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ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, O! Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the low silver threads out of my hair,
Over my shoulders your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O! tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again;
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like Mother's love ever was shown,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a Mother can charm away pain—
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain,
Slumber's soft calm o'er my weary lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet minions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear Mother! the years have been long,
Since I was last hushed to your lullaby song:
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem—
Womanhood's years have been but a dream.
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light ringlets just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

A Portrait.

The Editor of the Springfield, Ohio, *Daily News*, in a communication to the *Printer*, thus portraitures one of the appurtenances of every printing office—"THE DEVIL."

The 'devil' is an institution by and of himself. He inks the type, or turns the crank, or 'lays on the sheets.' (Other people sometimes do the latter.) If it were not for him the paper would not 'come out.' He sweeps the office. He builds the fires—an appropriate work for a fiend—and sweats because some one has 'hooked the kindling!' He does the chores at the house. He 'quiets the baby.' Yet his most important duty is to keep watch on the street corner so as to be able to inform the editor when the Sheriff is after him.

With all this, the 'Devil' shoulders all the bad and smutty jokes of the editor. When the mighty man of the *pen* is ashamed of an expression, and still desires to utter it, he says 'our Devil says thus and so,' and the poor Devil has to stand it.

Nevertheless the 'Devil' is an important personage in society. He attends lectures. He frequents concerts, shows, and the opera: but I say it more in sorrow than in anger—he seldom visits church! He presents himself at the ticket office of the show, with his 'linen' reversed by way of a change, (for he seldom possesses more than a single shirt,) as a 'member of the press,' and so presses his claims that he is admitted without the accustomed quarter. But our young friend is not alone. He is too much of a gallant for that. His 'woman' is with him, and he and his 'woman' pass in and enjoy the entertainment, which—whatever it may be—is taken down in doses alternated with peanuts and tobacco. For the Devil chews as well as smokes, and spits profusely upon carpets when he gets within reach of them.

I never heard of a Printer's Devil who had risen in life,' but I do the class the justice to say that, to my knowledge, none of them have even left themselves down into Congressmen, and I never knew one to degrade himself so low as to become president of the United States.

So much for the 'Devil.' I know the 'animal.' I've been there myself.

A WOLF CAUGHT BY A MAN ON SKATES.—While James Graham our, wide awake Sheriff, was out with a party skating on the river a few days since, he observed, as he was gliding swiftly along over the smooth ice, in advance of his companions, a large wolf crossing the river just a few rods ahead of him, when he immediately gave chase. The frightened brute turned down the stream, finding his pursuer would cut him off before he could possibly reach the opposite bank, and ran as fast as he could, which was not his greatest pace, owing to the smoothness of the ice. The Sheriff, intent on his game, bent his whole energies to accelerating his pace, keeping his eye on the gaunt creature before him, and being a superior skater, he gained upon him at every stroke; but when within almost reach of the animal, he happened to cast his eye ahead, and there, within a half a dozen yards, was an open stretch of water, of several rods in width, into which the wolf sprang, followed, of course, by the Sheriff, who was unable to check his momentum soon enough to avoid the disaster. Finding himself "in for it," he laid hold of the growling, snapping brute, thereby buoying himself up until his comrades arrived, when he was pulled out, and the cause of his cold bath forthwith killed.—*St. Joseph Traveller.*

In the tenth century to eat off the same plate and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

THE HORSE DETECTIVE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the winter of 1836, I was stopping for a while with a planter friend, whose extensive cotton fields stretched along the west bank of the Boque Chitto, where that stream after traversing Pike county, in the State of Mississippi, crosses the State line into the Parish of Washington, in Louisiana. The plantation lay wholly in the former State, but its southern limit was formed by the highway that led westward from the Pearl River to the Mississippi. This road lay directly on the surveyed boundary of the two States, so that two neighbors, meeting in their morning ride, could shake hands from their saddles, and each in his own State—the Mississippian and the Louisiana standing each on his own soil.

One morning business made it necessary for me to ride to Franklinton, the county town of Washington parish, and the weather being unusually fine, my friend proposed to accompany me there.

We had reached the State line road, along which our route lay for a little way, when, on approaching a thicket on the northern side of the path, our horses suddenly shied to the right, and evidencing great alarm, refused to pass the spot.

Dismounting, and throwing the rein of my bridle over the pummel of my friend's saddle, I entered the thicket, to discover the cause of their unusual excitement.

I perceived in the dust of the road, the appearance of something heavy having been dragged through it in the direction of the bank of the bayou, and following this track into the dark shadow of the chump, I was horrified at the sight that met my eyes.

Before me lay the body of a large well-dressed man, who had been most inhumanly murdered, for beside a pistol shot through the head, the throat was cut from ear to ear, and the embroidered vest and fine linen shirt bosom were sloshed and dabbled with gouts of blood, from wide knife wounds in the breast and side.

The man had but just been murdered, for on lifting one of the arms in my hasty examination, I observed that it was yet purple, and scarcely cold. Beside the body lay a pair of leathern saddle-bags, which had been rifled, and portions of their contents were scattered about the ground.

My exclamation of horror at the bloody spectacle had attracted the notice of my friend, and heeding the animals, he was soon at my side. He immediately recognized the man as Esquire Hendricks, a lawyer of high standing in one of the neighboring counties of Mississippi.

While occupied in the examination of the body and the surrounding locality, a violent snorting and tramping was heard close at hand, and my friend, leaving me for an instant, returned, leading by the broken bridle a noble and greatly excited animal, which he said was the horse of the murdered man.

He was a beautiful thoroughbred bay, known to every one in that portion of the country, and noted for his remarkable intelligence.

The horse, on being led to the spot, exhibited the utmost excitement, and trembling in every limb, almost fell to the ground with terror. As he stood thus, with his fore feet braced forward, his long neck and head stretched toward the mangled remains of his master, his mane standing almost on end, and his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, like balls of fire, I thought he presented the most perfect and sublime picture of terror I had ever looked upon. For a moment the faithful creature stood thus gazing upon the fearful sight, and then gradually approached the body, and after smelling it, as if to remove all lingering doubts of the identity, he reached forward to one of the outstretched hands, as it lay, palm up, on the grassy ground, and licking it like an affectionate spaniel, evinced attachment and grief, in a language stronger than words could ever have done.

Of course, this put an end to our journey to Franklinton for that day; and gathering up the scattered property of the murdered man, and leading the excited horse, we returned to my friend's plantation—calling on the way, upon the neighbors and imparting the startling intelligence to them.

A cold-blooded murder like this, was a circumstance that had not agitated the community of Boque Chitto for a long time; and Squire Hendricks being widely known, and deservedly popular, it created no small degree of excitement.

During the investigation that followed, it transpired that the lawyer was at the time of his death, in possession of a sum of money which he had for a client; and on the morning of the murder, was taking it to Franklinton, to deposit for the benefit of his employer. This money was missing, together with his gold watch.—No doubt, of course, remained that the deed was perpetrated by a highwayman. But notwithstanding several suspicious persons were arrested, nothing was established against them, and they were discharged.

At length several weeks had passed away, and although the community were continually on the *qui vive* for the detection of the villain, the excitement in a great degree had subsided.

The month of March arrived, and I began to turn my thoughts northward; and in anticipation of the homeward journey, I had disposed of my horse. In consequence of this, I was for some time indebted to the courtesy of my friend for the use of the animal which had belonged to the murdered lawyer, still in the keeping of my friend.

One day during the Spring session of the Circuit Court of the county, I happened to visit the town; and stopping opposite the court house, to speak with my attorney, my horse, being well known as having been the property of Hendricks, naturally attracted considerable attention. All at once the horse sprang to one side with such force, as almost to throw me from the saddle and trampled upon the feet of some of his friends, and snorting loudly, seemed suddenly to be filled with terror.

As soon as I could recover my seat, I looked about the crowd for the cause of this extraordinary conduct. At this moment, I seen a person approaching, evidently to ascertain the cause of the gathering. I had frequently seen this man before, and knew he was the keeper of a dining saloon in the place. Though not a man much thought of, he was looked upon as an honest and harmless sort of a fellow. This man came up; and as he drew near, the horse exhibited the utmost alarm; and snorting wildly, sprang, in spite of the rein, through the crowd, and trembling violently, endeavored to escape in an opposite direction. The strange behavior of the animal was remarked by all; and several voices exclaimed in the same breath:

'It's Bill Nevins! the horse's afraid of Bill Nevins!'

'By gracious!" cried another, 'who knows but Bill, here, killed the lawyer? I say, old fellow, go up to the critter, and let him smell the blood on yer hands!'

From his first appearance I kept my eye upon this man; and no sooner had he caught sight of the horse, than I observed a peculiar expression upon his face; and when the last words were uttered,—a deadly pallor spread over his features, and he almost staggered as he replied:

'Who says I killed lawyer Hendricks? It's a lie!'—and turning abruptly, he attempted to walk, with all the apparent nonchalance he could assume, in the direction of his saloon. As if an electric shock had struck me, the conviction of that man's guilt rushed upon my mind; and forcing the frightened animal across the court house square, till I overtook him, I bent forward in my saddle and shouted in his ear:

'*Bill Nevins!* I SAY *you murdered Squire Hendricks!*'

Had a thunder bolt struck the guilty wretch, he could not have fallen more suddenly to the ground. He was not hardened in crime; and this abrupt accusation of murder overcame him.

A warrant for his arrest was immediately obtained; and he was conveyed to await his trial at the next Circuit Court in June; while I was required to remain in the county as a witness in the case.

It was a matter of doubt whether the murder was done within the jurisdiction of the courts of Mississippi, or those of the State of Louisiana; and the prisoner's counsel, it was hinted, would plead this question of *venue* in favor of their client.

The body of the murdered man was found on the western side of the road, and some little distance from it, and consequently, within the territory of the State of Mississippi. This would be testified to by both my friend and myself; but at the same time it could be proven by the appearance of the dust on the road, that the body had evidently been dragged some distance, to the place where it was discovered, after the deed had been perpetrated. The vicinity had been thoroughly searched, as was supposed, and no evidence of the precise locality of the death scene had been detected, by which the venue could be established. In consequence of this it was feared that the guilty man would escape the clutches of the law.

Since the discovery of the murder, I had not had occasion to pass over the road where it had been perpetrated, having transacted my business at Franklinton, through the kindness of a friend. But a few days previous to that set for the trial of Nevins, I found it necessary to visit that town myself.

I started from my friend's plantation in company with several gentlemen of the neighborhood, so that we formed quite a company of horsemen. As usual, of late, I was mounted on the beautiful bay, which had been the property of the murdered lawyer; and it was on this occasion that the extraordinary intelligence of the animal led to the complete elucidation of the mystery of the murder.

When we reached the vicinity where the bloody act had been consummated, the animal began to exhibit the same symptoms of alarm he had shown on the former occasion, and at the court house square, notwithstanding the horses of my companions evinced no signs whatever of fear. We had passed the spot where the body of Hendricks had been discovered, when the horse in spite of my guidance, dashed into the tangled thickets with me, and forcing his way through the grape vines and overhanging limbs, reached the roots of a large sweet gum, when he stopped, and pawing the ground violently, exhibited signs of excessive agitation.

The gentlemen, as well as myself, having all confidence in the remarkable intelligence of the beautiful creature, we busied ourselves in examining the locality, convinced that this was the very scene of the killing of his master.

And such it proved; for one of my companions soon picked up a large, peculiarly shaped bowie knife, which was immediately recognized by several as having been in the possession of Bill Nevins shortly previous to the murder; while on the roots of the tree were found tangled masses of hair, of a color comparing exactly with that of the deceased.

These facts were sufficient, not only to prove the guilt of the prisoner, but also established the *venue*, thus making all the initiatory proceedings in the case in strict accordance with the forms and requirements of the law.

On the morning of the trial, I visited the prisoner in his cell, and stated the recent facts that had been developed against him, and conjured him, if he was really guilty, to confess the fact at once, and no longer attempt to stand out against the strong array of testimony that would establish his guilt.

As I have said before, the man was not a hardened criminal, this, doubtless, being the first crime he had ever been tempted to commit, and with a terrible agitation, most fearful to look upon and which I can never forget, the poor wretch made a clean bosom of it, and confessed to the murder.

He hap become aware of the fact that Hendricks was in possession of a large sum of money, and also that he intended to deposit it at Franklinton, and secretly leaving Holmesville he proceeded to the State line road to intercept him. Meeting his victim, to whom he was well known, by the roadside, he formed some pretext by which he induced him to enter the thicket by the sweet gum, where the bloody deed was consummated; and the robbery accomplished, he dragged the body to the spot where myself and friend had found it.

Thus it was, that a noble and affectionate animal, with a wonderful intelligence, not only pointed out the murderer of his master, but the very spot where the terrible crime had been committed, thus being the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of retributive justice.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

'My dear,' I said to the lady who was seated opposite me at the breakfast table, and who had the good fortune to be my wife, 'if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to receive a cup of coffee that looks as though it had been sipped from before it reached my hands. Have I not often asked you to fill my cup to within an eighth of an inch of the rim, and not give it to me half or three quarters full?'

'You are as particular as an old bachelor,' the estimable lady replied 'and if I had known it before I married you, this day would not have seen me your wife. There, sir, is your cup of coffee. I hope it will suit you.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed as I took the cup, 'how you have managed to run it over. You must certainly be aware that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to find slops in my saucer.'

'Well, if you will insist on my filling the cup, you must expect that sometimes I shall spill it over; besides, your finding fault with me does me no good, but makes me nervous, and causes my hand to tremble, so that I only wonder there is any coffee left in the cup. But here is a clean saucer, in the place of the one you have.'

Having effected this important change, I tasted the contents of my cup. It was evident to me that there was no sugar in it. I tasted it again to make certain of the fact. Then I said to her:

'You have neglected to put sugar in my coffee. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is coffee unsweetened.'

'I am certain,' replied my estimable spouse,' that I *did* sweeten it. I don't think you have stirred it.'

'But I know I have,' I answered.

'Not with your spoon,' said the provoking woman, 'for it is perfectly dry; perhaps, however, you used your fork.'

'Pshaw!' was all the answer I vouchsafed to this remark.

'Now, I declare,' I said, after having stirred and sipped my coffee, 'you have made it too sweet. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have my coffee taste like syrup.'

'Let me put more milk with it, then,' said the obliging woman.

'No, I thank you,' I replied, 'I don't care to have my stomach turned into a dairy. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is milk. I gave up milk diet when I cut my first teeth.'

'It is to be hoped that you will give up the habit of fault-finding, which you possess in an eminent degree, when you come to cut your wisdom teeth, though no one can tell when that will be.'

'Thank you,' I replied; 'you will probably be the first who will know it when that occurs.'

'And a happy day it will be for me,' she answered with a provoking smile. 'Few know, though, how much unhappiness your constant fault-finding causes me. Nothing I do seems to give you any susisfaction. There isn't a moment elapses, while you are in the house, save when you're asleep, but you are thus occupied. The truth is, I have always been too indulgent with you, and humored you when I ought not. I didn't commence tight in the first place. I should have paid no attention to your whims, but studied my own convenience and comfort, instead of seeking to make everything smooth and pleasant for you. Then I would have got along much better. Oh, you men are great tyrants, and if a woman yields to you in the least, you follow up your advantage, and bend her will to yours, and crush her spirit to the earth, till, by and by, you break her heart.'

'My dear, I will thank you for another cup of coffee,' I said, passing my cup to her; 'but be careful not to run it over, nor get it too sweet, nor put in too much milk. What an intolerable steak this is,' I added; 'it is tough enough to have been cut from one of the cattle pastured upon a thousand hills more than a thousand years ago. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is a tough beefsteak.'

'You ordered it yourself from the market, so you needn't find fault with me on that account. I knew it was tough the moment I looked at it.'

'Then why didn't you send it back?' I inquired.

'Because, as it was your selection, I supposed you wanted a tough one; besides, if I had returned it, you would have found fault with me for so doing.'

'Well, I can't eat it, that's certain,' I said; 'so it had better be taken off the table. I shan't throw any more money away on beefsteaks.'

'Oh, it will answer for hash,' said my economical wife, 'and you can have it for dinner.'

'Hash!' I exclaimed. 'If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is hash. Hash is only fit for children and old people without teeth. Besides, it is a popular dish at boarding schools and boarding houses; and when I was a boy, and afterward while a bachelor, I ate my share of it, and I'm going to eat no more of it. No, we'll have a turkey for dinner.'

'Very well,' said my spouse, 'a turkey let it be. Shall I see to getting one?'

'I think not,' I answered. 'The fact is, that all the turkeys you select, turn out to be like the celebrated one of which Job was the reputed owner—poor and tough. No, I'll buy the turkey, and you can cook it.'

'Very well,' said the imperturable lady. 'But how will you have it cooked?'

'Oh, any way; suit yourself,' I answered.

'Then I think I will roast it,' she replied.

'Roast it?' I exclaimed. 'That is just like you. Now, you know that if there is one thing that I dislike more than another, it is to have a turkey roasted.'

'Very well, then,' said the accommodating woman, 'I will boil it.'

'Boil it!' I said, aghast. 'Boil soup, boil lamb chops, boil cherries, if you like, but never, for me, boil a turkey.'

'Pray, then, how will you have it cooked? Only tell me, and it shall be done.'

'Why—why—well—I guess I'll, of course,' I answered, triumphantly.

'Very well,' said the lady, looking, however, as if it were not very well.

'Why can't you say something else besides 'very well?'' I asked. 'What a provoking woman you are to be sure.'

'Not half so provoking as you are,' she replied.

'Now, then, you wish to make me angry, I suppose; but you can't do it,' I said. 'I have put up with everything all through breakfast, and I am not going to be provoked just as I am finishing.'

'I am sure I don't wish to provoke you,' my wife said, in a most innocent and aggrieved manner.

'But you certainly do provoke me,' I replied.

'Then I am sorry for it,' she answered, in a softening tone, 'for such was not my intention.'

I looked across the table at my wife; something like a tear trolled down her cheek.

'Goodness!' I whispered to myself, 'I have made my wife weep. What—a—what—a—brute I am.'

Then, speaking aloud I exclaimed:

'Darling!'

'Well,' was her calm reply.

'Do you know,' I continued, 'that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is a tear.'

She answered simply with a sad smile.

'Sweet-heart!' I said.

'Well.'

'Cook the turkey any way you please.'

She shook her head.

I left my seat, (having finished my breakfast,) went to her side, and smoothing her pale, wan cheek with my hand, I kissed it and said:

'Forgive me, dear, this time.'

She smiled dubiously, as if "this time" was only one out of the "seventy times seven" which she would be called on to forgive during our matrimonial career; but, nevertheless, the pressure of her hand, which I had taken, assured me that peace was made.—*Home Journal.*

FATAL EFFECT OF FORTUNE TELLING.—Conrad Walter, a young man twenty years of age committed suicide on Monday night, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. The deceased lived with his parents, and was always considered a sober, steady and industrious boy. It was given in evidence before the jury on Tuesday, that some years ago he went to a fortune teller in the city to consult his fate. The sybil informed him gravely that as soon as he arrived at the age of twenty, he would die or be killed—that he could not possibly live to the age of twenty-one, except, perhaps, in a state of misery and woe, to which he would prefer death. Walter was twenty years of age a couple of weeks since. Happening to be out of employment at the time, he believed the prediction of the fortune teller was about to be verified, if not as regarding his death, at least with regard to the misery of his life. This it is thought induced him to commit the act of self destruction.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It is very cold," said Sir W., "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady furnished with the letter, set off, and on her arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks and send her back again."

The Crittenden-Bigler Propositions.

GOVERNOR BIGLER.

"Occasional," understood to be Col. Forney, thus writes from Washington to the *Press* newspaper:—"It useless going back to complain of opportunities neglected by the last Congress, to recall the refusal to submit the Crittenden propositions to the people; *but it is certain that if these propositions were now presented to a Republican Congress*, accompanied by the condition that those voting to submit them were not thereby committed to them, they would, I think, *be referred to the ballot box, by a majority of both both ll s.*"

There may be a snake in the grass here; it may be intended to make the reconsideration of these resolutions the pretext for calling an extra session of Congress.—Nor do we assent to the proposition that it is useless "to complain of opportunities neglected by the last Congress," and "to recall the refusal to submit the Crittenden propositions to the people." We are not of those who believe that the lapse of time affects the responsibility for sin, and that liberal amnesty should be extended to criminals, who, instead of repenting, have grown more confirmed in their wicked courses. We should keep in perpetual remembrance those incendiaries and agitators in Congress, who in defiance of the expressed and anxious wishes of the country and in utter disregard of the public peace and safety, obstinately refused to give to us a great healing measure demanded by the exigencies of a fearful crisis.

We take this opportunity to do justice to a gentleman who, then a distinguished Senator, is now a plain citizen of Pennsylvania—Ex Governor William Bigler.—No public man figured more conspicuously, more creditably, and more usefully in the exciting scenes of the last session of Congress than Governor Bigler. Expousing with unhesitating promptitude and with marked ability, the plan of settlement submitted by Mr. Crittenden, he was pre-eminently instrumental in attracting to it the signal popular favor it soon acquired. To render it practical and effective, he incorporated with it his own suggestion for its submission to the people. This suggestion has become so familiar to our minds, that we regard it as a simple and natural thought that might have occurred to any mind, and yet it was entirely original with Governor Bigler, no one else conceived it. It was the idea of a direct practical statesman. Taking up these two plans which soon became universally known as the Crittenden-Bigler propositions, Governor Bigler devoted to them all of his energies, faculties and abilities. He made the ablest speech in their behalf that was made in the Senate. In public and in private, as a Senator and as a private gentleman, he labored constantly to promote the success of this patriotic measure. So much zeal, ability, and patriotic solicitude did he manifest, and so far above all narrow, partisan and section, considerations did he rise, and so dignified, gentlemanly and senatorial was his bearing, that he won the respect and confidence of the Senators from all sections. Not only was he complimented in the highest terms by Mr. Crittenden, but he was complimented by extremists from both the North and the South. He showed himself in the highest sense a national man.

The Boston *Post* pays a noble tribute to Governor Bigler—to his ability, labor and usefulness. It says:—"His ability as a practical *working legislator*, aside from his fine talents, was very great." The *Post* adds:—

"Gov. Bigler's mind is one of those sound vigorous, practical organizations which ever make the safest legislators. During the last days of the last session, he was almost the entire support of the Administration; twelve of the Southern Senators having left that body, and the action of the remaining ones being paralyzed by apprehension of expected events in their own States which might remove them also—with an opposition majority disposed to lead Mr. Buchanan's administration with every conceivable charge, which could be maligned to the benefit of party; amid all this he remained faithful among the faithless while his high character for integrity, candor and sincerity always commanded the personal respect of his opponents.

The retirement of Gov. Bigler to private life is no small misfortune to the conservative element and business interests of New England; for he was national in his feelings, and cordially espoused any matter of legislation that commended itself to his approval without regard to sections, for which New England should ever esteem him.

We believe he will live to be appreciated by the people not only of his own State, but of every State that clings to the Union, and that he will exercise a large influence for good in the eventful era our country is fast entering upon."

Even "Occasional," *without naming* Gov. Bigler pays the highest compliment to his statesmanship and patriotism, when he expresses the opinion, that could his plan be now submitted to Congress it would pass both Houses. Pennsylvania owes more to Governor Bigler than she is yet conscious of. The noble position he has won is a part of her renown. He will be missed sadly from the Senate, where his place cannot easily be supplied.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

The President has appointed Elijah Hamlin of Maine, a brother of Hannibal Hamlin, Commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain. Southern readers may be interested to know that he is just as much a mulatto as his brother, the Vice President.