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Poetry.

The Bridal, LILLIA A. ADAMS. Beneath the eastern window, In a flood of ray light, They stand the bridegroom and the bride.

They pass from out the rosy light, Down the old side's dim shade, And faint hearts pray they'er may keep.

They pass from out the rosy light, Down the old side's dim shade, And faint hearts pray they'er may keep.

Select Tale.

THE MISTRESS OF WOODLAWN.

"So good of you, Paul," and the widow smiled sweetly as she held out her hand. "Only my duty," was the response.

The widow assured him that it was, and he went away, to be absent for an indefinite period of years. Paul Woodford was a young man of some twenty-eight years of age.

Meanwhile chance threw him into the vicinity of distant cousin, whom he had met but once in his life. He determined to call on him, and upon doing so, was shocked to find that he was dead, and that his widow and two daughters were living in shabby genteel poverty.

Paul Woodford hated the sight of poverty; and the widow realizing that, began to dilate upon the horrors of her present life.

"Besides," she said, plaintively, "I have an orphan niece of Mr. Raymond's to support. She has lived with us for years, and I cannot turn her out."

"No indeed, madam!" exclaimed Paul, and then for a moment he was silent. "I think I have a plan which will be to your advantage," he observed.

of his house, to still more admire the view before him.

Four ladies were on the piazza. And, toying with some worsted work, he recognized as the widow Raymond; two others were reading the latest novels; while the fourth was industriously sewing.

"I think my stay at Woodlawn will be short," he thought to himself. "I can't stand so many feminine charms every day of my life."

At that instant Mrs. Raymond raised her eyes and observed the stranger. Paul was so bronzed and travel-stained that she did not recognize him, especially as in her last letter he had spoken of an intended visit to China.

"Fay, go down and order that person off!" she said, in tones sharp enough to reach Paul's ears. "He is lounging around here to catch a glimpse of Arabella or Florence."

"Go!" was the commanding retort; and Fay obeyed her. "I thought she was one of the girls, Paul soliloquized to himself as he advanced slowly; 'she must only be a servant. By Jove!—as she neared him—'what a lovely face!'"

He doffed his hat, and stood before her respectfully, somewhat curious to know how she would give the command. "I beg your pardon, sir," she commenced, without raising her eyes.

"I am sorry to have incurred her displeasure," he returned. "I was only admiring the scenery and contrasting it with any I had ever seen abroad."

Involuntarily she raised her eyes to his face, and at that moment Mrs. Raymond's sharp voice came floating to them in the one word—Fay!

The day dawned pleasantly. Paul was talking to the steward about the affair. "I shall want a horse to ride myself," he observed, "because the carriage will only hold four."

There has been just published in London, by Trubner & Co., the eminent Oriental publishers, a volume which is likely to create considerable excitement in America.

"Fusang; or, the Discovery of America," by Mr. Charles G. Leland, better known by the sobriquet of "Hans Brietmann," and, later of "The English Gypsy." For the last century scholars have known the existence of a theory which assigned the merit of the discovery of America to a Chinaman, but never before has this theory been openly supported by a prominent American.

The worst of it is, Mr. Leland, as a practical writer, and as one who is fully aware of the sensation which his book is likely to create in his native land, has proceeded about the business he has taken in hand in a thoroughly cool and practical manner, has consulted eminent scientific authorities, and has taken the utmost pains to heap proof on proof in favor of his startling hypothesis.

Paul made no response, but he knitted his brows. "He is angry," Mrs. Raymond said to herself. "I need not feel any more alarmed. He will avoid her."

He returned home by a by-path. A little way ahead he espied Fay. He hurried up and sat down beside her. "Why did you not oblige me by going to the festival?" he asked.

"I am sorry that Mrs. Raymond has misrepresented me. I have always, when away, thought of you as my cousin—the same as the other two girls—and since I have been here I have been hurt to think you persisted in avoiding me."

"I am going to marry," he said. "Allow me to present you to my future wife." They tried to congratulate the happy couple, but words choked them.

"My steward has been very careful of your income, in case of this emergency," he said to Mrs. Raymond the next morning. "You have a trifle over ten thousand in the bank, and I will present you with that little villa on the Hudson for your lifetime; and your daughters until they are married, in case they survive you."

"I don't know what the girls will do for something to wear," said Mrs. Raymond, thoughtfully. "They have attended so many out door festivals, this season, that most of their light clothing is spoiled. Of course, they cannot wear silks."

Californiaans are agitating the subject of the cultivation of the sun-mat, the product of which is used for tanning, and, when ground, brings the handsome price of from \$70 to \$130 per ton.

Who Discovered America?

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sent by a pious Chinese Dowager Empress, somewhere about the close of the fourth century of the Christian era.

The public generally will look at the whole matter in rather a conical light. The idea of the "Heathen Chinese" discovering America will be thoroughly relished, especially as coming from the humorist, Hans Brietmann. It will be suggested next, we fear, in some comic journal, that America should not, in the future, be called "Columbia," seeing that Columbus, it is said, did not discover it; but seeing it has been made plain that it was discovered long before, a posteriori, by Hooi Shin, it should be henceforth known as "Hooi-Shin-ia!"

We have felt that the subject of which we have treated in this article has also its grave side, and one fitted for the serious consideration of Americans, and chiefly for this reason we have written an article, not a review, upon Mr. Leland's fascinating book. Let its throes arise, as enlightened Americans, the fastidious of paltry traditions. What matters it who really discovered America—whether he was cannibal from the Sandwich Islands, an Ishobander, a Samunian, or a chivalrous European, like Columbus? Let us look less at the past, except merely as history, and look more to ourselves, as we are. As an historical investigation, Mr. Leland's volume is intensely interesting; but even if the old and only himself discovered America, freedom, patriotic, enlightened Americans would be Americans still. In all probability, Britain (so Darwin tells us) was discovered by an Arab, not a white man, Englishmen are Englishmen still, and what else matters?—American Register, May 28th.

French Almanac.

January.—He who is born in this month will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to indolence; he may too often forget to pay his debts, but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month will be a pretty, prudent housewife, rather melancholy, but very good tempered.

February.—The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be staid at home but profuse abroad. The lady will be a handsome and affectionate wife and tender mother.

March.—The man born this month will be rather handsome, he will be honest and prudent, but will be poor. The lady will be a passionate chatter, box somewhat given to fighting, and in old age too fond of the bottle.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich and handsome heiress; who will make—what, no doubt, you will understand. The lady will be tall and stout, with little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker, and withal a great liar.

May.—The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June.—The man will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; she will marry at twenty-one and—be a fool at forty-five.

July.—The man will be fair, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome, with sharp nose and sulky temper.

The First Cattle Brought into United States Territory.

The first animals that arrived in a part of the present territory of United States, says the *Massachusetts Pioneer*, were probably taken to the colony on the river, in Virginia, previous year 1609, the exact date of arrival not being known. So are known to have been sent in 1610, and during the year 1611, no less than a head arrived there from Ireland.

It is probable that the earliest those were brought by the earliest adventurers and came from the West Indies. It is well known that some of their cattle came from Ireland. Those from the West Indies were the descendants of cattle brought to America by Columbus in his second voyage, in 1493. We have seen it ascertained that so important it considered that the cattle introduced into the infant colony should be preserved and allowed to increase that an order was issued forbidding the killing of domestic animals of any kind, on pain of death to the principal, burning of the hand and cropping the ears of the accessory, and a sound whipping of twenty-four hours for a counselor of a knowledge of the facts. Such encouragement being given to the raising of stock, it is not surprising to find the number of cattle in Virginia in 1620 amounting to about five hundred head; and in 1630 to thirty thousand; while from the fact that in 1618 the number had been reduced to twenty thousand, we may infer that the restrictions on killing them had been removed. Many also had been sent to New England.

The first cattle that were introduced into the Plymouth colony, and undoubtedly the earliest brought into New England, arrived at Plymouth, in the ship *Charity*, in 1624. They were imported by Gov. Winslow for the colony, and consisted of three heifers and a bull. A division of the stock, which appears to have been black and white, others brindle; an evidence that there was no uniformity of color. These animals were to remain in the hands of individuals receiving them for ten years, they to have the produce, while the old stock was still to be owned by the colony in common. Twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann in 1623, and in 1629 thirty more, while in 1630 about a hundred animals were imported for the "Governor and company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." These cattle were kept at Salem.

In the meantime the first importation was made into New York from Holland by the Dutch West India Company, and the foundation laid for a valuable race of animals. The number of all introduced was one hundred and three, consisting of horses and cattle for breeding. The company furnished each tenant with four cows, four horses, some sheep and pigs for the term of six years, when the number of animals received was to be returned, their increase being left in the hands of each farmer. Then the cattle belonging to the company were distributed among those who were unable to buy stock.

And so, for the settlements along the Delaware, cattle were introduced by the Swedish West India Company in 1627. It will be seen, therefore, that before the close of the year 1630 the number of horned cattle in all the colonies must have risen by natural increase and by importations above named to several thousands.

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been. "I had to work to-night."

"What do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment. "Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic," she turned up her pretty nose. "This was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best women in the country for a wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about groggshops—and the soft, voracious, silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and a child.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well-dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so voracious, so soft, to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's problem-children—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures. Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one of these days be mental to one of them. Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brassiness and pomposity, and to take to your affection the callous handed, industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs on honest industry. A few years have taught them a severe lesson. To make a tall man short—try to borrow five dollars of him.