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Poetical.

MORNING.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

The light of early morning fell
On mossy hill and quiet dell,
Ere, in the ardor of the day,
The dew-gleams all were kissed away:
Fair sprang the streamlets forth to meet
The glory of the kindling morn;
And sweetly rose the flowers, to greet
The freshness on the breezes borne;
Nor voice nor footfall echoed there,
To break the spell so softly fair.

Up rose the sun, with fervent glow,
And smiled upon the world below,
And poured his loving presence forth,
In blessings to the fruitful earth;
The waters flashed his greeting back,
The forest brighten'd in his track,
White, softly bow'd in modest grace,
The valleys caught his wide embrace,
And, from their bosoms, starred with dew,
Sent up a welcome, warm and true.

No sound of sorrow floated there,
Where only gladness dwelt,
But love and peace were in the air,
And joy that might be felt;
And gloams, which on my spirit lay,
Passed, like the early mists, away;
The joyless words we mortals say,
Of weariness and doubt;
Ah! what, in all their strength, are they?
One sparkling of the God-sent day,
Nay—but one dew-drop rainbow play,
Can flash their dimness out.

Who said that earth is full of wo,
That "shadows" only dwelt below?
Who called the gift our Father gave,
"Grave-riven," "full of sepulchres?"
Ah! for the good—the purely true,
No shadows rests upon the grave;
The smile of Heaven breaks warmly through,
And God's own light in love confers.

Where rests the shadow? dreamers pale,
Among the works of God;
The breeze—a wand'ring down the vale,
Whispers a pleasure-freighted tale,
O'er every dasied sod;
Not on the young rejoicing hills,
Not with the music of the rills,
The shadow bereth part;
But where the guilt of man hath been,
Where darkness, hand in hand with sin,
Makes shadows in the heart.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA CLIFTON.

"DARKNESS had thrown her mantle over the earth, and tired nature was lulled into peaceful repose, when a red fire from an Indian encampment, raised its forked tongues towards Heaven, and cast a fitful glare upon the tall trees of the forest.

It was the council fire, and around were seated the Mohawk chief, and his red warriors; and the painted form, and glaring eye, told too well the cause of their assembling.

They had been waiting in silence for their chief to address them, and he now raises his dark eye, flashing fiercely as he says, "Behold the noble trees which have so proudly looked upon us since the days of our childhood. Shall we see them levelled to the earth? Shall the foot of the white man tread on the red man's neck? and shall he take from him the beautiful hunting grounds which the Great Spirit gave him? No! the heart of the Mohawk thirsts for blood! He shall drink it, and the scalp of the pale face shall hang at his girdle! See ye in the distance, the smoke which issues from the far off dwelling, and the pale moon that is looking over the brow of the distant mountain. Ere to-morrow's sun shall pass away, the smoke shall ascend still higher; and the moon shall look upon the ashes of the dwelling; and now bring forth the "Fire Water," that the warriors may have fresh courage and joy in their bones; for the pride of our nation, my beautiful Nemoya, shall be the bride of him whose tomahawk be dyed deepest in the blood of our enemies." The "Fire Water" is brought, and each Indian drinks of the poison, and joins in the war-dance, making the depths of the forest ring with shouts of revelry.

The sky that veils the bright world above from mortal sight, is studded with stars, and all nature is studded with stars, and all nature is bathed in a flood of silvery light. The angel of Sleep has performed his mission upon earth, with his downy wing he has stroked the eyelids of the weary, and opened the portals of the land of dreams, that the spirits of mankind may wander in its fragrant bowers. The Mohawk chief and his warriors are now reclining round the council fire, and their souls have been borne upon the wings of fancy, to the blissful hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

The sentinels in the encampment, but the tearful form of the beautiful Nemoya, the daughter of the Mohawk chief, alone remain unclosed. Reclining upon the couch of furs, she breathlessly listened to the chief, as he addressed his warriors; she heard the chief as he vowed to destroy the white man, and give her as a bride to the bravest warrior. Her heart is filled almost to bursting, as she thinks of the fate which awaits her, and of the scenes which are to take place—for Nemoya is a Christian! She thinks of the missionary who first told her to look towards heaven, and her decision is made—she will save the white man! Rising from her couch, she kneels in prayer, and guardian angels bear the offering of the Indian girl to the throne of her Father in Heaven. Her prayer is ended; and now she glides from the encampment, passing the council fire, around which the Indians are sleeping, their bright knives still glittering in their clasp, and hastening on through groves of cedars, she soon stands upon the bank of the Mohawk. In a beautiful cove lies moored a canoe, which she enters and guides to a lovely island, whose trees, quivering in the pale moonlight, bend down so gracefully to kiss the silent waters.—The canoe now touches the shore, and lightly the Indian girl springs upon the mossy bank, and follows a narrow path through the forest, until she reaches a lonely hut which she enters. An old man who is seated by a rude table, advances to meet her, and laying his hand upon her head, says, "Bless thee my child! but why hath Nemoya sought the lonely old missionary at the silent hour of midnight? Thine eyes should be closed in slumber! Only the aged and those on whose hearts remorse is preying spend the night in mournful vigils."

Nemoya looks up in the missionary's face with an expression of sadness as she replies, "Father! the Indian girl hath received instruction from thee; thou hast taught her to think of Heaven, and from thee she hath learned that she hath a soul, and that the great spirit frowns in anger upon the wickedness of the Mohawk. The great chief, my father, knoweth that his child hath forsaken the faith of her nation, and his heart burns with anger against the white man. He hath vowed that ere the moon shall again rise above the brow of the distant mountain, she shall look down upon the dead bodies of thy brethren. Go then and warn them ere it be too late. The canoe is waiting for thee, and ere morn thou wilt be with them. Nemoya may be cast out from the tribe of her father, her body may be consumed with fire, but she will not forsake the faith thou hast taught her."

Tears fill the eyes of the old man as he prepares to comply with her request, for he thinks of the many pleasant hours he has spent in instructing her, and of the fearful trials she may be called upon to endure. But Nemoya reads in his countenance that which is passing in his mind, and pointing toward Heaven, she says, "He whom thou hast taught me to worship, will watch over and guard the maiden who prays to Him in the depths of the forest. Then once more, give me thy blessing and we will depart; for Nemoya cannot be at rest till thou art gone. The Mohawk chief and his warriors have tasted the fire-water, and are now in motionless sleep. The sun will rise above the tall trees ere their eyes will open. Then let us haste, for I will not return till thou hast departed hence."

Swiftly the missionary and the Indian girl advance to the brink of the river and enter the canoe, which Nemoya guides to the opposite shore. They reach it, and giving the oars to the missionary, she says: "Farewell! the snow wreath may encircle the brow of the mountain and again fade away—the sun may drink the waters of the river, and the clouds drop rain many times ere we meet; but Nemoya will never forget the one who first bade her look towards Heaven."

The canoe shoots swiftly from the shore, and the dark eyes of the maiden watch its graceful motion as it glides over the waters; but now a bend in the river conceals it from her view, and with slow steps she retraces her path homewards; then once more lifting up her heart to Heaven she seeks repose.—The angel of Sleep in mercy closes her eyelids, and the peaceful smile playing around her lips, proclaims that celestial visitants are near.

But turn we now from Nemoya and her sweet slumbers, and let us gaze upon the council fire. See its flickering flame! How it mingles with the pale rays of the morning, casting its dim light upon the dusky forms which repose around it. But now the Indians awake! Behold them stringing the bow and sharpening the tomahawk. Their forms are painted anew, and soon they are gone—and must the white man die?

Cautiously do they wind through the hidden paths of the forest, and approach the dwellings of the pale face. All is hushed and still. They cross with stealthy step to the low casement and silently undo its fastenings. Suddenly, through the opening there comes a blinding flash; and loud echoes ring afar in the old woods. Two of the bravest warriors are stretched on the turf, and are their comrades recover from their surprise, another and another fall.

The old chief rushes forward, and reanimates his warriors with loud shouts. A desperate struggle ensues, but the white men are fully prepared for it, and their assailants are at last obliged to retreat, bearing with them their slain brethren. Rage and revenge are in their hearts, and they whisper to one another, that Nemoya hath betrayed them.

Night, the sister of death, again holds undisputed sway over the earth. The forest once more is clothed in darkness, and the council fire again rises towards Heaven! The warriors seat themselves round it. Nemoya, too, is there! Hear the chief as he again addresses them!

"Can it be that she of the glancing eye, and form like the swaying reed—she whose spirit was ever so noble, should turn against her brethren! Alas, it is so! and fire, fire, alone can cleanse the stain of treachery, from the name of the Mohawk chief."

The Indian girl answers: "Father! the Great Spirit whom Nemoya worships, loves not blood, and she hath only served him, by warning the white man. Thou hast condemned her to death! but she does not tremble; for though the sun should be turned into blood, and the stars in the deep blue vault above us shall fall, the soul shall live on through eternity. There is a being who dwells far in the sky, who hath prepared a happy home for those who love him, and soon the spirit of thy child shall enter that peaceful abode, and her latest prayer shall be, that thou mayest join her there."

Dark grows the brow of the chief; and his eyes glare fiercely as he turns to the warriors, saying, "It is enough! The joy of the proud chieftain must die." With a yell of triumph, they conduct the maiden to the stake; the cords are tied and the flame is lighted. But a voice ascends from the midst of the fire! Nemoya is praying! Hark! a faint groan, and all is still.

Darkness hath again fled from the earth, but the dwelling of the white man is still unharmed—no scalp hangs from the red man's guide; and the camp is deserted! "There is a tear in the blue eyes of the morning," and it falls upon the flowers that Nemoya loved. But where is the eye that looked so sweetly upon them, and the hand which so gently trained them? The eye is closed, and naught but ashes remains of the form of the once beautiful Indian girl—her spirit is at rest in Heaven.

Years have rolled by! Let us once more enter deep forest, and gaze upon the spot where Nemoya died. Sweet flowers are blossoming there, as if fire had never scathed the turf. An old man bows his head upon them, mingling his gray hair with their fragrant petals! Dost thou hear his voice? "Nemoya, my child, I have wandered far from the place where my warriors were slain, to die upon thy grave!

Thy prayer hath been answered! The Mohawk chief hath learned to love thy God, and on the spot where thou didst render thy life for thy faith, he comes to lay him down, and rest forever!"

Mountain Scenery.

Of all sights that nature offers to the eye or mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and noon was like night, while the conflict of the billows and the storm, tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me: and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror, and paralyzed with fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration, flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense heat, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me, the mountain, in tempest or in calm, the throne of thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven, has been the source of the most absorbing sensation. There stands magnitude, giving an instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, uncumbered; beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; use, exhaustless for the service of man; strength, imperishable as the globe; the mountain of eternity; the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible majesty, by whom and from all things were made!—*Croly.*

BENEVOLENT MOTIVES.—If we closely attend to the operations of our mind, and carefully observe what passeth within us, at the very instant when we are doing a charitable or friendly office, I am apt to think we should find that the pleasure which results from it arises either from a sense that what we are doing may procure us the approbation of men—or it proceeds from a sense of having done our duty, and recommended ourselves to the favor of the Deity. Our benevolence, as far as it is owing to the former, is not virtue, but a desire of fame and distinction; as far as it is owing to the latter, it is a virtue, but virtue founded upon the love of God. Joy undoubtedly, like the light of the sun, never rebounds so strongly back again upon ourselves, as when it comes reflected to us from others. The grosser pleasures soon flatten upon the sense, and grow insipid to a well turned mind; but then we feel the most exquisite and delicate, as well as most lasting touches of pleasure, when we communicate it in any great degree, to those about us.

A learned young lady being asked at tea table if she ever used sugar, replied:

"I have a diabolical, invincible repugnance to sugar, for to my insensible cogitations upon the subject, the flavosity of the sugar nullifies the flavosity of the tea, and renders it wastly obnoxious."

A poor scamp left his wife in a great rage, declaring that she should never see his face until he was rich enough to come back in a carriage. He kept his word, for in two hours he was brought home richly drunk on a wheelbarrow.

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight the Mexicans. One of the flags waving before his eyes bearing the inscription "Victory or Death," somewhat troubled and discouraged him. "Victory is a very good thing," said he, "but why put victory or death?" "Just put," said he "victory or cripple, and I'll go it."

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowing fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so.—What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You know better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this?" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife with a smile, immediately placed a turreen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discomfited husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL-FROG of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never have occasion to read him such another lesson, and he was as good as his word.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY AT VIENNA.

The Germans tell a story of a traveller who, on visiting the springs of the Danube, and noticing what an insignificant rill trickled at the source of that great river, formed the bold resolution of stopping up the stream. He put his hand across it, and as he fancied the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water by his means, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart—"What will they say at Vienna?"

This simple traveller is a type of a large class of people, who have a very indefinite notion of the regulations of cause and effect. A man conceives a grudge against a neighboring mechanic or merchant and determines at once to drive him into irretrievable ruin by "withdrawing his patronage," as the phrase goes. "What will they say at Vienna?" he chuckles to himself, as he walks stiffly by his old friend's place, and trades at a new store. From his bearing, one would suppose him "big with the fate of empires," but his enemy survives the loss of his customer, and laughs at the impotent attempt of the "bolter" to break up his business.

A newspaper subscriber takes umbrage at an editor, for daring to express an opinion counter to his own. Having nurtured his wrath to the requisite degree of strength, he dashes off a few words on a letter sheet, the most prominent of which are "stop my paper," and speeds it on the way to the luckless editor, imagining "what will they say at Vienna," when the direful document is received. The letter arrives, the name of the wrathy gentleman is quietly expunged from the mail-book, and the circumstance is never heard or thought of again.

The old lady who pulled up the stakes for the new railroad, probably wondered "what they would say at Vienna?" but the railroad was built in spite of her opposition. Much of the opposition to railroads is of the same sort. A disaffected stockholder turns his dozen shares into the market, and then very patiently and very knowingly watches the ruin of the corporation, or at least a general panic among the shareholders. Alas! he never hears "what they say at Vienna"—for the reason that they said nothing.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims a noisy politician, as he determines to withdraw his support from his party, and give it to those who will reward him better. His prophecies of political ruin to his old confederates, fall upon the ear and are forgotten. The fierce bugbear which he discovers in the Heavens, is nothing more than animalcluе begotten in the corrupt humors of his own eye, and invisible to all but himself.

The error of these people is, not so much in showing their resentment, as in overrating its effect upon the destinies of mankind. We hold that every man may lawfully indulge in an occasional fit of "virtuous indignation;" but let him not imagine that he is going to blow up a granite mountain with a pinch of snuff, or move the world from its foundation by the stamping of his foot. It is poor philosophy to expect great results, merely because the antecedent is small, though it is sometimes true that small causes are connected with momentous events. The three tailors who held a meeting in Tooley, street, London, had a right to issue their address to the world, but when they began it, "We, the people of England," they rather over-estimated their importance. This comes of "living in a barrel and looking out of a bung-hole," as Rabelais describes it. To take a conceit of this kind out of men, all that is necessary is a little observation, a little common sense, and a little modesty. When these commodities become more abundant, we shall hear fewer people inquiring on every frivolous occasion, "What will they say at Vienna?"

EVIL EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.—It is too commonly considered an evidence of superiority when a man retires into the country, apart from general association, even though he seem to desire nothing, to attempt nothing, and to care for nothing. Yet scarcely anything can be more prejudicial to the heart and understanding than a life of loneliness, without requiring or seeking the sympathy of others; and how soon such hermits might generally say of themselves, like Scarron, "I am a little peevish, a little gluttonous, and a little idle!" Solitary men, living entirely alone, become almost invariably prodigious eaters, very positive, very fond of money, very violent in their temper, and very indifferent to the feelings or to the fate of others. Real happiness generally reflected upon us from others.

The citizens of Georgia have at different times sent through the American Colonization Society, 551 colored people to Liberia.

A WOMAN OF FASHION.

A Parody, by Solomon, the Younger.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXXI.—VERSES 10, 31.

10. Who shall describe a woman of fashion? Her value is only in her jewels.

11. Her husband would fain place trust in her, but she maketh his property her spoil.

12. She will do him more evil than good all the days of her life.

13. She seeketh powder and paint and with her hands willingly waketh cosmetics.

14. She bringeth food and raiment from afar, that it may be more costly; nothing homely, or cheaply purchased, pleaseth her.

15. She riseth at noon, and scoldeth her maidens; and the rest of the day she idleth unprofitably.

16. She considereth a piece of china and buyeth it, and squandereth her husband's money in vanity.

17. She girdeth not her body with modest raiment; apparel is loose and indelicate.

18. She maketh her house the resort of gamblers; her candles burn and give light to evil doings.

19. She layeth her hands on the cards;—yea, eagerly shuffleth the pack.

20. She stretcheth out her hands in the idle dance; her knee bendeth not in the house of prayer.

21. She feareth not slander; for her household are clad in gorgeous liveries of cloth and gold.

22. She maketh herself coverings of not; her draperies are transparent gauze.

23. Her husband is known at the Tombs, where he is seen conversing with the lawyers.

24. She maketh card parties, and delivereth tickets of invitation for balls and revelry.

25. Flowers and feathers are her ornaments; for she delighteth in vanity.

26. She openeth her mouth to utter evil words; her tongue retaineth scandal.

27. She looketh not to the ways of her household; they riot in waste and idleness.

28. Her children are nurtured by a stranger, and respect her not. Her husband, too, despiseth her.

29. Many woman do foolishly; but she is more blameable than all.

30. Fortune and beauty might have raised her above all others; but she is the child of Folly.

31. Her conduct, therefore, should have been a pattern for all women, and her works would have praised her in the gates.

How to do it.

There is good sound sense in the following advice to young men and women who are thinking of matrimony. It is from an article by Grant Thorburn, in the last number of the Home Journal:

"There is nothing to be gained in dangling for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her your wish like a man, and not like a blubbering school-boy. She will never trifle with your affections; and if there are three grains of common sense in your *muckle* carcass, she will be your own before a month has passed. See the history of Rebecca, in Genesis, 24st chapter, 57th verse—"When Abraham's servant had concluded the preliminary contract with Mrs Laban, on the part of her daughter, to become the wife of Isaac, the old man was anxious to get home to show his master the bonny lass he had brought him; the mother wished him to remain a few days, to recruit himself and his camels. He persisting, it was finally referred to the daughter. 'We will call the damsel, and enquire at her mouth,' said the mother. When Rebecca appeared, her mother asked, 'Wilt thou go with this man?' Rebecca replied, 'I will go.'"

There was a noble girl for you. No tear starting from her black eyes; no whining nor simpering make-believe, nor mock modesty; but what her heart wished, her lips uttered. Now, young ladies, go ye and do likewise. When the man whom you prefer before all others in the world says, "Will you go with me?" answer, "I will go."

By the by, ladies, when you wish to read a true, simple, unsophisticated love story just read over the twenty fourth chapter of Genesis."

To Increase Beauty.

There is a divine contagion in all beauteous things. We alternately color objects with our fancies and affections or receive from them a kindred hue.

"Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

This principle pervades all nature, physical and moral. Let those who would trace an expression of serenity and tenderness on a human face, watch a person of sensibility as he gazes upon a painting by Claude or Raphael. In contemplating a fine picture we drink in its spirit through our eyes. If a lovely woman would increase her charms, let her gaze long and ardently on all beautious images. Let her not indulge those passions which deform the features, but cultivate, on the contrary, every soft affection. It will soon become an easy task, for one good feeling suggests and supports another. We involuntarily adapt our aspect to our emotions, and long habits of thought and feeling leave a permanent impression on the countenance. Every one believes thus far in physiognomy, and acts more or less decidedly upon his belief. A fierce man often looks beautifully tender and serene when either caressing or being caressed, and deceives us like an ocean in a calm, which at times is "the gentlest of all things."

A Few Definitions.

Sword.—The first hope of the oppressor, and the last hope of the oppressed. Passion's special pleader in folly's court of appeal.

Scholar.—A diver for pearls, who generally loses his breath before he gathers much treasure.

Duel.—A strange old custom, according to which men suffering from inflamation attempt to cure themselves by bleeding somebody else.

Ball-room.—A chess-board played upon by love and hate. A confined place, in which poor creatures are committed by fashion to hard labor.

Newspaper.—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought. A winding sheet, in which Parliamentary speeches are interred.

OBEYING ORDERS.—A certain General of the U. S. Army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.

"What! is Silver-tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. "Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

"Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been to all this time?" asked the General.

"Skinning the horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor, but thin you see it tuck 'about half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! fire and furies! was he alive?"

"Yes, yer honor—and you know I couldn't skin him alive."

"Skin him alive! did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did; you know I must obey your orders without asking any questions."

To stop a runaway horse, throw tin pans at him, which will so increase his speed, that in a short time he will fall to the ground from sheer exhaustion. If tin pans are not convenient, a green cotton umbrella will be found nearly as serviceable.

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A HARD-SHELL STORY.

We clip the following from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune. It is one of the last of the wag Hooper's stories, and to our thinking one of the richest:

While attending court, recently, in the adjoining county of Randolph, a friend who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as "his Honor," gave us the following, vouching for the substantial, sub-lunar existence of the parties and their present residence "in the county aforesaid."

Brethren Crump and Noel were both members of the Primitive Baptist Church, and both clever honest men who paid their taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with regularity at once Christian and recommendable. If, when settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell "behind," Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now it came to pass that Brother Crump during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crop," of ten bales, at the very fair price of 12½ cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest, a portion of the proceeds of the sale of his cotton, in a barrel of western whiskey; paying therefor at the rate of, precisely, two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of "ditto" whiskey.

Of course it was "norated in the settlement" that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks the people began to observe that his nose grew redder, and his eyes more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was "drinking too much" diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemical. People talked and talked—more especially "what few" of other denominations of Christians dwelt thereabout.

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the "society" at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's and found the old man in a half doze in his little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was aware of the presence of his neighbor.

"Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump "that sperits is a blessin."

"Y-e-s!" responded Noel; "sperits is a blessin' but accordin' to my notion, its a blessin' that some of us abuses."

"Well now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?"

"Well, *its hard to say—but people talk. Don't you think you drink too much, Brother Crump?*"

"It's hard to say—it's hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinkin' too much—then agin I'd think may be not. What is man! A wurrum of the dust! What the Lord saith that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too fur in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed to him of I was drinkin too much, to take away my appetite for sperits."

Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and asked, "what then Brother Crump?"

"And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it! So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram he went home, thinking all the way, how cleverly Brother Crump had shifted the responsibility!

A Sixpence Well Invested.

The other day we saw a bright-eyed little girl tripping along the street, with a basket on her arm, apparently sent on some errand.

All at once she stopped and commenced searching for something she had lost among the snow and ice.

It was evident it was something of value, and that she was in trouble.

Her search was eager and nervous; the bright smile had vanished from her face, and tears were rolling down her cheeks.

A gentleman passing at the moment, noticed the trouble of the little creature, and asked her what was the matter.

"Oh, sir," said she, her little bosom swelling, and tears falling fast, "Oh! sir, I've lost my sixpence!"

The gentleman took a piece of money from his pocket, and called her to him, saying, "Here, sis, don't cry for the lost sixpence; here is another," and placed it in her hand.

"Oh, dear sir!" said she, as she bounded forward "how I thank you."

Her grief was removed; the bright smile was restored; the fear of a mother's frown for her carelessness was gone, and her little heart beat lightly again.

Think you that man, as he remembers that pretty face beaming with gratitude and joy, will ever regret that well invested sixpence?

A whole world of happiness bought for a sixpence! How easy a thing it is to shed sunshine on the hearts of those about us!

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—The Legislature of Iowa recently passed a law prohibiting free negroes from entering the State under severe penalties. A free soil member didn't like the law but knew its passage could not be prevented, and suggested a compromise to his brethren, with a view of conciliating his free soil comrades. It was that the bill should be amended so that the law should take effect "from and after its publication in the 'Iowa *Free Democrat*,' a prominent free soil paper. A majority of both houses adopted the amendment without suspicion: When we add that the law has not yet taken effect our readers will hardly need to be told the reason. We are told that the editor of the Free Democrat was heard profanely to exclaim when the bill had passed, that he would see the Legislature in a place not set down in any of the geographies, before he would publish the infernal law.

"Charles," said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw mill, "what possesses you associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age, I could go with the first cut."—"The first cut," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log, "is always the slab."

Jefferson said of Monroe, that he was a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outwards without discovering a blemish to the world.

A newsboy was heard to say that he had given up selling newspapers, and gone into the mesmerizing business. "I get five dollars per week," said he, "for playing." "Playing what?" asked one of his comrades. "Possum," replied the boy.

A CALIFORNIA BRIDE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Some months since, an advocate's clerk, placed in one of the first offices of Paris, and well esteemed by his employer, despairing of raising the means sufficient to purchase a study, undertook the adventurous risk of attempting to make a fortune in the new El Dorado.

"Now," quoth he, "I have no longer need to marry an heiress," and he addressed a young milliner upon whom he had cast glances of affection for some time back. "Now you see me despoiled of all conjugal ambition; I will marry you willingly could you prevail upon yourself to venture upon the hazard of the journey?"

"I accept," responded the milliner, with an intrepidity belonging to her social intuition.

It was arranged that the young clerk, who had already secured his passage on a vessel about to sail, should start forthwith, and the young woman follow him as soon as she collected her debts due, and make a package of her worldly wealth. She thus avoided the embarrassment of a new establishment in an unknown country, and on her arrival, would be received by her future husband and installed in a ready furnished lodging.

The young clerk then departed in advance, the voyage was prosperous; the deserter from the notary's office, contracted in resources, but filled with abundant expectations, landed on the California shore.

The greater part of his illusions were quickly dispelled. He discovered the opulent country already cleaned out; that all the gold laying on the surface of the earth and concealed beneath the chrystal waters of the streams, had disappeared; that the thousands of adventurers who had enriched themselves have left their successors a difficult means of support. There still remained treasures in California; great fortunes could be made in course of time; there, like elsewhere, the rich gained the most, and those possessing silver reaped a harvest of gold.

One of the richest settlers, who arrived among the first in California, discovered to the new comer the condition of the country.

"It requires twelve years of hard labor to acquire one quarter of what I have amassed in the first six months from my arrival in this country. Thanks to a lucky commencement, my business arrangements progress royally, and nothing is lacking to complete my happiness but a woman, a companion, a wife!"

"I daily expect one to arrive," *replied the ex-clerk*, who started in affright at this new subject of expense in a country where everything is already too dear.

"You are indeed blessed," responded the California nabob.

A few days after the milliner arrived; the nabob, who was present at the disembarkation, drew the ex-clerk aside, and said to him—"What will you take to let me get married in your place?"

"You are doubtless joking."

"Not at all. First listen to me and have the goodness to answer me. How much do you calculate to earn in this country? At what figure do you set down a fortune?"

"I always thought about ten thousand francs a year would suffice to create my happiness. Ten thousand francs a year—that's the extent of my imagination!"

"I will give it to you."

"What say you?" exclaimed the bewildered student.

"I," *resumed the nabob, "already have some millions, and I still desire more. Two hundred* thousand francs are a mere trifle, and I am charmed to purchase a wife at such a price. You on your part will see your expectations realized, you can return to Paris, where you can find a number of damsels to take your pick from."

"Yes, but my bride!"

"She will accept," responded the California nabob, with an air of superiority, of his being the Crœsus of the country gave him.

In fact the milliner acceeded to the proposition. The ex-clerk returned to Paris last month, and he gave a sumptuous banquet to his ancient companions of the law, to celebrate his happy consummation of fortune on a voyage to California.

SHIP LOAD OF ELEPHANTS.—The bark Regetta arrived here yesterday, from India, freighted with nine living elephants, a zebu, or Burmese bull, sixteen enormous serpents, including a brace of boa-constrictors of 24 and 16 feet in length, besides a wilderness of monkeys, the fretted porcupine, and other live varmints, all consigned to Messrs. P. T. Barnum and Seth B. Howes, intended for the great Museum Caravan to be exhibited in Newark on Tuesday, the 6th. One of the most curious features of this Noah's Ark collection is a calf elephant, about nine months old, and weaned from its dam on the passage from Ceylon, being but three feet high and as docile and playful as a kitten. Another is one of the native chiefs of Ceylon, who acompanies the show in charge of the elephants. This enterprise, the greatest, probably, since the days of the Flood, has been conducted and brought to a successful issue by Messrs. Stebbins, June and Geo. Nutter. The elephants were hunted and caught in their native jungels by Messrs. June and Nutter, accompanied by 160 of the natives. Their capture was affected by driving 250 of them into a *kraul*, or rude pen, constructed in the jungle, out of which they succeeded in securing thirteen—two having died on the passage and another being stolen from the drove. The Regatta has made her passage home (13,000 miles) stopping at the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena, in 112 days. The elephant hunters were three months and four days in the jungles before they effected their object.

N. Y. Tribune.

A minister was walking out one day and passed two little boys, one of whom a bow. As he turned his back, he heard the following amusing conversation:

"Why, John, didn't you know that was parson M.?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"Why did you not make a bow to him?"

"Why my mother don't belong to his church."

The hardest people to reason with are topers. Tell a patron of gin and sugar that a laborer of your acquaintance lived ninety years without touching liquor, and all the response he will make to your remarks, will be a strong belief that all such a man wanted to make him live forever, was a taste of beer now and then.

An unfortunate landlord, going to collect rents, sent his servant forward to prepare his tenants for the visit. On reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in vain endeavoring to gain admittance, he said:

"What is the matter, John?—is the door bolted?"

"I don't know, master," was the reply, "but the tenant evidently has."

The Maryland Convention have decided to abolish lotteries after April, 1859.

Mr. Wright, one of the Congressmen from California, and Gen. H. Walbridge are in London now, showing rich specimens of California ore, a quartz rock mashing machine, and striving to sell stock.

Mr. Clay is reported to have said to a person in Havana, who was explaining to him the workings of that government, that if the Americans well understood the tyrannical character of it, no power in the United States could stop expeditions from leaving our shores.

A GOOD PLACE FOR SHOEMAKERS.—Three ladies residing in the village of Glen Cove, Queen county, N. Y., recently presented their spouses with twins on the same day.

We see by the Alabama papers that Union meetings are being held throughout the State.