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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.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE FIRST KISS.

BY MISS M. J. E. KNOX.

"Nay, ask me not—how could I bring
My lips to rest on manhood's brow
A maiden may not lightly fling
Her timid nature off—and thou,
Caressed as thou art want to be,
What were a kiss of mine to thee?

"And thou wouldst think that I had press'd
Another cheek as soon as thine,
Should I allow my lips to rest
(Even lightly as on hallowed shrine
The trembling lips of devotee)
On thine, as pledge of love to thee."

But then some words of gentle sound
Were whispered to the maiden's heart;
She could not bear his love to wound—
The hour he came when they must part;
And she was young and fond and true;
What could the gentle maiden do?

The spell is broken—she has laid—
Her trembling lips against his cheek;
Oh name there is a deeper shade
Of fullness, but she does not speak;
Her voice is hushed—her voice is still—
'Tis given, half without her will!

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE DAMSELS.

"Come hither my beautiful Jean, and my fair Lilias," said the *venerable Countess of Moray, to her* laughing, happy grand daughters. "Come hither my children and spend the Hallowe'en with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season; but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the gray head tells you with her own lips, the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"That, in truth, shall we not, noble grandmother," said the sparkling Lilias; "but yet would I have the charms of Hallowe'en. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandma, thy tale shall find us most attentive *listeners*."

"Ah true Scotts," said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity; but try not the charm my children, if you love me. *Alas!* I think not of it without tears, and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss time; me it will also please to speak of things gone by; and if it convince you, as I trust it will of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?"

"What is there we can refuse you, noble grandma," said the lovely Jean, burrying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess.

"Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, rain and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandma."

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that three lovely daughters of a noble house, assembled *together in a dreary wood, to try the charm of the* night, which if successful, was to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become the husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their first setting out on this expedition, but on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy woods, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined, by a somewhat holy beginning, to sanctify the purpose which had taken them thither. They were to young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the Devil; and, therefore, when Catherine, the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now, then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of young Agnes, the loviest and youngest of the three, steadily responded 'amen,' they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the powers of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion, but Catherine, after repeating certain words, in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had conjured, as by his conduct towards it, she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or to remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern, stately Highland chief, who, brandishing his broadsword, swept on to the rose tree, as he he would annihilate from the earth its fair and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon dropped gentle down beside the tree—and they saw his blue eyes look kindly and mildly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune, and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the rose, placing a lily bough in its stead, then, with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady tramp of a warrior's horse, struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier dismounted from his phantom steed, advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily; his face was beautiful but sad—beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it gently to his bosom. He, too, had faded like a dream, when the gentle Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound; from the wood there came a long and sable procession of horse and foot, following a coffin that was steadily borne toward them: many were the shadowy mourners that followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead; they advanced slowly and steadily till they came to the tree where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amid the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

"Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omen of the forest had assured her; but still she died not—and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen—more especially as the Highlander had not yet married her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of a favorite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand. Agnes thought she, too, might listen to a tale of love; and such a one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all; and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning. Ere they could reach the church, which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had decended in force from the mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight. The bridegroom fell in the conflict; the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to his bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult; and Walter preserved his adored, by the effect of his desperate valor, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men who now came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful, and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omen of the forest was returned; her confidence in her opposite was shaken; and with the same feelings that bid the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced by the fate of her sister of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and for this purpose, suddenly broke off all connection with him; and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hopes still struggled with despair; he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all; she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the alter's foot. Walter, heart broken, retired from his home, and, joining the Cavalier army of the king, sought, in the tumult of a military life, forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given.

In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare; she saw him frequently; spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and, though he loved not Marian, she became his trusted friend, his companion, and finally his wife. It was her will, not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over man? They were wretched.

The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was such as to require its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes.—Such a course could have but one termination; stretched at length upon that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her young sister. Agnes obeyed the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave.—The widower instantly recognized, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held, and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment how deep'y Agnes sighed! She beheld in this scene the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think that she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life, and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'O, silly delusion!' she exclaimed in bitterness of heart, 'of what hast thou not bereaved me?' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavored, in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded grandma, dear," said the beautiful Lilias, laughing; "what more would the people have had?"

"Youth, and its love and its hope, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable countess, "they had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock, past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy, and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter—"

"Grandma, it is your own tale you tell, and our grandsire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lilias. "Ah, I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandma, your Lilias will never forget the tale of Hallowe'en."

THINKING ALOUD.—Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great fete, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley; his rank and position in the country were of course well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the poor who, being tired, had up to this time maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low, but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be flogged if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness and from that night the travellers became inseparable companions.

A SHEET OF PAPER.—It is curious to reflect upon to what use a sheet of paper may be put. It lies before you in a state of virgin purity, and its utmost value is a cent. It is scrawled over with pothooks and hangers, a few "promises to pay" are written on it, and it becomes good for thousands of dollars. A piece of wedding cake is wrapped in it, and it is kissed by the rosy lips of a lovely maiden, placed under her pillow, as a spell to conjure up in her dreams a handsome lover, a fine estate. It is *received by one person*, and he blesses it for bringing him the glad tidings of his promotion to a fortune, by another, and he curses it for the information that he is disinherited. In accordance with the characters upon it, it lights up the eye or waters the cheek—it makes the heart throb with joy or quail with sorrow—it is treasured as a precious relic or torn into pieces with inconceivable disgust.

From the National Intelligencer.

COL. FREMONT AND HIS PARTY.

Further and Final Accounts.

We resume the extracts from Col. Fremont's Letters, prefacing them with some brief description of the localities made memorable by disaster, for the information of those who have not recent maps at hand.

It is known that the great Rocky Mountain chain, with a general direction north and south, sends out a branch toward the southeast from between the heads of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte; and this branch forms the dividing ridge between the upper valleys of these two rivers, and between the head waters of the Red River and the Del Norte; and having accomplished these purposes it subsides and disappears in the plains of Texas. The highest part of this branch chain, and the governing object in it to travellers, are the Spanish Peaks, first maed known to American geography by the then young Lieut. Pike. These Peaks are about in north latitude 37½ degrees, and west longitude from London 105 degrees, and about on a line longitudinally with the Pueblos of the Upper Arkansas, distant from them half a degree, and in sight. They are seen at a great distance, and are guiding objects to travellers. The road to Santa Fe passes below the Peaks, and crosses the chain about two degrees south. Colonel Fremont passed above them, and entered the valley of the Del Norte high up above the Mexican settlements, and above *Pike's stockade*, and intended to follow the Del Norte to its head, and cross the great Rocky Mountain chain through some pass there to be found. He was, therefore, so to speak, going into the forks of the mountain—into the gorge of two mountains—and at a great elevation, shown by the fact of the great rivers which issue from the opposite sides of the Rocky Mountains at that part—the Arkansas and Del Norte on the east, the Grand River fork of the Colorado of the gulf of California on the west. It was at this point—the head of the Del Norte—where no traveller had ever gone before, that Col. Fremont intended to pass, to survey his last line across the continent, complete his knowledge of the country between the Missi-sippi and the Pacific, and crown the labors of long explorations by showing the country between the great river and the great sea to be inhabitable by a civilized people, and practicable for a great road, and that on several lines, and which was the best. He had been seven years engaged in this great labor, and wished to complete it. It was the beginning of December that he crossed the chain from the Arkansas valley into the valley of the Del Norte; and, although late, with the full belief of the old hunters and traders at the Pueblos, the guide inclusive whom he there engaged, that he would go through. He was provided with everything to carry the men to California, and with grain to carry all the animals across all the mountains into the valleys of the tributaries of the Great Colorado of the West, where the snows would be light, wood and grass sufficient, game abundant, and the hardships of the expedition all surmounted and left behind. In two weeks he expected to be in these mild valleys. Unhappily the guide consumed these two weeks in getting to the head of the Del Norte—a distance which only required four or five days of travel, as Col. Fremont showed in coming back.—This was the cause of the first calamity—the loss of the horses and mules. The same guide consumed twenty two days, when sent with the party for relief, in making the distance which Col Fremont, (with Godey, Preuss, and a servant,) without a guide, on foot, in colder weather, deeper snows, and half famished, made in six. That was the cause of the second and irreparable calamity—*the death of the men.*

The immediate scene of suffering in this great disaster, where the ascent of the great mountain was forced and its summit scaled, must have been about north latitude 38½, and west longitude from London 107, the elevation above twelve thousand feet, and the time that of dead winter—Christmas! From this point the noted objects, Pike's Peak, and the Three Peaks, would bear about E. N. E., and the Spanish Peak about E. S. E.

With this notice of localities, to which a mournful interest must long attach, we procede to give extracts, from the remaining and final letters from Col. Fremont. The first of these is dated—

"Taos, New Mexico, February 6, 1849.

"After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

"Mr. Vincent Haler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement, with three or four others. Including Mr. King and Mr. Proulx,* we have lost eleven of our party.

"Occurrences, since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came within the knowledge of Mr. Haler: I say briefly, because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need reprieve from terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistance of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care or vigilance of mind could foresee or prevent.

"You will remember that I had left the camp, (twenty-three men) when I set off with Godey, Preuss and my servant, in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great *Sierra* buried under snow.

"Manuel—(you well remember Manuel—a Christian Indian of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin)—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincent Haler, whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there; which he doubtless soon did.

"The party moved on, and after miles Wise gave out—threw away his gun and blanket—and, a few hundred yards further, fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys—countrymen of Manuel—were behind. They came upon him—rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the bank of the river.

"No other died that day. None the next.

"Carver raved during the night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

"Sorel on this day (the fourth from the camp) laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained with him. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening (I think it was) Hubbard killed a deer.

"They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

"This state of the party became desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river; that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die. This address had its effect. They accordingly separated.

"With Haler contined five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, one other, and the two Cosumne Indian boys.

"Rohrer now became despondent, and stopped.—Haler reminded him of his family, and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow and to overtake them at evening.

"Haler, Scott, Hubbard and Martin now agreed that if any one of them should give out the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

"At night Kerne's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the mean time to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party were the three brothers, Kerne, Capt. Cathcart, McKie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterwards from some of the party that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies.

"Haler's party contined on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die; but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire and gathered him some wood, and then left him—without turning their heads, as Haler says, to look at him as they went off.

"About two miles further, Scott—you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivers did for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

"In the afternoon the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be those boys!—and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Haler heard the guns and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first of hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first grey light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Haler and the rest of his party slowly advancing. I hear that they all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced or hardships were to be conquered. They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Succor was soon dealt out to these few first met: and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Haler, who turned back, hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead, scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive, and saved! They came to Hubbard next; he was dead, but still warm. These were the only ones of Haler's party that had been left.

"From Kerne's party next met, they learnt the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and, a little further on, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found and saved—Manuel among them—which looked like a resurrection—and reduces the number of the dead to TEN—one-third of the whole party which a few days before were scaling the mountain with me, and battling with the elements twelve thousand feet in the air.

"Godey had accomplished his mission for the people: a further service had been prescribed him, that of going to the camp on the river, at the base of the great mountain to recover the most valuable of the baggage secreted there. With some Mexicans and pack mules he went on; and this is the last we heard of him.

"Vincent Haler, with Martin and Bacon, all on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have just arrived at the inside *Pueblo*, on the Little Colorado. Provisions for their support, and horses for their transport, were left for the others, who preferred to remain where they were, regaining some strength, till Godey should get back. At the latest they would have reached the little Pueblo last night. Haler came on to relieve my anxieties, and did well in so doing; for I was wound up to the point of setting out again. When Godey returns I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to understand clearly every thing. But it will not be necessary to tell you anything further. You have the result, and sorrow enough in reading them.

"*Evening.*—How rapid are the changes of life! A few days ago and I was struggling through snow in the savage wilds of the upper Del Norte—following the course of the frozen river in more than Russian cold—no food—no blanket to cover me in the long freezing nights—(I had sold my two to the *Utah* for help to my men)—uncertain at what moment of the night we might be roused by the Indian rifle—doubtful, very doubtful, whether I should ever see you or friends again. Now I am seated by a comfortable fire, alone—pursuing my own thoughts—writing to you in the certainty of reaching you—a French volume of Balzac on the table—a colored print of the landing of Columbus before me—listening in safety to the raging storm without!

"You will wish to know what effect the scenes I have passed through have had upon me. In person, none. The destruction of my party, and the loss of friends, are the causes of grief; but I have not been injured in body or mind. Both have been strained and severely taxed, but neither hurt. I have seen one or the other, and sometimes both, give way in strong frames, strong minds, and stout hearts; but, as heretofore, I have come out unhurt. I believe that the remembrance of friends sometimes gives us the power of resistance which the desire to save our own lives could never call up.

"I have made my preparations to proceed. I shall have to follow the old Gila road, and shall move rapidly, and expect to be in California in March, and to find letters from home, and a supply of newspapers and documents, more welcome perhaps, because these things have a home look about them. The future occupies me. Our home in California—your arrival in April—your good health in that delightful climate—the finishing up my geographical and astronomical labor—my farming labors and engagements—I have written to Messrs. Mayhew & Company, Agricultural Warehouse, New York, requesting them immediately to ship me a thrashing machine; and to Messrs. Hoe & Co., same city, requesting them to forward me at San Francisco two runs or setts of mill stones. The mill irons and the agricultural implements shipped for me last autumn from New York, will be in San Francisco by the time I arrive there. Your arrival in April will complete all the plans."

[These extracts in relation to Col. Fremont's intended pursuits are given to contradict the unfounded supposition of gold projects attributed to him by some newspapers. The word *gold* is not mentioned in his letters from one end to the other, nor did he take gold mining the least into his calculations when he left Missouri on the 21st of October last, although authentic reports brought in by Lieut. Beale, of the navy, were then in all the newspapers, and fully known to him.]

"*February* 11.—Godey has got back. He did not succeed in recovering any of the baggage or camp furniture. Everything was lost except some few things which I had brought down to the river. The depth of the snow made it impossible for him to reach the camp at the mountain where the men had left the baggage. Amidst the wreck I had the good fortune to save my large *alforgas*, or travelling trunk—the double one which you packed—and that was about all.

"SANTA FE, February 17, 1849.—In the midst of hurried movements, and in the difficult endeavor to get a party all started together, I can only write a line to say that I am well, and moving on to California. I *will* leave Santa Fe this evening.

"I have received here from the officers every civility and attention in their power, and have been assisted in my outfit as far as it was possible for them to do. I dine this evening with the Governor, (Col. Washington,) before I follow my party. A Spanish gentleman has been engaged to go to *Albuquerque* and purchase mules for me. From that place we go on my own animals, and expect no detention, as we follow the old *Gila* route, so long known, and presenting nothing new to stop for."

*This name was printed PROUE in our last—it is written *both ways.*

Always live up to an engagement. If you promise to cut your throat by a given time, do it. But mind and never make a foolish promise.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

My text is taken from the play called King Henry VIII. It is in these words:

Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last.

My hearers—This world, to look at, appears to be rough enough to afford one a good foot purchase travelling almost anywhere, but it is amazingly greasy in spots, and more or less slippery all over. Every one is liable to fall, whether at the top of the stairs or at the bottom—*whether digging it up-hill* or dancing upon a level. Ever since our first parents fell—from out of an apple-tree, I think it was—there *is no security for humans in high positions*, nor even for anything that stands upright upon the ground, excepting kangaroos; and they too would slip up if they aspired to high-heeled boots.

There are, my friends, many falls unattended with *fatal or injurious results—on the contrary, they often* prove beneficial, as Mrs. Dooley remarked when her baby fell into the wash tub. Now, if you fall into error, or into a mud-gutter, you can crawl again, and after awhile be in as good a condition as ever, and you will naturally be more careful for the future. *If you fall out with a friend (out of a boat) of course you immediately fall in with him*, (into the water) and may receive no other damage than a nice ducking.

And now brethren, allow me to speak to you, not in parables, but in short paragraphs.

When you fall in with an enemy—a grisly bear, for instance—consider well, whether it were not better to fall back at the onset, than take the chances of a rather uneven fight.

Before you allow yourself to fall into temptation, consider that you are about to fall upon a bed of briars, averaging a thousand thorns to a single blossom.

Never indulge in extravagant expectations; for you are sure to fall short—as I did last Sunday when I expected two sixpences to one penny in the hat.

By falling in love, there isn't so much danger of breaking your neck as there is of breaking your heart, and when that is once broken, Time, the tinker, *alone can mend it—and he often fails in the undertaking.* I give him credit for what he has done for me, however; but he had a hard job before him.

My dear friends—the worst and most ruinous fall that a man can receive is that of falling from a very high station into the lowest depths of poverty; and, consequently, disgrace—for the world will have it thus, and all must knock under to the world. Wolsey fell, because, after having climbed halfway up to the weathercock on the steeple of Fame, he imagined he could fly the remainder of the distance; but he came down like a brick from a staging, and that fall ruined him. No wonder, then, that he charged his friend Cromwell to fling away ambition; for it only furnishes the spirit with pinions of lead, to fly downward, *and inflates the bladder of pride till it bursts* and falls to the earth, seemingly second cousin to Nothing. The angels fell by "vaulting ambition," and what can be expected of callow mortals who aspire *to the heighth of full plumed angels? They* must come to the ground, like young robbins that hop from their parental nests, sustained by a little bodily furze and an incipient tail feather.

Love thyself last, says our text. This is whole some advice. Love the world, for its manifold beauties and blessings; and for its defects, because they serve, by contrast, to heighten its beauties. Love all your fellow-men, because they are your brothers in blood, and love you well enough to cut you! Love the women, because they were made to be loved, cherished, protected, and feated about. Love children, because you were once children yourselves, and loved to be loved. Lay out your principal stock of love upon every body and every thing that exists; *and then, if you have any left over, bestow it upon* yourselves. Yes, love thyself last, if you wish others to love you, however high you may be placed.—When honored with the head of the table, you are expected to help others first, and yourself afterwards. *But what has man to be proud of, any way? Of a* body that costs no more to build than that of a beast? Of a soul that can only stay a certain length of time in a miserable-clay-built tenement? Of riches that Death takes from him just at the moment he is making up *his mind to enjoy them?* Nonsense!—there is nothing about one's self worth loving to extravagance. Hate yourselves—hate the world; put your affections on things in heaven; and hold in supreme contempt the devil and all his journeymen.

My friends—I only want you to be ambitious in getting to everlasting happiness. Let hope build a ladder to heaven—engage Faith to hold the foot of it—let Love encourage you upward; and there is no doubt you will get there safe and sound; but, if you attempt to fly, you will fall as far short as a hen endeavoring to reach a high roost with a cropped wing—and sad will be the fall thereof. So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

THE EXEMPTION LAW.

We give below the act *recently passed by the Legislature, to exempt three hundred dollars worth of* personal property from sale or execution or distress for rent. It has been erroneously called the "Homestead Exemption Bill," from the fact that it was zealously supported by Capt. Small, the author of the Homestead bill, and because the amount of exemption in both acts appeared, at first sight, to be the same. The Homestead bill was designed to exempt real estate not exceeding, in annual value, the sum of three hundred dollars. It was reported adversely upon by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and did not become a law. The act now published was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Johnson of Erie.

AN ACT to exempt property to the value of three hundred dollars from levy and sale on execution, and distress for rent.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same*, That in lieu of the property now exempt by law from levy and sale on execution issued upon any judgement obtained upon contract; and distress for rent, property to the value of three hundred dollars, exclusive of all wearing apparel of the defendent and his family; and all Bibles and school books in use in the family, (which shall remain exempted as heretofore,) and no more, owned by or in possession of any debtor, shall be exempt from levy and sale on execution or by distress for rent.

SEC. 2. That the sheriff, constable, or other officer charged with the execution of any warrant issued by competent authority, for the levying upon and selling the property, either real or personal, of any debtor, shall, if requested by the debtor, summon three disinterested and competent persons, who shall be sworn or affirmed, to appraise the property which the said debtor may elect to retain under the provision of this act, for which service the said appraisers shall be entitled to receive fifty cents each, to be charged as part of the costs of the proceedings, and property thus chosen and appraised, to the value of three hundred dollars shall be exempt from levy and sale on the said execution of warrants, excepting warrants for the collection of taxes.

SEC. 3. That in any case where the property levied upon as aforesaid, shall consist of real estate of greater value than three hundred dollars, and the defendent in such shall elect to retain real estate amounting in value to the whole sum of three hundred dollars, or any less sum, the appraisers aforesaid shall determine whether, in their opinion, the said real estate can be divided without injury to or spoiling the whole; and if the said appraisers shall determine that the said real estate can be divided as aforesaid, then they shall proceed to set apart so much thereof as in their opinion shall be sufficient to answer the requirement of the defendent in such case, designating the same, by proper meter and bounds; all of which proceedings shall be certified in writing, by the said appraisers, or a [illegible] of them, under their proper hands and [illegible] the sheriff, under sheriff, or coroner, charged with the execution of the writ in such case, who shall make return of the same in the proper court from which the writ issued, in connection with the said writ: *Provided*, That this section shall not be construed to affect or impair the liens of bonds, mortgages, or other contracts, for the purchase money of the real estate of insolvent debtors.

SEC. 4. That upon the return made of the writ aforesaid with the proceedings thereon, the plaintiff in the case shall be entitled to have his writ of venditioni exponas, as in other cases, to sell the residue of the real estate including the levy aforesaid, if the appraisers aforesaid shall have determined upon a division of the said real estate, but if the said appraisers shall determine against a division of said real estate, the plaintiff may have a writ of venditioni exponas to sell the whole of the real estate included in such levy, and it shall and may be lawful in the latter case, for the defendent in the execution, to receive from the sheriff or other officer, of the proceeds of said sale as much as he would have received at the appraised value, had the said real estate been divided.

SEC. 5. That the twenty-sixth section of the act entitled "An Act relating to executions," passed sixteenth June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty six, and the seventh and eighth sections of an act entitled "An Act in regard to certain entries in ledgers, in the city of Pittsburg, and relating to the publishing of sheriff's sales, and for other purposes," passed twenty second April, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and all other acts inconsistent with this act, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 6. That the provisions of this act shall not take effect until the fourth day of July next, and shall apply only to debts contracted on and after that date.

The Pillar of Salt—Lot's Wife.

It was lately mentioned in this paper that there might be seen in the Library of Congress a specimen of rock salt, taken from a pillar of salt in the Dead Sea, fancifully called Lot's Wife. For an account of this curiosity, and other objects of interest in Palestine and the remote East, we are indebted to a work about to be published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, entitled "*A Narrative of the late Expedition to the Dead Sea, from a Diary of one of the Party.* Edited by Edward P. Montague." We quote from the Diary the following description:

"Wednesday, April 26, 1848.—This morning we are examining the hills of Usdom, and seeking with a good deal of curiosity the ever famous "Pillar of Salt," which marks the judgment of God upon Lot's wife. On pulling round the shore of the sea we saw an immense column, rounded and turret shaped, facing towards the southeast. This we are told by our Arabs, was the Pillar of Salt, in which Lot's wife was encased at the overthrow of Sodom. With some difficulty we landed here, and our esteemed commander, Dr. Anderson, obtained specimens from it, and Mr. Dale took a sketch of it. Our boat's crew landed also, and their curiosity was gratified by their gathering specimens, some from its summit, and others from its base. It was measured, and found to be sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference.—We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equaled those of this column. Many think the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of. Let that pillar be where it may, and whatever be its size, they will not probably credit that this is the pillar. Their preconceived notions having much to do with the matter, they would have every body think that she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches more in height, and in circumference that of a common sized person of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter, who have not visited this spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock salt—one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible, in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here. And the Arabs of the district to whom this pillar is pointed out, declare it to be Lot's wife—the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference—the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion is, that Lot's wife having lingered, in disobedience to the express command of God—given in order to insure her safety—that while so lingering she became overwhelmed in the decending fluid, and formed the model or foundation of this extraordinary column. If it has been produced by common, or by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description.—One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person.

We carefully brought away our specimens, intending to show them to our freinds in America, when we shall have the good fortune to arrive there and talk with them on the subject. This end of the sea is very shallow, and its waters more dense, more salt, than where they are of greater depth; here it is from one to five feet in depth. We now leave this "pillar of salt," and return to our boat, [illegible] laden with specimens from it. [illegible] and obtain soundings on our [illegible] the opposite side [illegible] ings. We had [illegible] in its streams [illegible] storms on the Dead Sea [illegible] now experience of the dangers to which man is subject [illegible] ful scorching *sirocco* rages around, threatening us with suffocation and blindness, and causing almost insupportable thirst. The "fiery atmosphere" seems as though it would doom us to the very fate of the unfortunate citizens who now lay engulphed below our boats; but we fearlessly pulled away, until, coming to a place called Meserah, we land amidst the raging heat of the wind; and there encamp for the night."

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.—Franklin, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of *his frugal and affectionate wife. A wife could* scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing her first piece of luxury.

We have an English proverb, that says:

"He that would thrive,
Must ask his wife."

It was lucky for me that I have one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, &c. We kept no idle servant, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk, (no tea) and I ate it out of a two penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.