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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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## Poetical.

### MY FIRST GREY HAIR.

BY J. FERGUSON.

So, thou art here indeed! Well, I declare,
I did not think of seeing thee so soon;
Though art early, art thou not, my first grey hair?
To give me warning, 'tis life's afternoon!
Really, I had no thoughts, at least as yet,
That I was quite so deep in old Time's debt.

Well, well, he never makes mistakes, though I
Would fain persuade myself that the few years
Spent to small purpose, would not figure high
In his grey ledger; but, alas! my fears
Tell me he'll not be done by mirth or care;
Behold his check to me—my first grey hair!

But, since thou'rt come, what hast thou brought with thee?
Hast thou brought me wit? I'm much inclined to doubt it,
Or wisdom, that experience teaches free?
Or wealth—a thing by poets always scouted?
Alas, poor devils! they do well to scoff it—
*A silvery* head's the largest share they've of it!

Yet I have done some things in my short time
That have been good, and some to be regretted—
Lost friends, gain'd foes, made love—and, what's worse,
rhyme.
For which the world's not much to be indebted,
Nor I to her, although "creation's heir"—
I've got her legacy—my first grey hair!

Well, I'll not pluck thee out, thou first grey thread
That Time has woven in life's checker'd woof!
Thou silvery badge, that glistens on my head—
Thou type of sorrow, and of age the proof—
Thou'lt be my monitor; so I'll prepare
To take advice from thee, my first grey hair!

## Miscellaneous.

From the Union Magazine.

### BEAUTY AND GENIUS IN OBSCURITY.

#### A TALE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

It was New Year's Day in gay New York.—There was no rich table spread in the close room called Corinne's home. No toilette received *her* thought—no gift came with its voice of love, or friendly interest. She listened to no footstep, for there was none but would pass by. She waited for no fond kiss, for the *lips* of brother and sister in the wide world's family were to her as if they had been of ice, they were deadly cold to the stranger in the low dwelling!

Alone upon the sea of life! with no star in the heaven of hope—no voice on the dreary waste of deep, dark water, to soothe! Poor girl! Poverty, in gold was very light to bear, compared by the dread poverty the soul was crushed by! Her duty was the one subject of her life. She freely gave her youth and strength to it; but it made her eye dim sometimes.

A few months ago, and they had lived in a sunny land, a land of poetry; had looked upon a landscape of vineyard, stream, and wood, which they could call their own. And now they were the tenants of a low, mean dwelling, across the waters, over which they had fled in pride and poverty. The mother sickened with the change, and became as helpless as a child; but the old man's nature turned to hate, for the beautiful Corinne had been innocent the ruin of his house.

A young Italian count, wanting in all things honorable, had offered the young girl indignities, which she resented so proudly, with such galling contempt, that his evil nature was excited almost to frenzy, and he determined to bring her down to poverty, if not to shame. It was an important crisis in the step-father's affairs, when this bad purpose was resolved upon; and its accomplishment brought bitter trial to the virtuous Corinne. The old man cursed her often as the destroyer of his fortunes—the dark shadow upon his fate.

*She* a shadow of evil! Old man, look upon the hearth!

Before the noon of that New Year's day, a clearer paleness stole over the mother's face—a stranger brightness filled the wandering eye. "What can it mean?" whispered Corinne's heart.

It means poor orphan child, that the Author of the life to you so burdensome, is nearer her reward—that the old man brooding selfishly will soon be left a griefless widower, the solitary sharer of your unhappy destiny—that while you gaze the spirit of one that has been mortal is filling with immortality—with visions all too wonderful for speech!

And gently, peacefully, the spirit passed from the earthly to the heavenly. Corinne stood by the bed of death, moved by its sanctity, but more envying than grieving, as she saw the calmness settling on those features, so lately troubled with the expression of a fading mind's unquiet.

Corinne had finished the duties which are called sad—she had shrouded the still waving lines of beauty in the last robe—when a knock startled her. It was a strange sound in that dull place, and Corinne hastened to answer it, as speedily as if it had been the voice of an angel visitant, whispering, "Let hope in!"

There was no angel visitor upon the threshold as she opened the door; but Hope *did* come in. A gift was handed her—her, the lonely, the uncared for!—A New Year's gift! of a valuable Italian work, elegantly bound, "A tribute from a friend, who respected talent and great fidelity." And the note that accompanied it—how kind, how *loving*; full of warm interest in her history, hinting at the present necessity of the writer's remaining unknown to her; but breathing throughout a half veiled passion, very like a lover's.

The old man had raised his head anxiously at the sight of the unexpected package; but had bent it again, with something like a groan, as a richly ornamented book alone repaid him for the effort. He thought it might be gold.

Oh! it was gold to one poor heart there! It was a voice from a human soul—a bright link thrown to her from the social chain, binding her anew to the outer world. It was a gleam of light dancing through all the dark chambers of her soul, giving her new life even in that visiting place of death. It was true, that she had on that New Year's day, lost all sympathy of blood with the race her mother sprung from; but the long chilled current of her heart had been warmed, and began to flow as the youthful tide ever should. The icy crust at the fountain-head of joy gave way at the warm touch of friendliness.—Even her eye was moistened with the sweet waters, so refreshing to her thirsty soul.

"My poor, poor Karl! What gladness can all this wealth and brightness give to me, when my only son, my darling boy, is losing all his nobleness in the love of wine?"

Was there any cause of sorrow on this New Year's evening in the rich dwelling of Peter Van Schenck? Was the heart of a millionaire troubled as one crushed by poverty?

Brilliant were the rooms, and gay the meeting of young friends, in this mansion of a father grieving for his first born. The New Year's tables were loaded with delicate confections, the fanciful Chinese and antique stands were burdened with costly gifts; dazzling light fell all around, illuminating curtained recesses, rich in cunning bijouterie; and music was there, with smiles, and their mother—Hope.

But a *shadow* was there; and although the blaze of light might fall directly on that fathers brow, it could not take the shadow off. And though the mother's eye sparkled sometimes at one joy left, the light could not put out the glimmering of a tear, which trembled on the lashes, dropping often and heavily upon the cheek. Although the sister shone a gem of beauty beneath the brilliant ray, it could not pierce the inner temple, where lay the ruins of strong affection, and gild them joyfully.

A son, an only son—a brother an only brother—with a warm heart, and an intellect refined by a student's life had given idolizing friends a taste of sorrow more bitter than that the death call brings. For many years, young Karl Van Schenck had loved the wine cup better than the peace of hearts; and on this annual festival had ever returned at a late hour, and with a polluted brow, to his aristocratic home. The anxious ear of father, mother, sister, had ever caught the well known sound of his uneven step, as it approached their door and listened as it slowly, stumblingly, passed over the stairs which led to the erring one's room. The New Year's night was sure to bring the trembling form, the wandering eye; for many calls during the exciting day brought many a draught of poison to Karl's lips.

But what light stronger than the brightness of that artificial day—what joy greater than youthful hope upon the faces of that gay company—has cast suddenly away the shadow from the father's brow—has quenched the tear in the mother's eye—has gilded the ruins in the sister's heart? Nothing more bright than the presence of a young man who, presenting a beautiful bouquet to Kate Van Schenck, kissed her cheek lovingly.

It was the son—the brother! His eye was clear, his fine form erect, his hand firm and warm, as he grasped his sister's, with an emphasis that had a world of meaning in it. He met his mother's eye with the consciousness of its joyful wonder glowing in his face; and sought her side, after due attention to his sister's guests, with the fervor of a prodigal.

He had a gift for both his parents; but what were gifts compared to his dear presence, as he stood there in manly beauty, with reason unwavering—with intellect unquenched by wine? And oh! how merrily now passed the hours. All was shadowless, now that the light of Karl's clear eye fell upon the scene.

A gleam of joy had come to the dwelling, while the beautiful watcher by the untroubled couch dreamed of new life.

That night, a strong man bent his knee for the first time before the throne, and asked for strength to overcome a foe. It was Karl Van Schenck, sanctifying by earnest prayer his view of reformation.

'Twas New Year's evening again. Twelve months had passed since Hope had sent her angels to the poor dwelling of Corinne, and the young Karl's luxurant home. The lowly room was desolate now; but again the rich mansion of Peter Van Schenck was dazzling with light—again a gay company was assembled in the spacious rooms. But the rooms were crowded now and more lavishly adorned with the rare embroidery of flowers—jewels flashed, feathers kissed snowy necks, rich dresses added grace to lovely forms. All was life, all gayety, all animation. It was a bridal! Whose?

Who was the bride? The "very beautiful," whose romantic story was on all lips? Who was it, that bore herself so gracefully, so nobly, before a multitude of eyes? What made all hearts acknowledge there was worth enough under that gifted brow to equal rank; and wondered not, that the passionate love of such a creature had won a victim from fast strengthening chains?

It was Corinne!—Corinne, the lonely orphan girl—who stood now by the side of Karl Van Schenck, the wife, the idol of his soul! It was Corinne raised from the darkness of her lone home to this brilliancy of fashion and of wealth. Corinne, the dreaming watcher—the laborer for bread—now petted by a happy family—now the object of such love as she had longed for in heavily burdened hours!

And never was there a happier bridal; never was there a lovelier bride known in the proud circle in which the Van Schencks moved. Even the old man, whose shadow had been upon the hearth so long, caught the admiration of the crowd; and made himself useful now in telling how wealthy he had been! and ennobling his step daughter's purity by giving it as the cause of their changed fortunes. The old man's heart was softened; wonderfully by the homage Corinne was now the object of.

But how came all this about.

One little year ago, and the unknown friend sent his first token of interest—and *love*—to the foreigner. One little year ago, that affection was first acknowledged, which had the power to raise the lover from the downward way to the the glorious height of temperance and prayer. It had proved a more persuasive guide than filial or fraternal love; and led him to his home a liberated man. All unconsciously Beauty and Genius in Obscurity had brought light and joy to high places crowded by grief.

Karl had first seen Corinne in the office of the publisher, who accepted her articles to his own profit more than hers. Struck by her peculiar beauty, he had sought all means to know her history, watching her secretly in her regular visits to the publisher, (the only visit she seemed to make,) and strengthening at every sight of her the interest which had been awakened in his heart.

He read her eloquent appeals to the wayward, the sining, the uncharitable of the earth, with wondering admiration and delight. But just before that memorable New Year's day, he had been touched to his very soul by one of her womanly defences of the weak and erring, in which he she had declared she would sooner trust the being whose leading passion was the love of wine, than one whose spirit had untruth for its foundation—who steeped his words in sweet deceit, and smoothed his brow with falsehood. There was no hope where beautiful Truth was not permitted to be a guest, but the strong draught did not always or speedily drown the noble sentiments of the soul.

Karl felt that she was right—that notwithstanding his years of weakness, the heavenly whispers were not all hushed—that the refinement of his mind was not yet made gross by the companionship of those who spurned all moralities. There was hope for him; and on the morning of the first New Year, he earnestly resolved to keep his lip from touching the glass which might be offered to him during his many calls. When evening came, his lips were pure of the red stain; and with a hopeful heart he sent his first offering to the gentle girl whose image had strengthened him.

Corinne was too holy in her loneliness and trials for him to bring shame and sorrow to her; and Karl determined to make her his own wedded wife, if he could win her, after a trial of his vow of temperance for half a year.

He still remained unknown, but the solitary Italian constantly received some earnest token that one heart in the outer world still beat warmly for her—soon would pray for a gift coveted beyond all things else. He *must* have intercourse with her thus to keep his spirit strong.

The six months passed away, and the "unknown," treasured so faithfully in fancy, has not long to wait for the devoted girl's declaration that she was indeed, in her loneliness, "all his own." Her own proud spirit could not brook, however, the contempt or condescention she might reasonably expect from the wealthy family she must enter, if she wedded Karl; and it was not until the lovely Kate warmly claimed her as a sister, and the parents of her lover blessed her for the joy she had brought their aching hearts, that she was convinced her dower of purity was more costly in their eyes than lands or gold.

Corinne would wait until the anniversary of the day so memorable to her, before she gave her hand to Karl, and so on New Year's night she became a bride. Her husband always blessed her, and turned not back from the upward and onward way she had pointed out.

Oh! let not the lowly and the gifted sorrow that they act no part in the world's history! Some pitying, softening word, dropped on man's heart, may melt it to good deeds, giving new music to the spirit of some loving one, and a new song to angels.

### LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, rolling, day by day;
Journeying painfully and slowly
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!
Shrink not, fear not—*live them down!*

Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander—
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown!—
Heed not either!—*live them down!*

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead!—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!—
Fear not foeman!—*live them down!*

### THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

#### A TRUE STORY.

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—, it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N——.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertion to move him on.

I determined to gratify him, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings have been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one, its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized a pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements of, applying the ear to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the steps stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened; for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and awaited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven! A NEGRO! for at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented—at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking; as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and, thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not, kill me, sir?"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

### Anecdotes of Duelling.

In Japan, instead of fighting duels, the parties endeavor to show their valor *by committing Suicide*. It is related that two officers of the Emperor's household, meeting on the stairs, their sabres happened to tangle; words arose, one imputed it to accident, adding, that the quarrel was between two swords, and that one was as good as the other. "We shall see about that," replied the other, and instantly plunged his weapon in his own heart. The other, impatient to show his courage, ran up, and waited upon the Emperor, returned, saying he was sorry to let the other get the start of him, and threw himself on his own sword; thus proving that one sword *was* as good as the other.

A GOLD DIGGER'S MERCY.—The following incident of gold digging in the Sacramento is related by a correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer at Monterey:

"Provisions are very scarce, and to obtain them many murders have been committed, or the purchase of them, at exorbitant prices, has indirectly, but eventually, led to murder. One story, relating to an affair of this kind, may deserve a place here. A man who had what is called a *good hole*, had been digging incessantly for two days, when he was accosted by one carrying a bucket containing food of some kind. The whole of this the digger purchased for about one hundred dollars in virgin gold; and while devouring it, the man who had sold the provisions, took possession of the hole. After finishing his repast the gold hunter ordered the fellow out; but on his positively refusing to come, knocked his brains out with a pickaxe, took from the pockets the virgin gold that had purchased a meal, and then dragging the body out of the hole, himself continued the digging. This, I believe is really true, just as I have told it.

### A NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"We shall be very happy together," said Louisa to her Aunt, the evening before the wedding—and her cheek was tinted with a rich color and her eyes sparkled with soul felt happiness.

"When a young bride says "we," it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

"I doubt it not, dearest Louisa," answered her Aunt, "take heed only, that you remain as happy?"

"Oh! no fear of that my prudent Aunt. I know myself and my faults; but my love for him will correct them. So long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy, and our affections cannot change."

"Ah!" said her Aunt, "you talk like a girl of nineteen on the eve of marriage, in the heyday of hope and bright anticipations. Dear child—believe even the heart grows old. The day must come when the rapture of passion will decay—when the illusion is over, and we stand revealed in our real characters. After custom has robbed beauty of its dazzling charms—after youth has departed or shadows mingled with the light of home, then, Louisa, the wife may talk of the excellencies of her husband, or husband of the admirable qualities of his wife. But the day before wedding, such encomiums go for nothing with me."

"I understand you dear Aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasures to the other. Now for myself I say nothing—for I can boast only will; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all the young men of this town? Are not all virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?"

"I will do you both justice," answered her relative "and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both; I can say that to you without flattery, Louisa, my love, they only bloom, and need a lifetime of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more deceitful at first opening. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart?

"Nay, my dear children, even could you always be as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men grow soon weary of the loveliest face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and then youthful manners will cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes, would not be congenial."

Louisa sighed.

"I could store your memory," resumed her Aunt, "with precepts to guard your happiness. It would tell you to beware of the first quarrel; never to contend, even in jest; to have no secrets from each other, least the springs of confidence be insensibly snapped; to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at least will have but a negative effect.

"Would you have the secret of perpetual loveliness? It is a treasure—not feature or complexion, but in the soul. Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. Would you know how to keep the soul fair?—religion is the only true secret for that.

"Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfection; how little on mental excellencies or amiable traits of character. But the virtues born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal—seek them from him who is the author of religion; and seek them daily from him. Be assured thus, that you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband, and be blessed in every relation of life."

Louisa flung her arms around her Aunt's neck and thanked her with tearful eyes for her lesson.

### LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The New York *Tribune* has arranged a brief sketch of the President elect of France, as follows:

A SKETCH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The news of the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic will naturally excite some curiosity in regard to his history and public character. Hitherto he has only been known through the foolish affairs at Strasbourg and Boulogne, his published works, notwithstanding the merits claimed for them by his adherents, has, nevertheless, been somewhat eventful, and he does not lack the advantage of varied fortune and severe experience. Whether he has profited by it, remains to be seen. From such hasty materials as we could procure, we have arranged for the *Tribune* the following brief notice of his history:

Charles Louis Napoleon, son of Louis, Ex-King of Holland, was born in Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. His god-parents were the Emperor and Maria Louisa, and during his childhood he was an especial favorite of the former. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he stood beside him on the Champ de Mars, and when embraced by him for the last time, the Malmaison, the young Louis, then a boy of seven years, wished to follow him at all hazards.—When the family was banished from France, his mother removed to Augsburg, where he received a good German education. He was afterward taken to Switzerland, where he obtained the right of citizenship and commenced a course of military studies. After the July Revolution, by which he was a second time proscribed from France, he visited Italy in company with his brother, and in 1831 took part in a popular insurrection against the Pope. This movement failed, but he succeeded in making his escape, and, his brother dying at Forli the same year, he visited England, and afterward returned to Switzerland, where, for two or three years, he contented himself with writing political and military works, which do not appear to have been extensively read. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt in 1832, gave a new impulse to his ambitious hopes. His first revolutionary attempt, at Strasbourg, in October, 1836, completely failed, but after a short imprisonment in Paris, he was sent to this country. The illness of his mother occasioned his return the following year, and after a visit to Switzerland he took up his residence in England until his second attempt at Boulogne, in 1840.

In this affair several of his followers were killed, and he was himself taken and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Ham. The particulars of his escape in May, 1846, after an incarceration of six years, are well known. From that time until the end of September last, when he was returned as a Deputy to the National Assembly from the Department of the Seine, he has resided in England. A late London Journal, in describing his mode of life, gives the following not very flattering account:

"He was unscrupulous in contracting obligations which were wholly beyond his means of repayment; and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of philosopher's stone. So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science, at a house which he had filled up as a laboratory at Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric whom he employed to aid him in transmitting the baser metals into gold, that he is said to have actually appropriated his revenues in anticipation, and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains to the payment of the national debt of France, in order to acquire thus an imperial throne by purchase!"

The large majority by which he was elected a representative astonishes every one, and gave his followers the first encouragement to bring forth his name as a candidate for the Presidency. To defeat the acknowledged Republican party, he received also the support of the Legitimists and Orleanists, and those combined influences have elected him by an immense majority. The rest must be left to time and fate.

☞ It is a reflection of Tacitus that benefits are agreeable only so long as we believe we can repay them; but that when they become too great, hatred takes place of gratitude. Seneca says in relation to the same subject, that a small sum of borrwed money makes a debtor, but a large one, an enemy.

☞ "I wonder," said Sambo, "why de sun no shine dis dark night, an' not always keep shinin' inde day time, when dar's no need ob him?"

### The Blind Slave of the Mines.

BY REV. PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

Allow me here to refer to the case that lately fell under my observation, which illustrates more forcibly than I had ever conceived, the priceless value of the christian's hope to the most unfortunate and degraded. I had descended one thousand feet beneath the earth's surface, in the coal pits of the Mid Lothian Mines in Virginia, and was wandering through their dark, subterranean passages, when the sound of music broke upon my ear. It ceased upon our approach, and I caught only the concluding sentiment of the hymn,

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

On advancing with our lamps, we found the passage closed by a door, in order to give a different direction to the current of air, for the purpose of ventilation, yet this door must be opened occasionally to let the rail cars, pass loaded with coal. And to accomplish this, we found sitting by that door an aged blind slave, whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast of gunpowder many years before in that mine. There he sat, on a seat cut in the coal, from sunrise to sunset, day after day; his sole business being to open and shut the door, when he heard the rail cars approaching. We requested him to sing again the hymn whose last line we had heard. It was indeed lame in expression, and in the poetic measure very defective, being, in fact, one of those productions which we found the pious slaves were in the habit of singing, in part, at least, impromptu.—But each stanzas closed with the sentiment,

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

It was sung with a clear and pleasant voice, and I could see the shrivelled, sightless eye balls of the old man roll in their sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring sentiments; and really the exhibition was one of the most affecting that I have ever witnessed. There he stood, an old man, whose earthly hopes even at the best, must be very faint; and he was a slave—and he was blind—what could he hope for on earth? He was buried, too, a thousand feet beneath the solid rock. In the expressive language of Jonah, "He has gone down to the bottom of the mountain, the earth with her bars was about him forever."—There, from month to month, he sat in darkness.—Oh, how utterly cheerless his condition! And yet that one pleasant hope of a resurrection morning was enough to infuse peace and joy in his soul.

I had often listened to touching music—I had heard gigantic intellects pour forth enchanting eloquence, but never did music or eloquence exert such overpowering influence over my feelings as did this scene.—Never before did we witness so grand an exhibition of sublimity. O, how comparatively insignificant did earth's mightiest warriors and statesmen, her princes and emperors, even her philosophers without piety appear! How powerless would all their pomp and pagentry and wisdom, be to sustain them, if called to change places with this poor slave! He had a principle within him superior to them all; and when that morning which he looks for shall come, how infinitely better than theirs will his lot appear to an admiring universe. And that morning shall ere long break upon thy darkness, benighted old man! The light of the natural sun, and the face of this fair world will never, indeed, revisit you, and the remnant of your days must be spent, in your monotonous task, by the side of the wicker gate, deep in the caverns of the earth. But that bright and blessed hope of a resurrection morning shall not deceive you. The Saviour in whom you trust, shall manifest himself to you even in deep darkness, and at the appointed hour, the chains of slavery shall drop off, and the double night which envelopes you shall vanish into the light and the liberty and the glory of heaven. And in just proportions to the depths of your degrations how shall be the brightness and the joy of that everlasting day.

### ON SNEEZING.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, and the devil will have dominion over you all the week!

### KISSING THE BABY.

We are never a spectator of this popular performance without calling to mind the happy expedient of a friend of ours, who goes by the *sobriquet* of "Bashful Bob," upon a certain occasion when it was attempted by a "fair young mother" to make him the victim of the above named terrible operation.—Bob was an awkward, diffident, bashful fellow, and never was suspected of being equal to a delicate or a desperate emergency, but as events proved, for all that, he had the heart of a hero in him. Bob's exploits were performed in a mixed company, at the house of a young lawyer, whose wife—a lady of exceeding beauty—and baby of age too insignificant to mention—were the chief attraction of the day. The party separated in the evening, when, of course the *baby was to be kissed by every body.* By general consent, Bob was allowed to be the "last man." To all appearances there was no escape for our poor friend. The mischievous mother, with the dreadful object in her arms, led on the attack; there was no retreat, and our hero was about to submit to his fate, amid the laughter of the whole party, when his good genius came to his rescue, and with the quickness of thought—*the mother received the salute of Bashful Bob.* The great qualities of individuals are never fully acknowledged until they are called forth by extraordinary emergencies. Bob was voted "every inch a true hero."—*True Democrat.*

### Gems of Advice.

Pittacus being asked what was the best? he answered, to do the present thing well. He would say, what thou dost take ill in thy neighbor, do not thyself. Reproach not the unhappy; for the hand of God is upon them. Be true to thy trust. Bear with thy neighbor; love thy neighbor. Reproach not thy friend though he recede from thee a little. He would say, that commonwealth is best ordered, where the wicked have no command; and that family, which have neither ornament or necessity. To conclude: be advised to acquire honesty; love discipline; observe temperance; gain prudence; mind diligence; and keep truth, faith and piety. He had a brother who dying without issue, left him his estate; so that when Crœsus offered his wealth, he answered, I have more by half than I desire. He also affirmed that family the best, who got not unjustly, kept not unfaithfully, spent not with repentance: and, that happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, with being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately. And to conclude, he earnestly enjoined all to flee corporeal pleasure; for, says he, it certainly brings sorrow: but to observe an honest life more strictly than an oath; and meditate on serious things.—*No Cross no Crown.*

PADDY NOT TO BE DONE.—A newly imported Irishman was one day standing, with his hook under his arm, at a shop window not thirty miles from Glasgow. The shop keeper observing him from the door, accosted him thus: "Well Pat, what do you want in my line to day?" "What you have not to give me," rejoined the Irishman. "I'll wager a pound I have what suits you," returned the former. The latter pulling a pound from his rags, replied, "It's done—table your dust. I want a sheath for my hook." To poor Pat's astonishment and mortification, the sheath was produced. Away he went to the harvest, however, leaving the pound with the shop keeper; but not to be beat, he called on his way home, and in the presence of a witness, thus addressed him: "Well, Mr. ——, what will you take for as much tobacco as will reach from my one ear to the other?" "A penny," was the reply. This being agreed to, the grocer cut off about a foot of tobacco, and was about applying its extremities to Pat's ears, when the latter, pointing his finger upwards, exultingly exclaimed, "there is one ear, but the other is nailed to the back of the goal door at Dublin." The duped grocer was obliged to give his ingenious antagonist forty pounds of tobacco before he could get quit of him.

"I won't cover your heels, I'll be darned if I do," as the ragged stocking said to the novel reading lady.

### The Gold Mines of California.

From a late number of the New Orleans Delta we clip the following article relative to the Gold Mines of California:

"We yesterday had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Joseph H. Cutting, who comes directly from the gold mines in California, and has in his possession a quantity of the "precious metal," just as he dug it from the bowels of the earth in its native state. Mr. Cutting left San Francisco on the 11th of October.—He took the route home via Mexico, and arrived here yesterday in the brig Titi, Capt. Radovich, from Vera Cruz. He very prudently, we think, disposed of a considerable portion of his ore in Mazatlan, fearing too much the cupidity of the Mexican robbers to trust it on his person. Everything was quiet in California when Mr. C. left. Nothing was thought of, or talked of, but the gold region; and almost all other business than the lucrative one of gold digging, was suspended. The consequence of this state of things is, that the prices of all the necessaries of life are enormously high. Flour for instance, which was principally brought from Oregon, was selling at $50 a barrel; bad brandy, from $6 to $8 a bottle; and for ordinary board, from $12 to $16 a week was paid. So far as explorations have been made, it has been ascertained that gold exists on both sides of the Sierra Neveda, from latitude 41° north, to so far south as the head waters of the San Joaquin river, a distance of four hundred miles in length, and one hundred miles in breadth. The gold region already discovered, it is estimated, is sufficiently extensive to give profitable employment to 100,000 persons for generations to come. The ore is in a virgin state, disseminated in small particles, and is found in three distinct deposits—sand and gravel beds, on decomposed granite, and intermixed with a kind of slate. It is generally found from immediately beneath the surface to a distance of four feet, and its position, and the pure state in which it is found, is believed to be the result of a general volcanic eruption. The gold region lies within about one hundred or two hundred and forty miles of San Francisco; it is about the same distance from Monterey; and the great majority of the population of these two places, merchants, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, laborers, soldiers, seamen, deserters, Americans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians—all have cleared out, and are as busy as avarice and ambition can make them, engaged in the pleasant labor of gold finding. From November till March, embracing the interval of the rainy season, but little progress can be made in "digging," so that any enterprizing young man, who would start now, would be all in good time for the commencement of next year's operations. Mr. Cutting is rather an old, and not a very strong man. He worked at the gold finding for forty days. Being regardful of health, he chose the "dry diggings" to operate in. In this time he got over fifteen hundred dollars worth of ore. It is found easier and in larger quantities in the "wet diggings;" but working in the latter is more unhealthy. His implements were, a pick-axe, a spade, a butcher's knife, and a tin pan. One individual found a solid piece of ore weighing thirteen pounds. Surely this is literally the "golden age." The climate of California Mr. Cutting describes as remarkably salubrious and healthy, except on the Sacramento river, where fever and ague to some extent prevail.

### Husbands and Wives.

When people understand that they must live together, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, the yoke which they know they cannot shake off. They become good husbands and good wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duty which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of unreserved immortality. To be sure, if people come together in marriage with the extravagant expectation that all are to be halcyon days; the husband conceiving that all is to be authority with him, and the wife that all is to be accommodation to her: everybody sees how that must end; but if they come together with a prospect of happiness, they must come with the reflection that, not bringing perfection in themselves, they have no right to expect it on the other side: that, having respectively many infirmities of their own to be overlooked, they must overlook the infirmities of each other.

### Head Work.

Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artizan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and their meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: "While we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often, having occasion to go into the country, did, in some sort, envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at work would merily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at work."

THE POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—"The printing office," says the New York Globe, "has indeed proved a better college to many a poor boy,—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has brought more intellect, and turned into practical, useful channels, awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thought, than any of the literary colleges of the country. How many a drone has passed through these colleges with no tangible proof of his fitness other than his inanimate piece of parchment, himself more inanimate than his leathern diploma? There is something in the very atmosphere of a printing office calculated to awaken the mind and inspire a thirst of knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school will have his talents brought out; if he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out."

GREAT BULLOCK.—Mr. Henry S. Hunter, of Marble Hall, Montgomery county, has a bullock, now fattening, of the following extraordinary dimensions:—Length of body, 10 feet 7 inches; girth 11 feet; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight upwards of twenty-nine hundred pounds! His age is five years and six months. He was purchased, when quite young, out of a drove, but soon gave evidence of the mammoth dimensions which he has since acquired. He will be kept a short time longer, with a view to increase his size, when he will be disposed of or slaughtered. He is a beautiful animal, and is worth a trip of a dozen miles to see. Chester county used to have some little claim to showing up big animals, but we think Old Montgomery, in this instance, anyhow, must have a word to say in disposing of these honors. So talks the Germantown Telegraph.

SLAVERY IN THE COLONIES, 1776.—The first slaves introduced into this country, were twenty in number, brought by