

Select Poetry.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

We occasionally meet, going the rounds of the papers, poems of extraordinary merit, with no authors name attached. They fly under the name of the wandering minstrel, whose beauty only excites the eyes of those who appreciate the harmonies of the spirit. The following we caught flying past us, and it was so full of beauty and truth, that we determined at once to emblazon it on the pages of the right ingredients, and we know will command frequent perusal:

What if in this sublimer state,
To which our souls shall once attain,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again,
Shall we regret our lighter way,
Its wants and weakness beholding,
And by heaven's purer noon survey,
What earth's dim twilight now is doing?

O, what a wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here hath seemed and been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
What then shall face to face be seen?
The nobleness of our origin,
The fulsome of the love we sought,
The priceless truth of hearts desired,
The worth of all we valued not!

Perchance, it shall not then be seen
That this, our earthly path of tears,
So doleful a waste hath been
As to the martyr's eye appears:
When clearer light shall stream in
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A dreary line of long mistakes,
Atoned by many a needless woe.

Our youth was passed in visions fair,
In wishing the wealth of heaven;
Our manhood had its harder care,
Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for sad old age,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage?

We could not, if we would, renew
In ourselves the evil day,
For, woe, we know, is not a new,
Our idols then were made of clay,
But 'twas our hand that made them so,
We needed some diviner call,
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The lovely fault of trusting none,
The bitter sin of trusting none,
Turn not then with vain disgust
From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts grow to true,
When they are wounded, wrong, and grieved;
Take home this lesson in thy breast,
As turns life's darkness into light:
Of woe we never lose too much,
If we will only love aright!

A Western Sketch.

[From the August Democratic Review.]

John Hill, alias Nixon Curry:

THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TRUE SKETCH OF ARKANSAS LIFE.

"Among the truest friends of the people of all in the present Convention, may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence and courage, fully entitled him to the post of chief of the body, and as we trust, that of leader of the Arkansas Democracy."—Little Rock Gazette, in the days of Convention.

BLOOD AFFAIR.—A desperate encounter took place in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, the celebrated murderer, fifteen years ago, in the mountains of Carolina. —Little Rock Gazette, of May, 1848.

We have given the previous extracts from the oldest and most respectable Journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader, that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events, and painting new scenes, we have been especially careful to avoid all vivid colors.—Should this sketch, by any means reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its descriptions true in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has long resided on the frontier, has no use for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him well.

About fifty years ago, there lived in Ireddell county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and having a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these, the favorite was Nixon, distinguished from a boy for his fearless courage and independence of his heart's sake. He seems from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion.—When only six years of age, he had a combat with a bully of the play ground, nearly took his own weight, and after suffering dreadfully at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first session he attended in the county school-house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of the silvery hills. Forever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick strata of dreams and vivid visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet, sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up in one delicious identity of fancy and feeling. Their bias for each other's society when children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common in the country, between the youth of opposite sexes, and as usual, terminate abruptly, on arrival of mature years. Far different however, was the case with Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passions became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stately meetings by twilight, firm vows, and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to the crosses; and like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest root into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued—overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons drove upon the spot, and then occupied with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the source of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth—that the young bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the purpose of plunder—though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension, by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta, bordering on the St. Francis, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was labor, industrious, generous and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of that period, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being, and yet every body was so satisfied that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude, was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field, for all bear-hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in "in the great swamp," or descended by torch light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as the most fearless.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong impetuous eloquence, as a chief leader in the Democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State Constitution; and was elected again the ensuing year, to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were Strongs, four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambitious, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "famous fighters." Notwithstanding their characters was so dissimilar from that of the Pacific "bear hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the elder brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in the liberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber, and then collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always gone armed with his enormous double barreled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a knife so heavy that few hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buck-shot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was unparalleled. A requisition came on from the Executive or Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct, in the crisis, was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with his double-barrel—that sure death-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery, joined to fear before inspired, by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an accountable panic that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgraceful and rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending in either ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime, Hill's character underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the lookout, and, therefore, unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition, necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme. Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duels, James Bowie, who was more heroically drapoled. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale, merely at the appearance of his gigantic form, bravely belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be considered no wonder, for even bravo men's hands shake when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly gloomy, and while at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and robber's care.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection: "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelt of sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court to-day," said the wife in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband firmly. "When a man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; besides, it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possess the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued: "Bill, you see my gun?" pointing his finger as he spoke to the great double barrel hanging on buck horns over the door; "practice with it every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Moss Howard; he will protect you, Pa," remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blessing, both calling out as they left the gate, "Take good care of him, Moss, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth with a laugh; "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting everybody that crossed his path; and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado swore that he would clear the court-house; and immediately entering with a furious countenance, and a threat as to his purpose—judge, lawyers, jury and spectators, made a general rush for the door.—One old drunken man alone did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch, and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alias: who was never to be!) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red, and glaring like a mad dog, Hill turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist fell off him to the floor; then following up the violent act, he leaped upon the youth, and began a most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavor'd to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror:

"For God's sake, cease! Hill, don't you know me? Your friend Moss! Remember Hill, don't you know me?"

Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was as powerful a frame as the other, his

only person in Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the West. The advantage shifted from one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood. Even the bystanders, looking on through the windows of the log court-house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while twisting and twining like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge bowie knife, unthought of previously, protruded from beneath his hunting-shirt. Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded; quick as lightning he drew the keen blade from the scabbard; and sheathed it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and his Mary's father:

"The dream is fulfilled," exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sank down and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face, and his glazed eyes open. And then, awaking with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor unhappy youth, full heaving on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears, "Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the clammy lips of the dead; with his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow; essayed to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then, apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet, with a shout, or more properly a scream. "Farewell, Mary, your father is gone, and I am going with him;" and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Moss Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse-trader brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the Asylum for the Insane at New Orleans.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado had enjoined it on his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by that boy as a sacred duty; for on the frontiers the widows of the slain teach vengeance to their children, and occasionally execute it themselves.

Accordingly, Hill practiced with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even now he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge.—He then learned that his foe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months, Hill came back, and hanging up the double-barrels in their old buck-horn rack, answered his mother's enquiring look: "Mother, Moss is dead; I let him have both loads, though I cried before I done it, and afterwards too; he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton."

"Poor Moss!" said the mother weeping; but it could not be helped. The son of such a bravo man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward; and, besides, it was your father's order."

A GENTLE WHISPER TO HUSBANDS.

Husband, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and above all, her ardent piety; her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a stern father, a wife, a slothful husky, a gossip, a real teardrop, whose tongue was not merely a triphammer, but as the forked lightning; so that even the house top would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, then say to him, God doest infallibly better to your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish." "Marvelous! wonderful! And are you, think, all she could wish? Turn the wheel. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own ugliness, and crookedness, and blackness? How many things does your beloved wife see in you that she has reason to despise as mean, filthy, miserly, grovelling? Are you all that she could wish? Far from it! But his prying into and scanning each other's faults hypocritically, is altogether wrong and will always keep you on the hateful, filthy, and rickety. Better a thousand times, study each other's graces and good qualities, and endeavor to correct the faults of one another in the spirit of meekness and love. The cause of all this bricking, and sparring and jarring, and spitting, and twitching, and want of love. Love covereth a multitude of blemishes. Let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains will be, swallowed up, or become as mole hills. A husband who is always complaining and growling, and snapping and snarling, is enough to crush a heart of steel, or sour the mind of an angel. To form a heart is tender, soothing, sympathetic, lovely. Husband, speak kindly to your beloved—

Speak kindly to her. Little do you know what utter wretchedness, what helpless woe, hang on those bitter words, that pierce her: "The cold desecration, but improving care." The death-stroke pierces not with keener dart. Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart. The frail being by thy side is of finer mould; keener her sense of pain, of wrong; greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each rude breath upon its strings complains in lowest tones of sadness, not heard, but felt. It wears away her life like a deep under current, while the fair mirror of the changing surface gives not one sign of woe. Man, put away unbelief, banish that sourness and moroseness, and silliness, put on a smile of sweet affection, exhibit kindness, tenderness, sympathy and love; and rest assured, your wife, if not a real affectionist, will reciprocate, clasp you to her bosom in affection's grasp. Your mouth will be filled with laughter, your domestic fireside, instead of a pandemonium, will be a little paradise. Your little ones will gather around you as olive plants—blooming sweetly in all the beauty and freshness of spring. Man, try it.—Golden (Ky.) Rule.

THE BAD—ATMOSPHERE.—The Sunday Atlas of New York tells its readers that, while walking on the edge of the town a day or two ago, it saw several boys engaged in perpetrating a murder of one of those harmless reptiles called water snakes, which was lying in the ditch by the road side. They had thrown several stones at the creature, and passed to dispute whether the vital spark had fled, or it was only "playing possum." At this moment, a very respectable and skillful physician approached in his carriage, and seeing a small crowd gathered by the side of the ditch, he stopped his horse and inquired what was "going on." The circumstances were related to him by the boys, who were still debating whether it would be necessary to throw a few more stones at their victim, to prevent all chances of recovery. Another snake was now seen approaching that which was partly killed, and moved about as if to ascertain the extent of the injuries it had received. "That," said the physician, who was looking on from his carriage, "is the snake doctor." "Is it?" cried the boys; "then come along, Jake, it's no use to throw another stone; if the doctor is tending him, he's as good as dead, and all h—l couldn't save him!" The medical gentleman gave his horse a severe stroke with the whip, and went off at a brisk canter; the boy left in an opposite direction, perfectly satisfied that the snake doctor would give a good account of his patient!

A Beautiful Lyric for the Season.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

BY R. B. STODOLAN.

A song for the autumn hour,
The merry old autumn time;
Summer is over at last,
And past is her flowery prime.
She was well enough in her way,
Being her best while here;
But she can't compare with Autumn,
The merry old king of the year.

The days are a-growing cold,
('Tis Autumn a month to-day),
The winds are a-growing bold—
How they swag and sweep away,
Hissing the bare old trees,
Chasing the yellow leaves,
Shouting loud in their glee—
Whistling beneath their eaves.

Men run in the crowded street,
Brisk in this biting weather,
Stamping to warm their feet,
Rubbing their hands together;
What a noisy wind it is,
Picking and snoring and peeping;
How they shiver and shake 't the cold,
And yet they're a-laughing, too!

The women and girls at home
Are crowding around the hearth;
The boys are playing out doors,
Shouting aloud in their mirth,
Bustling in the chime,
Their caps turned over their ears,
And running to reason themselves—
Their eyes overflowing with tears.

Oh, the autumn days are so pleasant,
And then there's the autumn night—
Home, and the loved ones about us,
And the fire a-burning bright;
Kissed in the corner of a seat,
Through his fingers at little Joe,
And while he pines in agony,
With his face in a night glow.

And so the days and nights
Of the merry old autumn glide—
The pleasant one in the year—
They're worth all the others beside,
Spring and summer are bright,
And they tell autumn is here,
But they can't compare with this,
The merry old king of the year!

Miscellany, from Grave to Gay.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"The school ma'am's coming; the school ma'am's coming!" shouted a dozen voices, at the close of half an hour's watching to catch a glimpse of our teacher.—Every eye was turned toward her with a most scrutinizing glance; for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teachers at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one.

"Oh, don't she look sweet!" cried another.

"Ho, ho! afraid of her, nor a dozen like her!" cried the "big boy" of the school.

"No, I, either," cried the big boy ally; "I could fight her any time; could you, Tom?"

"Yes; and I will, too, if she goes to touch me."

"Hush!" cried one of the girls, "she will hear you."

By this time she had nearly reached the door, around which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager yet half bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pronounce upon her.

"Good morning, children," said she, in the kindest tone in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the schoolroom, except Tom Jones and his ally, who waited until the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil look, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them further. After a short prayer, and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room, and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand upon Tom's head, while he sat with his hands in his pockets, swinging his feet backward and forward.

"Tom Jones," shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.

"Just as old again as half," answered Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing at all disturbed at his replies, Miss Westcott said, "I am glad I have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, and if you will stop a few minutes after school, this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan that I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to any one, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was of some importance in the world. He had had no home or no one had ever told him he could be of any use or do any good in the world. No one loved him; and of course he loved no one, but was one of those who believed he had got to bully his way through the world. He had always been called the bad boy at school, and he took a sort of pride and pleasure in being feared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plan accordingly. She maintained that a boy, who at twelve years old made being made something of. Heretofore all influence had conspired to make him bad, and perhaps a desperate character. She was determined to transform his character by bringing opposite influences to work on him, and to effect this, she must first gain his confidence, which could be done in no better way than by making him feel that she placed confidence in him. When school was over, more than half the scholars lingered about the door wondering what Miss Westcott could be going to say to Tom Jones. He had often been beaten by her after school, but it was always to receive a punishment or a severe reprimand, and he was times out of ten he would jump out of the window, before half of the scholars were out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered more what it could be than Tom himself.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school-room would be a great deal pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it; something to make it look cheerful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes, sir, and I know where I can get plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will be so kind, here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise; and here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put them in your own drawer; they are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confidently. "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott. "I am quite sure you can, and you will love them I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned anything or not before," said Tom, with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness; "you are capable of becoming a great and good man; you are now forming your character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become. The poorest boy in the country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his chance are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed; remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up, he had come up because he had been born into the world and could not help it; but as for mental or moral training, he was as guileless of it as wild bramble bush or a pruned knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother was a totally inefficient woman. At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse. His bad passions were therefore all excited and fostered; and his good ones were never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him, so he whetted anew his combative power to oppose them, and he made up his mind, to turn the "new school ma'am" out of doors."

When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed; and that she should manifest an interest for him, and give him a set of new books, was completely incomprehensible to him. Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions though the bad predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy. One might as well think of chaining the lightning as binding down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment, but such as would call out a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must feel that he was doing good to others and for others' sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no appearance of restraint upon him; he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming something greater and better than he then was. His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course, his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school house she found Tom there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said kindly. "And so you are here before me. You must have risen early; and you have found some beautiful evergreens. And now if you will help me hang them, we will have the room all arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom; "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so we shall. I am glad you thought of them," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and to hear him answer several questions correctly; and they were still more confounded when at recess Miss Westcott said, "Thomas, you will take care of the little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector."

One would have as soon thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take care of the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a schoolma'am before in all the days of my life. Did you, Tom?"

"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now, but I am going to study now, and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and she is determined to try."

It was astonishing to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars.—They began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they manifested first by dropping the nick-name Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling toward him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had her school completely under her control. Yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by an iron rule. She moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet she so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them her submission to another's will, but the promptings of their own desire to please her. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door, and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its capacities and capabilities, and then shaped her course accordingly. The depending and in active she engaged; the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding and feeble she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the one to do all the good it could, and the rushing toward it to do all where it would fertilize, rather than destroy and devastate.

There are in every school some dormant energies, which, if aroused, might shake the world. There are emotions and passions, which if let loose, will, like the lightning of heaven, scatter ruin and blight, but if controlled, may, like that element, become the messenger of the "is" to the world. In that head that you call dull, may lie some slumbering passions like some pent-up volcano; open the closed crater, and see if there do not both forth flames which your own hand cannot stop. Put enthusiasm and pilot to that wayward mind which floats at the mercy of wind and wave in the wide sea of thought, and you will see it bearing its course beautifully upon the waters, and anchoring at last in a quiet harbor, laden with the riches of the earth. Call out the train bands of thought that lie lurking under the benches of the school room, arm and equip them for action, and give yourself the word of command and lead on, and see if there be not vigor enough to scale those fortresses of knowledge which now rise like dark mountains before them. There is not a school room where there is not energy and vigor, and thought enough, if developed and directed, to revolutionize the world. There are genius which burst forth like a spring from the mountain, and there are also streams as beautiful and pure, far, far, down in the earth, which will flow on forever in their darkened course, unless some excavating hand digs away the heaped piles of each above them and then their gushes up an unfiling well of pure and sparkling waters. The sculptor may work from the block of marble before him, either sharp or dull; so the soul may be made either a sculptor's home or a demon's haunt; and do you not know, parent teacher that it is your hand that fashions the oblate, and beckons thither the visitant?

I have seen a father mourn over his bearded son, when his own hand pressed first to his child's lips the holiest draught that sets his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone mother weep as if her heart would break, when her ruined child. Yet that mother's smile blossomed first upon the coming footsteps of the destroyer, and her voice warned not her child of danger. In that day, when God shall bring every thing into judgment, will not the curses

which rang so fearfully in the offender's ears in this world roll back with crushing weight upon those who fulfill not their responsibilities to them when young? Who knows that every murderer might not have been a minister of mercy to wretched thousands? He was not born a murderer; that sweet blue eye had no fathomless glare, as its baby face rested upon its mother's bosom—that little hand bore no stain of blood as it clapped them in childish glee. Mother, remember that earnest eye which mirror thine own glance so lovingly, will ever reflect the light thou givest it. A skillful farmer first prepares his ground and then plants such seed as is adapted to the soil; and shall we be less careful to make a fit dwelling place for the "thoughts of immortal mould," that spring up in the soil? and shall we not care and know what seed is sown in those immortal minds which are hereafter to be judged by their fruits? The sower in the parable sowed good seed; but that which fell upon good ground bore fruit; had the thorns been rooted out and the soil enriched, would not the other field have yielded a harvest also? I have seen a teacher make his entrance into a school by reading a list of rules of two or three feet in length: "You must do this—you must do that," without a single remark upon the propriety or impropriety, the why and wherefore of the thing, but only "you must do it."

You might as well expect to cure a man of stetting or pelting him with Bible. The truth certainly lies hard enough—and so would stones—till a man feel the beauty as well as the violence of the law, and he will be quite as apt to profit by it.

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and the beauty of virtue, the advantages of education and the consequences of ignorance, taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instructions to their capacities and necessities. And thus she went on year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she has reaped an abundant harvest.

From many a happy home and high place comes a blessing upon her, and there is no one who breathes her name with greater reverence, or remembers her with more grateful affection, than "Tom Jones," who has filled with eminent ability, one of the highest judicial offices in the union, and who freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position entirely to her treatment and instructions.

Truly, "It is that goeth forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

The time of Song and Flowers has come and gone, and the gentle breezes of an approaching Autumn are heard sighing 'ere the withered beds of decaying flowers, and through branches of leafless trees, where the merry bird trilled forth its richest songs. The melody of bubbling Brooks is drowned in the passing winds; the quiet, gentle grove has been stripped of its green roof; the hill and valley are fast losing their summer loveliness, and the leaf is scar and yellow.

Since last our cheeks were fanned with the cooling winds of Autumn, what changes has come o'er the domestic hearths of many a woe! What dear domestic scenes have been broken asunder—the heart's idol laid low in the dust!—and familiar faces buried in the cold obstruction of the tomb! The strange disease, whose track in the Old World was marked by grief and desolation was wanted to our beloved sobs, and its coming was the signal for moaning sobs and crushed hearts. Our goodly city was not exempt from its ravages.

For more than three months, its poisoned shafts were fixing their envenomed points in the hearts of thousands! Sobbing still waiting were heard in the deserted streets! And now, as the last sighing of the Summer winds are dying into an echo, the notes of woe and sorrow are still heard in our city. Hearts bereft of their idols; a father weeping for the absent one; a wife for the cheering smile of him who won her early love—a daughter, for that mother whose only fault was in the kind indulgence to this bereaved child; the son, whose hopes have been stricken by the sudden taking off of a kind father. To such as have felt the fatal touch of this terrible disease, Autumn has an unweakened ground. Then the ripened fruit and golden grain will be unheeded by these "wailing ones." Their hearts will bear no music in the joyous winds of Heaven, as they tell me that another Summer has rolled away—that another Summer is ended—that the gleaner for the grave has been busy with friends and neighbors. No—no—they wept in silence for the beloved objects that can never cheer them again in this world. The Autumn time has come—and Song and Flower have vanished! Who shall teach us to forget the heart's anguish—the heart's woe?—Cincinnati Chronicle.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—Arkansas has its literature—its lawyers—the latter of whom loom up their legal effects occasionally in this style:

"By right! your honor, I shall burst my heart. Here's a man I've known ever since I was knee high to a warbling parrot, cruelly charged with stealing a shirt. I know him well; and he's as honest as my air. If he's as honest as you are, it's an insult to the profession to call him a thief. And you know it as well as I do.—My blood flows through my veins, when I hear the over-dressed columnarist I perceive with rage and an almost a god mind to leave the bar and take to Coopering. Steal a shirt! he got six at home, and one of 'em is on my back at the present moment. I'm proud to borrow one, or all, of so amiable citizens, and I feel that the Constitution of our country is entirely indefeasible to the perfection of the masses, when a man like that can be so freely charged with stealing another garment—Massey on me Why Judge, you don't believe it, I know you don't.—Discharge the gentleman prisoner, and let's liker."

A KISSING CANDIDATE.—A good story is told of Major — when a candidate for county office in Mississippi. He was traveling the county in order to make or renew an acquaintance with his "respected friends and fellow citizens," (a