SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1849.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

UNING WN HEIRS. BY ALE L. M. SIGOURNEY.

"He heapeth up rehes, and knoweth not who shall gather "The roll for heirs, they know not who,

And attaight are seen no more." He brow was worn with care. Too deep a thought had settled there, for lingering sleep to shed its poppy dew unblamed. He said of mirth. And every social joy.—"They profit not."

For he had sold his life to gather gain, And rear a palace for his only son, 7 That crowds might envy. To his wearied heart Amid its slavery, still he said, "Plod on! "Tis for my son."-But lo!-an icy grasp O'ermastered him at once, and down he lay

Reluctant and unmourned. The heir roamed wide In distant lands, with light and lavish haste Scattering his spoils.

In the ancestral halls, Are guests, and banquet-board, and music-struin, But not for him. They bear his name no more, And on his bloated features are a stamp, Of libertine and exile. In the wards Of foreign hospitals with parching lip, He feels the fever thirst, and none are near Of all the many servants of his sire, To give him water, that his tongue there lurks The drunkard's injuter'd curse, mixed with no word Of grateful memory for that father's core, Who toiled so late and rose ere dawn of day To toil for him the waster, and enrich Heirs, all unknown.

A mother, strange to kay, Represses the claims of pity, and withheld The surplus of her stewardship from God. The poor, pale semtress, with her trembling nerves, And timid voice, perceived the scanty dole Narrowed and drugged and sar lify bestowe i, And wept despairing o'er her lonely crust. The beggar came not twice to that proud door, Remembring the refusal, couch'd in words Scornful and sharp. The mission vessel spread Its snowy wings and sought a bethen clim-

And so the yearly gold Swell'd in its hoard; and to herself she said. "Tis for my daughter's use, when I am youe;" Cheating her waxed soul with empty names Of fond maternal duty,-veil too thin To hide her nature from the eye of heaven. Oh lady! In the damp and mouldering tomb, Is there no loop-hole, whence a restless ghest Might scan thy lofty mansion?

See! behold! Who sitteth on thy daughter's rich divan,. And in her costly mirrors idly looks? Who strewed the flowers that deck'd her gay parterre And revels in her truits?

A stranger bride Calls it her home. Thy daughter is not there, Her bed is in the clay-and by her side The babe, whose fleeting life with hers was bought While he, who briefly on his finger wore The circled of her love, forgetteth her.

Yet for that daughter didst thou grind the poor, And seal thine ear against the Pagan's moan; Calling it prodence, and a just regard To thine own offspring.

Twas a specious lare! Oh, mother, di l it shat thy soul from heaven?

HOW FORTUNATE!

BY A STRAY WAIF ON THE STREAM OF TIME.

"What luck!" exclaimed one. "How fortunate!" responded another.

And "How fortunate!" was echoed by everybody. Without a cknowledging any faith in the maxim that "what every body says must be true." we are obliged to confess that it did appear fortunate-most fortunate .-Harry Hinchman had drawn a prize in the lottery!ave, and that, too, at a time when money was most needed to save him from impending ruin. The exact amount of the prize was unknown even to his most intimate. friends; he was wise enough not to trust them with the cient to free him from all his embarrassments, and give him a fresh start in life.

How fortunate! And who was Harry Hinchman? asks some inquisitive reader. Alas! he was nobody. At least society said he was nobody. Mrs. Tompkins, whose eldest daughter read all the fashionable novels, and took music lessons from a professor with bushy whiskers and imperial, to fit her for matrimony, Mrs. Tompkins said he was nobody, and so did Mrs. Nokins, who never used her front door when she had ought to be out of town: while Mr. Jones; the cobbler's son, who kept a finding store in Pearl, street, and did not owe more than twice his capital, turned up his nose at him-metaphorically speaking-for the nose of said Jones naturally turned upwards, as if it preferred the breath of Heaven to the perfume beneath it. Aye, Calcb Jones, Esquiro, as he styled himself, turned up his nose at him; and if that is not authority enough for saying that Harry was nobody, I should like

know what is. Harry Hinchman was nobody therefore -except on rent and training days, and then he passed muster as somebody till the landlord and the millitia officer were done with him, and then he sank back again into a nonenity. It is true, he was honest, frugal, and the end, who would sympathize with them for their losindustrious, but he was poor. It was a terrible crime on his part, and the world made him feel that it was so; but speculator, whose bankruptcy ruins a hundred of the inhe could not help it. He married early in life-what business had he to do so!--and the necessary expenses of chanics in comparison with those endured by the man a rapidly increasing family had bound him to his poverty. It is singular what a number of mouths gather around your poor man's board. While the wealthy are miserable for want of an heir, the poor have an heir for every sixpence. Harry had more heirs than sixpences. By a system of rigid economy, however by avoiding debt in every shape, he had sacceded in maintaing a respectable appearance for years; but sickness came at length, bringing other misfortunes in its train, and in a few months afterwards he was a ruined man.

He struggled nobly to retrieve his affairs, but his efforts were unavailing. Every day found him becoming more and more involved. Debts, unavaidably contracted, pressed heavily upon him, crushing his spirit and numbing his energies with the pretty stings that accompany poverty; the unjust suspicions of impatient creditors, and the slighting coldness of summer friends. He had been ejected from the house which he had inhabited for years, in consequence of his inability to meet the last quarter's rent, and he was rapidly sinking into actual want, when the prize in the lottery came, and raised him at once to comparative affluence.

How fortunate!

"We shall be happy at last, dear Mary," he exclaimed, as he hastened home to his wife with the joyful intelligence. "We shall be happy at last. The tide has turned, and fortune is before us."

And they were happy; for a time, at least. Comfort miliations of poverty were replaced by the obsequious attentions so flattering to the vanity of all human bipeds. The discerning public were beginning to perceive that

ing unutterable nothings at the moon, and sighing after | "splendid scheme" had at length tempted him to appromaginary worlds; but she was a capital housewife, and | printe a small sum of his employers in his possession, for

vorld long to make the discovery?

f Hinchman; or, rather, it would appear wonderful, less to follow him from one peculation to another. Once were it not an established fact that summer friends and he nearly retrieved himself by drawing half of a capital toadstools have an equally rapid growth. Yet we do the prize, but he was still a few thousands short. Shall we poor toadstool a wrong by the comparison, for it will go on? spring to life in the damp, dark cellar, while the other only exists in the full blaze of the golden day. While the storm was raging around him, Harry had sought for them in vain-not the tondstools, but the friends-but in the sunshine that followed they flourished in abundance. They were most profuse in their offers of service too; aye, and they were sincere in their offers-some of them, at least-for, through their interest, Harry obtained a lucrative situation in a moneyed institution. Where, matters not.

How fortunate. Was it not? Was not the world right; when it exlaimed "How fortunate?" We shall see presently. A year passed away, and the prosperity of the Hinchmans still appeared to be on the increase. The nobodies became fashionable, and removed to an elegant mausion up town, with bath rooms and gas fixtures, folding doors her dear Mrs. Hinchman, while Mr. Jones's nose turned

less heavenward at the sight of our hero. He even had the condescensions to ask Harry to endorse a note for him; not that he required it, oh no! It was his way of showing his esteem for his friends, and he was beginhing to look on Harry as his friend. Assuredly the Hinchmans were becoming somebodies. As Harry had said, the tide had changed. He began to be noted as a rising man. His attention to business

employers. His character for strict integrity was unimpeachable, and he soon rose from a subordinate situation to one of the highest trust and responsibility. The postman discovered that he was the bearer of des-

patches to-Ilenry Hinchman, Esq., And yet the happiness of our hero did not appear to increase with his prosperity. To the world, it is true, all seemed bright and fair; but at home, in the privacy of domestic life, there was a bitter change. In the midst of all his troubles he had been an attentive hu-band and an affectionate father. He had borne up against misfortune with a calm spirit and an unruffled temper; but now he had become restless and irritable. Surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, he was captious about trifles. An over-done leg of mutton put him in a

Let it not be understood that this was the immediate result of his good fortune. Far from it. For the first to the utmoste. The change was gradual; so gradual as to be barely perceptible for a long, long time. His wife felt that he was becoming an altered man; yet even sho rather felt that knew it. She found that he was becoming subject to fits of gloomy abstraction, which upon being remarked, suddenly gave place to an equally unnatural exuberance of spirits. But this she attributed to tho harrassing nature of his new business. Such was his own explanation of the cause, and she, like a dutiful spouse, implicitly believed him, although she could not help wondering how one who had endured real misfortune so well, could thus succumb to petty annovances. restore him to his former disposition; but as time advanced the gloom upon his spirit increased, and to it was

added a degree of irascibility, and even morosoness, strange and feverish starts. His mind was evidently ill

His children began to fear him, and Murv, wh hitherto only been accustomed to the honey of the life, began to complain that the vinegar was too sou finding that it was not in her power to effect any change, secret; but it must be considerable, for it proved suffi- envy. Why she selected Mrs. Tompkins for her victim bound apprentice, was not permitted to accompany them her dear friend, Mrs. Hinchman had bought.

From that moment a race of rivalry began between the two ladies, resulting in great benefits to fashionable but a moment's reflection will show our readers that we their creditors.

Hinchman chafed considerable at his wife's extravawhich of the two it was; that was Hinchman's affair, or, rather, his creditors'. If they were satisfied with promi-

ses. All the pity the world-can spare is for the wealthy dustrious poor. What are the suffer ngs of starving mewho has to give up his champaigne suppers-for a time?

high the Hinchmans live!" while some of the reflecting began to wonder how long it would last. They were not kept long in suspense on the subject.

One day Hinchman disappeared. "He has absconded!" exclaimed some.

The eyes of Mrs. Tomkins actually grew brilliant when

he heard them.

"He's gone to Texas!" responded others. Mrs. Tomkins was in a state of excitement for a week: she could only sit down on the edge of her chair for five minutes at a time. "I knew how it would end," she exclaimed to her coterie of confidential somebodies .-"Such nobodies to put themselves up as equal to us .-Pugh! I warrant me Hinchman has left plenty of creditors to suffer by his reguery. It is shameful to defraud

poor people so!" Mrs. Tomkins had a right to be virtuously indignant. Mr. Tompkins had only once taken the benefit of his mind to go in "any heew," he stationed himself

"I shouldn't wonder if he had robbed his employers, and gone to enjoy the fruits of his villany in Europe," she added.

She was wrong in the latter part of her conjecture -Harry had taken a longer journey. He had committed suicide! A vague suspicion that his employers intended an investigation of his accounts, had terrified him into returned to the lately wretched home, and the bitter huwas found a confession, acknowledging embezzlements to the amount of nearly seventy thousand dollars. They

provided excellent dinners. Do you suppose it took the the purchase of tickets. He fully intended to replace it immediately, but home expenses swallowed up the whole It is wonderful how numerous soon became the friends of his salary, and his tickets proved blanks. It is need-

> The end was despair and death. How fortunate! Is our sketch'a fiction? No.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough ubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are sound. There is the old tree under which the light hear, thus revealing their home, life and occupation, there ed boy swung in many a summer day, yander the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and knew a parent's protection -now there is a room in which he remped with brothe must soon be gathered overshadowed by you old church, | once was as a household friend; the petted children of parents to worship with and hear the good old man who people worked, that mamma's 'help' worked in the kitchand marble mantlepieces. Mrs. Tompkins began to visit gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the school en, and perhaps some that papa's clerks worked in the and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remem. worked, sometimes very late, to finish their dresses, brances of an attachment there formed, many an occa- whou their parents took them to the theatre or to a fancy sion that called forth some generous exhibition of the ball; but the idea of working themselves, and that, too, traits of human Nature. There he learned to feel some as a means of support, had never entered the minds of of his best emotions. There perchance, he first met the the little darlings. and untiring industry, won for him the confidence of his

Evil Speaking. - Many a man despises another, with whom he never had dealings, or to whom he scarcely over spoke. Some person has whispered a slander in his ear. He belives the ill report and thus shuns and despises his neighbor. A slander stops not here. This man has intimate friends to whom he opens his heart, and who catch his feelings and also become prejudiced against one, who perhaps may be one of the best men in the community. "Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth." says the Aposde. A man who breathes a worl against another, is little aware of the great injury he oduces. He cannot recall a word if he would. It has eighteen months after drawing the prize he enjoyed life gone forth and is reported and believed by scores. Men are not careful when they speak, and the slander is added to, until the character of one comparatively pure, is made black and offensive in the extreme. Stop man! Do not speak at random. Utter no falschood, no matter what may be your feelings towards another. Evil speak-ing is a sin of which hundreds are guilty, who are not sensible of the injury they are producing. They imagine that language dies, when it falls from their lips." Not so; it lives, and is over active for good or for evil. Be careful then when you speak and how you speak. Misrepresent nobody. It is a good rulo-to-observe—if you cannot speak well of another, not to anonk iii. A linde care will save a deal of trouble and prevent She was in hopes that their continued prosperty would these aniomosities and hatreds that embitter the sweets of life, and are never healed at this side of the grave. manly in the woman. It is fitting to the nobly born, Will you speak evil of another? Will you slander? Will added a degree of irascibility, and even morosoness, which she found difficult to endure. He slept no longer are sure if there is a God to will present his coldest in the poor, it is nobility itself.

If this blessing were only bought by adversity, we are sure if there is a God to will present his coldest in the poor of sorrowing for this, so usually is frown to those who have and defame, and labor it the result of successful stranging against obstacles. to cover with infamy o Olice Branch.

of ago arrived in this city by the cars night before last, cure, and the other portion under the rude teachings of His story, though brief, is an interesting one, and exhib- necessity, has acquired a confidence in his own powers, she prudently consoled herself for her domestic unhappi- its a strength of close-changing affection, which it is a and a facility in their exercise, which many men might ness by purchasing a newer set of French chairs, in the pleasure to record. His mother and sister left Ireland envy. hope that her new friend, Mrs Tompkins, might die of about a year age for America, and the boy being then is a mystery we do not pretend to fathom; but her char although he desired to do so. Some eight months after ifable desire was nearly gratified. Greenwood would their departure, the little fellow, without a penny in his the effort, than the daughter of their milkman or washhave been graced with an additional monument if Mrs. pocket, ran away from his master, walked to Dublin T. had not accidently discovered that she could obtain a city, told his story to the Captain of an American ship, set that would cost fifty dollars more than those which and tearfully solicited his aid in taking him to his mother. The Captain told him that the United States was a very large country, and should be get there he might not find be to the wealthy, what necessity is to the poor. Parents bal band." the object of his search; but the little "Japhet" was de- should early teach their children to depend upon their tradesmen, and greater injury to-somebody's pockets. | termined to "fry," and finally he got the Captain's con-We were inconsiderately about to write their husbands, sent to take him across the ocean in the capacity of a aid from others in performing any task to which they are second cook. The vessel arrived at New York, and the themselves adequate. They will thus bestow upon them employ him to locate it for mo: and when I have finished speak wiser in saying somebody's. The husbands of little fellow, all alone, searched the great Metropolis a better wealth than all the gold they can amas, a truer my carpenter's trade, I mean to build me a house on it." fashionable wives are occasionally only disbursers for throughout-enquiring of the Irish families of the where- independence than wealth can ever confer. Nor need abouts of his mother; but to no purpose—no one know they fear that this will make them either selfish or wil- ness?" | 11 | 1 | 1 | her. During his search, which continued more than a gance; but as he had acquired a habit of chafing at eve- week, the little fellow met his current expenses by doing more wilful than the spoiled children of a weak indul- kept myself clean, and had not a moment's sickness? rything, she paid little attention to it, especially as she chores in the streets, such as holding horses, &c .- for a gence? Yet who so little self-reliant as they? found that her bills were paid, or promised to be paid a lad of that kind could not be dishonest. Failing in something or other. She did not inquire too curiously New York, he worked his passage on a steamer to Alba- his children independent," yet rearing them the while wealthy make slaves of them. I should not wish to live ses, why it was laudable in her to gratify them with as journey, in all, of about four thousand miles, in starch many as they could digest. If they became sufferers in of his mother! Upon his arrival here, he immediately sought out the Irish residents, and, for the first time, heard of the object of his long and singular pilgrimage. He learned that his mother and sister had lived at Cincinnati, but about a month since had moved to Vanceburgh, Ky. The little "Japhet," in the fulness of his joy, was determined that an hour should not be lost, and Time rolled on, and everybody began to exclaim, "How went to Captain Grace, of the Brilliant, vesterday, and told his story. The Captain took him on board, gave independence, so much boasted, so soldem attained. It the arms of his search. It is a fact not unworthy of re- love of gain, the fear of mortification, or the charms of cord, presenting as it does, a pleasant incident in the society. train of the story, that while on board the Brilliant, the boy was recognized by a gentleman, who was a passenger on the same vessel upon which he crossed the ocean who fully corroborated his story!-Cincinnati Commer-

> cial, April 23d. The Knickerbroker, for March, in its "table," contains a very readable melange from which we take

> "During the exhibition of a menageric in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankes was on the ground, with a terrible itching to "see the elephant," but he hadn't the desiderated "quarter." Having made up near the entrance, and waited until the rush was over. Then, assuming a patient, almost exhausted tone, and with the forefinger of his right hand placed on the right Mister, aint you goin' to give me my change?"-"Your, hange!" said the door-keeper. "Ya eas! my thange! gin ye a dollar as much as an hour ago, and han't got change yet. The door-keeper handed over three quarters in change and in walked the Yankee "in funds";

NEVER SATISFIED. - Nobody is eatisfied in this world.

SELF-RELIANCE OF THE POOR.

BY JULIA A. FEETCHER.

"What can you do for a living?" I asked a group of children, not one of whom had reached the age of eight. Instantly a dozen little hands were raised, and as many cager voices were replying.

"I can get shavings and soil them!" "I can shovel snow from the side-walks!" "Lean run of errands for people !"

"I sweep Mr. L.'s store every morning!" "I carry in the wood my father saws!" with a variety of like exclamations, each revealing some mode of juve nile labor.

One tone was plainly perceptible in these replies, a tone of self-confidence, not boastful, but triumphant, with nemories of home, early home. There is magic in every the power to be useful. Yet while these children were were others who stood with them, silent, and evidently

bowildered with new thoughts. It was recoss-time in a public school, and in this group was the usual iningling of every condition of life. To or sister, long since alas! laid in the vard in which he the children of poverty, the idea of working for a subsistwhither, with a joyous troop like himself, he followed his luxury knew not what was meant. They knew that some house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule store; the girls knew that their dress-maker and milliner

being who by her love and tenderness in after life, has I looked on these young beings, so closely associated, made à home for himself happier even than that which vet so strangely contrasted, and for perhaps the thouhis childhood knew. There are certain feelings of hu- saudth time, the thought areas, "Thank God, I am a manity, and those among the best, that can find appro- poor man's child!" It was followed by a less selfish printe place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. thanksgiving, that in our public schools at least, "the There is sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it rich and the poor meet together." We will not pause vere a species of desecration to violate! He who seeks now to consider the many advantages to each resulting wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a vil- from this management, for we wish now to speak of self-reliance which is so peculiarly a characteristic of the poor. We do not mean those who are crushed down by the burden of abject want, whose hovel homes are darkened by ignorance, and too often by vice; we mean the honest laboring poor, who drink gladly at the fountains of knowledge opened to them in our public institutions, and perform cheerfully the tisks that give them

true independence. Some may think we ought to say the American poor, but this distinction is fast passing away, as the crowd of want-crushed and ignorant foreigners who form so imperfect a representation of their own lands, become puthat they will injure us. The evil is ever transient, but mingle with the pure streams of ours, the very waste and fifth of their own; but the turbid tide shall turn our mill-wheels, and bear our steamboats even now, and ere long, the waters which had grown stagment from stillness, and dark from the darkness around them, shall beback the sunlight which is over them.

but in the poor, it is nobility itself.

it the result of successful struggling against obstacles .at is above repreach. We see it soldom in the rich man's child, never if he has been always tenderly cared for at home; but the rag-Yourneut Persevenance .- A lad about thirteen years ged urchin who has spent half his young life without

The daughter of wealthy parents, with her cultivated mind and many accomplishments is far less capable of earning her daily bread, should necessity compel her to woman; yet she may have been endowed by nature with stronger powers and greater energy.

Is it then necessary to be poor in order to acquire habit of self-reliance? We think not. Education should resources oven in trifles; nover allowing them to receive ful. Who are more selfish than the indelent? Who

Many a parent has toiled through long years to "leave ny-roughed that city, and worked his way to Builde, with mistaken fonduoss, has left thom at last, amid stores there. I consider the knowledge I have acquired of thence to Sandusky, and on to Cincinnati-making a of worldly wealth the most dependent creature in the men and the camp as a compensation for my time; and universe. Ilad he given to each of them some means then I have my land. I had no cause for collisting: I of "carning an honost livelihood," and the willingnes was well situated, learning a good trade, and shall ever to use such means, it need should be, he had then left look upon this as a great lesson for my life. I boarded them in a noble independence. All human beings of with a widow lady, who had three sons. We all paid ordinary health and good capacity; should have the pow- our board, and were all treated alike; the eldest, in a er to supply themselves with a home and home comforts by their own unuided exertions. The consciousnes of him; more from sympathy than a desire, I culisted. It of advising with the California emigrants, this power, united to a "conscience void of offence," has perfectly cured us." and a mind rich in its own wealth, is the reality of the him some money and provided for him comfortably for is moral and mental as well as physical independence.the passage, and doubtless ere this. the little fellow is in Such a being can never be awayed from the right by the have not acquired bad habits."

This consciousness of self-sufficiency will give grace and dignity to any station, the loftiest or the most menial. We are too apt to mistake self-sufficiency for selfconceit. Misused as the word has been, misapprehended as it still is, in its true meaning it is one of the noblest attributes of humanity, the one in which we draw nearest unto God. He alone is entirely self-sufficient, he alone can, therefore, be entirely self-reliant.

Let us try, under God, to be sufficient unto ourselves can, if need be, live without them.

AMERICAN CONSULS ABROAD .- The New York Tribune contains a statesman of the official income of our consuls aboard, by which it appears that no consulate is at present worth \$10,000. The largest amount received is by the consul at Liverpool, who corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, in 1845 received, \$9,963 05. The consulates at Rio" he sees clamor let loose upon him as a public enemy and yield \$4,000; six other posts yield \$2.000 per annum If a legacy is left a man he regrets it is not larger, If he finds a num of manner, he sawsher the ent for more the amount of nearly seventy thousand uphases. It a legacy is sell a line a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. Egypt, receives a salery of \$4,000. Three consuls were found to exceed that sum: But how had the mone he finds a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. Egypt, receives a salery of \$4,000. Three consuls to the coasts of Barbary each receive a salery of y been spent.

His confession stated that the drawing of his first prize one. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes a bettor on the coasts of Barbary each receive a salary of in and neck his deficing mortal grounds. An excellent rule for living happy and neck his deficing mortal grounds. He then jump on the coasts of Barbary each receive a salary of in anciety, is never to coefficient ones. If he is rich and wants for nothing, he strives for a year each. One at Beyrout receives a salary of affairs of others unless they deserve it. Under prevarious surplises as to the resi cause of the murder a year each. One at Beyrout receives a salary of affairs of others unless they deserve it. Mary Hinchman was no heroine of romance; there was none of the poetry of nature about her. She never was none of the poetry of nature about her. She never set in the had awakened in him a spirit for lottery gambling, over a year each. One at Beyrout receives a sealary of affairs of others unless they descree it. Under present on the poetry of nature about her. She never was none of the poetry of nature about her. She never which, at last, he had no control. He had kept for a which which, at last, he had no control. He had kept for a which which which which he had no control which which he had no control which which he had no control which which which which he had no control whi

TTThis beautiful effusion was written by a young man who hailed for California, in the clipper Empire, of 87 tons.—Jour.

SONG OF DEPARTURE One more sigh-this hour of parting From the life we live and love! One more tear of manly weakness For the home whence we shall rove. Hore is quiet-there are perils-And the bravest well may fear: One thore sight for life departed,

For our friends another tear.

But the land we leave behind us Is debased with slavishmen Thoughts, opinions, all are copied. And a tired hand holds the pen. Still we act as others acted, Bull we think as others thought, And we shun the daring freeman From whose lips new words are taught

Let me burst these rusty fetters. They corrode my inner soul; Let me wander where no others Can my words or deeds control; Where the free wealth of the rivers Is no richer or more free Than the fresh air yet, unpoisoned, Sweet and mild with Liberty.

I will range with hardy hunters On their hoary mountains hold; They are rough, but richly inland, Like their rocks, with heart of gold, Or, if slaves are still around me, I will hide myself awayo In some recess, and unneffeed, Watch my night till comes the day,

nore sighs then—no more weakness n this parting from old home; re is bondage—there is freedom -There the soul may widely roam, Twas the sharpness of the gale. Cast oil moorings! they are fetters-Now my heart swells with the sail!

NOT ALL RUINED.

We have entertained and expressed fears, says the Commercial Alcertiser, that the volunteers, generally who might return from the war in Mexico, would be demoralized by their participation in those scenes of slaughter. That our lears have to a sad extent been realized, er. That our fears have to a sad extent been realized. e scarcely need say. Occasionally, however, the hisory of an exception, all the brighter and more pleasing from the contrast, meets our eye in reading, among the nost interesting of which is the following. The subject of it was a pupil of the farm school of the Boston Asylum, pils in the great public school -our own. We fear not and the account is written by Mrs. Ass E. Morrisos the matron. After reading it, one cannot help saying, the good endureth. The streams of foreign want and with the editor of the Boston Journal, long may a shool ignorance may roll darkley in upon us; other lands may which thus trains its pupils, remain as a monument of the bendyolence of the Bostonians:-

"The return of the volunteers from Mexico was looked forward to with painful interest by us, as four of our farm school boys were with them, having enlisted after leaving the school. Many were our doubts and fears, as come phrified in their onward course, and flash brightly we thought of their temptations and associates. It was very happily shown to us by a visit frome one of them, sweets to cheer the heart and light up the check with We speak of self-reliance in the poor, because it is to the next day after he was discharged, how far the feelthem the strength of their existence. It is the power ings of home and good principles can be instilled into which sustains them in their weary toil; which teaches the minds of the young and motherless. He met us with ment what marvels may be wrought by the strong right a true affection, and free from the vices of the camp: his hand and the stronger sont, when nerved by human love health periect, his appearance mant, and his addression of their "red brethren" the Seminules, had a friendand heavenly trust. It is manly in the man, it is wo- tem only; his intelligence for beyond anything wo antiwith joy that he had with-stood the dangers of his situa-tion, and thoroughly cared of all desire to enlist again, he would be friendly with "Uncle Sam," as he had once "He observed: - "Mother, when I laid my head on and raise corn and stock, as the Seminoles

to think how you would feel to see me thus, and of my comfortable bed at the furn school. When for sixty hours The Camanche said whatever his friends told him

the top of my gan, think of you and home. One day, in redations of the Camanches. Good news this for one hour. I found forty different kinds of flowers "---Here we see the beautiful mission of flowers-I little thought, when I was teaching him botany, it would be a sion of friendship will be all talk .- Cherokee Advosolare for a soldier in Mexico."

" What other amusement did you have?" " I thought my time must not be lost, and I learned o play upon the bugle; and I now intend to join a musi-

" What did you do with your scrip?" "I have it under lock and key; they did not get my land for thirty dollars. I have an uncle out west, I shall

.. How did you escape the fomito and other sick-"I drank no spirit, as little of the water as possible, " How did you like the inhabitants?"

" The lower class are ignorant and savage and the moment of excitement, culisted, he urged me to go with

"Did you see our other bays, L. W. and B.?" "I saw them all. I. has enlisted for five years; W. returned with me. They all have behaved well, and

"How thankful we were to hear this! It gave wings to anxious thoughts. For two days we chatted on in this way; and while he was imparting so much useful information, interspersed with judicious remarks, the boy seemed lost in the man,"

ENVY.

Envy is the only vice which can be practiced at all times and in all places, the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of excitement. It is impossible to ment on a man whom any advantageous distinction has and we shall not love our fellow-mortals less, that we made eminent but some secret malice will burst out.— The frequency of envy makes it so familiar that it escapes our notice, nor do we reflect on its terpitude or maliguity until we happen to feel its effects. When he that has given no provocation to malice but by attempting to ex-The largest cel in some useful end, is parsued by multitudes whom he never saw with the least personal resentment; when de Janeiro and at London are also worth \$9,000.—
incited by every stratagem of calumny; when he hears
The next best are the consulates of Havana and
of the misfortune of his family or the follies of his youth \$5,000. St. Thomas and the Sandwich Islands each bxposed to the world and every failure of conduct aggravated or ridiculed, he then learns to abhor and despise eighteen are worth \$1,000; and the remaining nearly those artifices at which he only before laughed, and disconsultates range from \$6,000 to \$4,000 per annum covers how much the happiness of life is increased by its eradication from the human heart.

Mind your own Business.-Here is much truth

CONSCIENCE.

It has been remarked that the forebodings of a guilty conscience are rarely, if ever, fully realized in this life. Threatenings of a guilty mind pursue it to the last moment of earthly existence, and still promise a fearful retribution to be realized beyond the grave, "The wicked traveleth with pain all his days. A dreadful sounds in his ears. He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at hand. Trouble and anguish shall make him

afraid." The life and death of many a renowned skeptic, prove that this is no exageration of the truth. The dread word REMORSE, indicates the fearful reprisals which conscionce is sure to levy upon guilt. The most successful course of crime is not safe from the terrific visitations of this inward monitor. Conscience may aleep during a long course o'crime, but she never dies. She will gnaw again. The hour of calamity, the moment of death, arms her with tenfold terrors.

If there be not, therefore, a future state of retribution, the last pang of human guilt is a lie-alie for which the creator is responsible. We almost tremble at the language we have used, though it be but hypothetical; and we fly to the alternative in which alone the mind can rest, that God is true-that man lives beyond the grave, . and that the soul that perseveres in sin is hasting to ruin, which it must meet at some point of its future existence. Such is the teaching of human nature-such the teaching of the Author of human nature. All the efforts of a perverse ingenuity have never been able to invalidate this testimony, as it is written upon the very frame-work of the soul of man. However, unbelief may continue to blunt the sensibilities of the conscience, and for a time to spread a delusive calm over the mind, by the infinence of things seen and temporal, yet it can never change the essential nature of the soul. It may prevert

awaits it. ORNAMENTAL TREES,-Nature in her dispensations seems to scorn the influence of wealth. She offers light water and air, all indispensible to our comfort and hap-

its powers and bear it on to ruin, but it can never entire-

ly tranquilize its instinctive presentment of the doom that

that casts its grateful shade in the door yard of the humole cottager, waves as gracefully in the free air of heaven. blooms as greenly and as roundly spreads its branches as that which throws the hadows against the stately man-sions of case and opulance. Mature sometimes, indeed, seems to rebuke the embellianments of Art, or to recompense the poor for the paucity of their enjoyments, by rearing in the presence of the lowest tenements the most beautiful of these elegant evidence of her handiwork.

All this we can say to the country because God made that, but as man made the city, we cannot say the same thing about it. How much better would it be for all if in our cities every house by law was bound to have a space around it for flowers, &c. But because our country is so small we are obliged to build and live in houses where neither the sun smiles, nor the winds wast their the bloom of health .- Scientific American ..

An Indian Council .- A députation of Camanclies who lately come in to see and ask the advice ly "talk" with the Seminole Agent, Mr. Du Val, on the Ch of March. Wild Cat told the Campuches in the O it of District. Clad in a handsome suit, his heart overflowing that the Whites were a great and powerful people, was an interesting specimen of the soldier to look upon. been at war with them. You had better go home ny Mexican pillow-a stone with the soft side up-I used by friendly with all nations." He, Wild Cat, hoped

had no food, how sweet would have been your bread!" to do, he would do. The Camanches were sorry for " How did you spend your leisure hours, George?" I what they had done and would be triendly with the sked him. "I sometimes used to roam the hills and whites, and those who were going across the Praiwoods to gather flowers, make a bouquef, and put it in ries to the big Waters should be safe from the depthe California emigrants. But if the Camanches keep their "talk"-no better than the United States have their treaties with the Cherokees, this profescale.

> INTENDED VISIT OF THE EX-KING OF SARDINIA TO AMERICA.—The unfortunate Charles Albert, who has reached Madrid on his way to Operto, does not intend his inovements, have stated his intentions to be, to leave Europe entirely and take refuge in the United States of America—a course which on many accounts presents very desirable advantages. We believe that the ex-King. after a short sojourn at Oporto, will sail direct for New York, and intends to spend some time in traveling through the States. No place, we believe, has been fixed upon for his permanent residence.

> FROM THE FAR WEST .- St. Louis, Mo., May 3. -Mr. Andrews, one of the survivors of Col. Fremont's unfortunate party, arrived here to-day, from the Plains, by the way of Bent's Fort. His son, who accompanied him and Col. F. on the expedition to California, was one of these who perished in the mountains.
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> Messra. Bent & Hatcher, with a train and about

6.000 buffalo robes, are on their way in. Mr. Andrews parted company with, and traveled in advance of them. They had lost some of their animals, the weather west being extremely cold for the season.
Col. Benton and lady arrived in this city last night. He is going to the frontier, for the purpose The stores of Vorman Cutter was entere byd burglars last night, but the police provented the roques from committing any robbery. The cholera is on

the increase, mostly among emigrants. IT A short time since there was seated in a car of the railroad which leads from Portland "down east," a young man who scandslized his fellow passengers by a constant use of profane language. At last an old deadon, of the "Free-will persuasion," who had been listining in silent horror, approached, and commenced lecturing him silent horror approached, and commenced lecturing him that was "on the straight track to perdition." The young man drew a ticket from his pocket, are carefully accutinizing it said with a look that "mendicants descriped tion." "Just my d—d luck! I benght a ticket for Brunswick!

A MATRIMOVIAL ADVENTURE .- An old maid (37) was once called upon by a widower, who popped the question in due form, but could not receive her answer until he had shown her the home prepared for her. She coused quently went to his house. The inspection disclosed well furnished dwelling, everything in the greatest profusion. The larder was liberally supplied, containing half dozen barrels of pork and flour. "Well." exclaimed nan.ozen parreis of pora and nour. "Well," exclaimed the suitor, when the examination was concluded, "what do you say?" "I say," she replied tarily, "that I decline your offer. I sin't going to cook all that pork and make so much bread—true as I live."—Boston Rambler.

DRIBERATE MURDER .- About half past 9 o'clock on Thursday evening, a genteel looking man rode up to the store of Mr. McCandless, corner of Twelfth and Marion streets, Spring Garden, Philadelphin, and entered into conversation relative to the perchase of a farm at Grey's Ferry. Mr. McC. declined, (as we understand) to negotiate with the stranger, whereupon the latter drew a dirk-kuile and stabbed Mr. McC. seriefal times about the head ous attack, but nothing certain is yet known, the assays heipy as aning stranger.