"The Democrat."

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Poetry.

For the Democrat.

The Dying Sea Boy.

"'Tis night—the stars are gleaming—
Brightly the moon is beaming.
Over the sea;
And music sweet is swelling
Around my ocean dwelling,
So glad and free.

"Music! thou once couldst charm me,
'Gainst gloom and sorrow arm me;
My spirit thrill,
With rapturous sensations,
And blest associations,
I love them still.

"Yet now, thou bring'st no gladness;
My heart is filled with sadness;
I sigh for home.
For me—each hope has perished;
The star, so fondly cherished,
Has set in gloom.

"The future, once so glowing,
A halo o'er me throwing,
No longer gleams;
No more its joys elysian,
Entrance my raptured vision,
Or gild my dreams.

"Far from my native woodlands,
And all the haunts of childhood—
No brother near;
No sister's fond caressing—
No father's prayer breathed blessing,
My soul can cheer.

"No more, the voice of mother,
Sweeter than every other,
Shall wake delight;
Each earthly dream is ended;
My spirit, [illegible]
Must take its flight.

"No friend to soothe my anguish,
[illegible] I must languish,
[illegible]
None mourns that I am going—
Unwept, life's fount is flowing,
Ebbing away.

"Oh! that my love, when dying,
Might, on the night wind sighing,
Be wafted home
Mother! when thou art weeping,
Or nightly watches keeping,
To thee I'll come."

He ceased—the soul departed;—
The sea boy, broken-hearted,
No longer weeps;
Low in his coral chamber,
Lashed [illegible]
He [illegible] sleeps. KATE.

Brooklyn, Aug. 1, 1850.

Talks with you—on Contrasts.

BY [illegible]

The world is so full of contrasts, which force themselves continually on the most careless and thoughtless "inhabitants," that it may seem an idle theme for me to adopt in this, my present discourse. But I have looked on objects to-night that have suggested so many and strange thoughts and differings to my mind, that I cannot forbear speaking them.

Now what, think you, has brought the immortal Author of "Dombey" before my mind's eye, as he reposes in his luxurious home with the sunbeams of fame resting so proudly on him? What but two young miserable German girls—street singers!— They have stood before my window discoursing not indeed "heavenly music," nor perhaps what the utmost stretch of a warm imagination might conceive as approximating in the smallest degree thereto, and yet *such* music as could not fail to arrest speedy attention—and to *hold* it arrested.

They are young, the eldest, I should suppose, has not yet seen twenty summers.— The instrument on which she performed, to the delight of the rapidly gathering street audience, was a tamborine, and it was in the highest degree edifying to behold the womanly grace with which her fingers revolved round the sheepskin.

This *musical instrument* likewise serves as a contribution box. And when with such a pleasant smile, and her petition for money uttered in broken English, she passed it from one to another of the audience, pausing occasionally to reanimate their sensibilities by snatches of merry tunes—which in most cases, proved irresistible to the most hard-hearted—I could not but think, as far as the game of profit is concerned, this aforesaid tamborine would not be a miscalculated article of church furniture —by which the dormant energies of the congregation might be aroused to a sense of their duty—full as efficacious as the charitable injunctions which at such times are delivered from the desk.

The companion of this girl was still younger, and she bore on back a hurdy-gurdy of no small dimensions, from which she ground out in approved style, waltzes, dead marches, and song accompaniments, by the score. How she managed to convey this ponderous machine, was a difficult problem—one might possibly perform such a feat in the neighborhood of a back-yard —but in a public street to move off from the presence of the admiring crowd, of which she had been the "centre of attraction," in such an ungainly manner! I think the organ of "moral firmness" must be fully developed in the maiden's head — Yet she trudged along what must have been a weary way to her, with an ever pleasant smile, binding, but I am glad not with the pack of age. And the calmness with which she went, convinced me that every person is fitted for his or her burden!

Now perhaps, dear reader, you will be glad to know how these street singers could in any way remind me of the aforesaid "immortal Charles" Thus, two song accompaniments alone might be ground out of the machine—of one of them I remain till now in hopeless ignorance—but the other, after long and patient listening, I found to be the far-famed "Ivy Green."

Think you that Dickens, while engaged in writing that same poem, when he was yet trembling with hope, and looking forward with such eager anticipation to the future—think you that ever in his dreams of fame, the thought entered, that the words of that song would be echoed through a country so distant from his own, by two poor ignorant German girls?

And thinking of him, and of them, reminds me of the widely different auspices under which those three foreigners have visited this land. They, houseless, homeless—dependant on their voices and their hands for daily food—might scarcely conceive the rapture with which he was received in the very places amid which they are passing so quietly now. Rarely indeed has any man met with such "universal suffer-age" as did Dickens throughout the length and bredth of our land.

Now that the "indignation and anguish" with which the return he made our hospitality, has subsided, I think we will once more look at the matter, and in calmness, we shall see that his behavior was on that occasion most essentially *human* and *man-like*. You know we approached with homage, and reverence, and bowed ourselves before the viled alter, thinking it concealed a god—when the curtains were drawn, and we found there was no god to be worshipped there, it had been wiser in us to have remembered that he was our brother man at least, and so not have indulged ourselves in foolish, childish passion.

After all, we owe some gratitude to the author of those "notes," which, when they were first passed among us, were so odious. Were we not beginning to think ourselves in all respects quite the model nation? It was high time that thought should be done away—else how was any improvement and real progress to be made? If, as has been hinted, those "notes" were written, *not* with a pen dipped in the milk of human kindness, at least the end of the author was attained—the matter should have rested there—the impatience of the giant teazed by the wasp, was not perhaps after all more laughable, than the presumption of the aforesaid spiteful little wasp!

Another contrast was suggested to my mind, as I watched the movements of the German girls.

While they were yet making [illegible] street [illegible] "a hundred lights [illegible] mansion fair—and many feet were dancing." After a day of idleness and ease the [illegible], and the beautiful, had gathered to while away a portion of the night.— There were many there of the same age with the two I have already brought before the [illegible] of the same flesh and blood [illegible] on the same earth moving forward [illegible] to the same bourne? [illegible] the graceful [illegible] the fair hands soft as [illegible] that had never [illegible] the [illegible] care, unmarked [illegible] pain, the bright eyes that [illegible] dimmed by tears! [illegible] how the [illegible] loved [illegible] yonder [illegible] mind! [illegible] beneath the weight of the "[illegible]" Can you fancy that a guardian spirit watches as tenderly over the street-singer, as she watches over the pale [illegible] of luxury? Does it seem wonderful to you that there is an eye which, through these worthless distinctions, beholds and judges the twain, only by the thoughts, and feelings, and principles within the mind—in short *by the heart*? Can there be one so loving, so wise, so compassionate, as to disregard utterly all the charms and fascinations which encircle the one, and behold them as equal—can there be an eye that regards the weary, untutored ones with a loving kindness as unfailing as he bestows on the more honored children of the earth?

Ah! have we not His word?

Hark! now there is a silence in those brilliantly lighted rooms—let no thoughts of the vulgar street-singers intrude in this polished circle For lo, they lead a maiden forward, whose bright eyes shrink not from the admiring glances cast upon her—she sits at the grand piano—her small hands are upon the keys—she touches them, and the sounds escape with melting sweetness from the instrument, then the soft, melodious voice breaks forth into song. And what words are they which enchain the listeners—what notes are they which now send such delicious thrills through the heart, and then curdle the blood with their solemn, almost terrible import? She says:

A dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth 'mid ruins old.

Long tutored in the art, the maiden well knows how she may enchain and captivate the listener. She rises again from the instrument to the regret of her polished audience; and with kindling cheek she listens to the warm applause. But mark; they pass no tamborine to collect for her a remuneration! yet is she as fully paid, and in ware that is as necessary, and as grateful to her as the copper of the street audience to the maintainance of those street singers.

The beloved and flattered child of fashion went home that night, with the applause and admiration she had received yet ringing in her ear; pleased with herself; well satisfied with the world; not a care in her breast; not a cloud o'ershadowing her; and in her dreams she lives over again the sweet triumph of the evening.

And the tired German girls also sought a place where they might lie down to rest; but it was the humblest tavern of our village Yet you should have heard their merry voices chattering so busily through a greater part of the, not indeed in unwelcome English, but indulging freely in the luxury of their dear mother tongue.

How they exclaimed with joy when they counted over their day's earnings and found an unusual number of bright silver pieces among them. With what ecstacy they spoke of the future—how it would not be long before their earnings would amount to so great a sum that they might send for the dear ones in Germany, and give them a comfortable home in the New World. For it was not love of an idle, vagrant life which induced these young creatures to follow such a calling.

The dollar a day which their bright faces could not fail to win in the dullest village, was surely better than a dollar earned by slaving seven long days in the kitchen of a hard mistress. They counted not the probabilities, those light-hearted creatures; nor the weary sameness of their life; they had not yet lost one iota of hope, and their desires were not fixed on great things. I err; they were fixed on great things; greater than had ever haunted that singing maiden in her luxurious home. In their life there is a reality, a tangibility, (if I may so use the word,) which the child of fashion has never found in her dreamy existence; which she never will find, perhaps, till the overwhelming scourge of sickness or misfortune come upon her, and awaken her to the reality of life.

* * * * *

Another, and a sadder contrast is in my mind, suggested by occurrences not yet nine days old. There are two lives whose progress has been to me from the beginning, which present a mournful picture from their being a similarity between them, despite their wide-spread difference.

Not very many months ago, two maidens went from their separate homes to enter upon new scenes, and to fill new stations in life.

One was the daughter of an old and honored family, which, though somewhat reduced in circumstances, still maintained their former state and dignity. The daughter was the eldest of a family of beautiful and gifted children—she was the fairest flower that blossomed on the family tree. Not long since she went forth from the hearth of which she was the joy and pride, a happy bride, leaving behind her, in the birds and flowers which had once been the objects of her fond care, but still more in the hearts of the fireside circle, a blessed remembrance of her former presence and [illegible]

When she went forth to a new and distant home, the sun was shining gaily upon her, [illegible] face of all heaven there was no visible cloud. Alas, on the brightness was vanished—gone forever. The affections of her heart all widowed—bound to one whom, as she learned him as he was, not as he had seemed, she could not but despise—she learned to look with loathing on her life. The "'tis but a common tale, and oft times told," how the bloom faded from her young cheek, and the warm blood grew cold in her veins; how the bright eye soon faded. You may give credit to my story, I, till of late, I never believed that one could die of a broken heart—but now I know that we are not all made of one mind; so strong that we can at our will say to the fainting spirit be firm, to the weary, aching heart be calm. As in the natural world, there are among us, flowers that be broken, faded, dead, beneath the first shock of the storm of disappointment and adversity.

Only once after her departure came she back to the home of her childhood.

* * * * *

There is another maiden, who was born and bred in the neighborhood of her of whom I have striven to give the reader a rapidly passing glance. Ah! would you look at the home where she was brought up to womanhood!

Then drive from your mind every tho't of the luxuries of life; divest yourself speedily of all that softens and beautifies existence. Forget that there is in the world such a thing as comfort, or the shock will be too rude, as I bear you past the beautiful dwellings of our village to the back street, where, in a miserable hovel, eight human beings live in one small room A drunken father; a mother in whose breast hope had long since died quite away; ragged, dirty children, too young to work, but old enough to feel the pangs of hunger and of every want. Are they before you?

Miserable years dragged slowly on without improving the condition of this wretched family, till the oldest of these children had attained the age of fifteen years. Then she went from our village and sought for work in another place. Perhaps the thought had suggested itself to her young mind that it were better to break at once the ties that bound her to her family. That she might, in a place where their beggarly situation was unknown, meet with more success in her attempts at respectability; perhaps already the bitter thought had penetrated into her mind that the world hateth poverty.

She went forth, and, when months had passed away, returned to her home. How?

She came clad in comfortable garments, such as the children of that household had never known before, with one who declared before God to the questioning, doubting parents, that he had made their child his lawful wife. And when still in the mother's breast there lingered fears that all was not right, the daughter too, with an oath, confirmed the truth of his story, telling the place where they were married, and the name of the minister who had made them one. Their child had never deceived them, and there was evidence in her countenance that she was speaking the truth then.

So with hope and satisfaction in their hearts these parents looked into the future, and rejoiced over the brightened prospects.

As night drew on, the daughter went once more from her home; went with her husband. It was not a bitter parting. Her return had spread such undreamed-of happiness through that home that miserable shed; and the son left with them a gift which brought many a comfort to that hearth that had never been known there before.

Then it was no fiction. There was at last help for them, extended when they had reached the very last depths of misery! Aid, when they had long since given up in despair, striving no longer even for themselves!

For them also in the dreary night a star had risen over their future, spread their light, and the recent darkness was forgotten!

Short-lived joy!

Ere long that daughter came once more to her home; and the worst fears of those parents were realized. The marriage vows that had been interchanged were but a mockery; yet she believed them true. She knew not till the villain who had robbed her of all that she possessed on earth; her honest name; she knew not till he wearied of her and bade her go forth and find another home, that she was indeed but an outcast, a being whom men and women would never look upon in Christian charity and forgiveness, believing that she had blindly erred.

She also sleeps now in our village burial ground. There is no monument by that grave to tell the grief of the living and the misfortune of the dead These are not many who know that she too died of a broken heart, that a darker and more cheerless cloud had settled over the home of her mother, where, God knows, there was little enough of hope and joy before!

Among the sons of men there is one who bears a name that is associated in the minds of all who hear it with thoughts of pride and honor Could that humble, nameless grave but speak, it might tell another and fearful tale respecting it!

So endeth the Chapter on Contrasts.

The Slow-Goer;

Or Deception in Hors-e-flesh.

BY JOHN DONKEY.

I am a quiet, orderly citizen, a little over forty, and rather inclined to be stout—indeed, I weigh about two hundred pounds; but that is not on account of fat [illegible] muscle—all muscle.

I am a quiet man, as I said, and rather a little nervous I don't like to be hurried—not by any means I have a horror of haste, and all that kind of thing Like Cave Johnson, I am a slow man Slowness is compatible with dignity, and for a man not over four feet six, my gait and mien are majestic and imposing.

Well, Sir, I had occasion to go out into West Chester county one fine day, and from some freak of the devil which got into me, I must needs get a vehicle and go it with a rush So I went to Disbrow's, in the Bowery—Disbrow had taught my daughter horsemanship; and a deuced good rider she is, to be sure—and I asked him to get me out a vehicle and horse So he called one of his myrmidons to bring out a horse: a regular devil of a fellow he was, with an eye like a lighted cigar, and a snout like an earthquake I told Disbrow at once that such an animal would not do for me I'd rather be hitched to the tail of the east wind, or a runaway locomotive, or behind the bottomless pit in harness—I would; and I told Disbrow so

Horse after horse was trotted out, until I lost all patience. At length I said indignantly,

"I want something quiet—veery quiet, for I am a quiet man myself. None of your harum-scarum devils; and if these are all the horses you've got, then I flummux."

"Well sir," said Disbrow, "I am anxious to oblige you, but I have but one other horse I do not like to let him out of the stable, for though he is quiet enough, he is very old, and in a very bad condition— However, you can see him if you like."

And see him I did He wasn't a beauty—being very lean, but as he was quiet, he suited me.

The next difficulty was about a vehicle I didn't like anything flashy, I wanted a sober turnout, and at length found something in the backyard—a fine, serviceable gig. Disbrow didn't wish me to have it, as he said it had long been out of use; but I insisted, and so the horse was hitched to it.

I got in very much pleased, though I was a little astonished when Disbrow asked of me, as a particular favor, that I would'nt mention *where* I obtained the horse and vehicle. This I promised, of course, although I could'nt tell why; for the life of me; for a more sober, quiet turnout, I am sure I never recollect of seeing.

We started beautifully, sir, beautifully. It would have done your heart good to have seen that respectable bay, as he moved most majestically along, conscious no ordinary man was at his heels. As a token of respect and penetration for my superior worth, he kept his ears and tail properly depressed.

As for me, I felt my position as a man, sir, who stands the superior of horses and, especially of hired horses, and all other portions of the brute creation.

Matters went along very well until we left the stone pavements. But no sooner had the confounded horse struck the soft ground, than he pricked up his ears, erected his stump tail, took the bit in his teeth, and began to tote himself forward at an alarming rate of speed! I caught hold of the reins firmly, and tried to stop the horse, in order to get my hat, which I felt to be sliding off, but I might as well have left it alone. Sir, it is an alarming fact, he would not stop.

Here was an awful condition of affairs. I could not stop the horse, and I had no hat; while the sun popt his round face from a cloud, and poured down his hottest —as if my head was a leaden bullet that he was about to melt, or an oyster pie that he was about to bake. Still I did not feel very much alarmed—until to my utter dismay, I heard some wheels, and up came two bloods in a dashing buggy, with a fiery pair of horses, and they, the bloods that is, challenged me to race.

Me! the father of a family! a quiet, respectable citizen, a racing on the Bloomingdale Road! A pretty joke! and as I was about to tell 'em when the abominable beast that was dragging me, accepted the invitation on his own hook, and put out as if somebody had been a kindling up a fire under his head quarters

Gracious! my blood curdles when I think of it! Before I could say "stop him!" I was out of all hearing. Whew! how we went. The trees and the houses, the dogs and the milestones, went racing the other way, and as if Satan was in 'em. We passed everything. I felt as if I was hitched to the Telegraph. The perspiration rolled down my cheeks like the cataract of Niagra The wind had been blowing in our direction pretty strong, but we went so fast that it had to blow the other way. Our velocity was so great that my head got cool, because the sun-beams did not get time to make it hot Golly—thunder! It was like lightning! Nothing shorter

On we went The Black Rider, John Gilpin, Mazeppa and forty locomotives was not a circumstance. People tried to keep up to me with their three minute cabs, but it was no manner of use. I felt that my hour was come I knew that I should never behold Sukey, my dear wife, nor Clarissa Melinda Jane, my daughter, nor my boy Bob. And then to leave the world at such a time, when there was such a prospect in the rise of stocks It was dreadful I tried to remember the Lord's prayer, but I couldn't. I commenced it, and got as far as, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but forgot the rest. I remembered that I had forgot my card case, and no one in the region would know where to take my mangled remains. So little was I prepared to die

But no stop! As I passed a tavern, the fellows cried out, "Go it old hoss!" O, useless adjuration. He did go it.

On he went, over the bridge, and up the [illegible] past Macomb's. [illegible] Mrs. Macomb and her pretty daughter were standing at the door, and they started back in a perfect fright. No doubt but they thought that Mr Father Miller had succeeded in his design to bring the world to an end, and that it was the incarnation of the day of judgment in a go-cart.

But just as I was expecting to have my brains knocked out, and was wondering how I should let my wife know that my will was in the third pigeon hole from the left, in the upper row in my desk, the horse came to a stony place in the road No sooner did his feet strike this land of flint, than smack down went his tail and ears, and he resumed the same docile, quiet position which he had assumed at the start

But I didn't intend to tempt Providence. No, sir! I got out and led the animal, having luckily, but a short distance to go

When I arrived at my place of destination, I sent the horse and vehicle home in the care of an hostler, while I waited and came down in the stage like a man and a christian.

Now what excuse do you think this confounded Disbrow made? He said the horse was what *had been* a celebrated racer, who took such freaks semi-occasionally, but that he thought he had entirely reformed! —the scoundrel! But I'll fix him yet, some day.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD TREE.

A PROSE POEM.

There is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the churchyard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tombstones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again he was seated beneath the old yew tree in the churchyard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together we passed here; we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn, and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old churchyard.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the old yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

The same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription:

"HER HEART BROKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the churchyard is now broken by a voice—not of a youth—nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son!—dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentance?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not," exclaimeth the youth "It is well you have bro't me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here—mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick grey fog. The grave in the churchyard is covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the church porch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, though the "sheeted dead" were at some sad melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash, jingle like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree, and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by, and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed his vain ambition and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his father and mother, but even the same way they had gone—the way which leads to the Old Churchyard Tree — *Dicken's Household Words.*

Early Days of Silas Wright.

A friend, who was an old acquaintance of the late Hon Silas Wright, related to us an anecdote of that distinguished man, which he received from his own lips, and as we have never seen it in print, (although it may have been,) we give it to our readers

Mr. Wright left his home, at an early age to "seek his fortune," having by way of earthly possessions, a fine horse, saddle and bridle, a pair of saddle bags, a small stock of clothing and five hundred dollars in money, which was in bills and was deposited in his saddle bags. He took a westward course, and in travelling one day he overtook a man with a wagon and furniture, and an old span of horses, apparently *emigrating*. There was nothing particularly attractive at first view in the person or his equippage, but upon closer inspection, Mr. Wright discovered the daughter of the emigrant, a most beautiful young lady, evidently refined and intelligent. They journeyed onward toward Geneva, chatting cosily together when, suddenly the old gentleman recollected that he wished to get his money changed at the Geneva Bank, and to enable him to reach that place before the close of bank hours he proposed that young Wright should take his seat beside the beautiful daughter, and allow him to mount W.'s horse and hasten forward. Ardent, and half smitten by the charms of the young lady, Silas gladly accepted the proposition and leaped from his horse, allowing the old man to make off with all his earthly possessions, money inclusive, without a second thought.

"Rapidly the hours of Thalaba went by," while these two young and gifted beings pursued their course (quite leisurly it may be surmised) towards their journey's destination. On arriving at Geneva, Mr. W. drove to the principal tavern, left the lady, but then for the first time a shade of anxiety crossed his mind for the safety of his fine horse and money. He went to all of the other public houses, but could hear of no such man as he described, he beat up to the quarters of the cashier of the bank, and learned to his additional concern, that such a man had called at the bank, and endeavored to get some money changed, which he had declined doing as the notes were *counterfeit!* Our future statesman then came to the conclusion that he had made a crooked start in life. About fifty dollars worth of old furniture, a dilapidated wagon and a span of worn out horses, for a new wardrobe, fine horse, and five hundred dollars! Ay, but then there was the pretty daughter—but her he could not keep as personal property, without her consent, and without money he hardly wanted a wife. He was at his wits end, and had just concluded to make the best of a bad bargain, when the old man made his appearance, with horse and money all safe. It turned out that the money which the cashier had thought to be counterfeit, was not so, and the [illegible] had given the old man [illegible] some distance, to find [illegible] might vouch for his respectability, [illegible] of trouble, and this considered [illegible] ous absence. In the sequel the [illegible] daughter became afterwards the wi[fe of the] future statesman.—*Detroit Adverti[ser].*

MUSIC.—I love music, whether [illegible] less warbling of the wild birds, the [illegible] tones of the human voice, or the [illegible] startling, martial melody of [illegible] struments; but above all, I love the [illegible] of a light heart. It matters not to [illegible] the tones be not so soft or true; the [illegible] effort to accompany the glad thoughts [illegible] singing, bespeaks a mind happy and contented with itself. I love to hear the [illegible] king, as its little hands beat a rude [illegible] ure, or its tiny feet patter over the [illegible] I love to hear the maiden singing [illegible] work; the pink glow of exercise [illegible] her cheeks, and the beautiful li[illegible] beaming in her eyes, but [illegible] most heavenly, when gentle [illegible] ascend to the father's throne [illegible] eil hour of family worship. [illegible] it rises like sweet incense [illegible] with rapt attention, tune [illegible] catch the notes that mortals sing. Parents, strive to cultivate a [illegible] music; afford your children instruc[tion in] this most delightful of all sciences. [illegible] there need be no lack of amusement [illegible] home, the singers can be easily con[illegible] at any time, and a concert arranged, [illegible] friends can spend an hour of heartfelt [en]joyment, above all price.

THE DEATH-PLACE OF PONTIUS PILATE.—A legend is popular among the people of Vienna, concerning the death of Pontius Pilate. The story is of a strange character, and throws a wild and pleasing interest over the locality which commemorates the event. Not far from Vienna [illegible] situated a small Roman tower; its walls are built square, and rise to an unusual height. Its lattice-work overlooks the waters of the river; and the lofty shadows of its exterior envelope the shining flood winding at its base with a perpetual gloom, that seems to borrow an additional feature of melancholy from the character of the deed which is presumed to have been enacted there. This place is called the Tour de Manconseul. After the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, Pilate, broken in spirit, retired to the tower to indulge in his grief, and to conceal his lamentations from the eyes of his unbelieving people. Here, violently susceptible of the great wrong and wickedness he felt himself to have participated in, in a paroxysm of despair, he threw himself from one of the windows of the tower, and perished in the waters of the Rhone.

The Swiss have likewise the[ir legend]ary account of the death of Pilate. [At the] foot of one of the Alpine mountains, [known] by the name of Pilate, stands a lake [whose] waters are constantly in a disturbed [state,] and often the scene of violent storms. [illegible] and solitude are the leading characteristics of this unfrequented place, which [illegible] but a wild and ill-boding picture to the [eye] of the traveller. [illegible] and the prey to conscience remorse, Pilate is said to have reached the margin of this lake and there to have seated himself and drank of its waters. An alien from his country and his race, without friend or solace, he resigned himself to the bitterness of his reflections, and finally threw himself into the waters at his feet. The tranquility of the scene is said to have become changed from that time. The waters are often visited by severe and unaccountable agitations, which the legends say are caused by the writhing of the troubled spirit of Pilate.

The adjacent mountains are shadowed all the year through, and the superstitious inhabitants of the district affirm that apparitions are frequently to be seen in the neighborhood, and lamentations are sometimes heard upon the winds, waking the echoes of mountain fastnesses.

BIOGRAPHY.—There are other histories besides men, women, nations and empires. Everything has its history. The gnat that lives only a day, has a biography that might bring an angel from heaven to read, and repay him for his journey. There is not a pebble, or particle of sand, but, if it had the power of speech, could tell a tale extending through ages, to which sages would listen with breathless attention. Birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes and insects, present in their history volumes of thought, interesting alike to children and philosophers.— Vegetables, flowers, shrubs and trees, from "the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall," from the lofty oak, pine or palm, to the slowly moss, are objects of thrilling interest. Their climates, homes, habits, forms, uses, and missions, give us ideas of power, wisdom, love, benevolence and beauty, and show us what our world might be, if we could but read, mark, learn, and meditate. Nor are the heavens less interesting than the earth. The drapery of the skies, the rainbow and aurora borealis, the moon, the planets, the sun, the stars, lead us into infinity, into the very paths of angels, or rather of the Deity himself.— What seraph could write the history of Sirius the dog star, or of the ages that have passed under its piercing gaze? In [the] Milky Way we have brilliant eyes, millions of miles distant, surveying our steps, measuring our days and counting our [illegible]

Power of a Good Man's Life.

The beauty of a holy life, says Chalmers, constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life.— There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, to raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning.