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POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY REV. JAMES OSBORNE, L. L. D.

Harsh is the voice, and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving Southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our Northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And the fierce hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street;
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And the wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of earthly green.

But God, with all a father's love,
When Earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals in blazing pomp above,
The wonder of His radiest skies;
Look then on Night's refulgent arc,
When that rude hour the gladness mars
And thou shalt find in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars

For lo! the great Orion turns,
Descending in the cloudless West,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest;
Far up in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, even thus, when storms arise
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes,
The glories of that lofty sphere:
When sorely tried, we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
He whispers from his starry throne,
"Look up, O Man! and trust in God."

THE POOR STUDENT.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

"Old Uncle Jerry Hull!" So the old man was called the town over. How or why the whole region should claim to be his nephews and nieces is more than I can tell. But when I came on the stage of childhood, the claim had been long established, and he was Uncle Jerry, by what the law calls the right of possession. Little did the old man care who claimed to be of his family, provided he could make them all help him. He was a large, square-built man, with a face broad and deeply furrowed, and an eye he had that twinkled brightly whenever the spirit that peeped out of it was glad. He always wore cloth that his own sheep had first grown, and it was always of the same muddy red, colored by his own butternuts. He lived in a low, red house on the corner facing the South, with his long row of barns on the street that ran North and South, so that the yards and cattle were directly under his eye. There was the well at the corner of the house, with the long well-sweep —a pole, so common and so peculiar to New England in olden times. There was the horse shed and the great butternut tree, under which stood the grind-stone, at which all the neighborhood did their grinding. They would have felt hurt and injured, had he removed it, or questioned their right to use and wear it out as fast as they pleased.

Uncle Jerry had two strong sides, but he had one weak one. He did love—money! He was a good man in the main, a go-to-meeting, Sabbath keeping man, a professor of religion, and all that, and few men ever tried harder to gain two worlds than he. One he did obtain. But to do it he never gambled, or speculated, or ran risks: he only toiled and saved, toiled and saved. Nothing, to the amount of a husk, was ever lost about his premises, he never sold straw except by the bundle. His workmen complained somewhat of their food, but they had always plenty of hard cider to drink—for Uncle Jerry had proved it to demonstration, that if they drank freely of cider, they wanted less food. Once, however, they played him a sorry trick. Joe Hunt was Uncle Jerry's boy-of-all-work—a gnarly, tough, tight-grained fellow—a perfect iron beam—you could neither split or cut him. Where he came from, nobody knew. The old man used to "bate" him with a cartwhip, as he called it; and Joe would sulk, and dog and snarl, but neither cry nor run—But he had his own way of revenge, and amply did he take it. I will give you a single specimen. Uncle Jerry had a cow—old Siba—so lean that she was said to look at her own shadow. By great pains-taking she was fattened, and fatted well, and Uncle Jerry's eyes fairly snapped whenever he dared to go near enough to feel her sides. Just as she was ready for the butcher, Uncle Jerry was met one night as he came home by Joe Hunt. There was a wild eye in Joe, but a secret rogish smile under terror, as heat lighting will sometimes flash out from behind the dark cloud. "Uncle Jerry! Uncle Jerry, old Siba is sick—just gone!" Out to the barn bounded Uncle Jerry, and sure enough, there she lay, apparently in the agonies of death. The old man gave but one look. "Joe," says he in a whisper, "Joe, kill her instantly, before she dies. She'll do for the meat!" Kill her Joe did, with many an inward chuckle. The rogue had watched till he saw Uncle Jerry coming home, and then had made the cow swallow a pint of melted lard—enough to make her sick for half an hour, even it would all have passed away. Joe gave the men cash enough to prevent their loosing their appetites, as they shoved away the "sick beef." There was no mischief in which Joe was not an adept. Had there been a college for the study of roguery, Joe would have received the highest honors.

Uncle Jerry *would be* rich—even though he pierced his conscience through with many sorrows. He lived in an obscure, back town, and in the furthest nook of the town, far up among the wild, rocky hills and the low mountains covered with wood. The valleys between the hills were small, springy and cold. He owned full one hundred acres of this rough and ragged land. Although there was no place at which he could buy or sell nearer than six or eight miles, yet Uncle Jerry defied all these frowns of nature, and as people supposed—grew rich. Secretly and stealthily did the neighbors creep to the red house and leave their notes for a few dollars to help to eke out the year. But as he would never lend money unless the borrower would take a few sheep on shares, it was soon known that almost every body were raising sheep on shares—"just to try it!" Then he used to sell—rum! Not by the gallon or glass, but simply by the pint and quart. He was the centre for six miles around in this respect, and truly there were two decided advantages in this: first it was said that his liquors were just in that state, that you might "drink a quart and not feel it," and secondly, the people used to whisper that by some unaccountable process, the bottom of his tin pint and quart measures, were rounded up, as if battered on the top of a cannon ball, so that a pint or quart seemed "a dreadful little." However, that might be, not a neighbor in the region could kill a pig that would "weigh eight score," without being nerved up by "some-thing from Uncle Jerry's."

The Wilsons, who kept a large dashing, out-trusting store some miles off, were great friends to Uncle Jerry. There he went to fill his barrel, "to hear the news," to "hear the great folks talk," to learn the gossip for ten miles around, and to be treated with peculiar attention. He might fill his glass, or his tobacco box just as if at home—that he might! As many as six or eight times a year he went to see the Wilsons, and as often they were glad to see him. To be sure they used to ask him to put his name on a little piece of paper with theirs, "just for form's sake"—nothing more. How heartily the old man used to laugh at their extravagance!—for they always gave him a hard dollar just to go through that form!—There was a bank some fifteen miles off, and the Wilsons were men of business. Into the large, leathern purse dropped the dollar; and it seemed to chuckle as it went in—for money that went into that purse, like that which goes into China—never comes out again. It was a great mystery to Uncle Jerry how people need be poor. He could see no necessity for it. Why need they lose their property; he never lost his—not a dollar in all his life. Take care, Uncle Jerry! Thy sails are full, and thy seas are smooth now. But take care, breakers are called so, because they break the waves and the ships too. Take care!

Cynthia was Uncle Jerry's only daughter—and if not his only idol, certainly a favorite one. Many an idolator has worshipped a more unlovely idol than Cynthia—for she *was* beautiful. Small in stature, untamed by any maternal control—for her mother died when she was a mere infant—she was as wild as the squirrels that played in her father's butternut grove, and as merry as the lark that shouted over his green meadows. The best scholar in the new, red school house, the pet of her teachers, the envied of her mates and companion in study. She grew up into seventeen, before time had laid a wrinkle on her face, or care had left a mark from his pencil, or she had—as far as known—received a single scratch from the arrow, that comes from the quiver of Venus's son. Her father never crossed her, and he was careful to show to her as few weaknesses as possible. He sometimes thought she would be always a little girl at home with him, and then he would dream of her marrying a rich man and living in a large brick house, in the great city. Whether any thoughts on this subject ever entered Cynthia's head, is more than we know. She appeared to pass on "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and we are bound to believe the best.

Even before the pretty Cynthia had reached this age, there were few youths in the region who did not know that she was fair, and her father rich. Awkwardly did they approach her, but all received the cold side of her face—unless we except John Doon—an orphan boy, who lived with an aunt a mile or two off. John and Cynthia were school mates when they were children, and though John knew that she was dressed tidily and neatly, yet, as they stood at the heads of their respective classes, on opposite sides of the school house, she never seemed to know that John wore coarse linsey woolsey. John was a strong limbed, awkward fellow, and many a ride did he give Cyntha on his sled across the ice of that big pond, in going and coming from school. John was anything but handsome. Indeed, to do him justice, he was a homely fellow. His body seemed long and his legs short.—His hands were dangling about as if not knowing what to do with themselves. His face was a granite face, and his head looked as if it had worn out two or three bodies. But John had a way of his own, and he and his poor aunt used to continue to battle fortune and keep want at a little distance, though he would there stand and eye them sharply. By merest accident, as was supposed, after John [illegible] butternut grove one afternoon. He had some chat, and then the conversation grew more sober, till the young man let her so far into his confidence as to tell her his plans—to talk about "going to college," and to ask her advice on certain points. Whether the advice which she felt called upon to give, went against her conscience, or whether it was the responsibility of being called upon to advise a young man,—I never know—but it is certain that she went home more thoughtful and sedate that afternoon than ever before, and John went to put his plans into execution. It was soon reported that John was going to college, and then people shook their heads with incredulity, and blamed the ambition of the aunt, and pitied the folly of the boy. Uncle Jerry declared it sheer madness to take a boy who was good to work, and spoil him by making him into a student! Cynthia merely asked if a young man who did one thing well, would not another, when her father wondered where she got such a notion into her head, and told her she knew nothing about it.

But through "rough and tumble," John was on his way to college, a-foot, with his books under one arm and clothes under the other. And then he was *in* college—no body knew how he got there, or how he was supported there. He never told his sacrifices and pinchings, keeping school by day and studying by night, his economisings and his doings without; how twice every year there came a letter containing a small but valuable amount of money. It was directed in a neat, studied, and evidently assumed hand, and never dropped twice into the same post office. He never knew the unseen friend and had no right to guess, why concealment was designed. He came out of college with a reputation and character which was capital at once. Whether the good aunty did not feel somewhat proud of her John as he went with her to church the next Sabbath—her boy actually through college—and whether the smile of Cynthia, as they met at the door of the church by the merest accident, was not a little triumphant, I will not undertake to say. But Uncle Jerry looked upon him as a lost boy. He wanted *hands*, and not *heads*,—matter, and not mind. Every body said that he went through college just because he *would go*; but they saw no use in having folks so wilful and determined. What's the use in putting the foot down so hard!

In a few days John made it convenient to drop in at Uncle Jerry's; and though I don't pretend to understand it, at a time of day when he must have thought most likely that Uncle Jerry would be out. And when he came home, he found him there, and saw that John and Cynthia seemed contented and happy. Uncle Jerry felt rather sour. He supposed that a college was a good place enough, but it always seemed a pity to him to spoil a boy who was good to work, by sending him where he could do nothing but study. He was so cold and crabbed, though he tried hard to be civil, that John forgot his errand to him, if he had any, and soon left. After he was gone, Uncle Jerry sat and looked in the fire. Cynthia examined her knitting work. Harder and harder did Uncle Jerry gaze into the fire. He put one hand on each knee, and opened the palms of his hands as if to warm them. At length he said, without looking off the fire,

"What, in nater, is John Doon going to do for a living now? I'd like to know that!"

"He is going to study theology, I believe," said Cynthia, and faster flew her knitting needles.

"Theology! to be a minister, I suppose! Why, he'll starve to death!"

"Perhaps not. They call him a promising young man."

"Promising! Eh! Well, we shall see. For my part I think it a mighty easy way when people get too lazy to work, to put themselves upon other people, and make them support them! Why can't he go to work on the farm, and earn something?"

"How much could he earn on a farm, do you suppose?"

"Why, a hundred, or a hundred and twenty dollars!"

Yes, but he is to have six hundred dollars this year for teaching."

"The douce he is! Now, I don't believe that! Who told you?"

"He himself."

"Indeed! And how comes John Doon—poor as poverty—to come to you with his secrets. I'll tell you what, I don't like that fellow, and the sooner he knows it the better. That's all. So depend upon it, he shall know it. That's all."

Out of the house Uncle Jerry flung himself in full wrath against poor John for two crimes, first for being poor, and second, for having made Cynthia his friend. When the human heart wants the devil to aid him, the devil always gets wind of it and is ready. Joe Hunt was in sight. Now Joe hated the student mortally, first, for the same reasons that Uncle Jerry hated him, and second, because on a certain occasion, when Joe had made too free with Mr. Howell's hen roost, John had met him in the hands of the constable, and had delivered him from the grip of the law, at the expense of half his purse. Joe could never forgive him the kindness.

"Joe, what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

"Getting the grain and corn for Mr. Howell—six bushels of each. He said you told him to come and get it."

"Yes: but you can't measure grain. Why did'nt you wait till I came come?"

"Cause Mr. Howell wanted to go right off to the mill. I measured it just as you do."

"How's that?"

"Put it in lightly with the shovel, and was careful not to hit and jar the half bushel measure. I did'nt heap it up as you do when you send to mill yourself."

"Well, I wonder when I'm to get my pay for this grain, and for the cider. Did Mr. Howell say anything about it?"

"No. But I heard him say the other day, if John Doon would pay his note, he could pay you up."

"John Doon's note! What does John Doon owe him for, and how much?"

"Why, when his aunt was sick last summer, Mr. Howell took care of her, and all that, and John had no money—the poor coot—and so he gave him his note for thirty dollars."

"I understand. I would take that note for pay, just to oblige Mr. Howell, if he would give it up. Do you think he'd be willing?"

"It's easy to make him willing."

Uncle Jerry's eye twinkled, and Joe's eye snapped; they knew that they mutually understood each other.

The night following was dark; but not so dark, but that Mr. Howell's old mare, Kate, found her way into Uncle Jerry's six acre oat field. She was a peaceable old jade usually, but that night it seemed as if the spirit of mischief must have rode or driven her. Over and over the field she went, crosswise and lengthwise and in all directions. It would seem that she must have traveled hard and fast to do so much mischief. With a long face did poor Howell go, the next morning, to Uncle Jerry, and tell him of the doings of Kate, and make his apologies. With hasty strides did Uncle Jerry go to his field and behold the injury it had received. With a low chuckle did Joe Hunt see them go. Uncle Jerry was too warm to have his anger put in print. He stamped, and raved, and threatened, till he had completely subdued old Kate's owner. And he came away with thirty dollars damages, and with poor John Doon's note made over to him, instead of the money. Then he felt better. A great noise it made among the neighbors—the ruin of the oat field, and the damages caused thereby. The same day old Kate carried her owner home to John Doon's house, to inform him of the calamity, and of the transfer of the note. John heard it all very coolly, asked some questions about the fences, the habits of Kate, and the like, and went home with Mr. Howell. Nobody could guess why. In the meantime, Uncle Jerry had called on the little dapper lawer that always sat in his office like a small spider, with his eye wide open, and like the spider, caught none but very small game.—The note against John was to be sued at once. The lawer was glad and prompt.

All the afternoon had John Doon been examining the oat field alone. Just at night Mr. Howell came to him.

"Mr. Howell, is old Kate easy to be caught, by a stranger?"

"No. Unless a stranger knew her pretty well, he could not catch her. But I have no difficulty."

"Do you have to carry a dish of oats in order to catch her?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often."

"Have you carried oats lately?"

"No. But my wife caught her with an oar of corn, last week."

"Are you sure that it was not oats that she used?"

"Yes, we have not had an oat in the house for a year."

"Well, Mr. Howell, you have been imposed upon and injured. That horse of yours never did that mischief without aid."

"I thought the Evil One must have helped her."

"An evil minded one, to be sure. I find the field gone through very nearly straight, as when men plough, and the horse went quite through it, and then turned round and went almost straight back again; and then I find that in some places she trotted; and here and there pulled up a mouthful of oats and ate them as she went along, and she kept agoing. Now a horse does not do so of its own accord. Then I found a few oats scattered in her pasture, which she must have spilled while being bridled; and then I found this little strap, which may be a throat-latch to a new bridle, and lastly, I found the tracks of a man just by the brook where she was caught. She was ridden through the field by somebody. Of that I feel certain!"

"Well, well; who would have thought of it? Does going to college make every body so cute? It's just as plain as day. But who do you think did it? I can't think my neighbors would."

"Whose throat-latch do you think this to be?"

"Why it looks as if it belonged to Cynthia Hull's new bridle."

"And those square-toed tracks look to me as if they belonged to Joe Hunt, your friend of the hen-roost memory."

"Did you ever! Now that's just it! I could swear it was Joe."

"No you could not. But you could swear it looks so like him, that you believe it was Joe."

"Well, well—but what's that white staff in your hand?"

"Plaster of Paris."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You shall see. Just call your hired man, whom I see yonder, that he may see what I do."

The hired man came; and great was their wonder to see Doon make a cast of two foot-prints by the brook, so perfect that the very nail-heads were every one to be seen.

"Now if that don't beat all! What good will these do you?"

"Why, Mr. Howell, if we can find a bridle which this throat-latch will fit, and a pair of shoes that answer to these casts, we shall come *near* the rogue, shan't we?"

"Well, who'd have thought of it? Why you are as "cute as a lawyer, and I thought you was to make only a minister."

"A minister wants comon sense, and the power of reasoning, don't he? But say not a word about it all this till I see you again. Let your hired man keep these casts safe till we want them. Don't show them, nor break them. Good night."

About a week after this, an officer called on John Doon with a writ for his note. His instructions were to obtain the money or the body. In vain he begged the officer to allow him time to consult his friends. In vain here presented that being taken to jail would injure him as a teacher in the town where he expected to be located in a few weeks, if not days. In vain the poor old aunt wept, and "took on," as if John were about to be hung, "and all," she said, "out of kindness to her." The officer was a kind-hearted man, and told John that, on his own responsibility, though at an increased expense, he would "give him a day to turn himself in." Thankfully John accepted it.

In a few hours, he, and Mrs. Howell, and the hired man were seen coming up to Uncle Jerry's gate. At the gate stood Cynthia's pony, saddled and ready for her to ride. Uncle Jerry saw them; and, having an instinctive feeling that their visit had something to do with John's being sued, he came out to meet them.

"Mr. Hull," said Doon, "I was sued last night, at your direction, I understand."

"Verly likely. I was in hopes you was in jail before this."

"Thank you for your good wishes. But you took my note from Mr. Howell for damages which his horse did to your oat-field. Had it not been for that you would not have had the note, and would not have sued me."

Jerry nodded assent.

"Well, now, suppose I can prove that you yourself did all that mischief to the oats, would you then have sued the note?"

"Does the fellow mean to insult me?"

"By no means. But won't you please call Joe Hunt here?"

Joe came, dogged, and looking askance, as if he felt that something was in the wind. As he came up, Doon said to Uncle Jerry, "how comes it that Miss Cythia's new, white bridle, has an old, black throat-latch?"

Uncle Jerry looked, and so it was. He frowned at Joe, and Joe declared it was lost—he know not when nor where.

"I know when and where. Now Joe, when you caught the old mare, that night you rode her so many hours in the oat-field, what did you do with the oat-dish with which you caught her?"

"I didn't have no oat-dish."

"I know you didn't, Joe, have any *dish;* and so you took your cap, and in eating the oats, old Kate tore out a piece of the lining. Here it is; let us see how it fits."

Joe looked this way and that way, and began to run. But the hired man tripped up his heels, and then took his cap and shoes off. The piece of lining told its story on being placed in the cap, and the shoes and the casts seemed to laugh at their relationship. Doon then recapitulated the evidence which he had, that Joe had done the mischief.

Uncle Jerry's chin fell. He stood amazed. At length he said, solemnly, "John Doon, do you believe that *I* know of this?"

"No sir, I do not. I believe you have been imposed upon, first by your own prejudices, and then by Joe Hunt, who is not far from State's Prison, as I fear."

Just then the officer came up in great haste and trepidation.

"Mr. Clark, you may stop that suit against John Doon. It was a mistake."

"I am glad of it. But, Mr. Hull, I am not after him, but *you*."

"Me! well, what of me? I should like to know what now to take care of myself."

"Mr. Hull, the Wilsons have failed—broke all to pieces."

"I heard so this morning. Poor fellows, they were too venturesome."

"I am sorry to say, that you are holden, for the notes you——"

"I never signed any notes. I only, just for the form, put my name on a bit of paper now and then."

"And those bits of paper were notes to the Bank, and you are held for *thirty thousand dollars*."

Uncle Jerry trembled, and staggered, and partly fell, and partly sat down on the ground. He said not a word more. And while the officer proceeded to attach all his goods, lands, cattle, even to the pony of his daughter, Doon, was trying to comfort and sustain him. They helped the old man into the house, and laid him on the bed. John told Cynthia the whole story frankly; but she was young, and did not know what it was to want or to earn money. She only felt for her father. And truly the blow did almost kill him. John Doon stayed by his bedside, soothed him, and helped to comfort him. Most faithfully did he tell the old man that he thought that covetousness had been his besetting sin, and that the demon of avarice had hardened his heart, and made him forget the object for which he was created, made him forget his religious professions, and his solemn vows to heaven.—And gently did the Spirit of the Lord deepen these impressions, and open his eyes. He put his business in John's hands, and he was enabled to compromise with the creditors of Wilson, so as to save about half of the property. He gave himself up to the work, and in a year, presented all the receipts and accounts, and a balance sheet, showing just how matters stood. The old man said that John was a son, and what he should do without him, he could not tell. Cynthia blushed, and hinted that she thought it might be arranged so as not to do without him.

"Well, child, if you can arrange it so, I'm sure it will suit me."

Cynthia said she would "see about it."

FALLEN ROYALTY.—The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Atlas* gives the following information respecting the ex-royal family. "I was ushered into a drawing room on the ground floor, (says the writer) wherein was seated the Queen and the Duchess de Nemours. Her Majesty was occupied in writing, while the fair young Duchess was engaged upon some kind of needle-work, which, from its bulk and homely appearance, certainly did not present many of the peculiarities of a lady's fancy work. Up and down upon the gravel path before the long windows of the apartment, strolled or rather shuffled an aged man, bending his shoulders to the sun, and leaning upon a huge knotted stick. He was followed by a large white spaniel, which seemed to subdue his pence to that of his master; and altogether the scene presented was one of the most forlorn and melancholy description. I cannot tell how I was shocked when this aged man entered through a glass door, shivering and complaining of the cold—and I recognized the features of King Louis Phillippe, his face was much bloated, and he is older by ten years than when I saw him in January last. He knew me, however, on the instant, endeavored to join in conversation, but soon sank into the *fauteuil* by the fire, and seemed presently to be absorbed in deep thought.—The Queen was cheerful enough—almost gay. Her excessive devotion has created a degree of fatalism in her mind like that of the Orientals. She beholds everything that has happened as the will of God, and complains not. It is believed that she even regards it as an expiation, and accepts it in a chastened spirit accordingly. I will not tell you the general impression that prevails in the royal household with regard to the King, but it is such as to make one regret that he met not his death on the threshold of Tuelleries, so that his body might not thus have outlived his soul."

☞ A gentleman reclining upon a sofa one summer day, called his waiter to bring him his handkerchief.—The order was instantly obeyed. "Hold it to my nose," was another demand. The servant did so. After holding it there a minute or two, the sprawling gentleman sprang to the floor and sent him headlong, at the same time remarking—"You great rascal, you knew what I wanted, why didn't you blow?"

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

The maiden sat by her cottage door
Through the long morning hours;
A tiny stream by her side flowed on
Through a bed of wild-wood flowers;
Beneath the shade of an old oak tree,
Where the mocking birds sang merrily,
And now and then, with a comic thrill,
Mimicked the whirl of the spinning wheel.

The maiden sits by her cottage door,
And the noon-tide hour is past;
But a weary shadow her face steals o,er,
As the twilight deepens fast;
A silent reverie clouds her brow,
Her hands lie clasped and idle now,
The birds have gone to their rest, and still
Is the busy hum of of the spinning wheel.

The maiden sits by the cottage door,
But the cloud from her brow is gone;
With a rosy cheek and a brightening eye,
No longer she sits alone.
The stars smile down thro' the old oak boughs,
On the trusting heart and the lover's vows;
To-morrow—to-morrow! she will not feel
Her weary task at the spinning wheel.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

The houses of the lower classes in Russia, are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built for most part, of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the stones to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all around to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no rain can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove, called a *peech*, (pechka,) which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree: the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his *peech*, and when he enters his house in the winter, pierced with cold, he throws off his sheep-skin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is throughly warmed in a few minutes.

The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labor of his *serfs*, which is his study to turn to good account: and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master, who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not; as every kind of agriculture and out-door employment is to stand still during the winter he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as the means of employing his peasants, and a source of profit to himself.

In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter; the summer is devoted to agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, it is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of the empire, from the badness of the roads, the paucity and distance [illegible] the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capacity of turning his hand to any kind of work which he might be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast, as though it was his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labor is more thoroughly understood. They will all however, be sufficiently well done to tern, (a favorite phrase in Russia.) The people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufacturers can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

LEPROSY.—The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know, but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the South of Africa there is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter, never to return. No one who enters by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again.—Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who had no feet, upon his back, and he, again, carried in his hands the bag of seeds and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little do we know of the misery that is in this world. Such is this prison house of disease. But you will ask who cares for the souls of the helpless inmates; Who will venture to enter again: Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers. Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen this lazar-house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again. And, I am told, that as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God. that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love of Jesus the saviour of men.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A Gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, in this State, finding that the diminution of his wood pile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy brother endeavoring to get a large log on his wheelbarrow.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and help me."—*Portland Messenger.*

☞ A western judge, having sentenced a fellow to be hanged, added the usual expression of "May the Lord have mercy on your soul." "Amen," says the *gonee*. "Amen, judge! and may the Lord eternally curse or mend your old soul, for I never knew any body live *long* after you had prayed for them!"

CAN EVIL CONSEQUENCES RESULT FROM SOCIAL CARD-PLAYING?

The question has so often been propounded to the writer by those who occasionally indulge in the innocent amusement of family or social card playing, that he has been induced to answer it by relating a melancholy incident which happened to come under his own observation, and which forcibly illustrates the evil tendency and danger of playing cards for amusement.

In the year 1837, while on board a steamer bound for New Orleans, from Louisville, Ky., I noticed that many of the passengers were deeply engaged at cards, apparently for amusement, as no money was visible, although several professional gamblers were seated at the gaming-tables. One of the players was a gentleman, of high respectability, who was accompanied by his family, consisting of a wife and four children, on their way South for the benefit of the health of the lady, who was a delicate and sensitive creature, rendered still more the object of solicitude, by the manifest certain approaches of consumption. The gamblers soon discovered that the gentleman was fond of playing cards for amusement, and judging by their former experience, they knew they could overcome his scruples against betting, and laid their plans accordingly.

They first induced him to play for the cards; then for drinks and cigars; next for a small sum of money "just for amusement," or "to make the game interesting?"—Having decoyed their victim thus far, the rest of the work was easy: in two days from the time he commenced playing for amusement, he was stripped, not only of his money, but of all his transferrable property.

The captain of the boat was one of those iron-hearted men, who seem to have no human impulses; and when he ascertained that the gentleman could not pay his fare, he sternly ordered him to prepare to leave the boat at the next landing. He begged to be allowed to proceed to New Orleans where he would pay him. The wife also added her entreaties, and the claims of her young children and her own ill-health, but all was of no effect, the Captain could be moved by nothing but the money and ordered them to prepare to land. Accordingly, the unfortunate family were mustered upon the forward deck. The boat "came-to," opposite one of those floating wharves so common along the Mississippi river. The sun had set; and the darkness of night enshrouded the melancholy group as they took their departure—the father leading the way followed by the wife and child, the eldest daughter in the rear, bearing the infant in her arms. As she attempted to step upon the warf, she fell into the river, but was fortunately rescued by the strong arm of one of the steamer's men.

The mother heard the fatal plunge, and rushing to the brink of the wharf, frantically implored the bystanders to save the child! She was told that her child was safe; but heeding not this assurance, she attempted to throw herself into the stream to rescue the idol of her heart; in this she was prevented by a fellow-passenger, who, pointing to her wet and shivering daughter, said, "do not you see your child?" "Yes" said the agonized mother, "there stands my daughter; but the infant she carried in her arms, is still in the water, and will be drowned!" No pen can justly describe the excitement of this moment; but high above the frantic wailings of the mother and children and noisy exclamations of excited passengers, was heard the stern, strong voice of the Captain ordering the hands to "push off the boat!" They obeyed; and left the panic-stricken father and wretched family alone upon the wharf, pennyless in a land of strangers—sorry victims of the fashionable folly of *playing cards for amusement.—New York Day Book.*

EXTENT OF THE GOLD REGION.

One thousand steamers are constantly plying up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries, averaging from two hundred and fifty to fourteen hundred tons burden. Mr. Catlin, in a late lecture, said that he had crossed and recrossed the great valley on the Mississippi in nearly every latitude, and he could plant in that valley fifty millions of human beings. He describes California as one thousand miles square. He had been over a greater part of the country between the Great Salt Lake, the Sierra Neveda, and the Rocky Mountains; and said this tract (four hundred miles east and west, and six hundred to eight hundred north and south,) he had found, for the great part of the way, to be most beautifully variegated, fine and fertile. In a great part it was watered with fine fresh streams. He believed this tract to be equally rich in gold with that west of the Sierra Nevada, where they were now digging; nay, he believed gold would be found and worked with equal success east of the Rocky Mountains. Thirty thousand Mormons, who had been the first diggers in the present gold region, had suddenly left it to go to the Great Salt Lake neighborhood. This meant something. By the last accounts it appeared that they had discovered gold near the lake, still more abundant than upon the banks of the Sacramento, at a distance of from four hundred to eight hundred miles up that river. He believed that the three mountain chains of the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, had all been upraised by some great volcanic or other subteranean forces and in being upheaved they broke the crust of white, milky quartz, lying horizontally all over the country, and which experience had shown to be the native bed of gold. The upheaved mountains would shed this quartz and its ores into the valleys on both sides; and hence the latest accounts from the gold region described them as breaking the lumps of quarts with sleigh-hammers and picking out the gold with bowie-knives. The Rocky Mountains must have shed this quartz with its gold deposit to the east as well as the west. He mentioned finding the Camanches, the Kioway, and other tribes of Indians, wearing large lumps of gold as neck ornaments; and one old Kioway chief told him it was found seven days travel west of his village, and offered, if he would stay, to send his young men with him to the place; but Mr. Catlin being attacked with a bilious fever, and meeting with a party of dragoons, just then returning, made his way back to New Orleans. The place indicated would be east of the Rocky Mountains. The present *gold region had an area not less than that of Great Britian!* and he firmly believed that in six months a tract of not less than a thousand miles square would be found to contain, and would be dug or mined for, gold. He referred to the liberality of the United States Government, opening the gold region to all the world, on condition of each adventurer paying to it only four per cent. of the gold he got; and expressed his conviction that a distant country like England would benefit more by obtaining a fare share of gold in exchange for manufactures, than the country near the "diggings," where rash and wild speculation would prove ruinous to thousands.

APT QUERY.—A fellow who desired to make love to a young girl, went to ask her father's permission: "You have a daughter," said he, whose fair fame enchants me!" "She is as heaven made her," replied the flattered father. "What, does the girl go naked?" enquired the suitor.

☞ In airing rooms, both the upper and lower parts of the window should be opened, as the bad and heated air, from its lightness, will pass out at the top, and the fresh cool air come in at the bottom.

☞ Coffee should never be boiled, as boiling extracts and dispels the fine aromatic oil which gives it flavor and strength. It should be made by pouring boiling water through coffee in a strainer.