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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.

GATHER RIPE FRUIT, OH DEATH!

BY E. JENNIE WARNER.

Hover not thou, with thy sombre wing,
O'er the beautiful buds of earth,
Gather not thou what the angles bring,
Blight not the flowers at birth—
Childhood hath roses that fade at thy touch,
Voices that hush at thy breath;
Linger not, then, 'mid the early flowers—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Visions are wreathing the brow of youth,
With a deep, mysterious spell,
Pulses are throbbing whose joy and truth
Have meanings too deep to tell—
Youth hath fountains that chill at thy touch,
Gushings that freeze at thy breath;
Linger not, then, 'mid the summer flowers—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Majesty reateth on Manhood's brow,
The fever of life and his heart,
Hope hath enchained with eagerness now,
Bid not her spirit depart—
Manhood hath missions that yield to thy sway,
Fires that are quenched at thy breath;
Linger not, 'mid the blossoms of day—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Sadness hath crept o'er the dreams of age,
Bitterness lies at his heart,
Tempest and mildew have blotted life's page,
Bid the worn spirit depart;
Wings that are fettered will plume at thy call,
Shadows will flee at thy breath:
Come, then, in mercy, with cepter and pall—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Peacefully resteth the crown of years,
On the Christain's hoary head;
Faith, in its fulness, has silenced his fears,
The tumult of passion has fled.
Holy the visions that o'er him roll,
Prayer is the voice of his breath;
Rend thou the temple that prisons his soul—
Gather ripe fruit, oh Death!

Miscellaneous.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latest flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each others ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild one, and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his 'pocket full of rocks,' from Chicago, whithet he had been to dispose of a load of grain.—Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion—

'What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!'

'Hang it!' muttered old Drake, 'so it is.'

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped the team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder drew a sigh on the Colonel's horse.

'Beautiful!' muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. 'I could drop old Roan so easy.'

'Shoot,' suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

'No, no, 'twouldn't do,' said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

'I won't tell,' said Sam.

'Well, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or not tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot.'

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not a half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

'Well, why don't you shoot!'

The old man stammered in some confusion—'That you Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull.'

'Say an 'X' and its a bargain!'

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

'How much is the hoss worth?' he muttered in Sam's ear.

'About fifty.'

'Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your 'X'!'

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering—

'Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!'

With a high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

'Crack!' went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a face black as Othello's.

'What's the matter with you, boy? Fus time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swan!'

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

'People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting,' observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

'Who said so! It's lie!' thundered Drake. 'I can shoot—'

'A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!'

Drake was livid.

'Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!' he began.

'Never mind, the *horse* can,' sneered the Colonel. 'I'll risk you.'

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

'Here!' he growled, I am bound to have another shot, any way.'

'Crack away,' cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake *did* crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullets in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

'Drake,' cried Sam, 'your drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!'

'Just you shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!'—thundered the excited Drake. The bullets was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies who says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and can dow it again. By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars I can bring down old Roan at one shot.

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tons, and making an 'X' into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and loaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without a hesitation he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Marston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill-humor and the mutilated condition of the rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

'Clear out,' growled the angry old man. 'I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!'

'But father it's such a trick!'

'Blast you and your tricks!'

'Played off on the Colonel.'

'On the Colonel?' cried the old man, beginning to be interested. 'Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it.'

'Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for deer—" couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!'

'Shot old Roan?' thundered the hunter, 'By the Lord Harry, Jed did you shoot the Colonel's hoss.

'I did'nt do anything else.'

'Devil! devil!' groaned the hunter!

'And then, pursued Jed; confident the joke part of the story must please his father, Jim and I propped the hoss up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! ho! wan't it a joke?'

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt of his empty pocket book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

'It is a joke, but if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot!'

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter, Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

Affecting Anecdote.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent, stand two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens, by the following incidents.

Both father and son were, for some offence against the State, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, under certain provisions; in short he was offered a pardon on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even monkish barbarity: namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope there are few sons, who would not have spurned, with abhorrence, life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him in his last moments, to think, that in his death, he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all one after another, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearer interest of filial affection—he fell upon his father's neck and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned, high rewards and honors were conferred on the son; and, finally those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

A Scene in the Holy Land—The Well of Rebecca near Haran.—This well was to the south west, without the town. This was the direction she would have come from; and of all the wells, this alone was sweet and good. * * * As we sat, camels came out in a long file, each with their pitcher on their shoulder, as in Holy Writ it says, "Rebecca came with her pitcher on her shoulder." And they one by one let down their pitchers; the bearded men knelt to indulge in the draught they asked for. At such a well, could any ask in vain? The Bible says, "she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand." With each family is a rope; this is attatched to the handles of the pitchers, and the drawer—generally as now, a woman or maiden—lets down the pitcher, the rope held by her hand. And there we sat and saw this very scene. We might pursue simile further, the dress, even the veil, for we hear, when Rebecca knew the man who sat in the field was Isaac, she took a veil and covered herself. This shows she had done so before, or she would not have one ready, or even at all.

The objection that Eliezer made, was one that would arise this day among all castors, and perhaps among them only; "peradventure, the woman will not be willing to follow me to this land." The well like many others, had a square stone at the top, with a circular hole to draw water, and near stood—this is usual also—numerous stone troughs, some higher, some lower, for the different description of animals to drink out of, and we read, she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough. The pitcher itself, as may be seen from the Ninevah and Egyptian excavations, was of exactly the shape used still.—Little did these laughing girls—Rebeccas, Rachels, and Sarahs, perhaps—think of the reason we watched their every motion so closely, and of the deep interest we took in every step of what seemed to them a mere daily duty, but to us a wondrous record of the past.—*Honorable F. Walpole's Travels in the East.*

Strange Effect Produced by a Baby.—A Liverpool paper states that a man in Birkenhead, on an announcement being made to him that he was the father of a child, went mad. The account says:—"The man who is a joiner, upon being informed of the fact, on his return from work, immediately danced and jumped about the room in a very excited state. Soon afterwards he became frantic, and hurriedly left the premises. Nothing was heard of the man for two days, although a diligent search was made for him; but on the evening of the third day he made his appearance at the house, and scarcely entered when the cries of his new born child were heard, which produced on him the greatest excitement.—Without speaking to any one, he sallied forth into the yard, where he stripped himself of all his apparel except his shirt and trowsers. He then rushed out of the house, and fled in the direction of Claughton Park, after which he was seen to enter a plantation at Bedston. He was found a week afterwards in a rather battered condition, but he was in a fair way to recover his senses."

☞ A Vermont paper defines the rights of woman as follows—"To love her lord' with all her heart, and her baby as herself—and to make good bread.'

Foundation Principles.

To constitute a sufficient moral system, there must be a recognition of one supreme; the original source of, being, authority and wisdom; duty to whom includes, harmonises, and makes binding all other duties; for else there will be a conflict of duties, rendering virtue uncertain, variable and inconsistent. To establish sufficient moral principle there must be proposed motives to do right, convincing the mind and controlling the heart, superior at all times and in all circumstances over every possible motive to do wrong. To direct in moral conduct, there must be an exhibition, by actual example, of the highest moral perfection. All these can be found only in Christianity. Hence we affirm that, though there are some auxiliary means, the Bible is fundamentally essential to the proper training of the young.—Every attempt to build a sound education, except upon evangelical truths will be a failure. For, besides that the Holy Scripture is a library of itself, containing the most ancient, authentic and satisfactory account of things and their causes, narratives the most simple and impressive, biography the most honest and useful, eloquence the most powerful and persuasive, poetry the most sublime and beautiful, argument the closest and most profound, politics the justest and most liberal, and religion pure from the throne of God; it alone teaches morals with sufficient authority, motive and example—the authority of God, the motives of eternity, and the example of Jesus Christ, God in man. Thus we find that, in exact proportion as the Bible is read, useful knowledge, civil liberty, and sound morals prevail.—*Dr. Bethune.*

The Perils of the Desert.

By the time we were approaching the most elevated point of Central Asia, a terrible wind had set in from the North, which lasted fifteen days, and increased the rigor of the cold to a degree that threatened us with great misfortunes. The sky was still clear, but the cold was so terrible that even at midday the influence of the sun was scarcely perceptible. Even during the day, and of course still more during the night, we were under the continual apprehension of being frozen to death. I may mention one circumstance that will give an idea of the extremity of the cold. Every morning before setting off, the caravan used to take a meal, and then not again until they encamped; but as the Teamba was a kind of food so little agreeable, that it was difficult to take enough of it at once to support us during the day, we used to soak in tea two or three balls of it to keep in reserve for the day's journey. We wrapped up this boiling paste in very warm linen, and over this we had our clothing, namely a garment of sheepskin, then a waistcoat of lambskin, then a short garment of Fox's skin, and over all a great woolen coat. Now during this fortnight we constantly found the balls of Teamba frozen, and when we drew them from our bosoms they were so hard that we almost broke our teeth in attempting to eat them. The cattle suffered terribly, especially the mules and horses, which are not so strong as the oxen. We had to dress them in felt carpets, and the camel's skin around their heads; and in any other circumstances their appearances would certainly have excited our hilarity, but how we were in no humor for laughing, for notwithstanding all precautions, the cattle of the caravan were decimated by death.

The numerous frozen rivers that we had to pass, occasioned us much trouble, especially the camels, which were so awkward that we had to trace a path for them by strewing sand on the ice, and breaking the top of it with our hatchets; even then we had to load them very carefully, one after the other; and if one of them chanced to slip and fall, it was scarcely possible to get it up again. First we had to relieve them of their baggage, and then to drag them on their sides to the river bank, or spread carpets for them, and tug at them with all our might, but very often to no purpose; they would not make the slightest efforts to rise, and they had at last to be abandoned, for it was impossible in this frightful country, to stay waiting on the whims of a camel. All these hardships threw many of the travellers into deep dejection. To the mortality of the animals was now added that of men, whom the cold seized, and who were left to perish on the road. One day when the exhaustation of our beasts of burden had compelled us to slacken our march, we perceived a traveller seated by the wayside, on a large stone.—His head was bent down, his arms pressed against his sides, and he remained as motionless as a statue. We called him several times, but he made no answer, and we thought he had not heard us. What madness, we said, to stop on the road in this way in such weather. This unfortunate man will certainly die of cold. We called him again; but as he still did not answer, we alighted and went towards him. His face had the appearance of wax, his eyes were half open and glassy, and he had icicles suspened to his nostrils and the corners of his mouth. He just turned his eyes towards us with a terribly vacant expression; but he was quite frozen, and had been forsaken by his companions. It appeared so cruel to leave him thus, without an effort to save him, that we determined to take him with us; and we lifted him from the ground, and, after wrapping him up, we placed him on Sandadchiemba's mule. As soon as we had pitched the tent, we went out to seek the companions of the unfortunate man; and they protested themselves before us, saying that we had excellent hearts, but we had given ourselves trouble in vain; their comrade, they said was lost, for the cold had reached his heart. We returned to our tent to see what we could do for him; but he was already dead. More than forty men perished thus in the desert. When they could no longer eat or speak, or support themselves on their horses, they were left on the road, though still alive, a small bag of oatmeal and a little wooden bowl being placed beside them as a last mark of interest in their fate. When every one else had passed by, the crows and vultures were seen to wheel round them in the air, and probably they began to tear the unfortunate men before they were fairly dead.—*Huc's Travels.*

Be Something.—Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects; but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and, having no profession, you find yourself in any thing but an enviable condition. It is therefore important that you should be something.—Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

Life and Existence.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tear that freshens the dry waters within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with misery—the hardships which forces us to struggle—the anxiety that sends in truth—are the true nourishment of our national being.

☞ Patrick Carroll recoved $4000 of the New York and New Haven Railroad, for breaking his legs by a collision.

☞ It is an evidence of inebriety when a man calls for a boot jack to take his hat off with.

An editor down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

The Folly of Pride.

The very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sidney Smith, for many years one of the contributors to the great English Reviews, thus discourseth on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all beneath the creation of God are flaming above and beneath—Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow; sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does he not suffer? Does he not die?—When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.

The Young Men of the Age.

Not long since we saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man, as he spoke of the past and the present—of the time when he burned pine-knots upon the rude home hearth for light to obtain a scanty education, and then compared the ten thousand privileges which are now scattered broadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremulous tones, the young men of this day, do not appreciate the light of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time, we felt mortified that so many of our young men fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are even continually muttering about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening, purifying, ennobling sacrifice of toil. The mist-cloud enjoyments of the day, are eagerly sought after, to the exclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth, few of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.

The two Dromios.

Christopher Columbus Potter and Americus Vespucius Potter are twin brothers, and look so precisely alike that no question if they know themselves from each other. If they do nobody else does. Whether they go into each others houses, eat each other's dinners, and pay each other's debts, we do not know. Whether if one of them should take a glass of brandy—the other might be tipsy, we cannot say, and—not that either of them would do such a thing—whether if one of them should be very sick the other might die by mistake, is a question which we hope will not be solved in a long time.

Both are members of the general assembly. Christopher a Whig, and Americus, a Democrat, and there will be a pretty muss when they get to Newport. Not a soul in the House can tell one from the other, and the Democrats will be running to Christopher, and the Whigs to Americus with all the secrets of their respective parties. We have ourselves sometimes commenced a political conversation with the Democratic brother, who always had the generosity to interrupt us before we got upon dangerous ground. Now, when we meet either, we say as we take his hand, 'is this you are your brother?' If it be Christopher, he says, 'it is I,' and we talk about politics; if it be Americus, he says 'it is I,' its my brother,' and we talk about the weather. We should advise them to wear a badge around their hats like the railroad conductors, but then they would be sure to change hats, and that would make it worse. In one respect, however, there need be no mistake, whoever take either of them to be a very generous, whole hearted fellow, will not be mistaken if he find himself speaking to the other, for in this respect, as in so many others, they are just alike.—*Providence Journal.*

The Editor of the Albany Evening Journal is in Europe. He writes from Naples, Italy:

Naples boasts of making the finest Macaroni in Italy. I visited a small town at the foot of Vesuvius yesterday, where thousands of bushels of Wheat were being made into Macaroni. The Wheat was first subjected to a kiln-drying process, being spread on tiled roofs which are heated gently from fires within and from the Sun without. It is afterwards ground coarsely, mixed with water and kneaded into a paste, which is subjected to action by pounders somewhat resembling those used in driving piles.—The paste is then forced through machinery which gives it its form and name, some coming out M aroni, and some Vermicelli, each taking, however, many varieties of form, some long and thin like paper, some like ribbons, some in balls, and others like beads, peas, and even as small as mustard seed.

At Genoa, from which place I think we get most of our Macaroni, Saffron is put into the paste, which gives it its yellow tinge. Here it is nearer the color of bread. Not only the Italians, but all who visit Italy, become very fond of this description of food. The impression which I think prevails in America, that Macaroni and Vermicelli manufactures are not particularly clean, is erroneous. There is no good ground of objection to this food on that account.

Challenging the Jury.—"Do you mean to challenge any of the jury?" was the query of a counsel on an Irish trial, to an angry client.

"To be sure I do," was the reply, "I mean to challenge every man of twelve if they give a verdict against me, and I wonder if I might not include the judge in the message?"

A Puzzled Irishman.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. "*The two Crogans was one*, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the devil was four? Let me see (counting his fingers)—*the tow Crogans was one*, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—bedad! there was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's myself that has it: Mike Finn was one, *the two Crogans was two*, myself was three, and—and, by my sowl, I think there was but three of us, after all!'

Material Aid in Massachusetts.—The *Boston Transcrip* of Tuesday says:

"We learn that up to last evening Governor Kossuth had received $29,000 from Hungarian bonds issued, and that money in various sums is pouring in to a large amount. We should not be surprised if he should carry away, from his visit to this metropolis, at least $50,000. There seems to be no end to the enthusiasm manifested from individuals in different towns in New England, to contribute 'material aid' to Kossuth. Almost every hour adds something to swell the amount."

The pores in the leaves of the plants, by which they transmit moisture and air, are exceedingly minute, and liable to be choked by exposure to dust; and especially soot; delicate plants should therefore be placed out of the reach of smoke, and if their leaves become soiled they should be washed.

No artificial means will preserve that bloom and freshness which possess so irresistable a charm for the mind, without good health, regular habits, frequent ablutions of the body in water, early rising, and exercises in walking or riding.

Queer.—The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year, They found the weather so fine, and the materials of honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave mercantile character, became exceedingly proffigate and debauched, ate up all their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.—*Boston Banner.*

Importance of Economy in a Family.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "more!" like the horse leech's daughter, until he that provideth hath no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent—nor under any pretence, for Ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting room or workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposite of the fruits of his labor with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope. If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self gratification in dress, or in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account; and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

A World's Fair at New-York.

The New York Courier says that the contemplated exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in that city is no longer a matter of doubt, but a fixed fact. It adds:

A number of articles have already been imported, with the view of having them placed in the collection, and we hear of other orders that have gone out within the past fortnight, to Switzerland, France and elsewhere, for manufactures for the same object.—Among the articles already brought from abroad, we cannot forbear mentioning, a carpet, fabricated in Halifax, England, and which may be inspected at the store of Betts, Selleck & Betts. The carpet is in a square piece, and measures about six yards in length and five yards in width. It is of a Mosaic pattern, and so exquisitely wrought that the beholder instinctively regards it, at first sight, as a richly grouped painting on canvass. We are informed that in its fabrication three thousand, threads were used to the square inch, and that the cost of the article, of the dimension stated, is over $1000. Three hundred colors are made to appear in the filling up of the base, and these, with the admirable perspective observed, and the correctness of *chiara oscuro*, are really calculated to deceive the beholder, who cannot comprehend how such marvellous effects can be conveyed to the eye by the intricacies of thread, through the agency of the loom.

Another Terrible Fight at Chagres.—A correspondent under date of April 7th, gives the following account of another bloody battle at Chagres:

"Chagres has again been the scene of another bloody battle. It was at this time black against black, Carthagenians and natives against Jamaicians. It commenced at the house of a Mr. Johnson, on the American side, a Jamacia negress, who it appears, gave a fandango to her colored countrymen. About one o'clock in the morning an unfortunate native entered her house, and as some ill feeling existed since the last row between the Jamaicans and natives, they beat the poor native most unmercifully. He immediately went over to the other side and sounded the alarm, and in less than half an hour the little river which separates the Americans from the Chagres side, was swarming with canoes, loaded with Carthagenians and natives, who came to avenge the injury done their companion. They assembled on the bank to the number of about 300, armed with hatchets and long knives, and marched in a solid body to Mrs. Johnson's, when the work of destruction commenced. Glass bottles were hurled at the natives, pistols were fired, but the natives forced their way in, and after tearing everything in the house to pieces, attacked the Jamacians with hatchets and knives. The Jamacians were forced to retreat after being cut in a most frightful manner. One poor fellow had both arms cut off, just above the elbow; some their fingers cut off, and some their backs and faces horribly mutilated.—Such yelling and screeching!—it appeared to me as if some wild beasts were devouring the whole population. There were some three hundred and fifty Jamaica men, at the time up the river. Had they been here the slaughter would have been awful. They fought desperately on both sides for two hours, but the drum on the fort sounded for the troops to muster, and some sixty came over and charged on the mob, who scattered pell mell to the woods. The troops took possession of the field of battle and arrested some twenty of the ringleaders and took them to the fort.

It was whispered that another attack would be made the next night, on the Jamacians, and numbers of them sought protection in the Castle, but order reigns again in Chagres. The Jamacia men are leaving for home, and the Sierra Noveda took some forty or fifty to Jamacia. A strong guard is kept on the other side, and canoes are not permitted to cross over after ten o'clock at night, while a guard is on this side ready to give the alarm in case of another outbreak. The troops in the Castle remain under arms, and sentries are placed within call on the ramparts.

The Chances of Life.—Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census are some in relation to the laws that govern life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones. The calculation it is unnecessary to explain, but the result is a table from which we gather the following illustration:

10,268 Infants are born the same days and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1,243 never reach the anniversary of their birth; 9,025 commence their second year; but the proportion of death still continues so great that at the end of the third year, only 8,189, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive. But during the fourth year the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on, decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7,134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes the meridian of manhood, 6,303 have reached it.—Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4,727 or less than half of those who enter life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six the drama is ended; the last man is dead.—*Albany Journal.*

Premature Burial.

The Albany Register, in the course of an article on this subject, relates the following instance, of which the editor was perfectly cognizant:

Some years ago, we were perfectly cognizant to an occurrence of this kind, which was of the most heart-rending character. The wife of a gentleman was taken suddenly ill in a church, and was carried to her home in a state of syncope. In a few hours she partially recovered, but immediately relapsed, and never again showed any signs of consciousness. She lay in this condition nearly two days, baffling the skill of the physicians, and then as it was thought, and as as there was *almost* every reason to believe, dead. No signs of breathing could be detected, the limbs became rigid and cold, and the eyes remained open with the fixed and glassy stare of death; but *there was no change in the color of the skin.* This was the only reason in the world for supposing that dissolution had not taken place. The poor bereaved husband, almost frantic at the loss of the young and beautiful wife whom he almost idolized, clung with desperation to the hope limned in her face, and long resisted the unanimous decision of the physicians, that she was certainly dead. They told him what is doubtless true, that it sometimes, though it very rarely, happens, that there is no discoloration for days and even weeks after dissolution has taken place. But still he resisted, and it was not until three days had passed without the faintest signal of change or sign of life, that he finally gave up and suffered the burial to take place. She was entombed in a vault. Months passed.—A cemetery having been laid out, the husband purchased and beautified a lot, erected an elegant monument in it, and when all was ready, superintended the removal of the body of his wife from the vault to its final resting place. When the vault was opened he remembered the circumstances of her death, above detailed, and a desire suddenly seized him to once more behold the corpse. By his direction the coffin lid was removed. The spectacle which presented itself was inconceivably horrible, for it showed that she had been *buried alive.* She had turned quite over upon her side, she had clutched her nails into the coffin until her fingers had bled, portions of her grave clothes were torn, and in her horrible struggles she had contrived to carry her hand to her head, and had plucked from it a mass of hair, with portions of the cap that covered it!

The poor man never recovered from the shock of that awful spectacle. He was borne away senseless, and for the rest of his weary life was an utterly broken hearted and miserable being.

Negro Minstrelsy.—The New York Mirror thus confesses itself partial to the well known negro airs. We like the candor of our friend Fuller in this respect, though we have no doubt his preferences will shock the sensibilities of the so-called polite society, who look upon nothing as respectable but Italian Opera:

We confess to a fondness for negro minstrelsy, there is something in the plaintive wail of "Dearest May"—in the affectionate remembrance of "Lucy Neal," and in the melodious mourning for "Uncle Ned," that goes directly into the heart, and makes Italian trills seem tame. It is like Ossian's music of memory, "pleasant and mournful to the soul." "Dearest May" has become classic,—a sort of Venus Africanus, with

"Her eyes so bright they shine at night,
When the moon is gone away."

And "poor Lucy Neal," the Heloise of darkies, her very name has become the synonym of pathos, poetry and love. The whole world is redolent of the sweet and plaintive air in which her charms are chanted; and the beauty of her shining form often comes over us like a pleasant shadow from an angel's wing.

"Oh if I had her by my side
How happy I would feel."

And as for poor "Uncle Ned," so sadly decided of his wool, God bless that fine old colored gentleman, who, we have been assured, has

"Gone where the good niggers go."

Put into Milder Shape.—The Boston *Post* ends what we suppose it means the public shall understand as a "first-rate notice" of a contemporary, as follows:

"There is fiction enough in this narrative to supply a circulating library—*romance* equal to the consumption of a score of boarding house Misses. In plain terms, *he is an enormous liar!* Excuse us—we should have said *the fertility of his imagination is irrepressible.*"

Child Suffocated in Wheat.—The Richmond Enquirer reports the death of Miss Fannie Taylor, an interesting little girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, daughter of Alexander Taylor, Esq., by suffocation.

"With some of her companions she was playing on a huge pile of Wheat in one of the upper stories of the Gallego Mills, and was drawn down by the suction of the trough through which the wheat is passed below, and she was literally buried and suffocated to death under the wheat."

☞ Whether you are playing on the stage or the world, your characters should always be well dressed. Good broadcloth is always received with a smile, though covering a rascal; while linsey-wolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

On Friday, the 7th inst., a post mortem examination was held by Dr. Parkhurst on the body of the widow of Amos Eddy, in the town of Frankfort, Herkimer county, aged 77 years, and, to the utter astonishment of all present, a full-grown child was found, which she had carried for the term of forty-six years. It was cased in a sort of bony or cartilaginous structure, except one leg and one foot and one elbow, which were almost entirely ossified. The facts and circumstances of the above case will be published at full length in the different medical journals, as soon as Dr. P. finds leisure to put together the history—of which he has extensive notes—that he has kept for the last twelve years, as well as of her life before and after marriage, which took place fifty-two years ago.—*Utica Observer.*

More than half the Stock of the Crystal Palace, to be erected in New York, for a world's Exhibition, is said to have been taken.

Eight hundred baskets of fine strawberries were received in New York, on Tuesday week from Charleston.

A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening after having been called up into the drawing room, he came down into the kitchen laughing immoderately.

'What is the matter?' cried the cook.

'Why,' said he, 'there are twelve of 'em up there, who couldn't snuff the candle, and they had to ring for me to do it!'

The humorous Dean Swift whose antipathy to fishing was well known, having been asked by a child what a fishing rod meant—

'It means my dear sir,' said he 'only a long pole with a worm on one end and a fool on the other.'

Tobacco Crop.—It is said that the tobacco crop of this season in Kentucky will be very light. The frosts and fly have nearly destroyed the plants.

Robert Fisher, a free negro, convicted by Anne Arundel county (Md.) Circuit Court, for enticing his wife, a slave, to run away, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and six months.