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John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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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.

"NEVER COURT BUT ONE."

I have finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting
He should never court but one.

Every body in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee.
They say he smiled upon her,
As he cantered by her side,
And I'll warrant you he promised
To make her soon his bride.

But I've finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there
If I knew it would, for flirting,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight and the evening,
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll act as if we never,
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does I'll look as coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be? yes, 'tis a figure,
Just as true as I am here.

Now I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There he's coming thro' the gate way,
I'll meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

Miscellaneous.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Shrieks—fiendish yells—they stab them in their sloop."

One hundred years ago, the hunter who ranged the hills and forests of New England, fought against other enemies than the brown bear and the panther. The husbandman, as he toiled in the plain, or the narrow clearing, kept closely at his side a loaded weapon, and wrought diligently and firmly in the midst of peril. The frequent crack of the Indian's rifle was heard in the still depths of the forest—the death knell of the unwary hunter; and, over and anon, the flame of some departed farm house, whose dwellers had been slaughtered by some merciless foe, rose redly upon the darkness of the night time. The wild and fiery eyes of the heathen gleamed through the thick underwood of the forest, upon the passing of the worshippers of the only true God; and the war whoop rang shrill and loud under the very walls of the sanctuary of prayer.

Perhaps no part of New England affords a wider field for the researches of legendry, than that portion of Massachusetts Bay, formerly known as the province of Maine. There, the ferocious Norridgewock held his stern councils, and there, the tribes of the Penobscot went forth with song and dance to do battle upon the white man. There, the romantic and chivalrous Castine immured himself in the forest solitudes, and there, the high hearted Ralle—the mild, gifted Jesuit—gathered together the broken strength of the Norridgewock, and built up in the great wilderness a temple to the true God. There, too, he perished in the dark onslaught of the Colonists—perished with many wounds at the very foot of the Cross which his own hands had planted. And there, the Norridgewocks fell—one after another in stern and uncompromising pride—neither asking nor giving quarters, as they realsted the white spoiler upon the threshold of their consecrated place of worship, and in view of their wives and children.

The following is one, among many legends, of the strange encounters of the white man and the Indian, which are yet preserved in the ancient records and traditions of Maine. The simple and unvarnished narrative is only given:

"It was a sultry evening towards the last of June, 1722, that Capt. Hermon and the Eastern Rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec river in pursuit of their enemies. Four hours they toiled diligently at the oar. The last traces of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the skirting forest met and blended on the middle of the broad stream, which wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rustling wing of some night bird, or the footsteps of some wild beast—the dash of the oar was suspended, and the ranger's grasp tightened upon his rifle. All knew the peril of the enterprise; and that silence which is natural of jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"'Hush—softly men!' said the watchful Hermon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as the canoe swept around a rugged promontory, 'there is a light ahead!'

All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian's fire gleamed up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well-known sounds, which seldom failed to indicate the propinquity of the savages. But all was now silent. With slow and faint movement of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light, which at first attracted their attention. Hermon was at their head, with an eye and a hand quick as those of the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the coarse whisper of Hermon again broke the silence:

"God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing to the tree. "See here!—'tis the work of the cursed red skins!"

A smothered curse growled upon the lips of the rangers, as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander.—Blood was sprinkled on the rank grass and the hand of some white man lay on the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurled onward to the work of vengeance; but the example of the leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command prepared them for a less speedy, but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacles in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously upon the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In a few moments they obtained a full view of the objects of their search.

Stretched at their length around a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half naked forms of twenty savages! It was evident from their appearance, that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping the tomahawk as if to combat some vision of his distorted brain, but, unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well tried rifles, each felt perfectly sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Hermon, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of the most distant of the savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalp lock of the Indian. "Fire! and rush on."

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The rangers sprung forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting knives; but their work was done. The Red Men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of the hot blood from their lifeless bosoms.

They were left unburied in the place of their revellings—a prey to the foul birds of the air, and the ravenous beasts of the wilderness.—Their scalps were borne homeward in triumph by the successful rangers, whose children and grand children have shuddered long after, at the thrilling narrative of the midnight adventure.

False Education.

The early breaking down into invalidism of our American women is the subject of frequent remark. Our young maidens are, as a class, beautiful but delicate, and hardly do hosts of them get out of their teens before they become more or less the victims of disease. Several of our contemporaries, we perceive, are calling attention to one cause of this evil, viz: the overworking of girls at school. Where the blame of this is to be laid we are not prepared to say. We doubt, however, whether it is all to be put at the doors of teachers, for we have heard many of them lament it, especially those having charge of public schools. The docility, love of approbation and emulation, quite characteristic of the sex, taken in connexion with the early age at which they are seated at the desk, and the early age at which they are called from their studies, may account for much of the error.—Not only the acquisition of the common branches of education, but likewise the acquisition of accomplishment, is crowded into a few years; and this, too, with a premature entrance, oftentimes, into the excitement of society. Natural consequences of this are headaches, crooked spines, disordered nerves, weak eyes, debility, chronic complaints, that occasion more mischief, moral as well as physical, than many may imagine.—What must follow where the wife and mother is the victim of ill health, can easily be fancied.—And how many instances there are of this ill health traceable to the grievous mistakes of parental vanity or thoughtlessness, in subjecting mere children to the inevitable deleterious effects of overtasking the brain, keeping to sedentary pursuits, involving confinement, unnatural positions, unrelieved by vigorous, open air exercise? This is not a subject on which it is our province, were we competent to speak in detail. But it is a subject which demands very serious consideration. It concerns the prosperity and happiness of thousands. It concerns the comfort and joy of numberless homes. It concerns the cause of humanity, inasmuch as the abuses alluded to threaten to bring on, in some respects, an alarming degeneracy in posterity—and that posterity only a generation or two behind us. The hosts of physicians, the statistics of the death of infants daily occurring, facts within the observation of every one, are all indicative of a great wrong, which threatens to produce bitter fruits, to disappoint many of the hopes of a progressive and prosperous civilization.—*Boston Courier.*

Home Yearnings.

The following extract from "Passages of Eastern Travel," will meet with a ready response from every heart that has had its dearest feelings nurtured amid the genial influence of home:

"There is a fireside in a far off land by which could I but warm my cold and weary feet tonight, I would lie down and sleep such a sleep as God giveth his beloved. Sometimes I think I have not slept for months; and I have not, save only that dreamy, restless sleep, that is filled *with visions of dear faces looking on me through impassable bars or out of unapproachable distances.* And at night, as I walked along, the moonlight, falling all around me out of that fathomless sky, I felt as if to lie down on the sand would be blessed, and to sleep there glorious, if I could but dream once more of home."

Will not this voice from the Orient find an echo in each heart that ever roamed from the loved ones at home? A response from every one who has sojourned as a stranger in some strange land? Yes, it will. The sentiment is one kindred to the loveliest feelings of the human heart.

What a beautiful thought is the one we have given in italics. It suggests so many pleasant memories, so many cherished associations that steal over the heart like sweet music, soothing as balm and sweet as the odor of roses.

The traveler stood before a Temple three thousand years old. The ruins were eloquent with the name and fame of the great Sesostris; and yet, standing there in the moonlight, upon the glittering sands of Egypt, and by the side of the swift flowing, wonderful Nile, even there, with anxious heart, the Howadjii turned his thoughts toward a far off land, and a home around which clustered associations so dear, and in which was a shrine so sacred. What mattered it that the faces of the colossal statues looking upon the moonlit scenery around, and upon him—the sight seekers of another continent? *Other faces* "through impassable bars" looked in upon him "out of unapproachable distances," and those with their old time associations, were forgotten. This "thought of a kingly intellect" gave way to a thought more humble but also more potent for good.

But not alone from Egyptian ruins come these yearnings for home. Bayard Taylor tells us of them as he traveled the places of Central Africa; and even he, who has been but a day's journey from "that spot of sweetest sanctities, the spot called *home*," as Dr. Chapin terms it, has experienced the same sensations, although perhaps less intense.

☞ A good understanding with a bad will makes a very unhappy conjunction. That is an unlucky wit which is employed to do evil.—Knowledge will become folly, if good scenes do not take care of it.

☞ There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.

☞ One moment! what an effect it produces upon years! One moment! virtue, crime, glory, woe, rapture, rest upon it! Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor.

Air Castles.

Of all acts of folly, that expressed by the phrase, "building castles in the air," is most consummate. There are thousands who employ their thoughts in this species of architecture.—They are not contented with their night dreams, but they encourage day dreams also—and thus they dream, dream, dream, to their sorrow!—They build castles in imagination, which fall as soon as erected. Like the house of the silly man mentioned in the Scriptural allegory, they build on an unstable foundation. But they are even more silly. He built his house on the "sand." The wind and flood were required to demolish it. They build on "air," and the first breath of experience brings their castles tumbling and crashing about their ears. A little forecast, as the dictate of common sense, would have prevented the sorrowful catastrophe. As it is, they must pay the penalty, and suffer.

To the young there is no mental habit more unfortunate than this of building air castles—unless, indeed, it be a degree of intellectual laziness which would prevent their thinking at all. Such airy speculations would, perhaps, be better than none. But, in a state of society like the present, there is really no excuse for the building of air castles under any supposable circumstances. The age is full of enterprise, and of material for useful thought. It may do for the spider, of whose gossamer castles the old ditty sings—

"And, when she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She weaves the bright tissue again."

But it is unworthy of men and women, who should be leading lives with more rational motives and better results!

For the habit of air-castle-building, we know of no better remedy than the following words, attributed to a learned Brahmin:

"In all thy desires, let reason go before thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability. So shall success attend thy undertaking, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointment."

First Things.

A French paper has an amusing article, describing minutely the successive *first things* that happen to a man in the course of his life—his first hours as a new born baby, his first trousers, his first day at college, his first scholastic prize, his first cigar, his first love letter, his first sweethart. And then, coming to his various experiments in the way of profession, it describes his first cause as a lawyer, his "case" as a doctor, his first battle as a soldier. It then proceeds to his first wedding night, his first child, his first grey hair, his first wrinkle, his first rejection as an admirer, his first pair of spectacles, his first rheumatism, and—his first grave!

The Parisian view of the approach of old age is the most amusing part of all this, and we omit the long list of firstlings, till we come to the

First Grey Hair—Adolphe carefully plucks it out. He has no sooner done it than another appears at its side. A pest on them! It is just like a barrel of apples—as soon as one is rotten the whole lot is spoiled. Oh, thou dressing-glass, in which Adolphe has for so long seen reflected a youthful and fresh face every morning say, do you recognize him now? It is indeed the once handsome man—that old fellow with the careworn countenance, the bluish hollow under the eye, the dulled complexion, and

The first Wrinkle!—It starts from the left eyebrow and coils over the right eyebrow with a serpentine inevitablness. Ah, that trifling furrow! Of how many illusions is it the grave, of how many pleasures—of how many hopes! But, cheer up! After all, it is but a wrinkle! And a wrinkle does not prevent you from drinking, nor from laughing, nor from loving, ay, and there have been instances of it not preventing a man from *being* loved! Yet, a little while, and Adolphe gets beyond even this possibility, and meets with

The First Repulse of his Admiration—Alas! he is no longer agreeable to woman! But he can luxuriate in the past. He can lock his door and stealthily re-color his faded illusions by reading over again the love letters of former days! But soon again this occupation of his solitude flags, in interest, and, instead of letters to read, he has another companion to attend to—

His first Rheumatism—This enemy steals on, with its slow and sure approaches toward the citadel. And with it come sleeplessness, loss of appetite, cough, deafness, blindness, gout in the stomach—invisible sappers and miners who gradually and certainly make their fatal advances, till, finally, the great foe, Death, has but to look around the ruins of the place. He is gone to

His first grave—and his heirs place a handsome and heavy stone over it, to be sure that he will not return. And so, drop the curtain!—The farce is over!

OUR HOUSES.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced some way or other to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society this is in a great measure unavoidable; but let us remember it is an evil, and that so far as it is avoidable, it becomes our duty to check the impulse. It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which we would live and die—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which being enough for all our wishes at one period, we should be resolved to be satisfied with forever. Consider this, and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor for our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and, striving to live that our sons, for ages to come, might still load their children reverentially to the doors out of which we have been carried to the grave, saying, "Look, this was his house; this was his chamber."

BUYING HUSBANDS.—A modern traveller tells us that the Jewesses in Thessalonica (European Turkey) reverse our accepted laws of Hymen, by purchasing their husbands. The *modus operandi* is thus described:

Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker and inquires what bridegrooms there are in the market. He chooses one, higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dower he can afford his daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dower. The bridegroom, through the broker, demands more; they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dower is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay back the dower, that she may be able to buy another husband. Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we did not require any dower in America. "How then," said she, in utter astonishment, "do you do when he wants to divorce you?"

☞ He that is proud, eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

From Waverley's Magazine.

THE MIND.

It has been said, and truly, that "man is composed of mind and matter," and yet they are so closely related that each influences the other, or that there is an existing sympathy between them, so that as one is affected so is the other. If the body become so diseased that the physical man totters under the severity of the stroke, the mind, through the relationship existing between it and the body, often becomes so deeply affected that derangement ensues.—The diseased maniac exhibits less alienation of mind as the body resumes a more healthy tone, and the utter eradication of the disease from the physical, is the watchword for Reason to again take possession of the throne she so madly abdicated, and sway her dictatorial sceptre over the mental man.

Mental aberation often results from other causes than a diseased state of the body. Loss of friends, loss of property, fright, excess of grief, or joy, often result in alienation of mind; but here the nature of things is reversed; the physical man feels the shock and reels under its effects, as the mental man feels the shock occasioned by the disease of the body and reels under its effects. Thus it is with the science of Mesmerism, or animal magnetism. Mind acts on mind. In Mesmerism the attention of the operator is directed toward the subject, and, as electricity can go as far and almost as quickly as the mind can go, the electric current which is continually emanating from, and surrounding man in all his walks, mounts upon the current of thought and passes from one to the other: the electrical fluid permeates the nervous system of the subject and brings it under the control of the operator.

Two persons may be in a room together; a topic that has till then remained foreign, may be on the tongue of one, and to his utter astonishment the same subject be introduced by the other simultaneously with himself, thus evidencing that mind acts on mind.

Man travels in thought, or mind, to distant spheres, and wings his flight through illimitable space in a moment of time—steps from earth to Paradise and breathes, in imagination, the salubrious air and fragrant odors of that genial clime, while he is plodding through mud and mire the distance of a rod.

Every man is possessed of a mind; but, as the plant grows up unrestrained and becomes the bad or crooked tree—or the stream, without the guidance of an artificial channel, meanders through the vale, rumbling over precipices, and pursues a rough, serpentine course until it reaches its destination, so the child grows up through youth to manhood, if the mind is left to resolve itself at random into whatever the passions may dictate. As the plant needs the pruning-knife to detach the rough, uncouth shoots, and the training, nurturing care of the nurseryman to give it form as it grows up to be a giant tree, so must the mind be nurtured and trained in childhood, and from childhood to manhood, to give it proper shape.

The person who neglects the cultivation of his mental powers, and leaves them to be developed at random, or swayed by every evil influence and passion, pursues a course that must consequently make him a fit subject for the prison or gallows; for habituated to control *his mind*, he has *left it to be controlled by his passions, which, through want of proper cultivation*, have become perverted to the worst degree.

The man of mind is he who, by right culture and training, has learned to govern his passions. He not only traverses in thought the planetary system, but studies the planets themselves, learns their relation to each other, their distance from our mundane sphere, their changes, &c. He does not exert his mental energies in gaining an influence over others that he may sway them at his will, and lead them at pleasure withersoever his own ungovernable passions would guide him; but seek to gain such influence that those around may be induced to forsake the wrong and choose the right—that others may be benefitted by his example and precepts.

The man of mind does not strive to gain information that he may treasure it up in his memory and monopolize it to himself, but that he may thus be enabled to impart a portion to his fellows, knowing that, as every act has a reaction, the reaction upon himself will be happifying and beneficial in its tendency.

To sum it all up, the man of mind makes a proper use of those talents that an All-wise Providence has committed to his trust.

The Bottom of the Sea.

The following description of the bottom of the sea, is from a recent lecture delivered by Lieutenant Maury, before the Lowel Institute:

"As to the character of the bottom they left that to the fancy of the poets and the dreams of the prisoners. They pictured its bottom as slimy, scattered over with wedges of gold, great anchor, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, and valued jewels, a thousand wrecks, and a thousand men that fishes gnawed up."

"But Brooks' lead tells another tale, no wrecks, no anchors, no dead men's bones are scattered on the bottom of the sea. They are all buried deep down among the remains of its own dead. The bottom of the sea is covered many feet deep with microscopic shells, whose artificers and tenants have lived, sported and died at the surface, and whose remains are taken by the current after death, borne away to the distant regions, and deposited at the bottom as lightly and gentle as the frost in its chamber. Everywhere, in every zone, in the coral sea, in the North Pacific, in the stormy Atlantic, wherever this admirable sounding rod has been, it has brought up the evidence of death and repose. The shells are perfect, and though they may have been lying there in cold obstruction for ages, yet their color and their looks are as fresh and as bright as though the pale hand had never been near them."

"A single quill can bring up at one cast thousands and millions of these shells, which, as individuals, the most powerful microscope alone will recognize. In life they escape our keenest scrutiny, and it is not therefore, till we explore the depth of the sea, examine the bottom of the ocean, and survey its dead as they strew it all over many feet thick with their skeletons, we can fully realize how faithfully and literally these little creatures, as well as the great waters, had obeyed, and are to this day obeying, the order that was given them on the fifth day of creation.

NORWEGIAN FISHERMEN.—It is interesting to see the Norwegian fishermen in their best dresses on shore. They wear leather breeches, with pearl or metal buttons, and ribbons at the knees; their vests, and jackets, and coats are also ornamented with rows of buttons, &c.—Their stockings are white, the shoes frequently sabots scooped out of a solid piece of wood.—They have high conical hats, and very long flowing hair. Their wives and daughters have dark stuff gowns, with open bosoms, and red vests, with tinsel ornaments, and a colored or gilt girdle. They wear a white apron, and a peculiar kind of fillet on the head. Their hair is often plaited in long tails, gathered at the back of the head, and bound with red bands.—Sometimes they wear cloth jackets like the men.—*Tait's Magazine.*

From Waverly's Magazine.

ASSOCIATION.

How does association endear to our hearts objects which without it are worthless. Even as some ruined building is adorned and rendered beautiful by the clinging ivy when its own beauty has departed. Almost every one has some such treasure with which are connected a thousand little incidents of their life. One remembers a clear dancing brook, where in boyish glee he had sailed his little boat with as much pride as he now guided one of the most gigantic steamers over the billows. And even now, though a distinguished captain, he looks back with emotion to those bright summer afternoons whence arose his first dreams of sea-life, from which he has arisen to so high a degree. Some "dear familiar word" falling on the heart of another, expands to volumes, in which are read scenes most sacred, scenes most gay, scenes most sad, scenes most real; yes, real; no book is so true as the book of memory. On another's ear falls some note of "Long ago:" and as that silver chord again vibrates on the heart strings, she can almost catch the strain (not as it echoed from lips now cold in death), but as it floats through heaven's arches, answered by a thousand golden harps. Very many of my associations cluster around the old academy of my native village, and it surely needs this ivy to decorate it, for it is very old, and is fast going to decay. The snows of many a winter have beaten upon its roof; the snowballs of many generations have battered its walls: the sun of many a summer have shone into that room, inviting weary minds to refresh themselves with fragrance and beauty without. Many a peaceful moonlight has shone through those windows, softening with its mellow light the cruel aspect of those heart-rending problems that remain on the blackboard.

Many a laugh has rung through the hall, calling up upon the brow of the proprietor of the ferrule no very pleasant expression. Some of these laughs are ringing yet: some are changed to tears, and some are hushed to silence.—Many feet have trod that now dilapidated staircase. Some are still treading the busy paths of life, and some are at rest forever. But is the academy now deserted? Are the echoes all silent? Are the seats all vacant? Oh no!—Others, younger and gay hearted, occupy the desks which once were ours; and should we dire to claim them now, we should be deemed intruders.

The walls is one continued record: and, as I look down the long vista of departed years, and see

"Friends that now are scattered,
Like roses in bloom,
Some at the bridal,
Some at the tomb."

I see those who have gone out to benefit the world with the education here received, some to plant the "Rose of Sharon" in a foreign land. The literary productions of others form the choicest volume in our libraries: the fruits of that most dreaded task—composition-writing. Oh may the academy long stand and send forth many more characters as noble and useful as it can now boast of having formed. Many religious associations, also, are connected with the old academy, and these are dearer than any others. Here often has our little Bible class met, to receive instruction from those lips which are now cold in death. But his teachings still live, we trust in the hearts of many, and how often hearts have been melted by his words of love and tender affection, as when he taught us that all things here are fading, falling and dying, he bade us seek an interest in that temple above, that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and good.—Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the loud and vulgar—where the ribald song was inculcated—and the indecent story, to excite laughter and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of the retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

PALESTINE.—In entering Palestine, Mr. Stanley, in common with all other travelers, was struck with the smallness of a territory which fills so large a space in the history of mankind. Its breadth rarely exceeds fifty miles, while its extreme length, from "Dan to Beersheba," is but one hundred and eighty. From almost every height in Palestine the entire breadth of the territory may be taken in at a view, from the hills of Moab to the sea; and the traveler, even in despite of previous preparation, is startled to find that in one long day he has passed from the capital of Judea to that of Samaria, or that, in eight hours, he has seen "three such spots as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem." It brings a strange feeling, too, especially after leaving the uncertain topography of the desert, to arrive suddenly in the midst of places whose still existing names have been familiar to us from infancy, as the scenes of events which we have never thought of without awe;—"to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out by the Bedouin guides, or by the plowman in the fields, who know no more of David's wanderings than those of Ulysses." This is the charm of travel in a classic land. But nowhere is it felt with half the security which is enjoyed among the unquestioned localities of the land of the Bible.

OUR HOMES.—Genius hath its triumph, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only hath its home. Home only! What more needeth the heart? What more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than honor, and pride, and fortune—more than all earth can give—the light, the noonday sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flames of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes to burn forever.

Home! how more beautiful thou art! how like an untaught religion! a golden link between the soul and heaven! when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of its affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubims around thy tranquil hearth.

☞ A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say, "Whenever I find my wife cross, and my own temper giving way, I retire to my library, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

☞ There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging oneself duped by the sentiment it inspires.

☞ Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity; the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.

The Twelfth Oyster's Difference.

Madame de K——, a Russian lady of great consequence, formerly, in the fashionable world, returned lately to Paris. She had been absent some years, and of course had been forgotten, but it was now necessary to her happiness that she should re-conquer her former glories as the most adorable and best dress of women—particularly the latter. She called again upon her former dress-maker, the most eminent of course in her successes of *toilettes*, confided to her the problem and its anxieties. There was to be a certain ball. Madame de K——, wished to appear first at that, in nearly the costume of a Gabrielle d'Eitrees. It was promised.

On the morning of the day of the ball, Madame called upon her dress-maker. The dress was done. It was a miracle of perfect beauty! Twenty thousand francs' worth of lace reposed softly on folds of *tulle*, plaited as if by the fingers of faries. The corsage was truly marvelous—but—oh horror!—when it came to be tried on, it was found impossible for Madame de K—— to enter it! Against the hints and counsel of the dress maker it had been made upon her old measure.

'Oh, desolation inexpressible!' exclaimed Madame, 'what is to be done? But it cannot be helped. You must set instantly to work and make me another corsage!'

'Impossible!' said the *modiste*, 'we have but three hours, and thirty dresses to complete and send home in that time.' 'But, would Madame make one more effort?'

The effort was made, and, this time, the corsage admitted Madame and her enlargements. But she was very pale, and had recourse every moment or two, to her 'salts.' 'I suffocate!' she pantingly cried.

'Madame will get accustomed to it, little by little, said the *fausse*. 'And then, with the exercise of the ball, the size diminishes. Fortunately it is a ball, for if it were a dinner party, Madame would be obliged to give up the dress.'

The stifling woman looked with glaring eyes upon the speaker. 'It is a dinner!' she exclaimed with horror. 'They dance afterwards!'

'Then,' said the dress maker, very positively, 'it will be necessary for Madame to omit the dinner.'

And to this desperate resolve Madame de K——consented. She took the dress-maker home with her, ordered a dozen oysters, and a bottle of Bordeaux, and, sent an apology of headache. She would make her appearance in time for the dance.

'Twelve oysters!' exclaimed the *modeste*, as she saw her customer go at them voraciously. 'Please, Madame, omit one! Eleven are as many as your corsage will admit! Alas, Madame, the last oyster takes up a great deal of room!'

'Eleven be it, then!' said Madame with a sigh. And leaving the longed-for ultimatum on the plate, she completed her *toilette* for the evening.

Her friends found her figure charming—her waist as light as ever—herself paler than she used to be, but still otherwise unchanged.—And the gnawing sensation of unappease hunger which she had all the evening, was consoled by the compliments to her unrivalled dress, her well-remembered and still beautiful figure! But another oyster would have burst the lacing of the adorable *corsage*! And, (moral!) to forego that twelfth oyster should be taught in the discipline of female academies.

THE WRONG LEGS.—A gentleman of this city, who has the bad fortune to be troubled with rheumatism in the legs, and the good fortune to have an excellent wife, who is ever prompt in applying the usual remedies to arrest the vexatious pains of this treacherous complaint, went home one evening last week suffering greatly from his old misery." His zealous wife immediately rushed to the sideboard, and taking out the bottle of what she supposed to be Dallen's Pain Extractor, proceeded to rub the afflicted husband's legs and feet with the magical elixir. With a grateful smile the affectionate husband signified his great relief, remarking, also, that a good wife was really an inestimable blessing.

"And, by-the-by, my dear," continued the affectionate spouse, "I see you have been varnishing the legs of this old furniture; they have needed it for a long time."

"What put that into your head? asked the good wife."

"Why, can't I smell? I must certainly have a bad cold if I could escape that rather strong odor of copal varnish which pervades the room."

"You are mistaken; I have not opened the varnish bottle to-day."

At this the husband, happening to cast his eyes down to his kneeling wife, who was still rubbing his extremities, was astonished and horrified at the spectacle they presented. They were of a beautiful mahogany color, so brightly polished that he could see his own startled countenance as distinctly in them as in a looking glass. Seizing the bottle of magical elixir, what was his horror to discover that it was labeled "copal varnish!"

This explained the odor, and established an important fact in medical practice, that the best cure for rheumatism is a thick coating of copal varnish. We had the same remedy employed in cases of cholera, to arrest prespiration, but this is the first case we have ever known of it being found as effective it restoring the damaged legs of men as those of tables and side-boards.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DO IT YOURSELVES, BOYS.—Why ask the teacher or some class-mate to solve that problem? Do it yourselves. You might as well let them eat your dinner as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating: he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done. In almost every school I would give more for what the teacher learns; simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems for them, and answer the question of the lazy boys. Do not ask him to parse all the difficult words or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourselves. Never mind though they look as dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from any body. Try again. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by the very dint of wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains. Look at that boy who has secueeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class. He reads like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor weak school-mate who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder as a superior. The problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upwards, and what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The one who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.

☞ The telegraph wires in every direction have been much injured by the storm.

From the Cohoes Cataract, April 10.

An Elopement---Base Desertion.

Officer Millman of Lansingburg, came to this village on Wednesday last, in company of Mr. Stone, a resident of Landgrove, Vt., in search of a man named Kelly, who left a wife and three children about two months ago near the latter place, and eloped with the step daughter of Mr. Stone, under the following circumstances:

The erring girl had been employed in the family of Kelly, and it is supposed that while there she consented to his base proposals and made arrangements for an elopement. It was arranged that she should engage to work in a collar factory in Lansingburg, and that Kelly should propose to her unsuspecting parents that he would accompany her to the cars at Bennington, whither his business (that of a daguerrean artist,) should call him, and as he was in the habit of being absent from home, engaged in his profession, the circumstances would excite no suspicion, and they would be enabled to accomplish their object.

Their plan proved successful, and four weeks had elapsed before the guilty pair appeared in Lansingburg, from which place the girl promised to write to her parents, informing them of her success in her new undertaking, &c. Kelly then procured board for the girl in the family of Mr. Millman, and then went away. After she had been there a few days, Mrs. M. suspected that all was not right, and gave her expression to her suspicions, by asking her if "she was sure she was married?" to which she replied that "she was if the officer was qualified who performed the ceremony." The next day she went to Hoosic in company with an acquaintance, to visit a friend, and while she was gone Kelly came to Mr. Millman's residence, and inquired where his wife was. He was told, and in the morning he went after her, and from Hoosic brought her to this village, where he made arrangements for her board, and then left "on business." She remained one week, and then went to the hotel, where she boarded until the 3d inst., when Kelly again made his appearance, and they departed for parts unknown.

Kelly is quite a young man, rather prepossessing in his appearance, but is evidently a villain. But a short time since he was arrested for passing counterfeit money, but through the influence of his friends, who are wealthy, he was released.

His companion in crime is very lady like in her appearance, and we are told is quite accomplished, but like many infatuated young girls who disorder their imaginations by reading yellow covered literature, and determined to have a romantic adventure, without considering the dreadful consequences which are sure to follow such a course.

A Desperate Villain.

The Texas State Gazette has an account of the capture at Waco, in that State, of "Bill Johnson," a notorious desperado. He had fled from San Antonio, charged with a crime, and his hiding place was discovered. The Gazette says:

The Sheriff soon received from San Antonio, a capias for Johnson's arrest. It was found that he had taken up his quarters for resistance at Blackenship's storehouse, and was armed with six double barreled shot guns, doubtless provided for him by accomplices. Echels, the Deputy Sheriff, broke down the door at the entrance, and the party summoned as the Sheriff's posse, attempted to enter two abreast. Johnson was seen standing like a furious lion in the back part of the store room and shot into the "pile," aiming a centre shot; but it was a little to the right and the arms of all those on the right side were shot, and their coats and clothing literally torn to pieces. Tobe Carmack received three buck shot in the arm, young Thomasson seven, and Eichelberger one.

The reports of the guns soon brought to the spot a large number of citizens, who knowing that Johnson had secretly several aiders and abettors, came well armed with shot guns, rifles and pistols. Johnson remained in the house, first firing out of the front and afterwards changing his position to the back door, and for some time keeping up a fire upon the citizens. Finally he made a desperate effort at retreat, and running out of the back door with a shot gun and side arms, he attempted to gain the river.

On his retreat, he turned upon his pursuers, and taking aim at Mr. Buchanan, wounded him in the right thigh, hip and near the knee. He was at last brought to the ground by the shots of the party in pursuit. He was found to be shot through the centre of the breast with a rifle bullet. He had also received a buckshot in his mouth which lodged in his neck. It was thought that he would die in a few minutes, and he was left there reluctantly by the citizens, who were so exasperated at him, that under other circumstances he must have been thrown into Brazos river.

His friends came to his relief, and carried him to Blackenship & Baker's grocery. The Sheriff learning this fact, and ascertaining that his wounds were not mortal, again took charge of him, and he was carried to the Drury Hotel under guard. These events transpired on the 7th inst. On the same night he feigned so well that death's hand was upon him, that some of the guard left to warm themselves by the fire. He soon rose, seized a gun, and fired at Mr. Griffin, but missed him. The latter returned the fire, breaking his jaw bone. It was thought at last accounts that he would soon die of his wounds. The woun