SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1849.

## POETRY AND MISCELLANY

INVOCATION TO MOTHER BARTH. BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Oh Earth! thy face hath not the grace That smiling Heaven didbless, When thou wert "good" and blushing stood In thy young leveliness: And Mother, dear, the smile and tear,

In thee are strangely met-The joy and we together flow-But ah, we love thee yet. Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air Thrills with the lark's sweet song When Nature seems to wake from dreams,

And laugh and dance along-Thou'rt fair at day, when clouds all grey Fade into glorious blue-When sunny hours fly Ger the flowers, And kiss away the dew.

Thou'rt fair at eve, when skies receive The last smiles of the sun-When through the shades that to dight spreads, The stars peep, one by one-Thou'rt fair at night, when full starlight

Streams down upon the sod-When moonlight pale, on hill and date Rests like the smile of God. And thou art grand where lakes expand, And mighty rivers roll-

Where Ocean proud, with threatning-loud, Mocketh at man's control-And grand thou art, when lightnings dart, And gleam athwarth the sky-When thunders peet, and forests rect, And storing go sweeping by.

We bless thre now, for gifts that thou For dew and showers, and beauteous flowers, And blue sies overhead-For morn's perfume, and mid-day's bloom, And evening's hours of mirth

We bless thee Mother Barth. that when long years of care and tears Have come and passed away, The time may be, when sadly we

For glorious night, for all things bright,

Shall turn to thee and say;-We are worn with life, its toils and strife, We long we pine for rest-Wecome, we come, all wearied home,-Recue, Mother, in thy breast!

## Born to Love Pigs and Chickens.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The guests at the Aster House were looking mournfully out at the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of in October passed over to history. No shopping -lo visiting! The marning must be passed in doors .-And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail-(which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair.) Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially "be seen") on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Aster. As if there were any putrowage in getting the worth of your money!

Well-the people in the drawing-room looked a little ont of the windows, and a great deal at each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels and underbred perded, and any movement whatever extremely conspice. of "any thing's looking well on a pretty woman," hav and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and the last mentioned much embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day, Cousin and to-morrow with his dear little cousin. Meg!" said the gentleman.

this rainy day? I'm sure it's very pleasant hore." "Not for me. I'd rather be thrashing in the barn .ing the tools."

"Dear me!" "Well-what now?"

"Oh nothing!-but I do wish you wouldn't bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eye-brows, and took a leaf of music from the piane, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scope, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our majic mirror, the semblance flit) there was no smack of the latest fashion. of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted

Miss Margaret Piffit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call la beaute du diable-vouth and freshness. (Though why the devil should have the credit of what belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and now; her voice sounded like "C sharp" in a now piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired and forthwith dismissed him entirely from her thoughts. with constant longings-a model resembling in figure the high born creature whose never varied face is seen in all the plates of the fashions, yet, if possible, paler and more took his seat, and silently listened to the conversation of give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw disdainful. If Miss Piffit could but have bent her short the young lodies. Miss Hampson had come to pass the hat and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder, (not to maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

of music bashfulness. His dress was a little more exten-

speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a now to do more than acknowledge the superiority of this and down several of the long swartlis, till her face glowprinted card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a sub- girl to his cousin. He felt it in his after thoughts, and ed under her sunbonuet as it never glowed with waltzscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time his destiny then, for the first time, seemed crossed and to say a thing or two about him as we get on.

"Eph." Bracely and "Meg" Piffit were "engaged." With the young lady it was as the French say faute de mienz for her beau tdeal for in plain English her ideal beau,) was a tall pale young gentleman, with white the middle of the following July.) gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph. were second cousins, however, and she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and moreover had inherited the Piffit farm, which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and, more-over, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neigh- Margerine, had taken the whim to pass a month with borhood; why, it seemed one of those matches made in heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth.

as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pifflit house and build a cottage, and, with consternation. How to lodge fitly the elegant Julia a fair season, that might be done in another year. Mean- | Hampson? No French bed in the house, no boulder, time, Eph. was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having had the trouble to win the young lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship, whether or no; and was, besides, somewhat unsusceptible of the clarification of the farm. Meg was pale with terror and dismay as clarification of the farm. charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at having she went into the detail of anticipation. or harvesting. The deighbors thought it proof of his love that he never "wont sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or his fishing rod, his horse to the capabilities of the case, and by daylight the next or his crops, pigs, politics, or anything else, than of love and matrimony, his companions took his engagement with his cousin to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to banter, and they neither invaded his domain by attentions to his sweetheart, nor suggested a thought by allusion to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old farmer Bracely to Now York, and the young people had managed to accompany him .- And of course, nothing would do for Miss Pifflit but "the Astor."

And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carringe is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pifflit...

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city-somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last elopement, somebody to send with chintz, and stuffed with wool, looked very like ottoher patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of tournires mans; and with a handsome cloth on the round table, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these appearently unlikely acquaintances are formed, in as much a mystery as the oternal youth of posts toys, and the eternal durations of donkeys. Far be it from me to pry irreverently into the pokerish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no. than the fact that Miss Julia Hampson was an further acquaintance of Miss Pifflit's.

Every body knows "Hampson & Co."

Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of dressmakers. These important viceregents of the Hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and lilly, make distinctions in the exerif she be not endowed with taste supreme. She may began to show its colors. He remembered his indepenbuy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the dence as a farmer, dependent on no man, and a little sion. rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges comparison between his pursuits and life, such as he sons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the of fittness the loving hint, the admireing and selective knew it to be in a city, soon put him, in his own con- incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timidly guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fiful and currence to sweetness and loveliness. They who talk ous. There were four very sile it ladies on the sofa, two not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and very silout ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies on milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous the ottom me, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, exceptions, and no trades-woman of the fashions will and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the sell taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all music-stool, with her back to the piane. There was here | charming woman you see, not the influence of manner upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of these dispensers silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressing old aunt to-day

Miss Hampson, to whom the supplies of elegand 'Sh-call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud," came as naturally as broad and butter, and occasion said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors as little speculation as to whence or how, was an unco sciously elegant, of course, as well as a well dressed lilly She was abstractly a very beautiful girl, though in a ve But there must be some "rainy-weather work" in the ry delicate and unconspicuous style; and by dint of abcity as well as the country. There's some fun, I know solute fitness in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by kept for a wet day, as we keep corn-shelling and grind- common observers at least, would be half given to he fashionable air and unexceptionable toilette. The damset and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmoni ous work of the same maker. How much was nature, gift, and how must was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood by even her most discrimi nating admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the

The young ladies met with a kiss, in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Pif-"My dear Julia!"

"My dear Margerine!" (this was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friend at the point of the bayonet.) Eph. twitched, remindingly, the jupon of his cousing

and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Auston's novels, "Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that deep keys—it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was worth curtesy," though Eph.: (and as there was-for Miss

Hampson took an irresistable cue from the inflated cere moniousness of the introduction.) Eph. made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse blanket. And if he could have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and resentful table.

as the eloquence of Red Jacket-but that rustic blush, up to his hair, was like a mask dropped over his features.

With a consciousness that he had better leave the room and walk off his mortfication under an umbrella, Eph. wrist with the curve invariably given to the well gloved morning with her friend, and she took off her bonnet, imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty, and and showered down upon her dazzling neck a profusion sweat off handily while mowing) and offering Miss thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder with- of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry Hampson a rake which stood outside the door, he begged out dislocating her neck; if she could have protruded from humiliation, the young farmer felt a thrill run through her to be ready when he came by with the team. He the flounce of her dress a foot more like a mineing little his veins as the heavy curls fell indelently about her and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they muscle shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if shoulders.--He had never before looked upon a woman were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking. she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable with entotion. He hated her-oh, yes! for she had giv- It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say, joints of a spy glass, whittled off more taperly her four en him such a look that never could be forgotten—but, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was extremities, sold all her uproarious and indominitable for somebody, she must be an angel of the world. Eph. laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers would have given all his sheep and horses, cows, crops other, as everybody knows, never hinders or overpowers of the magazines to refrain from distracting multiplicity and hay stacks, to see the man she would fancy to be the perfume of flowers. Oh, that winding green lane of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her equal. He could not give even a guess at the height between the busines was like an avenue to paradise. her allotment, Miss Piffit would have realized all her of that superiority from which she individally looked The old cart joited along through the ruts, and Miss A ghimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in which almost made him scream, to measure himself by Bracely, watched the great oxen crowding their sides question. He was not much more than he looked to be a man with whom she could be familiar. Where was together, and looked over the fields, and exclaimed as a compact, athletic young man about twenty-one, with his inferiority? What was it? Why had he been blind, she saw a glimpse of the river through the trees, and clear, honest blue eyes, brown face where it was not to it till naw? Was there no surgeons knife, no caustic, seemed veritably and unaffectedly enchanted. The old runnin back, and then clean limbed, and good carriage. shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an that could carve out, or cut away, burn or scarily, the farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he It's about the difficultest piece of business I know on.

eive and gayer than was necessary, and he were his It was a bitter morning to Eph. Bracely, but still it clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in his blank in the form was no longer a dried off the hay, and Eph, and his father turned to the phrase in a "Flokwickian sense," and only meant himself with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the general promony were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all, the garment were like as with a garment." "The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew for such purposes. After all the garment were like as with a garment were like as we

himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs rior creature-she was the link which kept her within of an hour they began to ruke up, and she came to offer

inadequate to his wishes.

(Wo hereby draw upon your imagination for six months carious reader. Please allow the teller to show you into

CHAPTER II.

Bracely farm, ten o'clock of a glorious summer morning-Miss Pifflit extended upon a sofa in despair. But let us go back a little.

A week before, a letter had been received from Miss of her mother, and (moreover third) had been "let be" Hampson, who, to the delight and surprise of our friend her. She was at Rockaway and was sick and tired of waltzing and the soa. Had furmer Bracely a spare cor-It was understood that they were to be married as soon | ner for a poor girl?

But Miss Pifflit's 'sober second thought' was utter

Something must be done, however. A sleepless night morning the whole house was in committee. Meg had fortunately a large bump constructiveness, very much enlarged by her habitual dilemmas of foillette. A houdoir must be constructed. Furmer Brucely slept in a dried-apple room, on the lower floor, and he was no sooner out of his bed than his baggage were tumbled up stairs, his gun and Sunday whip taken down from their nails, and the floor scoured, and the ceiling whitewash; ed. Eph. was by this time returned from the village

with all the chintz that could be bought, and a paper of tacks, and some new straw carpeting; and by ten o'clock that night the four walls of the apartment were covered with gaily flowered materials, the carpet was nailed down, and old squire Braceley thought it a mighty coollooking place. Eph. was a bit of a curpenter and he soon knocked together some boxes, which when covered geraniums in the windows and a chintz curtain to subdue the light, it was not far from a charming boulder,

and Meg began to breath more freely.

But Eph. had heard this news with the blood hot in his temples. Was that proud woman coming to look again upon him, with contempt, and here, too, where the rusticity, which he presumed to be the object of her ble? And yet, with the entreaty on his lip that his cousin would refuse to receive her, his heart hadlchecked its utterance-for an irresistible desire sprung suddenly within him to see her, even though at the bitter cost of tenfold his former mortification.

Yet, as the proparations for receiving Miss Hampson went on, other thoughts took possession of his mind .cise of their vocation. We be to an unleveable woman, the long putt of wrestling with a weakness. His pride in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and sin Meg's that he had better burn his old straw hat, for Miss Humpson was there.

Well it was ton o'clock on the morning after Miss H's seven, however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who the Susquehannah. was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, curtesy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologise for being late, and oud this extraordinary scene by producing | For instance:two newly hatched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, and down by the river, and up in the hay mow, and was perfectly enchanted with every thing, especially the dear little pigs "A very awast manner large to the large to the large to

"Very well-but hang your condescension!" thought Eph., distrustfully.

"Mercy on me!-to like pigs and chickens!" mentally einculated the disturbed and hewildered Miss Pifflit But with her two chickens pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chatted away like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious; and the havemelt so sweet, and the trees in the meadows were so beautiful, and there was no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and so many dear speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and tur-

son matter of incredulous wonder. "Will you come into the boudoir?" asked Miss Pifflit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from the

a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways .- How any body

could prefer the city to the cauntry, was to Miss Hamp-

"Boudoir exclaimed the city damed, to the infinite dolight of old Bracely, "no dear! I'd rather go out to "A bashful country-boy," thought Miss Humpson, as | the barn; are you going any where with the exen to-day she looked compassionately upon his red-hot forehead, sir?" she added, going up to the gray headed former, caressingly, "I should so like a ride in that great cart!"

Eph. was still a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to

down upon him; but it would have satisfied a thirst Hampson, standing up and holding on to old farmer expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tingo vulgatities she looked upon so contemptuously? But the watched her, and listened to her, with a broad honest smile of admiration on his weather-browned countenance. party schemes," he didn't say that he should sell himself

The oxen were turned up to the fence while the dew at home in his shirt sloves. His hands were rough, and stupid place. His cousin Meg had gained a consequence mowing leaving Miss Hampson to ramble over the meaning." and the course of the congregation who were that he shouldn't have anything to do with the getting up meaning." and the course of the congregation who were that he shouldn't have anything to do with the getting up meaning." and the course of the congregation who were that he shouldn't have anything to do with the getting up meaning." and to large to the congregation who were that he shouldn't have anything to do with the getting up meaning." and to large the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning. It is a dried off the hands were rough, and the course of the congregation who were the meaning. It is a dried off the hands were rough, and only meant the course of the congregation who were the meaning. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the course of the congregation who were the meaning. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the course of the congregation who were the meaning. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the hands were rough. It is a dried off the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the course of the congregation who were the meaning in the congre

from the top rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We his observation. He was too full of other feelings just her promised assistance, and stoutly followed Eph, up ing. Heated and tired at last she made herself a seat with the new hay, under a large elm, and, with her back to the tree, watched the labors of her companions.

Eph, was a well built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of inuscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped along after his rake on the elastic sward, and she thought, for the first time what a very handsome man was young Bracely, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waltzing. And for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and after a while she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast

It was now the middle of the forencon, and the old farmer, who, for years, had fallen into the habit of taking short uap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the levely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her check, and a smile of angelic content and "Great National Road" through Ohio, the incident I am The poor devil, whose senses were none of the clearest, onjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampson slept about to relate occurred. soundly in the shade. One small foot escaped from her luxurint.

And as Eph looked on that dangers picture of levliness the passion, already lying pedru in its bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.

(We have not room to do more than hint at the conequences of this visit of Miss Hampson of the country. It would require the third volumn of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely's farm, and bring ly morning in the month of Jane, in the year---, a solthe reader, point by point, gingerly and softly to the close. itary horseman might be seen," &c., you might think I feel it all over in my fingers, my arms, and legs, now We must touch here and there a point only, giving the G. P. R. James was your correspondent. But to our reader's imigination some gleaming to do after we have subject. been over the ground.)

Enh. Bracely's awakened pride served bim the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hompson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the mourning till night. Miss Pifflit came down unwillingly we are approaching. scorn; would be a thousand times more flagrant and visi- to Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the boudouir. The barn, and the troops of chickins, and the out-doors belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zoul. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such superfine contempt; and Eph. Eph. was not a man, indeed, to come off second best in who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new pas-

And this new passion became apparent, at last, to the as fondly returned by her elegant and high bred friend. brow, and went whistling about the farm as usual-re. | jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave ceiving without roply, however, a suggestion of his cou- up to it tranquility-for a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret hope, and she never had fairly in a fit of absence, he might possibly put it on while looked in the face a burial in the country with the "pigs and chickens."

She is not married yet. Meg Pifflit-but the rich mer. arrival at Bracely's farm, and as we said before, Miss chant, Mr. Hampson, wrecked completely with the dis-Pifflit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would asterous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to for his old ago with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a

IT won't Do .- It is curious how many thousand things there are which it won't do to upon this cosey planet of ours, whereon we eat, sleep and get our dinners .-

It don't do to plunge into a law-suit, relying wholly upon the justice of your cause, and not equipped before hand with a brimming purse. It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick

oock in rejurn. It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty. It won't do to imagine a logislature fed at the public rib will set but six weeks, when one-half of the members

have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home. It won't do, when a musquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist. under an impression that you are killing the musquito. It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with

tually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company. . It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face until you have seen it at the breukfast table.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while "the back counties re

THE POWER OF MONEY .- Money, with more than tutelary power, protects its votaries from insults and oppression. It silences the enraged accusor, and snatches the award from the hands of justice. Towns and cities. like Jerico, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it. It has stopped the mouths of cannon, and more surprising still of faction and murder. It has drawn a sort of mercenery magistrates; it has impaired a dread and reverence; and strange, passing strange, to say, it has made youth and beauty fly to the arms of age and impolonce. It gives charms to deformity and detestation; transforms Hymen into Mammon, and the god of love into a sutyr. It has built bridges without foundations, formed libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into an atheist, honor into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honesty into a stock-jobber .-There is nothing wonderful it has not effected-excen

making men wise, virtuous and happy. SAM SLICE ON MARRIAGE.-I've been a feered to ven tie: and then it ain't like a horse-deal, where if you and saysdon't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle or a trade, or swop and suit yourself better, but you must make the best of a bargain, and put up with it. It ain't you think has the spoons?" often you meet a critter of the right mettle, spirited, yet gontle; casy on the bit, sure footed and spry; no bitin', I paid yow four nine pences fur a broakfuss, and I callate following reply of a Florida Indian chief, to overtures of

When Gen. Taylor said he shouldn't "lend himself to for such purposes. After all, the general probably used meaning of that passage in the Psalms-"He clothed

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

Love never sleeps: The mother's eye, Bends o'er her dying infants bed; And as she marks the moments fly.
When death keeps on with noiseless trend, Faint and distressed she sits and weeps, With beating heart. Love never sleeps,

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form, Forgets the tunsuits of her breasts Despite the horrors of the storm, O'er burdened nature sinks to rest; But o'er them both another keeps His midnight watch. Love never slocm

Around-above-the angel hands Stoop o'er the careworn sons of men; With pitying eyes and eager hands They raise the soul to hope again. Free as the air their pity sweeps The storm of Time! Lovemover sleep Around-beneath-and above all.

O'er men and agels, earth and heaven.

Is answered, and relief is given. In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps The heart in pain. He never sleeps

DOING A LANDLORD: OR, GETTING THE VALUE ON'T.

From the Spirit of the Times. Mr. "Spirit"-Shortly after the completion of the

There was in a quiet little village through which the ment. dress, and one shoulder of faultiess polish and whiteness "Road" passed, a Hotel where the stages always change showed between her handkerchief and her sleeve. Her ed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The slight waist bent to the swell of the hay, throwing her landlord of the said Hotel was noted for his "tricks upon delicate and well moulded burst into high relief; and all travelers," who were allowed to get fairly seated at the over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, table when the driver would blow his horn, (after taking lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and his horn) and sing out "Stage roady gentlemen!" whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which they had to fork over Fifty cents. Time and place you have, and now for the hote our here suc-

Doing a Landlord: or Getting the Value On't If I were to commence thus: "At sunrise, one love-

lage above mentioned, one cold mornding in February. 183--.

"Gentlemen," said one of the nine. "I have often musement of the ladies after the having was over; and traveled this road before, and out of good feeling to all. what with fishing, and riding, and scenory hunting in I will caution you against "hagging the delusive phanthe neighborhood, the young people were together from thom of hope," as regards getting broakfast at the hotel and could scarcely refrain from tears; but she had stack-

"What?-how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest. "Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

tween the landlord and the driver, that, for sundry and scrape, he'd nover touch another drop again. In the sovarious drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can commence 'eating."

Hezekiah Spaulding-though "tew hum" they called mer dissipation; and the last we heard of him, he had him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' tew git my breakfuss become a temperate, a wiser, and a better man .-- Cin-

"Not as yow knows on I won't!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landford, ready to "do the hostable," says--

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basin, towels and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim "Stage ready!" Up rose eight grumbling passengers, pay their 50 cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host. "One mi-sing," said they.

very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak. the "size of a horse's lip."

"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start" war, i'namt got nothin' tow say agin it," drawls out

"Can't wait sir, better take your seat." "Dew wot?" "Get in, sir."

breakfuss! I paid for it, I'm goin" to get the ralle on't, and of yew calkerlate I ain't, you are mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who contin his attack of the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, stenks, &c., within the the house (only some women and children. him because she treats him civilly, or that she has vir- &c., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonish- and one old man) to suppres their order and keep still! ed landlord.

"Say Squire, them there cakes is bout East! fetch us another grist on 'em." "You!" (to the waiter;) "nuther cup ov that air coffee. Pass them eggs." "Raise yew're own pork, Squire?-this is mazin' nice ham.-Land bout yere tolerable chep, "Squire? Hain't got much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dewin' right smart trade, Squire, I callate. Don't lay yew're oblivious and "balmy" state, tumbled in a stage coach own oggs, dew ye?" and thus Hez kept quizzing the one bright morning, beside a traveler who was in "perlandlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

desoucers tew this ore table; but of yew'd jus' giv' us a "hosses" received notice to start, the traveler remarked howl of broad and milk tew sorter tow off with, I'd be to the new comer that "Ohio was a fine country." obleeged tew ve." So out goes landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and

bread, and set them before Hez. "Speien, teie, if you please?" But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of sileer ones laying on the tuble when the

stage stopped. "Say yew! dew you think any of the passengers took

"I don't know. Do you think they did?" "Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I am partin. Ef they air all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm going tew

locate immediately and tow wonst," The landlord rushed out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles .ture on matrimony myself, and I don't altogether think The man overtakes the stage and says something to the that I shall speculate in that line for one while; it don't driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and jist suit a rovin' man like me. It's a considerable of a on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out to take his seat,

"Heow air yow gents? I'm rotten glad tew see yew." Landlord says to Hez, "Can you point out the man

"Pint him cout? Sartinly, I ken. Say, Squire: I

Some person naked Charles James Fox what was the

"Go ahead, all aboard, driver."

A CASE OF CHOLERA

We know a woman, who for several years past, has meintained herself, family and dranken husband, keeping a boarding house, and actually doing the greater part of the work herself. He, poor loafer, would get up in morning, beg, borrow, or steal a dime from his wife or some of the boarders, and go to the dram shop for his morning draught. Here he would remain all day, with no other care on his mind than to get whiskey to drown his sonses and stupify his brains. When evening came, he would come home staggering drunk. The virtues of his wife, the caresses of his children, were lost upon him; their charm had ceased-whiskey was the all-absorbing passion of his heart. In former days, he had been a botter man; and the wife, mindful of her early love, determined to make an effort to restore him.-Some of the b'hoys round the Canal Market, better known us the "Raging Tads," were appealed to. They promised, to use the phrase of the speaker, to put him "gently through." The next time he got drunk, the boys blacked his face, tied fine silk around his fingers, arms and ankles, to give a feeling of pain and cramp to those

parts. They tickled his nose to wake him up. When he opened his eyes, he looked upon a set of long-drawn, solemn countenances, with anxiety depicted thereon .-One of those, whose garb betokened the medical man, pronounced it a real case of Asiatic Spasmedic Cholera. just at this moment opened his eyes wide at the announce-

"You don't mean me, do you?" he gasped with four. "Yes, you, and nothing but the most energetic means can save you. Don't you feel cramped in your extremeties?" said the Doctor. )

"Lord save me! I do feel cramps all over. Doctor, cure me, and I'll do any thing in the world for you," whispered the leafer.

"It's a hard case, but I'll try. If you were not a drinking main, the cure would be easy," replied the other. "O, damn the whiskey! I'll never drink any more,

von will cure me this time." "Look bore," said the Doctor, thrusting a glass before him, "you are already purple in the face."

"I see it, I see it? O, Doctor, I'm cramped all over. it's in my belly. Doctor, cure me for God's sake."

And the poor devil rolled over the flooor in excruciating agony. The Doctor, with the assistance of the boys, in a stage coach which was slowly approaching the vil- now commenced administering the remedies. They rubbed him down, rolling him over, gave him some awfal dosas not known in the Pharmacopæia. If he had not been sick they soon made him so

He was taken home, weak and feeble, groaning with the kicks and cuffs and rubbing down. The wife saw ed all on the result, and determined not to interfere. He was put to bed. The physician remained, not dar-"Exactly so gents, and you may as well keep seats ing to leave such a critical case. He assured his patient that all immediate danger was past, but still needed care and attention. He regalled his ears with horrid stories "Oh yes! they expect you to it, but not to ent it. I am of burnt lungs, ruined stomaches, from drinking. The under the impressian, that there is an understanding be- poor devil mentally vowed if he could get through this litude of the night, his thoughts reverted to his wife, her nations endurance, her undving attachment to him-"Why, wot on airth yew talkin' bout? Ef you cal. solf, and his fair little children, and resolved hereafter to kerlate I'm goin' to pay 'four ninpences' fur my break- be a father and a husband. In a short time, he recoverfees and not get the valles on't, you air mistakin'! said a od .- His wife willingly consented to a removal to a disvoice from the back seat, the owner of which was one tant part of the country, far from the scenes of his for-

ANECDOTE OF OLD DATEMOTH. - In the clas of which Daniel Webster was a member, there was an individual noted for his waggery. One day the Professor of Logic, who by the way was not the most nice and discriminating in his distinctions, was endeavoring to substantiate "that a thing remains the same notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts." Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up the dining room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon his jackknife, inquiring: "Suppose I should lose the wake her, but to order breakfast in the bouder at eleven. better or levelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier the edibles, though "Hez" took his time. Scarcely had blade of my knife, and get another one made and insert-Farmer Bracely and Esh, must have their breakfast at farmer than Eph, can scarce be found in the valley of they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome ed in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?" "To be sure." replied the professor. "Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same knife still?" "Of course!" the professor again replied. "But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should Proceeding to the dining room, the host, finds Hez put them together, what knife would that be?" We never learned the professor's reply.

> BRAVE GIRL .- While on the Colorado, I was told by "mine host" of an incident illustratrive of the heroism of Texan females, which occured near this place not many years ago. A party of one hundred Indians had killed two men working in a field and put a third to flight. In these circumstances, a young woman, scarcely sixteen "I'll be gaul darned of I dew nuther, 'till I've got my years of age, undertook to protect her family. Putting on the captain's uniform, with a cocked but, she courage ously walked out of her house and beckoned to the Indians to come on, at the same time making signs to those The Indians supposing that the brave captain's company were within, eager to charge, thought it best to withdraw from so dangerous a post, and they accordingly fied! Certainly the Texan Congress should have granted her a Captain's commission and pay for it.-Ree. Daniel Baker.

> Extravagance,-A full grown Buckeye, in rather an suit of knowledge," certainly at that time "under diffi-"Say Squire, now I'm 'bout tew conclude payin' my culties." After the ribbons had been picked up and the

"Ta-hic-aint nothing else!" hiccoughed the Buck-

"What is the staple production, sir?" -

"Co-or-on?" "You must raise a large quantity. What is done with it. sir!"

"Wher-hic-why, a great de-c-al is used up for whe -hic-isky, and some they waste in making bread!"

A REW RACE .- A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven-and-a-half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of pegroes in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the White-Nile in search of gold, and there found this race of people-fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Patenja. They raise wheat,

tobacco, etc., and manufacture their own weapons. A NonLE REPLY.—There is a manly sense of wrong and injury, added to high degree of magnanimity, in the friendship made him, which we look in vain for among the majority of civilized men:- The memory of my injuries forbids my sending a kind answer, and a harsh one,

your courtesy will not allow me to return." The Hallowell Gazette, in commenting on the practice of "sitting at church in prayer time," say-·Wo remember a good old minister who once prayed