A PSALM OF LIFE. What the Heart of one Egg said to Another. REPORTED BY BROWNFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers. Life is but an empty dream! Chickens in their oval slumbers lafe is real, life is earnest;
And this shell is not its pen—

Egg thou art, and egg remaine Was not spoken of the hen. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to scratch, that each to more Find us fatter than to-day,

Art is long and time is fleeting, Be our bills then sharpened well: On the inside of the shell, > n the world's broad field of battle, In the great barn-yard of life, Be not like the lazy cattle-

frust no hawk, however pleasant. And yet never be it said,
When the binds of prey were present,
You were skulking in the shed. Lives of old cocks all remind us We can make our lives sublime; And when roasted, leave behind us

Bird tracks in the sand of time. Bird tracks that perhaps another Chicken, drooping in the rain. A forlorn and henpecked brother, When he sees, shall crow again. Let us then be after hatching,

Ever crowing, over scratching, Learn to cackle and to prate.

KITTY COLEMAN. BY THE LATE MRS. JUDSON (FANNY FORRESTER.)

An arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Colonian, with her deep, Lewildering eyes, that said all sorts of strange things to your heart, and yet looked so innocent all the time, as though conducting themselves with the utmost propriety, and her warm ripe lips, making you think at once of the "rose's bed that a bee would choose to dream in." And so wild and unmanageable was she—oh, it was shocking for proper people to look at her! And then to hear her, too! why she actually laughed aloud, Kitty Coleman did. I say Kitty, because everybody called her Kitty but her aunt Martha; she was an orderly gentle-woman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nick naming, as she did of oth-er crimes, so she always said Miss Catharine. She thought, too, that Miss Catharine's hair -those nice, long tresses, like the beautiful rays of the floating sunshine, wandering about her shoulders, should be gathered up into a comb; and the little baby was once so really obliging as to make a trial of the ter Rover, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, descending in a glittering shower, and the little comb nestled down in the deep grass, resigning its office of jailwell; but Aunt Martha said it, and shook head the while and sighed; and the Squire, aunt Martha's brother, said it, and held out his arms for his pet to spring into; and serious old ladies said a, and said, too, what a pity it was that young people now-adays had no more regard for propriety.-Even Enoch Snow, the great phrenologist, buried his fingers in those dainty locks that none but a phrenologist had a right to touch, and, waiting only for a succession of peals of rodal music, which interrupted his scientific researches, to subside, said that her organ of mirthfulness was very strikingly developed This, then, placed the matter beyond all controversy; and it was henceforth expected that Kitty would do what nobody else could say; and the sin of all, luckily for her, was to be laid on a strange idiosynerasy, a pecu-

We have a little story to tell. I have heard that Cupid was blind; of that I do not believe a word-indeed, I have a confirmation strong, that the malicious litale knave has the gift of clairvoy ance, aiming at hearts wrapped in the triple foldings of selfisimess, conceit, and gold. But people said there was one who had escaped him, a winsome gallant for whom all but Kitty Coleman had a bright glance and a gentle word. As for Kitty, she cared not a rush for Harry Gay, and sought to annoy him allin her power, and the gentleman in his turn stalked past her with all the dignity of a great man's ghost. Bitter, bitter enemies were Harry Gay and Kiety Coleman. One evening, just because a pretty belle was present, Harry took it into his head to be as stupid as a block or a scholar, for, notwithtanding his promising name, our young Lueffer could be stupid.

Kitty Coleman was very angry, as was proper-for what right had any one to be ctupid in her presence? The like was never heard of before. Kitty, in her indignation said he did not know how to be civil: and then she sighed, doubtless at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular; and then she laughed so long and mucically, that the lawyer, the schoolmaster, the four clerks, the merchant, and Lithper Lithpet, the dandy, all joined in the chorus, tho' for the life of them, they could not have told what the lady laughed at. Harry Gay drew up his head with as much dignity as though he had known the mirth was at his expense. cast contemptuous glances toward the group of nod-waiters, and then, to show his own superior taste, attached himself to the ugliest woman in the room. She disregarded entirely the opinion of such a distingue gentleman, but she only taughed the louder-when she saw that he was annoyed by it; indeed, his sérious face seemed to infuse the very spirit, ay, the concentrated double distilled essence of mirth into her; and a more rolicksome creature never existed than she was, till the irritated scholar, unable to en-

Harry Gay was not a native of our village; he came from one of the eastern cities to

romping niece. But Kitty insisted that her nanners were not hoydenish; and if her heart overflowed, it was not her fault, she could not shut up all the glad feelings within her; they would leap back to the call of her kindred, gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful things of the creation, as joyons in their mute eloquence as she was.— Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was always angry that Aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Gay; she would not be dictated to by him, even though his opinions received the sanction of her infallible aunt. But the lady made a trifling mistake on the subject matter of his interference. He did not slander her, and always waived the theme of her follies when her Aunt Martha introduced it: indeed, he nover was heard to speak of the belle, but once-once he swore she had no soul. (the shameless Mohammedan!) a remark which was only five minutes in reaching its object. But Kitty Coleman, though very indignant, was not cast down by it.— She called Harry Gay more names than he, scholar as he was, could have thought of in a month, and wound up with a remark notices

formidable than the one which had excited

her ire. And Kitty was right. A pretty

judge of soul, he, to be sure-a man that ne-

ver laughed! how on earth can people who go through the world cold and still, like the

clods they tread upon, pretend to know anything about the soul? Harry Gay used to get to 'Squire 'Coleman's very often, and sit all the evening and talk with the Squire and Aunt Martha, while his great black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved; but Kitty would not look at him. What right had a stranger, and visitor, too, to make such a very great parade of his disapprobation? If the did not pleased him, why, she pleased others; and that was enough; she would not turn over and Kitty never talked together; and when he went hway, (he never went till the conversation fairly died out, and the lamps looked as if about to join it,) he bowed to the old people gracefully and easily; but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend at all. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and one evening, after the Squire and spinster and left her alone. she sat down, and in very spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break, Now thappened that the 'Squire had lent his visiter a book that evening, which, strange e-nough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his

and there was no use in ringing, so he stepped at once into the parlor. Poor Kitty ing the weekly accessions to our population sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crush of thousands and tens of thousands, composed ed with her fingers two tears that were just of the discordant elements of every nation in tready to launch themselves on the roundest, the world; still by a due regard to the morand rosiest check in the world; but she might have done better herself, for her foot touched Aunt Martha's fauteuil, and, in con-It is very awkward to be surprised in the lux is a hard thing to say of one we all loved so utions indulgence of tears at any time, and and then be raised by the very last person in the world you would receive a favor from .-Kitty felt the awkwardness of her situation too much to speak; and, Harry, enemy as he was, could not release her until he knew whether she was burt. It was certain that she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from reflection. Kitty looked down until a golden fringe rested lovingly on its glowing eighbor, and Harry looked down, too,, but his eyes rested on Kitty Coleman's face. If soul and heart are one and the same thing, as some metaphysicians tell us, Harry must now have discovered the missale, he once made, for there was a strange commotion beneath the boodice of Kitty Coleman; it rose and fell, as nothing but a bounding, throbbing, frightened heart, in the wildest tumult of exliar mental, or rather cerebral conformation, cited feeling could make it. And then, (poor. over which she has no control, and so Kitty Kitty must have been hurt and needed supwas forgiven, forgiven by all but port) an arm stole softly around her waist, dark locks mingled with her sunny ones as a warm breath swept over her cheek-and Kitty Coleman hid her face, not in her

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it until the Squire put it into his head the next morning; for Harry visited the 'Squire very early the next morning, and had a private interview, and the good old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "With all my heart!"and Aunt Martha looked as' glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman, she did not show her face, not she-for she knew they were talking about her, the sober old people and the meddling Harry Gaybut when the arrant mischief-maker had accomplished his object, and was bounding from the door, there came a good rustling among and happiness of the people at large. the rose-bushes, insomuch that a shower of The immoral tendencies of sectarianism bright blossoms descended from them, and are too generally known and felt, to allow Harry turned his face brimming over in joy, any one, for a memert, to suppose that I am to the fragrant thicket, and shook down an favorable to incufcating doctrinal or sectariother fragile flower in seeking out the cause an views. This I am aware would prove a of the disturbance. Now, as ill-luck would withering curse to our schools, now the guardhave it, Kitty Coleman had hidden from her lans of truth, justice, and liberty; it should, enemy in this very thickef, and there she was discovered, all confusion, trembling and argue that the Bible should be read in the panting, and-I am afraid poor Kitty never quite recovered from the effects of her fallfor the arm of Harry Gay seemed very necessary to her for ever after.

WASHINGTON'S SYMMETRICAL CHARACTER. from the charge of lacking genius contains here, and pave his way to an eternity of in-a most felicitous figure. After saying that creasing joy hereafter. Among these truths from the charge of lacking genius contains an order and symmetry inconsistent with the which, in our opinion, should be taught in startling predominance of any one attribute, our schools, not as a set lesson, but when ciralways characterize the higher forms of creation, he remarks of the complaint against Washington, "You might as well complain lite goodness; his omnipotent and overruiling of the circle that it has no salient points, forgetting that its wonderful perfection consists in the unbroken curve, every part of which is equi-distant from the centre."

A mother was hugging and kissing dure it any longer, disappeared in the quietest a "four year old," when she exclaimed—
speciatility and positions of honor and trust,
wanner possible. Then, all of a sudden, the
"Charley, what does make you so sweet?"
self-willed belle declared that she hated parties, she never would go to another; and,
taught that he was made out of the dust of
the his circums ances. making her adieus in the most approved don't the ground, replied with a rosy smile-"1 care style, insisted on being taken home at think, mother, God must have put a little thugar in the dust don't you?"

A man came into a printing office to spend a summer there, and Aunt Martha beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like said he was too well bred to have any pa- to read newspapers very much, but our the case of a nian who paid for his newspaper remarkable fact is that the lake his no visitience with the hoydenish manners of her neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

MORAL CULTURE.

[The following remarks on "Moral-Culture" are extracted from the annual report of Prof. J. F. Stoddard as County Superintendent of Schools in Wayne County, in

The condition of one school houses and the general deportment of our pupils, speak in a language not to be misunderstood, of the increased attention paid to principles of propriety, respectability, and morality. In most of our schools profane and improper language of all kinds, is entirely prohibited; and in a few, I am happy to say, the exercises of the day are opened by reading a chapter in the

wise in the high tone of the people distinguished for the high tone of the people distinguished to the high tone of the people distinguished to the high tone of the people distinguished to the high tone of the people of the pe still, Lifeel as though there is yet a great lack of attention to this subject, and that the tend ency is to cause it to become still less.— Hence, the importance of directing the pub-lic mind, more particularly, to this neglected department of education.

Moral instruction is deemed an indispen-

sable part of our national education. In most instances, if our youth do not receive moral training while at school, they will be let loose in the community, semi-barbarians, calculated to work out deep, wide spread

and incalculable evil.

The spotless virtue, the pure, moral and religious character of our people, aided by free, literary and scientific institutions, have hitherto impressed upon the minds of all who have landed upon our shores, the spirit of freedom, the spirit of Americans; and have caused them to discard the union of State and church, and to deny man's superiority over his fellow man, except that superiority which arises from superior intellectuher finger to gain his good will. So Harry al attainments, combined with integrity and uprightness of purpose, deep moral principles, an innate love for justice and truth, and as true a hatred of immorality, vice and despotic rule. The mighty power which this nation possesses in moulding all classes of men that come within its influence, to its liking, and of transforming them into a substantial part of itself, arises from the intelligence and the deep moral and virtuous principles

of bur people. In proportion as our nation increases in population and extent of territory, in the same proportion must our efforts to develop the moral and intellectual nature of the rising generation increase, otherwise we are losing that power which has made us all we heel. He had gone out but a moment before are, and if properly guarded, will make us al and intellectual culture of our youth, we shall not only preserve the noble distinctive features of republicanism, but shall burnish nation of former times.

The main energy of our system of educa-tion, at present, is gevoted to developing the powers of the intellect; while there is a prurient desire on the part of many to exclude the Bible, the book of moral precepts and

teachings, from our schools.

Mature the intellect, bring forth its powers, give them tone variety and scope, while the moral powers are allowed to slumber, and its possessor will as readily engage in the propagation of error, the commission of vice and deeds of cruelty, and assist to rend assunder the bonds of society and civil government, as to engage in sowing broad caste the seeds of justice morality and christianity, the source from which individual and nation

al prosperity and happiness flow.

On the other hand, if the moral and religious part of our fasture alone, be educated, the moral is liable to become a superstitious fanatic, a being at best, capable of discovering and enjoying but a small part of the wisdom and goodless of the Creator, displayed in all his works. Hence, we argue the importance of a thorough, systematic culture of these two prominent principles of man's nature, which can never fail to produce the noblest work of God, an honest, intelligent man. The two eyes, the two arms, &c. are, in accordance with nature's laws, developed simultaneously; so should the moral and intellectual faculties of man be developed, otherwise he is not prepared to act well his part in

the broad arena of man's duties as a reasonable, thinking, accountable being. . The intellect is the mighty engine that plans and carries forward every political change, overy national revolution and the moral power, the directing agent. Hence,

therefore, be carefully avoided. But I do presence of our youth, daily, without comment.
The great truths respecting man's position

here, and his accountability hereafter, should be impressed upon the minds of every youth, as a knowledge of these truths alone, can following: The existence of God? his infinpower; and man's accountability for all his doings and sayings; the immortality of the soul; that misery and degradation are the result of vicious habits; and happiness, use fulness and goodness, of virtue, integrity and change, sh industry; and that the only passport to respectability and positions of honor and trust,

Relatives are not necessarily our best friends, but they cannot do us injury without being enemies to themselves.

Honesty is a term formerly used in

A DIRGE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON t—dim—dim—.
The love-light of fond eyes,"

A warmer gleam than ever bea From balmy Southern skies. Cold-cold-cold-'Lips red as ruby wine,
As dew-drops on the lily's cup,
So pressed those lips to mine.

Still-still-still-The music of a tone, Whose softest cadence thrilled my soul

With sweetness all'its own. Dust-dust-dust-An earnest, throbbing heart,
AVhose pulses waked a bliss nought else

> Over that silent river,
>
> Home, hope, and heart—light, love, and life,
> Forever and forever. And what is left to me?

A tress of sunny hair,
A dark, dark earth—a cold, cold sky,
A memory and despair.

THE SPECKLED AX.

Dr. Franklin, in his autobiography, tells a tory of a man who went one day to buy an ax, and, having bought one, he expressed a

wish that it had been bright instead of black; on which the smith who had made the ax replied: "Oh, if you'll turn the grindstone we'll soon make it bright." No sooner said than done, and they set to work; but presently the purchaser felt tired, for the smith pressed so heavily on the stone, the labor of turning made him sweat again, and he wanted to leave off. "Keep on, keep on," said the smith, and the man turned slowly for a short time longer, until, overcome with fatigue, he once more wished to stop. "Keep on, keep on," repeated the smith, it isn't bright yet, it's only speckled." "Well, never mind, answered the buyer, "I think I like a speckled ax best."

world on a large scale. And it struck me one day, as I was thinking about it, that the demand for speckled axes is one that is always active; as though people could no more grow tireded buying these useful instruments, than they can of eating bread. It was very curious, I thought, that, speckles should be

preferred to perfect brightness.
While I was cogitating thereupon, it came into my mind that perhaps some good might be done by setting down a few instances of buyers having been content to take the infeall we ever hope to become. Notwithstanding the weekly accessions to our population then, they might have the best. And here

Whenever I see a man striving from mere vanity to make a name, and fancying that he ereatures, and that he does them a favor by iving among them, and who does not care

whenever I see a man for the does rise; triend, which is a neighty nice thing sometimes.'
only on making money, as though that were the only thing worth living for, and not caring what wrong may be carried on in his establishment, nor how his customers may be tablishment, nor how his customers may be table. ricked, so that he makes a profit; then I say he likes a speckled ax best.

Whenever I see a young man in want of a wife, choosing a partner for life merely because, she has a pretty face, or dances well, or sings a nice song, or plays nimbly on the piano, and never asking whother she can make a shirt or roast a leg of mutton, or self seems to be the rule on these occasions. whether she is one likely to make home hap-py; then I say—he likes a speckled ax best. Whenever I see a man frequenting the tap-

Whenever I see a tnau frequenting the taproom, or the tavern parlor, night after night,
as so many are in the habit of doing, and his
wife sits at home, perhaps darning his stocklings, or making a frock for the little one, out
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li of an old gown; when I see this man bent on told him what I'd heard about the commithis own selfish gratification, as though he had | tec. any more right to be wasting time or money than his wife has; then I say-he likes a

speckled ax best. Whenever I see boys at school looking upon learning and knowledge as something in vented for their torment, and forgetting that youth is their only seed-time, that their parents frequently have to make great sacrifice to give them an education, and thinking it fair to deceive their master, provided they be not found out, although ignorance, or tees, and he was on the mare committee. worse, may be the consequence of such conduct; then I say—they like a speckled ax

himself believe that he may indulge in certain secret sins and vices, it the world does not them, and I didn't say much till we came to shall not bear false witness against thy neighknow them; that so long as he can make Smith's bull, and I looked at him pretty care. bor. "I learned that," she said, "before I morals of a nation, (their intellectual pow-people believe he is good and virtuous, he shifty, pulled his tail, punched my fingers into could read." Has any one taiked with you ers being the same,) in that proportion will may hug private wickedness to his heart; his ribs, and went through the motions as I about your being a witness in court against

servants with a kept down look, and hear all over with a fine toothed comb, and brushed ed me to be a witness, and last night she them speak ugly things of their master and him with a hair brush, and he did look slick, mistress; when I see them stinted of food or recreation; when I see the children looking saw, I think fat at fairs, like what the lawyer kneeled down together, and she prayed that timid and unhappy, never laughing the merry said about charity, covers a multitude of I might understand how wicked it was to laugh of childhood; where the sunshine seems sins.

Gets the norms poxed at him—Just as I that God would help me, a little child, to some one in this house likes a speckled ax said that, the fellow who had a bull in the tell the truth as it was before him. And

When I see a man refuse to do a good turn when the opportunity comes in his way, not speaking a good word for his friend when his triend needs it, thinking very much more about his own convenience, and what the world will say, than of what conscience com- mittee? Mr Everett's vindication of Washington prepare him for usefulness and happiness mands; then I say—he likes a speckled ax

I might extend the list to many pages were it necessary; but here is emugh to show the speckled ax still exists. It is not a our schools, not as a set lesson, but when cir-cumstances are the most favorable, are the pleasing list; but it is of things as they are, pedigree, but it is of things as they are, pedigree, well, says I, he had a father and mothand I cannot help hoping that I may not have lost my time in writing it. I am fully aware er didn't he? that the people alluded to may not always 'Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who continue so like the speckled ax best; but it is to be feared that long habit will render it very difficult or impossible for them to change, should the time come when they wish to do so.

they were.

"Well, then nobody, knows but they were were it is six our bull's parents."

But, six, look at my bull's pedigree.

There it is six. Got by imported Shirttail, out of Skimmilk by Thunder, etc., and he

A Singular Lake.—There is a lake covering nineteen hundred acres in Wright county, lowa, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque, which is surrounded by a regular stone wall, five feet wide at the top, and in some places, where the water would be likely to overflow the prairie, ten feet high. As the pioneers found the wall there, the question arises, "Who built it?" Another ble feeder or outlet.

TRUTH OR FICTION WHICH.

A WRITER in the Rural New-Yorker, over the very respectable name of Plowhandle, one, it would seem, who eschews roguery, yet for once consented to have a hand in it, just like a great many would be honest peo-

ple, says:
Cor. Moore: --Some years ago I got acquainted with one of your contributors who edited the Wool Grower, and he used to put me in print. I must say my vanity was flattered by seeing my name printed in the paper, with some things I said and some I didn't say, and we have kept the papers ever since. After all, everybody likes a little fame, but some are satisfied with a smaller amount than others. Well, I have not the editor any more to set me out, so I have been thinking I would just try and see if you would not put me into the Rural on my own look—especially as I want to tell you all about my going to the State Fair at Buffalo the other day.

Concludes to Go-As it was not so far but what we could go with our own team, mother and I concluded we would hitch up and have a week to see the sights and some cousins we had not seen for a long time.-Mother (thát's wife, you know) thought we ought to take something to the Fair. I told her to take a tub of butter, but she said she didn't think it was good enough, but thought 'I might take some of the stock. But thought it would be a great bother. However, Sam was pretty strong in the faith that we could beat everybody on horses, and wanted to take old Nance. She's a right smart beast, is that old mare, you may de-

TAKES THE MARE-Well, we packed off sam, for I was willing to give the boy a holidny. It does the boys great good to attend these kind of Fairs, I do believe, after seeing all I saw there.

Gors in-We got safely to town Monday night, and Tuesday I went up early to the In this incident we have an example on a small scale, of what takes place all over the got in and hunted up Sam, and found he'd world on a large scale. And it struck me got the mare entered, and had got his card on her head, and a good stall, and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first rate generally, and during all the time of the Fair the supply of fodder was good.—
I think that Maj. Patrick, who was every body in managing things, a trump sort of a

HEARS SOMETHING -- As I was standing up near the business office in the crowd, I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other:

'Are you an exhibitor?'

'So am I, and we had better look to the committees.' 'Why so?' You see the committees are never all

full, and if you are on hand at the big tent ving among them, and who does not care when they are called, it's easy to slip in a demonstrate the validity of my objection?

what means he rises, so that he does rise; friend, which is a neighty nice thing some. This witness should be rejected. She does

Well, you get me on to your committee,

and I will name you for mine. 'All right; go in to win when you can.' thing leans I may as well take care of myself as anybody else. Everybody for him-So off I streaked it to the cattle pens to find Smith, who is my neighbor, you know .-Smith is in the patent bull line. [Mr. P. evi-

Exactly. Well, I think old Nance is the best mare in'the yard." And you've got the best bull on the

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time. Well, sure enough, when the committees

were made up I was on Smith's bull commit-The COMMITTEE does our-The head man replied. took the book as had the things in it, and we were all introduced to each other, and went Whenever I see a man trying to make down to look at the bulls. We were on the

next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and when I came up here with father, she kissed savs he:

what do you know about bulls? Well, says I, I think I know what they are for in my section.'
'May be says he, 'you are on the com

you ain't the man I expected to see, says he.

Very likely, says I.

Buth says he, that bull hain't got any

showed a string of names as long as your

arm. Well, says I to the committee, are we to judge the pedigree or the animal? And they said, 'The enimal of course.' 'Then,' said I to the fellow, will your bull get better stock than this?'

a podigree and that bull hain't."

The little child, for whom a mother had sir," (spoken with great con Well, says I, 'your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't that's 'the truth as it was before God, broke the ta newspaper."

Bulluer.

But, says I, 'I've known people who felt grand over their pedigree,' and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go further back than their father and mother that banged them all to pieces for smartness. Hand-some is that handsome does, says I, and as he hymn-book says, 'a man's a man for a' that. Pedigree go to grass, I go in for the

SMITH'S BULL WISS—When we got through nd looked at our marks the other two had Smith's bull second, I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they didn't care much about it, they altered the figures and gave Smith the first premium, which I think was right.

And the old Mank—Smith had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committeemen had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and they soon got into a quarrel, and then they appealed to Smith, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and linally to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. Smith says he saw some queer things on that

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, Col., as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT-The State of New-York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New-York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there ain't some of the allfiredest big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair, then I'm a

GONOLUDES—I want to tell you a heap nore, but I have used up so much paper I fear you won't have patience to print my let-Yours to command, JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

TRUTH.

We extract the following from one of a series of articles being published in the Albany Morning Express. We think it very beautiful. It is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State. I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our

higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness (against a prisoner who was on trial for a "I desire to know if you understand the nagels" to speak to such repentant ones, those ture of an oath?" "I don't know what you sweet words—"Fear not; I know that ye the court, "is anything further necessary to not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter," Assured by the kind stepped of the Judge, the child up in his face, with a calm, creating the stepped of t She thought he intended to inquire if she had song-I cannot smile ever blasphemed. "I do not mean that." said the Judge, who saw her mistake, "I mine, when a fairy head nested forugly in mean were you ever a witness before."—

"No sir, I never was in court before," was heard but once, kept murmuring—"I love is the Bible." "Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir, every evening." "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge. "It is the word of the great God," she answered. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the Judge, "you have been sworn as a winness will read to the great witness, will you tell me what will befall you it you do not tell the truth?" "I shall

the child. "Anything else?" asked the Judge. "I shall never go to heaven," sho How do you know this?" asked the Judge again. The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Comhad seen the others. Says I, that's a bull this man?" enquired the Judge. "Yes sir, then I say—he likes a speckled ax best. had seen the others. Says I, that's a bull this man?" enquired the Judge. "Yes sir,"
Whenever I go to a house where I see the that looks like it.' Smith had combed him she replied. "My mother heard they want." called me to her room and asked me to tell bear false witness against my neighbor, and

be shut up in the State Prison," answered

me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said." "Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lip quivered with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witnes is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and

certain.' And that sort o' knocked him - cunning devices of matured villabor to pieces "But.' save I, 'I've known people who felt like a potter's vessel., The strength that her mother prayed, for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured asso-ciates) with which she spoke, was like a rev-elation from God himself.

For the Independent Republican. MARY MAGDALENE.

The stars are fading silently before the gray dawn, and the moonbeams grow paler and paler. It is the morning of the "third day." With noiseless steps a little group are hurrying toward the Sepulchre, and, ever and anon, on the still morning air come broken accents of sorrow.

List we to the murmured words; of a mock trial, a royal robe, a crown of thorns; of the touching prayer; "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"—the agonized wail, "My/God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—and the sad voices grow in-

distinct amid sobs and tears.

More mournful than all comes the lowery More mournful than all comes the low cry from the lips of Mary Mugdalene, kneeling so low at the tomb—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The increasing light reveals a face of surpassing loveliness; large dark eyes, a brown a pale as Parian marble, and exquisitely chiseled lips. There are traces of bitter conflict, of deep repentance, in that face, now so tear-bedewed, and in the deli-

of bitter conflict, of deep repentance, in that face, now so tear-bedewed, and in the delicate curve of those sweet lips, but there, too, are traces of the peace of the forgiven.

Now, clouds and darkness are around her—the light, the joy of her life is dead, not gone, for while she weeps, an angel comforts

"Fear not, I know that ye seek Jesus which was crueffied. He is not here; he is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead, and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there yo shall see him."

How sweet those few words; how they calm the sad heart! The morning has dawned over her night, and she "departs quickly needest not ever to tear, for He whom thy soul trusts is "Initiful and true;" and the thy foot sometimes weary, yet soon shalt thou enter the rest "He giveth his beloved,"

There are Magdalenes wandering still on earth, unforgiven; yet seeking earnestly the felony committed in her father's house .- fountain of life. The many are ever crush-Now, Emily," said the counsel for the ing out the faint aspirings of the soul for a prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, truer life. Are there any "ministering anmean," was the simple answer. "There, seek Jesus. Though whited sepulchres are ever casting stones,' yet the lowly, and suf fering One came to 'seek and to save those which were lost." Rose WYLVERTON.

"I LOVE YOU."

There are soft, white arms, tenderly twinup in his face, with a calm, clear of the line around my needs sweet, rosy lips press a manner so artless and frank, that went loves to the long lashes, and "Baby" gazes wonder an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and smile. Ah! the sweet caress has unlocked Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the the red blood mantled in a blash all over the sorrow gates of my soul; the childish her face and neck, as she answered, " No sir." voice seems but the echo of my "birdie's"

Time was when dreamy blue eyes sought

tiny fingers so tightly clasped in mine, stiffen,

and with the first gray light the lustrous eyes vanish; as stars fade away.

When the damp earth was heaped overany broken idel, I refinembered the slighted Giver; and when the tempest passed, I heard a still small wite. still small voice"-" I have loved thee with an everlasting love." The tears fall fast at. the echo of my birdie's song, but they are not all of sadiess, for the white Angel of Peace has folded his wings in my broken heart-and I rest. "O, who could bear life's stormy doom,

Did not Thy wing of love Come, brightly walting through the gloom

"Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bilght With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light s darkness shows up day."
We never saw by day."
Rose WYLYRRON.

A CORRLER ON THE ORIGIN OF OPINION. You see, sir," quoth the cobbler, "that a man's business has a deal to do with his main-ner of thinking. Every trade, I take it, has ideas as belonging to it. Butchers don't see life as bakers do, and if you talk to a dozen tallow-chandlers, then to a dozen blacksmiths. you will see tallow-chandlers are peculiar. and blacksmiths too." . "You are a keen old server," said 1; "your remark is new to mo 'I have that honor, says I.

'Oh! well, that makes a difference, but its truth was perfect. 'God bless you, my the stars have summat to do with its for, if they order a man's calling, it stands, to reason that they order a man's mind to fit it. tinued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let ing the news; therefore he thinks, as his felher be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was tigible cross or leather, with a majestic air, "sits by hisself, to every heart. She was tigibly cross ex and talks with hisself, and what he thinks to every heart. She was figibly cross examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjary had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself in lies, until he deemed himself in pregnable. Witnesses shad falsified facts in his faser, and villetiny had manufactured for er, with an iron smile. "And, manufactured for er, with an iron smile. his favor, and villainy had manufactured for er, with an iron smile. "And, many's the him a sham defence. But before her testi- cobbler who is a poet—or discovers marvelof course he will, says he, for he's got mony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. lous things in a crystal whereas a tailor, The little child, for whom a mother had sir," (spoken with great contempt,) only, prayed for strength to be given her to speak sees the upper leather of the world wolls in