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Poetical.

From the Public Ledger.

IRELAND.

BY MRS. SARAH HEPBURN HAYES.

Oh, Erin! fair Erin, green isle of the sea,
Across the wild waters our hearts turn to thee.
How vain are thine efforts, how hopeless thy trust,
The heel of the Briton still grinds thee in dust;
The tyrant still holds thee his fair island bride,
All girt with the poison'd chains fast to his side.
And thy children must perish, thy babes wait for bread,
While his minions are pamper'd—with luxury fed;
And the plenty, which Nature's just God on thee pours,
His vassals must hear from thy famine-struck shores;
Thy patriots must die—the broad ocean's white foam
Rolls between their loved forms and the blessings of home,
With the murderer, the felon, the outcast of hell,
The noblest and bravest of mankind must dwell.
And Ireland must bear it, brave Ireland must cower,
While England's proud Lion tramps on its power;
The shamrock must still in a puppet's crown glow,
And the hearts of thy children lie bleeding and low;
Oh! would a strong arm could stretch o'er the wide sea,
With the blessings of liberty garnered for thee,—
Yet a nation's great heart in each throbbing vein feels,
And for thee and thy wrongs to Omnipotence kneels.
Thy fathers were ours, we a brotherhood claim,
And glory, how justly, in an Irishman's name;
And, though famish'd and fetter'd, and ground in the dust,
In thee, and in thine, how undying our trust,—
Thou wilt yet break thy chains, the day will yet rise
When millions shall waft a *free* name to the skies,
When Erin, fair Erin, shall hail her new birth,
And claim her just rank 'mid the nations of earth.

Miscellaneous.

The following capital story appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* several years ago. Unlike many old stories, it will be re-read with great interest:

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

A TALE OF LIFE.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed, by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each others houses on the first and last day of the year; that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner, should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member, that when one died, eleven were to meet, and so on; and that when only one remained, he should on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table, but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meeting with unalloyed feelings of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was one not likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the happiness wight who was destined to uncork the first glass at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into; and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran wild with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wantoned in conjectures of what changes time would create.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered and shrunken as an old eel skin, your mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder. George Fortescue was leaning carlessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. An answer was returned, but in a faint, gurgling voice, and the exclamation "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within arm's length of Fortescue; he saw him; before he could be reached, he went down and his disappointed friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onward, for it could not be found!

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they proceeded to the fatal spot.—After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation but in vain; they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fullness of health, of spirits, and of life! And in their severe grief they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of this little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side and six on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

A decorous sigh or two, a low, beconing ejaculation, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous offering to the manes of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champaigne had gone round, in addition to the potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of seven.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might fitly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness; for on that day, their friend, companion, brother, almost, was hanged! Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their circle, had, on the morning of that day forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed into his hands for £700, passed out of it for £1,700.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship and a merry season, could not dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed before hand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only things which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled, two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regrent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig, the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm maderia carried it against hock, claret, and red burgundy, and champaigne, stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation grew less boisterous, and it turned chiefly on politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were most carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by 11 o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, grasping sturdy walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy.

Four little old men of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices and dim, rayless eyes, sat down by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremuously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact which, half a century before they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richomond.—Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, if a sort of strange wheezing might be called a laugh; and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of the past as if it were but yesterday that had slipped by them—and of the future as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their faded sight, distinguish *the cards, while their torpid faculties made them* doze each deal.

At length came the last dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar too, had remained for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him; with a feeble and reluctant grasp, he took the frail memorial of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open her long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all. Their lusty and blithsome spring, their bright and fervid summer—their ripe and temperate autumn—their chill but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one, the laughing companions of the merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the lonelincss of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own;) and as he drained a glass which he filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table.—With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled by himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, and out of which he had slipped in an apopletic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not still extinct till the following day. *And this was the last dinner.*

LAWYERS ON KISSING.—The Providence Journal of Monday contains a report of the trial of John Donahue for an assault with an attempt to kiss one Mary Gorman, whom he alleges is his second cousin. The Journal says that the evidence gave rise to some very interesting questions of law, especially to young men.

"The counsel for Mrs. Gorman did not contend that the usual proposal to kiss a lady was an assault; but the parties should, before proceeding to extremities, ascertain beyond any reasonable doubt that the lady would not be unaccommodating, and especially should forbear from such attempts in the presence of a third party. All men, especially young men, would be justified in using reasonable diligence in ascertaining the disposition of the lady under such circumstances, but he must be careful not to press his suit after it became apparent that his fondness was not reciprocated. Currey, counsel for J. Donahue, did not fully concur with this view of the law, but contended that the transaction was all in good nature, as far as John was concerned—that Mrs. Gorman was his second cousin, and there was no intention of committing an assault on his part.

"The court found John guilty, and fined him $1 and costs. The fact that Mrs. Gorman was the second cousin of John was not considered a sufficient justification for his persisting in the prosecution of his desire. The court gave no opinion as to what would have been their decision, if the parties had been first cousins, or if the kiss had been stolen before the lady had objected. Without meaning to commit ourselves fully on so important a question, we would intimate the opinion that such a state of facts would be a perfect justification."

FIRMNESS.

Man should be firm—woman should be firm—all our decisions and doings should show firmness and reason. What can we effect by a trifling vibrating course? Does any one know of a man who became rich, or happy on account of there being no dependance to be put on him? We presume not. Firmness of character carries a man through the world easily and makes him respected by all, gains for him a good name, and sheds around him innumerable blessings. Without it he is despised by his friends, led into a thousand snares by his enemies, enticed from virtue by those we least expect, and finally may commit crimes for want of firmness to resist allurements of vice.

Firmness of character stamps the image of man with something more than animal. It raises him above the grovelling earth, above temptation from the path of virtue, above all petty feelings of the heart. It is the main composition of a General—the necessary accomplishment of a Priest—the making of a Judge—and finally the security of men and *pretty* women.

A PRETTY LITTLE STORY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to thee;"—this is a Scripture truth, which, like all truth has been verified a thousand times. The following little story may serve to illustrate the verity of this text. Allow me to promise that my story is a true one in all particulars.

Some thirty years since a lad of one of our Eastern States about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket, heavily ladened with wares, to a purchaser—whilst staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by pleasant anecdotes, good advice, and kind words. They parted—fifteen years passed away—the senior of these two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with melancholy countenance; and heavy heart. His door opened, and his young and fascinating daughter just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman, an old gentleman, desired to see her father. "Show him in my darling daughter," said the father," "and do you my child leave us to ourselves." She obeyed.—The old gentleman entered—"Well sir," was his salutation—"have you considered my proposition?" "I have—and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice." "Then, sir, to-morrow, by 3 o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the Sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars."—This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing he left the house. The poor father's heart was racked. I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial.

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some twenty-eight years of age—a stranger. "Am I in the presence of Mr. G?" was his opening remark—which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying—that he was a successful merchant of New York—had heard of the misfortunes of Mr. G., and had come on purpose to ask the amount of liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his check, which was duly honored—the father was once more a happy man—his daughter was not houseless—he had found some friend to pay, despite the sneer of his hard-hearted creditor. "But, pray, sir," said the agitated father, "to what am I indebted for this unusual—this munificent kindness, from an entire stranger?" "Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that some eighteen years since, you aided a friendless boy of ten years of age, to carry his loaded basket up the hill, that you gave him good advice, and kindly words. I am that boy. I followed your advice—I have lived honestly—I have gained wealth, and now, after many years, have come to return to you, kind sir, the bread which then you cast so freely upon the waters."

It is said, gentle reader, that our young friend caught a glimpse of a beautiful girl of nineteen as he passed through the entry, and that he called again, and still, and won at last the heart of the old man's daughter—I say—this is said—and I *know* it is truly said.—*City Item.*

A STORY OF LOVE.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love.—
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine;
Yes, *this* is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

THE MARKET FOR SELLING YOUNG WOMEN IN HUNGARY.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district, (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there, that, whilst purchasing household utensils, and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dower accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dower is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers—some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess, are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter her, or what fate awaits her at her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, no body wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair arrayed in their very best skin garments their chest contains. These savage, looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a good deal of interest and zest, to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wistful looks towards the captivating merchandise. He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some one else.

We may suppose that the prudent young men always keep a "top-eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness upon one hand, and the size of the dower on the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together, announce to the bystanders that the bargain is complete. What a terrible blow this must be for some lazy rival, who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is lovely and accomplished in household matters as some of the others. However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor thing!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this act she as much as said, "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!"

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the priest who is upon the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction.—The young woman presses the parting hand of that family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the cart of her new husband, *whom but a few hours before she never so much as* know, and escorted by her dower, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home.

The Hungarian Government has long tried, but in vain to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given, that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalcades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalinasa, there to barter off these precious jewels of the household tree as though they were senseless beeves or mere produce of the soil.

CLERICAL JOKE.—At a meeting of the church the pastor gave out the hymn commencing with "I love to steal awhile away;" when the chorister commenced singing, but owing to some difficulty in recollecting the tune, could proceed no further than "*I love to steal*," which he did three or four times in succession, when the clergyman in order to relieve him from his dislomma, waggishly remarked that it was "*very much to be regretted*," and added, "let us pray."

From the New York Sun.

A STRANGE CLASS IN PARIS.

The city reader has no doubt frequently observed numbers of a certain class of persons, men women and children, who go about the streets of New York, with a little bag or basket, and a small iron rod hooked at the end, grubbing up rags, old shoes, scraps of food, and every other description of refuse that can be turned to the least account. These are invariably foreigners; and though the occupation is a low one, it is far, very far higher, than to obtain a living by stealing or any dishonest means.

In Paris, this class of people form a regular trade, and number altogether about 4,000. They are called *chiffoniers*. They have among themselves a regular organization, and exercise their vigilance and iron hooks in allotted districts, that each may not interfere with the other. Indeed, this bond of union is strong enough to resist any invasion upon their rights, which the government may threaten them with. In 1832, the cholera raged dreadfully in Paris, for a more congenial locality for that destructive infection could not be found; and, alarmed at its ravages, the municipal council made new and severe regulations for cleansing the streets. The chiffoniers revolted to a man! They burnt the trumbrels of the contractors employed to clear the public thoroughfares, ransacked their contents for their hidden wealth which they considered as their own, and created a ferment which the unsettled state of the lower orders in Paris threatened to swell a new revolution.

Travellers tell us that in Cairo, which rivals Paris in filth, the streets are cleaned by the tame vulture, the appearance of which, remarks a recent writer on Egypt, "from the nature of its occupation, is disgusting in the extreme, though naturally it is a noble object." How much more disgusting is the aspect of that far nobler being, man, when covered with rags, picking out a wretched subsistence from the offal of the streets! How degraded when, instead of living on the spontaneous productions of nature, like the savage, he subsists on the refuse of other men, left to putrify in the streets.

Of course, the Parisian chiffoniers live most miserably. Some hire a room for the week,—some a bed for the night,—just as may be convenient; for a great portion of them are ambulatory, and have no fixed residences, choosing the fields around Paris for their summer beds, but patronizing the brokers temporary accommodations in winter. When they have a fixed habitation, it is of the filthiest description. They deposit the dirty produce of their researches, and there they assort them in the midst, with the help of their children. The floor is scattered with rags, fragments of broken meat, glass, paper, &c. These are crowded in every corner of the room, and under the bed; so that it is impossible to enter without being almost stifled by a stench which habit alone makes endurable. To increase the misasmi arising from the place, most of the chiffoniers keep a great dog, and sometime two, in their chambers, which accompany them in their nightly rounds.

Such is a brief description of a grade in Paris.—We might offset the fact by a similar account applicable to London, where the class of grubbers and beggars, are, if possible, still more extensive, and their habits of life quite as filthy. When Dickens was in this country he could be attracted by nothing but the pigs, the gutters and the Five Points. There is a Chinese proverb that compares a certain kind of men to a lantern hung at the top of a large tree, giving light to the distance, leaving in darkness all the space immediately under it.

SOCIAL KINDNESS.

How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods around the heart, what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world, with all its animosities, when blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection, and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children, dispel every shadow and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom that words are not adequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.—The absent daughter, married and far away, sends home a tiny curl in a letter—it is that of her first born. The softest, silkiest, brightest, hair she believes in all the world! And its dear little head is quite covered with it, like so many rings of gold! Ah if they could but see it! Why it seems but yesterday she was a child herself, the merriest of the household band—the most mischief-loving, provoking and fascinating being one can imagine. Threats and reproof were alike thrown away upon her; but a fond word would bring her to her mother's side in an instant, all penitence and humility. But she got married, and became grave all of a sudden, and took to house keeping by instinct as it were, for she could have but little experience in these matters; but love makes apt scholars, and she became a pattern wife and mother. We need not say how that tiny curl will be kept and prized by the happy grandmother, who wept for joy as she remembered all this, mindful, at the same time, with the sad experience which is the heritage of old age, of the precariousness of all human felicity, and how many as bright a bud of fair promise as that golden-haired child was now among the angels of heaven!

INDIAN SAGACITY.—An Indian upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After going some distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a little, old, white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a short tail. They replied in the affirmative; and, upon the man assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:

"The thief I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones in order to reach the venison, from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks (which an Indian never does;) his gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned; that the dog is small I know by his tracts; and that he has a short tail, I discovered by the mark of it in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

WOMEN.—According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are *seldom attacked by lions*—(on the contrary, they will run after lions!) and according to *Gunter*, they can *talk a few!*

A NOBLE BOY—AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"*That is the very reason*," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know would hurt my father, and that would be worst to me than anything else."

A boy who grows up with such principles would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

Silence is the best remedy for anger. If you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

OCTOBER.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south, oh! still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying in long serenity away.
In such a bright, late quiet would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mild bower and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And murmur of kind voices ever nigh;
And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

AN EDITOR KILLED.

The Vicksburg Whig contains further particulars of the fatal difficulty between Mr. Crabb and Mr. Jenkins, the editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.

As they met, says the Whig, Mr. Jenkins used the customary words of salutation. This seems to have been the unfortunate cause of the bloody scene which followed; whatever may have been their intention, the words were interpreted, under the circumstances, as an insult or taunt, and the reply may almost be anticipated. It was—"What do you mean by speaking to me, sir," in a stern tone of voice. Mr Jenkins made some rejoinder which was not distinctly heard, at the same time putting his hand under his vest, as if with the intention of drawing a weapon. Mr. Crabb dropped a cane and seized the hands of Mr. Jenkins—a struggle, ensued—the hands became partly disengaged—a knife was drawn—both parties fell to the pavement, Mr. Crabb being uppermost.—While in this position Mr. Jenkins stabbed Mr. Crabb several times in the back and neck. All this was the work of a moment. Two gentlemen (Drs. Emanuel and Broadnax) immediately took hold of the parties and separated them; Mr. Jenkins stepped into a door within a few paces, and Mr. Crabb bleeding very profusely, was solicitated to enter the drug store, one door above where Mr. J. had entered. This he positively refused, and turning immediately walking within sight of Mr. Jenkins, and deliberately presented a pistol, which he had drawn from his pocket after he was stabbed and as the parties were pulled apart. He lowered the weapon, however, without firing, and turning away with the remark—"I do not wish to kill him—and I will not kill him, even now," or words very nearly to that effect. After walking a few paces, he turned again and Mr. Jenkins stepped out of the door where he was standing and came towards Mr. C. with his knife in a striking position; then Mr. Crabb raised his pistol and fired—Mr. Jenkins still advanced more rapidly than before and inflicted another wound upon Mr. C.'s neck—when Dr. Broadnax, not believing that the shot had taken effect, caught Mr. J.'s arm and besought him to strike no more; at that moment he commenced sinking, and the Doctor caught him in his arms, and in a few moments afterwards he expired.

These are the facts, as related to us, by the eye witnesses of an occurrence which has shrouded our community in gloom.

HOAXING JOHN VAN BUREN.—A number of jokes have recently been played off in different sections of the Union, at the expense of John Van Buren. He recently received a letter from Gransville, Ala., requesting him to come to that place and address a free soil meeting. John, of course, did go, but then he wrote a handsome letter to his friends there, of which the Gainsville Sentinel says:

"There was received at the post office, by due course of mail, a few days since, a letter written by John Van Buren, which we give below, addressed to men *who do not reside here*, viz: Alson Drummond, Henry Gee and Francis J. Fanlon. The first named individual has long since gone to parts unknown; Henry Gee is a resident of the Penitentiary of this State for the term of his natural life, and Fanlon is now confined in the gloomy vaults of a dungeon in this county under a charge of larceny."

HEAR COL. SEYMOUR, OF CONNECTICUT.—This gallant gentleman, at whose side fell Col. Ransom, is out actively for Cass and Butler. History will record the bravery of Seymour and Ransom on its brightest page. Col. S. said at a late meeting in New Haven, Connecticut:

He would not support any man for the Presidency on the ground of his military glory alone. When such policy is established, if it ever should be, we shall have "military pronunciamentos" to govern us in lieu of the ballot-boxes. He would render to Gen. Taylor all the credit to which he is entitled on account of his military services. But he would not place him in an improper position—one which he would not be well fitted to fill with honor. Our votes fellow freemen, belong to the man who is capable of filling the high trust of the Presidential office in a manner that shall promote our honor and preserve our interests—one who has had experience enough in national affairs to make his decisions safe. We ought not, in justice to ourselves, and in view of our solemn oaths as freemen, vote for any man who is not well fitted by experience in civil affairs, and, by natural talent, to fill that most responsible post of President.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NAVY.

The new work lately published by authority, and compiled from the records of the Navy Department, thus briefly sums up the casualities among our naval officers since the United States have had a navy.

Died,	994
Killed in action,	52
Killed in duels,	21
Killed by accident,	7
Drowned,	67
Lost at sea,	87
Murdered,	6
Resigned,	1635
Dismissed,	402
Cashiered,	51
Discharged under peace establishment,	277
Discharged,	3
Last appearance or unknown,	545
Deserted,	3
In service,	1505
	5758

It is gratifying to know that in so long a period, only three desertions have occurred among nearly six thousand officers, a proof of the high character of our naval service.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—The ship Lancaster, lately commanded by Capt. Corvell, sailed from New Bedford, June 24, for the Pacific Ocean, and returned September 30, in consequence of the loss of her captain, who met his death on the 1st of Sept., in the following singular manner:

Capt. C. was standing on the quarter deck, leaning over the rail, when a man employed upon the mizen top-sail yard missed his hold and fell directly upon the back of Capt. C., injuring him so severely internally that he survived the accident only a few hours. The man escaped with only a slight wound on the arm.

☞A most extraordinary case of Bastardy was decided in the city Court, Baltimore, on Saturday last. The mother, who was only sixteen years of age when her illegitimate child was born, swore positively that her unfortunate condition was the result of a rape. She never varied in her story, and there were strong corroborative circumstances. The witnesses called on the part of the defence to prove her prostitute, perjured themselves so palpably that they were afraid to stay in court after delivering their testimony, and the counsel for the defence threw up his client's case in horror and disgust. The fair character of the girl was established, and the man Flok, against whom the charge of bastardy was preferred, was found guilty. Immediately after the rendition of the verdict he was arrested on a bench warrant on a charge of of subordination of perjury.

THE DEBTOR.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

You are in debt? Poor fellow, we pity you. We know how you are looked upon by your creditor. He feels that you are his property—body and soul,—to do with you and by you as his fancy or folly may dictate. It is his privilege to speak of you as he may please, while you shut your mouth self condemned. You are in debt to him and cannot pay,—what right have you to speak? He meets you in the public street and you cannot escape his eye. At first you feel like crossing the street, but then you will make your case more prominent, and his glance,—who cannot read it? You are accused, you are condemned; you are insulted, but it will not do to retaliate. You are chained, and cannot help yourself. Poor fellow, we pity you. Were it in our power, we would relieve you. You have our sympathy, and that is all we can bestow at present. Who that knows the miseries of a poor debtor, will not struggle hard and try to keep out of debt?

From the Germantown Telegraph.

STUBBLE LANDS.

The farmer will at this season have time to cleanse his stubble lands, and prepare them for mowing, in the spring. All loose stones should now be picked and piled preparatory to their removal to the lines with the first snow. Large rocks should be blasted, and so placed as to admit of their being easily loaded, when necessary, either on the drag or sled. After cleansing the surface of the larger stones, the roller should be applied, and all the undecomposed turfs and small stones pressed down below the reach of the scythe. This is a most essential matter, and one that no judicious and systematic farmer will neglect. Some soils are so constituted as to render the presence of stones, in due quantity, less an injury than an advantage; but these should never protrude above the surface, as they tend greatly to impede the progress of the scytheman, and beside give an unseemly and thriftless appearance to the field. When the texture and constitutional character of the soil is such as to warrant it, the application of gypsum will be found highly judicious. If the land has been laid down in clover or herds grass, (timothy) from one to three bushels per acre may be applied with profit.—Lime, in certain circumstances, operates highly advantageous effects when sown either in the spring or fall. If your fields are encumbered with stumps or bushes, now is the time to eradicate them. The team, at this season, is strong and vigorous, and the soil in a condition to render the labor one of no great labor or expense.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

Bald-Fagle Farm, Sept. 30, 1848.

A MAN OVER NIAGARA FALLS—A THRILLING SCENE—The Buffalo advertiser, of Monday, gives the following thrilling sketch of a scene at Niagara Falls:

Neither fiction nor fact furnishes an incident of more thrilling interest than one which occurred last evening at the Falls, and is detailed below by our correspondent. There is something terribly appaling, almost sublime, in the struggles for life of a strong, self-possessed man, when drawn into the torrent that, with the speed of a race horse, sweeps him onward to certain destruction. A moment scarcely elapses between entire safety and a most fearful death, yet in that moment what a wealth of life may be compressed. How like lightning must flash through the mind all the pleasant recollections of childhood, the firm resolves of vigorous manhood, the hopes of the future, the endearments of home and friends, repentance for past errors, and prayers for forgiveness in that dread presence to which he is so awfully summoned!

NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 2d, 1848.

About sundown last evening a man was carried over the Falls. Who he was is not known. From his management of the sail boat in which he came down the river, I thing he was not well acquainted with the current or the rapids. His dress and respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was most extraordinary. His boat was a very good one—decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. From what I learn of a sail boat having been seen below Black Rock, coming down, I think it is from there or Buffalo. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them.

I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat—then nearly half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the Falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed towards the American shore—the wind blowing from this shore, and still the sail was standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, about half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the Island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope, seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give alarm or remain to assist, in the event of the boat attempting to make the Island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned towards the American shore. Then it was certain it must go down the American rapids.—I ran for the bridge—saw and informed a gentleman and lady just leaving the Island, but they seemed unable to reply or move. I rallied a man at the toll gate—we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it had got to the first large falls in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current; and as it plunged over, he sat down.

I was astonished to see the boat rise with the mast and sail standing, and the man again erect, directing the boat towards the shore. As he came to the next and each succeeding fall he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in each succeeding current.

Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar and pointing his boat towards the main shore, he cried, "had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the Falls, the boat struck a rock—turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice.

Without the power to render any assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with effort for his deliverence—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

I write too hurridly for publication, but I have stated all we have seen or know respecting the man or boat, and from which I hope you will be able to glean so much for publication as will lead to the discovery of the man.

The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners than in the spirit developed in conduct