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when you've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine of your back 'twould'nt hurt yer looks a mite you'd be entirely unresistible if you was a *leetle* giam straiter

MR C. Well, I never!

WIDOW Hold yer tongue, you consarned old coot you—I tell you there's your hat, and there's the door—be off with yerself quick metre, or I'll give you a hyst with the broomstick.

MR C. Gimmem!

WIDOW, (*rising.*) Git out, I say. I am t agwine to stand here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so git along, and if ever you darkin my door again, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the wuss for you—that's all.

MR. C. Tremenjous! What a buster!

WIDOW. Go long, go long, go long, you everlastin old gum I won't hear another word, (stops hears.) I won't, I won't, I won't. *Exit Mr Crane.*

(*Enter Melissa, accompanied by Mr. Canoot.*)

Good evenin, cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? why did'nt you stay till mornin? purty business keepin me up here so late waitin for you when I'm eeny most tired to death ironin and workin like a slave all day: ought to have been in bed an hour ago. Thought you left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to spose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he was a terrible fool, and now I'm convinced on't. I'm completely disgusted with him, and I let him know it to night. I gin him a piece of my mind, I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I rather think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why cappen did you ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for *him, Tim Crane*, to durst to expire to my hand, the widder of Deacon Bedott! jest as if I'd condescend to look at *him*, the old numbskull! He dont know B from a broomstick; but if he'd stayed much longer, I'd a teached him the difference, I guess. He's got his walkin ticket now—I hope he'll lem me alone in futur. And where is Kiel? Gone hum with the Crapes, hey! well I guess it's the last time. And now Melissy Bedott, you aint to have nothin more to do with them gals, d'ye hear? you haint to associate with them at all arter this. 'twould only be incurridgin the old man to come a paskerin me agin; and I won't have him round: d'ye hear? Dont be in a hurry cappen, and dont be alarmed at my gettin in such a passion about old Crane's presumptions. Mebby you think it was unfeelin in me to use him so, and I dont say but what it was *rather*, but then he's so orful disagreeable tew me, you know; 'taint everybody I'd treat in such a way Well, if you *must* go, good evenin! Give my love to Hanner when you write agin, dew call frequently, Cappen Canoot, dew.

Revolutionary Anecdote.

One of the regiments in the battle of Bennington was commanded by a Colonel, who, when at home, was a deacon He was a calm sedate, determined man, and went to the battle because he was impelled by the sense of his duty. His whole parish was in his regiment; so was his beloved pastor, without whose presence and blessing they scarcely thought themselves in a way to prosper The Colonel was ordered by Gen. Stark to reinforce one of the wings which was suffering severely He marched at the instant with his forces, but as slowly and composedly as if he had been marching to a conference meeting. The officer in command of the corpse to be relieved, fearing that he should be compelled to give way, sent to hasten the Colonel. "Tell 'em we're coming" said he, and marched steadily on A second messenger came, with the intelligence that the wing was beginning to fall back. "That will make room for us Tell 'em we're coming," replied the Colonel with unmoved countenance and unaccelerated pace A third messenger reached him just as his troops emerged from behind a copse, in full view of the enemy, whose balls now began to whistle about them "Halt! form into column and attend prayers," commanded the Colonel And there, in the face of the enemy, did the regiment pause, while solemn prayer was offered for their success, in the deadly struggle they were about to begin. Prayers being ended, the Colonel addressed his men in [illegible] brevity, conciseness and vigor, may bear comparison with any that Cæsar or Napoleon ever addressed to their troops "Soldiers" said he, "our wives and children are in the rear: the Hessians are in front, give it to them! They did give it to them," and the band of mercenaries melted away before the armies of Israel *Rev. Elias H. Wade*

Singular Scene in a Church.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Berkshamsted March 28 A singular incident occurred here yesterday (Sunday) afternoon A preacher from some other town had been expected to hold forth in the Baptist church, and the audience were gathered, and the preacher arose. After announcing his text, he proceeded with his sermon, but had not gone far, when he said to the astonished audience

"I have been instructed not to preach anything of Abolitionism or Republicanism *but*, I must serve my Master, and I——"

At this juncture, Deacon Doolittle rose and said—

"Hold on." It's my impression that you have said enough" (Turning to the audience): "Meeting is out!"

The audience rose simultaneously, and taking their hats, went out. The minister sat down Deacon Doolittle went to the pulpit and said to him.

"If you want to preach politics I have no objection, and my house is at your service. But this church is not the proper place, and it cannot be permitted. If you desire to give a political sermon or speech you can do so at my house, or any other place, and I will warrant a good audience, and you shall have fair play and not be hurt. But you must not attempt it in this church."

There was no more preaching in that church that afternoon. These are the facts as related by some who were in the audience when this scene took place

LITCHFIELD COUNTY

A man named Thomas Galt, was married yesterday, by Justice Hanselman, to Sarah Jane Anderson, a mute. Some curiosity was excited by the fact of his marrying a woman who could not speak, and the constable asked him the cause of his doing so Galt answered that he had had two wives already, and they gave him no rest by reason of their talking ceaselessly, and complaining and scolding from morning till night. Both had died, and now, as he was forty years old, and desirous of having a little peace for the remainder of his life, he had determined to select a dumb woman.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WEDDING RINGS.—These are worn on the fourth finger, counting from the thumb, that being originally chosen, as it is less used than the rest, being more likely to preserve the ring from bruises, and also because it has this one quality peculiar to itself; it cannot be extended unless carrying some other fingers with it, whilst all the other fingers can be stretched to their full length and straightness, independently of any other.

A Good Joke.

Every body remembers M'Donald Clarke who was so well known in New York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the past years of his life, Clarke was made free at the Astor House table, and often times this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day, while quietly taking dinner two Southerners, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said

"Well, I have now been in New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see with one exception"

"Ah," said the other, "and what is that?"

"M'Donald Clarke, the great poet," responded No 1, with strong emphasis.

Clarke raised his eyes slowly from his plate and seeing that the attention of the table was on him, stood up, placing his hand over his heart and bowing with great gravity to the Southerner said

"I am M'Donald Clarke, the great poet"

The Southerner started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a moment, then, amidst an audible titter of the company, drew from his pocket a quarter dollar, and laying it before Clarke still looked at him without a smile C. raised the quarter in silence and dignity, stowed it in his pocket drew thence a shilling which he deposited before the Southerner with these words.

"Children, half price"

The titter changed to a roar, and the Southerners were missing instanter.

Description of the Savior.

The Boston Journal says that the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of some valuable manuscripts It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry by Publius Cottullus the Governor of Judea to the Senate of Rome Cæsar Emperor It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write any point of importance which transpired while he held office

"Conscript fathers There appeared in these our days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases He is a man of stature tall and comely with a very ruddy countenance such as the beholder may love and fear His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is most correct in color curling and waving; but his shoulders, in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of long hair after the manner of the Nazarites His forehead is plain and delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red his nose and mouth are exactly formed beard the color of his hair and thick, not of any great height, but forked In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing courteous, in speaking very modest and very wise in proportion of body, well shaped None have ever seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men

Anti Bad Luck Society

From the earliest times to the present, superstition has been an ever-present quality of the human mind, and persons who were themselves superstitious have loudly decried it in others This was their idea of reform Even in this enlightened age, the old household beliefs are held by many with great pertinacity, and no argument will convince them of their fallacy The only way to do this is to prove the position that the belief is nonsense, by a bold defiance. Some brave Frenchmen are trying to do this. A society has been formed at Cordeaux to put down superstition of evil omens. As every body knows, it is "bad luck" to begin anything on Friday, or to sit down at a table with thirteen, or to balance your chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and friend The new society proposes to have regular dinners on Friday, to have thirteen guests, to turn chairs on one leg, and spill salt all around before commencing. In the the whole year, during which ill-luck has been thus defined, no single fatality has occurred to any member.

TORNADO AT LEWISBURG, PA.—Mr. L. H. Nice, a student of the University, writing under date of Friday last, says:—"There has been the most terrible tornado here this this evening, I ever witnessed, which has tore off the whole roof of the west wing of the College building, and otherwise damaged it. A large pine tree has down at the door, torn up by the roots, and the massive roof lies in ruins at the foot of the building. We distinctly heard it coming, and when it struck the building with a tremendous crash like a million cannons discharged at once, and shook the building to its base. I for one expected to see the walls cave in upon us. The students in the fourth story had a very narrow escape. In one room a pile of bricks came through the ceiling to within a foot or so of an occupant.

A Raftman Garroted and Robbed - Arrest of the Robbers.

On Monday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a lumberman named James M'Cutcheon, from the vicinity of Brookville, Jefferson county, was garroted and robbed of between forty and fifty dollars, at the locality known as the Washington street steps, in the Third Ward. Soon after nine o'clock in the evening, John Wallet, of the night police, in making his rounds, observed George M'Kee, (a member of the notorious M'Kee family,) perambulating the streets in company with M'Cutcheon, who was considerably under the influence of liquor Knowing the desperate character of M Kee, officer Wallet pursued him rapidly from one street to another, and from this naggery to that until finally they reached Washington street After ascending the steps, M Kee was observed to seize M Cutcheon by the neck, (*a la Garrotte*) and instantly a third party appeared, having been secreted in Basin alley While M'Kee held his victim by the throttle, his accomplice rifled his pockets.

Officer Wallet had crept stealthily to the top of the steps, and was not far from the scene of the robbery, but the villains fled so quickly that he could not lay hold of either of them After taking M'Cutcheon up, and hearing his story, officer Wallet obtained the assistance of three other policemen, and after searching around the taverns, M'Kee and Jackson M Cartney were found at Harry Sheppard's drinking house, in the Fifth Ward, where they were taken into custody and locked up in the watchhouse

On Tuesday forenoon, Sheppard stated that the two men came to his house together, and others testified that they had been seen there during the evening

Mrs Haney, who keeps a "crib" on Cherry alley, testified that M'Kee and M Cutcheon came to her house on Monday evening and that M Cutcheon was boasting about his money She knew the character of M'Kee, and tried to give the lumberman "the wink," to put him on his guard, but he was either too drunk or too stupid to understand her They left her house together, and M'Cutcheon was victimized as we have stated above.

No money was found upon either of the robbers as they had ample opportunity to hide it. M Cutcheon brought down a couple of log rafts, and getting a glass or two of liquor, was easily duped by a scoundrel so reckless and determined as M'Kee

The testimony against him is of the most positive character, and he can hardly escape the penitentiary His alleged accomplice, Jackson M Cartney, is a Fifth Ward boy, with very little to recommend him to a Court or jury The evidence against him is not so clear but quite strong enough to hold him for trial They were both committed to answer, by Mayor Weaver

The night police managed the arrest in a very creditable manner, and we hope this community may be able to rid itself, for a time at least, of such desperadoes as the accused have proved themselves to be Lumbermen and strangers generally, should take warning from the above, and not suffer themselves to be led astray by the bland sentiments of pickpockets and highway robbers

Pittsburg Press

A WANDERING PRINTER Karl Tingling a journeyman printer, died at Detroit a few days ago, after wandering over a large portion of the world According to the Ohio State Journal he was banished from Baden Germany, for participating in the revolution of 1843 He reached the United States just in time to volunteer in the Mexican war and was wounded and disfigured for life at the battle of Buena Vista After war he traveled from Maine to Louisiana, and to the frontiers of civilization, as a journeyman printer; commenced the first German paper published in San Francisco; subsequently joined a theatrical company in Cincinnati, and was everywhere known as a scholar, poet, musician and wit. He never remained long enough in one place to call it his home, but wherever he went he left friends who admired his extraordinary talents and his characteristic vagaries. He could spin a yarn, write a poem, make a speech, sing a song, bring a melody from a guitar, or tip a glass of lager beer with unequaled spirit and cosmopolitan elegance.

"Hold on Dar.

The Pique [S S.] Register has the following in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves:

Quite a revival is now in progress at the African church in this city. We were present a few evenings since and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot fail to note one. A brother was supplicating the throne eloquently, when another called out in a stentorian voice—

"Who dat praying ober dar?"

The response was, "Dat am brodder Mose"

"Hold on dar, Brudder Mose!" was the dictum of the former, "you let Brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!"

Brudder Mose dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed.

A NEW DOXOLOGY.—One of the illiterate who had "a call to preach," recently set his congregation on the broad grin at the close of a hammer and tongs sermon, by requesting them to "sing the sockdologer."

POINTED PREACHING.—Father Moody was an eccentric man. He had in his congregation a Colonel Ingraham, a wealthy farmer, who had kept back his large stock of corn from the market in hopes of raising the prices The pastor heard of it and resolved to make a public attack upon the transgressor. One Sabbath he read his text "He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him, but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—Prov xv. 25. Col. Ingraham could not but know to whom reference was made, but he held up his head and faced his pastor with a look of stolid unconsciousness Father Moody went on with very strong remarks, became still warmer and touched the Colonel still more closely, who, however still held up his head apparently determined not to feel At last the preacher lost all patience, and cried out "Colonel Ingraham you know that I mean you! why don't you hang down your head?"

Listen, Batchelor.

Robert Southney, in a chapter on "Marriage," delivers himself as follows:

"A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I dont think he ever can be happy; it is an unnatural state and the best feelings of his nature never called into action The risks of marriage are far greater on woman's side Woman have so little power of choice, that is, fair to say they are less likely to chose well than we are, but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinions of their sex Now, if a lady were to reply that it is only another mode of saying there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it as a good wife"

THE WIFE OF LEMUEL D PATTERSON, who lives not far from Clarksburg, Va., recently persuaded her husband to sell all his land, household effects, with the view of going to Columbia City, Indiana. The wife managed to get hold of the money, having convinced Mr. Patterson that it would be much safer in her hands. The wife started west, the husband remaining to collect up. By the time Mr Patterson joined his wife she had fallen in love with another man, with whom she was running away when the husband met them accidentally at a railroad depot. Mr Patterson wanted his money, when his wife's paramour swore he shouldn't have it A desperate fight ensued, in which both parties fell off the platform After the fight—Mrs Patterson and her new lover left for Chicago, and Mr Patterson returned to Virginia with a black eye, a bruised nose, and with a copper box and a pair of saddle-bags, full of old clothes, having lost his wife, daughter and all of his money, and seen the elephant.

CANADA COMING OVER.—A circular from Oakville, Canada West, signed Wm. M. King, advocates a separation from the Home Government in the event of success of some of the measures urged by those now in power It refers approvingly to the action of these colonies under similar circumstances, and insists that the time is at hand when like action should and must be taken by the people of Canada It urges some member of the Parliament, (if the new tariff succeeds) to propose in the House that it is expedient to dissolve all Government connection with Great Brittain, that the Union between Upper and Lower Canada be dissolved and that immediate steps be taken that Upper Canada may become a State of the United States. The circular is addressed to "Honorable the Attorney-General of Canada West," and large numbers have been printed for circulation.

YOUNG MEN just starting for Pike's Peak may be interested in knowing the *modus operandi* of obtaining the pure gold. An exchange, whose editor has been "thar," gives it as follows: The method, however is confined exclusively to the Peak

"A man takes a frame work of heavy timbers, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron rasps.—This frame work is hoisted up to the top of the Peak, and the man gets on and slides down the top of the mountain. As he goes swiftly down, the rasps on the bottom of the frame work scrape off the gold in immense shavings, which curl up on the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom nearly a ton of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it."

NARROW ESCAPE.—Some days ago, says the Harrisburg Telegraph, at the high bridge near Cattawissa, the passenger train came near making a wreck. Some casting or bolt broke, just as the locomotive and first car reached the bridge, one hundred and fifty feet high. The front end of the passenger car was caught and lifted from the track, landing on the bridge. The motion of the car pulled the bell-rope and stopped the engine, so that no lives were lost. It was an instant of fearful peril with a providential deliverance.

"Mother," said a little boy, "I'm tired of this pug nose; it's growing pugger and pugger every day."