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Poetry.

Song of the Burman Lover.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh, come with me, in my little canoe,
For the tide is high, and the sky is blue,
And the wind is fair, and 'tis sweet to row
To the isles where the mango-apples grow!

Oh, come with me, and be my love,
And for thee, the jungle depth I'll rove;
I'll gather the honey-comb, bright as gold,
And seek out the elk's most secret fold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And bind the tiger cub with a chain;
And a young gazelle, with silver feet,
I'll bring thee for a playmate sweet!

I'll climb the palm for the bya's nest,
And red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast;
I'll pierce the cocoa for its wine,
And twine thee posies, if thou'lt be mine!

Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the waters are calm and the skies are blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay!

Evening Prayer.

BY L. H. S.

Let the hours of night and rest
With thy mercy, Lord, be blest;
Make me pure and free within
From all taint or love of sin.

If throughout the day that's gone,
Anything amiss I've done,—
If, in act, or, wish, or word,
Thy displeasure I've incurred,—

Grace and thy good spirit lend,
To repent and to amend;
Walking in thy love and fear,
Let me view thee ever near.

Let me choose my Saviour's cross,
Counting earth's poor riches dross;
Let thy mercy move mine own,
In kind words and actions shown.

Let thy angels guard my bed;
Be thy peace around me shed;
Bid all ill and danger flee,—
Let me wake and live for thee;

Or if called in haste to die,
Let me join thee in the sky,—
Dead alone to sin and pain,
There, with thee to live and reign.

Hear me, too, for kindred dear;
All—thou'st taught—are brethren here,
Friendly hostile—great and small,
Jesus died—I pray—for all.

Miscellaneous.

The Tree that never Fades.

'Mary, said George,' 'next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer and it will stay all winter.'

'George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree.'

'Well, I don't see as we can love anything. Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love, that wouldn't die.'

'George, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer.'

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that the tree was dying; but at evening as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

'Mother,' said Mary, 'you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden.'

'Yes,' added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them, towards his mother, 'you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?'

'Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die.'

'A real garden mother?'

'Yes, my son! In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as chrystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is Heaven. There you may live and love for ever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures and beside those still waters.'

INFORMATION WANTED.—Did you ever know a young lady who had white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a young lad and sprightly lass who could not pick blackberries into one basket?

Did you ever know a woman who never had anything taken from her clothes-yard?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time, that could not dance all night without being weary?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of thread for his favorite to wind without getting it strangely entangled?

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning glories.

Colonel Crickley's Horse.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

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 latent flames; and Col. Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up at dark, and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing that the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's Ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then, by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the older, was returning home, with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither 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 Drake's, he observed to his companion—

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

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

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

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his 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 sight 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 liked fun in any shape.

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

'I won't tell,' said Sam.

'Wal I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no 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 half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

'Well, why don't you shoot?'

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

'Say an X and it's a bargain!'

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

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

'Bout fifty.'

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

The Colonel pocketed his money muttering—

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

With 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 as black as Othello's.

'What's the matter with you, hey?—Fus' time you ever served me such a trick; I swan!'

And Drake loaded the piece with great warmth and indignation.

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

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

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

Drake was livid.

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

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

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

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

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

Drake *did* crack away—with a deadly aim too—but the horse did not mind the bullet 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, 'you're 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 bullet was hollow I'll swear. The man lies, that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifteen rods, and kin dew it again. By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll *bet* now, thirty dollars, I can bring down your 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 tens and making an X into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and beaded 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 any hesitation, he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving thro' 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 Barston 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 his 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 trick!'

'Played off on the Colonel—'

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

'Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon went out for deer—'

'Hang the deer! come to the trick.'

'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 didn't do anything else.'

'Devil! devil!' groaned the hunter.

'And then,' pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, 'Jim 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. Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! ho! wasn't it a joke?'

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt for 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 the 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.

The Bachelor is about to Marry.

By Ike Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor."

In contemplating the blissful state of matrimony, how amiable and kind you suddenly become. You shake hands with your office boy, as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washerwoman; and give her a shilling over-charge, and insist upon her keeping it; and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your hackman on the shoulder very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow; and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the post office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife; whereupon you think him a very miserable man; and give him a dollar by way of consolation. You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written—whether upon your side or upon the other. You think the stock market has a very cheerful look—with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder why you ever admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest. You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers, as you saunter along the streets; and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—"She is mine—she is mine!"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one half as well as you love Madge! You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is, that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamoured men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in Romish history. You chuckle over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpences. You read over the marriage service—thinking of the time when you will take *her* hand, and slip the ring upon *her* finger; and repeat after the clergyman—"for richer—for poorer; for better—for worse!" A great deal of "worse" there will be about it, you think! Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge, as light cleaves to day. The weeks leap with a bound; and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make boquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are tame.

And after marriage, the weeks are even shorter than before; you wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them all, as a traveled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers; and look upon their wives—ugly as they may be—as, better than none. You blush a little at first telling your butcher what "your wife" would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows you are a married man? You practice your new way of talk upon your office boy; you tell him that "your wife" expects you home to dinner, and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it! You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married; and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for "self and wife?" You wonder if any body was ever so happy before, or ever will be so happy again? You enter your name upon the hotel books as "Clarence—and lady;" and come back to look at it—wondering if any body else has noticed it—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife; nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber door at night. Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be;—quiet, small—with every thing she wishes, and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way;—the piano is the sweetest toned in the world;—the library is stocked to a charm;—and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the Inquisition. You grow twain of heart and purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder why you ever wore them before!

A Loafer's Soliloquy.

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a world this is. This world' as Shakespeare very beautifully remarks, 'is all a cattle show, for man's allusion given—and—and woman's too.' That's a fact. Shakespeare's right. This here is a very—a very checkered life.

This world is given to faultfinding tremenjus. Now here's my wife—kicked up a row, just because I went to bed with my overcoat, boots and hat on, when she knew that I wanted to get up airly in the mornin', and start off immejitly on 'portant business. She's very particular to inquire what business it is that calls me so airly—but I won't tell 'er. She's no right to interfere in my business. I don't interfere in hers. I don't never ask her where she buys groceries and provisions, and gets trusted for 'em without throwin' away money for 'em.

And then she finds fault with me for spendin' so much money for licker.—But what am I goin' to do? Licker's cash. It can't be bort without the dimes. She says it hurts me and makes my hands peel,—says that it would take a great deal of new milk to make a man's hands peel bad.—What o' that? Hain't the men that sell licker got to live? How can they pay rent if nobody patronizes 'em?—That's a question that goes to my heart like an arrer. When I think of the high rents that tavern-keepers have to pay, I al'ays go and take su'thing just to help 'em along. I've tho't a good deal about this lately—and, now I think of it, they've riz on what's his name's rent across the way, and I'll just go over and give him a lift.—'Oh, dear! this is a checkered life.'

ONE.

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in a year.

One hole in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will do to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a whole flock.

One unruly animal will learn all others in company bad tricks, as the Bible says: 'One sinner destroys much good.'

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband who is penurious or lazy and deprives his family of the necessary comforts, such as their neighbor enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

One child to disobey his parents' command, is not as dutiful as it should be.

CANCER.—This terrible disease is said to have greatly increased in England during a few years, insomuch that a Cancer Hospital has just been established in London, and is already effecting an immense deal of good. In 1850, before this Hospital was established, no less than four thousand five hundred and eighty-six persons died in England of this frightful malady. Of these, three thousand two hundred and twenty-eight were males.

White & Cunningham, the celebrated pork dealers of Kentucky, have just converted the Mammoth Cave into a hogpen!

From the Harrisburg State Journal.

The Next Presidency.

The papers of both political parties are busily engaged in discussing the claims and qualifications of the numerous Presidential aspirants, and speculating as to the probable results of the respective Conventions. Cass and Buchanan are the prominent candidates on the Democratic side, and the contest between the friends of these rival aspirants to the Presidential honors, is conducted with unexampled spirit and vigor, and characterised by great bitterness. The Buchananites, conscious of their superior strength, give no quarter, and cry "war to the knife" against all opponents; while the Cassites, equally determined and furious, proclaim not only "war to the knife," but if need be, "the knife to the hilt" against the followers of the "old Federalist." From present indications, we incline to the belief that the "House of Lancaster" is in the ascendant—that Buchanan will not only carry the Pennsylvania delegation, but will be the nominee of the Baltimore Convention. So mote it be.

Among the Whigs, several distinguished gentlemen have been mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination, viz: Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, President FILLMORE and DANIEL WEBSTER. These great men all have their warm personal and political friends; but whatever may be the result of the National Convention, its action will receive a hearty and unanimous endorsement. Should the representatives of the National Whig party, in general Convention assembled, select for our standard-bearer the scar-covered, laurel crowned Hero of Lundy's Lane, Chippewa and Mexico, WINFIELD SCOTT, there lives not a whig in this broad land who would not glory in following such a leader into the thickest of the fight. If, on the other hand, Mr. FILLMORE, or Mr. WEBSTER, should be nominated, they would be supported with equal cordiality and unanimity. Principles are everything—men are nothing. Whigs are actuated solely by motives of Patriotism; they are governed by great leading principles; and whoever is put forward as the Presidential representative of these great principles, the Whig masses will honor and support. We all have our personal partialities and preferences; but whatever differences of opinion with regard to men, exist in our ranks now, when the day of trial comes the enemy will find the patriotic Whigs of the Union united and firm.

In the Southern and South-western States, the Whigs are moving with much unanimity in favor of Mr. FILLMORE. In Massachusetts and some other New England States, Mr. Webster has friends who are active in his behalf. In Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the great majority of the Whigs are warmly and strongly for Gen. SCOTT. Here in Pennsylvania, the Whig party respect and honor Mr. FILLMORE, for the manly and patriotic discharge of his Presidential duties, and cordially endorse and sustain the policy of his wise Administration. At the same time, however, the fact cannot be disguised that the sympathies of the masses are with Gen. SCOTT, whose nomination they prefer above that of any other man living. They are devotedly attached to the "Conquering Hero," whose whole life has been employed in defending his country, and bearing her starry flag in triumph through every contest. Regarding him as the most available candidate, and believing that his claims have been too long deferred, the people now ask for "JUSTICE TO GEN. SCOTT." We are prepared to bow to the decision of the Whig National Convention, and to support its nominee with cordiality and to the best of our humble ability.

TESTIMONY TO GOV. JOHNSON.—A large number of the friends and admirers of Gov. Johnston have had manufactured by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., for him and his lady, a service of plate, at a cost of $980. The present consists of a silver waiter, three feet in length, two pitchers, each 17 inches in height; a tea sett, comprising six pieces; a pair of goblets, cake basket, twelve napkin-rings, fish knives, butter knives, forks, &c. The several articles are elaborately chased, and the workmanship on each is exceedingly neat and beautiful. On each pitcher is the following inscription:—"Presented, by the citizens of Philadelphia, as a testimonial of their admiration and gratitude, to his Excellency, WM. F. JOHNSTON."

The inscription on the waiter is as follows:—"Presented by the citizens of Philadelphia, to Mrs. MARY M. JOHNSTON, as a testimonial of the veneration and esteem inspired by the amiable virtues which dignify and grace in her character an illustrious Pennsylvania matron. A tribute of admiration, respect and gratitute to her husband, His Excellency, WM. F. JOHNSON, Governor of Pennsylvania, for his virtues as a man—his public spirit as a citizen—his wisdom as a statesman—his devotion as a patriot, and his eminent service as a Chief Magistrate, in the promotion of internal improvements in the economy and enlargement of the public revenues and the reduction of the State taxes; in the establishment of provisions for the liquidation of the State debt; in the resolute champanionship of the principles, the welfare and the glory of his native Commonwealth; in the maintenance and exemplification of justice, purity, and public zeal, throughout every administrative branch of the government; and in unshaken loyality to the Constitution and laws of the Union he cherishes and the state he adorns—the triumphs of his genius—his courage and unconquering fidelity to his State as registered in her prosperity—they illustrate her annals, and will perpetuate her gratitude."

The citizens of Savannah, Ga., are luxuriating on fresh shad.