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Poet's Corner.

What I live for.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of action,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs assistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the FUTURE in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Genealogy of Adam.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, who for some time has been advocating, with great learning and power, the doctrine of the strict unity of the human race, thus refers to Adam and his immediate descendants:—

In the genealogy of Adam, but three of his children, Cain, Abel and Seth, are mentioned by name, and a few only of his remoter descendants appear in the record. In the 930 years he walked upon the earth, his family must have been far more numerous than this, and his other children are expressly alluded to in the words, "and he begat sons and *daughters*." "The mother of all living" was doubtless a fruitful vine, and both she and Adam were in the vigor of their lives for a length of years which the postdiluvians knew nothing of. Cain was a married man when he slew Abel, and was then, not less, probably, than 129 years of age. Seth, who was appointed by God to occupy the place of Abel whom Cain slew, was born to Adam when he was 130 years old. The natural increase of the race of man is extremely rapid when no hindrance is interposed. "An island, first occupied by a few shipwrecked English in 1588, and discovered by a Dutch vessel in 1667, is said to have been found peopled after 80 years by 12,000 souls, all the descendants of four mothers." When the Creator undertook to people a world, we may suppose that his providence arranged for this end, and no hindrance was allowed to interpose. It is believed the death of Abel was the first that occurred in the family of man. It is not an unreasonable supposition, therefore, as figures will demonstrate, that the family of Adam embraced 190,000 to 200,000 people at the banishment of Cain.

How many of these adhered to the fortunes of Cain, from whom a large share descended, or whether any, we are not informed, nor are we told when he built his city. If he lived as long as his father Adam, and built it in the closing period of his life, his own descendants born in the land of Nod, i. e., in the land of his flight, which the name denotes, were far more numerous than the numbers above mentioned would indicate. The same remarks will also apply to Nimrod. Though he may be, as is said in these lectures, but of the "second generation from Ham," there was abundant time for a population to have arisen on the earth, after the flood, sufficiently numerous to populate and form kingdoms. The city built was not probably extraordinary for size, but at first, at least, a mere stockade, earthwork, or fortress. Rome was not built in a day. It was once a hamlet or blockhouse on the Capitoline Mount. It was only the "beginning" of a kingdom founded by Ninevah, Rehoboth, Calah, and Resen, of which the historian speaks.

THE LAST PROPOSITION.—A gentleman in Iowa proposes to keep cities free from thunderstorms "for so much per year." To most people this offer will be looked on as preposterous, and yet it is not. We have no doubt whatever that an outlay of $10,000 would keep New York as insulated as a glass table with sealing-wax legs. What a gentleman in Iowa proposes to do for us, has already been done for the vine-growers in the south of France. By means of a well arranged system of lightning rods, a whole district has been rendered inaccessible to those destructive hail storms which so frequently follow in the train of thunder showers. What has been done in France, can be done elsewhere. If we can teach lightning to write, we can teach it to behave itself.—*Lowell Courier.*

A WIDOWER BURYING TO THE ALTAR.—In a town of Essex county, about the middle of last week, the wife of an inhabitant died, and on Friday a clergyman of the town was called upon to perform the funeral services.—On Saturday, the widower, having doffed the habiliments of mourning, appeared at the house of the clergyman, accompanied by a female, whom he introduced as his intended wife, and requested that the marriage ceremony should be performed; but the reverend gentleman, feeling, no doubt, that even if the husband had no affection for his recently deceased wife, a decent regard for appearance and public feeling condemned such unnatural haste, peremptorily refused to unite them in marriage, and the would-be bride and bridegroom left the house.—*Boston Journal.*

☞ Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

☞ Men are accused of being deceivers. So they are; but they are themselves, perhaps, the principal victims.

The Girl with the Tin Pail.

Some twenty years ago, I was an apprentice boy in the then 'City of mud,' now the goodly city of Rochester. The business of which I was obtaining a knowledge, was conducted upon Exchange street, though I boarded in one of the streets in the western part of the city.

In going to my tea, I was in the habit of meeting, almost every evening, for many weeks in succession, a small, young, well-dressed, good-looking girl with a pail in her hand. At length my curiosity became excited, and I resolved to ascertain, if possible, the daily errand of the girl. Having met her the following evening, I accordingly turned on my heel, and followed her at a distance that would not excite suspicion in any one. I at length saw her enter a small shoemaker's shop on south St. Paul street. I subsequently learned that the shop was owned by an industrious young man, and excellent mechanic, and that he was the girl's husband. He had been married a few months, and possessing no other capital than a good name and a robust constitution, had resolved to economize, by hiring a house in the suburbs of the city.

His breakfast was always ready for him by day-break, and taking his dinner with him, he saved the hour each day which most persons spend in going and returning from that meal. Many economists would have been satisfied with the saving of so much time as this between the rising and going down of the sun, but not so with the young shoemaker. He also wished to save the hour usually devoted to tea, and therefore had that meal daily taken to him by his pretty little wife. This arrangement enabled him to spend the whole day, and as much of the evening as he chose, in the shop.

The industrious habits of the shoemaker were soon discovered, and met with their due reward. Customers flocked in upon him, and he was obliged not only to rent a larger shop, but to employ an additional number of workmen. But the increase of business did not wean from the plan he had early adopted for the saving of time—this third meal still having been taken to him by his pretty little wife. This arrangement enabled him to spend the whole day, and as much of the evening as he chose, in the shop.

About this time I left the city, and did not return for twelve years. I had not, however, forgotten the shoemaker, having from my first knowledge of him discovered the germ of success in his manner of life. I visited the place where his old shop had stood—it had given place to a new brick block. In vain I looked about for the sign—it was nowhere to be seen. I was at length informed by a friend that about two years previous he had removed to Ohio.

"Do you know anything of his circumstances?" I inquired.

"I do. In the first place he took to Ohio about five thousand dollars in cash, some three thousand of which he invested in real estate near Cincinnati. He has already realized three times the amount. The other two thousand he put into a pork establishment, and that sum yielded him a large profit. But if he had resorted to speculation," added my friend, "he could not but have succeeded in life so thorough were his business habits, and especially as those habits are seconded by an industrious little wife."

I have recently returned from a visit to Ohio, and have again seen the shoemaker and his wife. He is now in the prime of life, and possesses an ample fortune and an unsullied reputation for honor and probity. Never having had any personal acquaintance with him, I introduced myself to him as a Rochester man. This was late in the afternoon, I very cheerfully accepted an invitation to take tea with him. Improving a moment of silence at the tea-table, I remarked:

"I fear Mr. H. you are not so great an economist of time as you used to be?"

"Why not?" he inquired.

"When first I became acquainted with Mrs. H. you could not afford to go home to tea, and she used to carry it to you."

"In a little tin pail," said she, bursting into a loud laugh.

"Exactly."

"Indeed, Mr. W., have you known us so long?"

I then made myself known as the former apprentice of Mr. H. and was immediately recognized by Mrs. H. as one of her earlier street acquaintances in Rochester.

But that pail, what do you think has become of that?" asked Mr. H.

"That, I suppose, has been long since numbered with the things that were," I answered.

"By no means," said he, at the same time tipping a wink to his wife.

She arose from the table, and left the room, and soon returned with the identical pail, as they both assured me. I need not say that it bore palpable evidence of the ravages of time.

"But what is your object in preserving that pail?"

"Its associations. We look upon it as one of the earliest instruments which contributed to our success in life, and as such we shall ever cherish it."

I soon after took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. H. and their interesting and happy family, and not a day since then has my mind been without its remembrance of the Girl and her Tin Pail.

Untimely.

A characteristic story is told of Judge R., a worthy man and in his younger days, an able lawyer, now living in the northern part of Vermont. It is said he was once ambitious of political preferment, but, if so, his success has not been equal to his hopes, as he never rose higher than to be what is called a "flower pot judge"—as "side judges" are sometimes denominated, from the fact that the office is rather a matter of ornament than use. A few years ago, while this old gentleman was attending a session of the legislature, he was accosted by an old acquaintance, with, "Ah, judge, how d've do and what brings you to the capitol?" "Why," said R., "I came to get an office, but it's of no use, and I shan't try it again. For twenty years I came here regularly for an office, but they said I was too young, and now that I have grown grey, trying to remove that objection, they tell me I am too old, and that's a difficulty which I have no hope of outliving; so I give up the chance!" The judge sighed, wiped the dust of Montpelier from his shoes, and never darkened the portals of the capitol afterwards. He holds legislatures in great contempt, and can give better reasons for his opinion than their shabby treatment of himself.—*Boston Post.*

☞ Every third man you meet is a tax-collector. The one greets you with a "good morning" as the other says "farewell."

The Patagonians.

It seems that Admiral Byron was not so far out of the way, after all, when he described the people inhabiting the neighborhood of Magellan Straits, as giants. Mr. Bourne, whose adventures in Patagonia have excited great attention, and who was among them several months, describes them as of colossal size and proportionate strength, notwithstanding they seldom taste vegetables, but subsist chiefly on the flesh of wild animals, mostly horses. The account which he gives of these amiable people is quite interesting, though not of a character to induce persons of taste and refinement to emigrate to the southern extreme of the American continent.—*Baltimore American.*

"In person the Patagonians are large—appearing, at first sight, absolutely gigantic.—They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement was my own height, which is about five feet ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them; and all the men were at least a head taller than myself.—Their average height, I should think, is nearly six and a half feet; and there were specimens that could be little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned—the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is said to have made on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it. They have large heads, high cheek bones, like the North American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, though it is a shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad, but low, the hair covering them nearly to the eyes. The eyes are full, though expressive of but little intelligence. Thick, coarse and stiff hair protects the head, its abundance making any artificial covering superfluous. Their teeth are really beautiful, sound and white—about the only attractive and enviable feature of their persons. They have deep heavy voices, and speak in guttural tones—the worst guttural I ever heard—with a muttering, indistinct articulation, much as though their mouths were filled with hot pudding. Their countenances are generally stupid; but on closer inspection there is a gleam of low cunning that flashes through this dull mark and is increasingly discernable on acquaintance with them.

"When excited, or engaged in any earnest business that calls their faculties into full exercise, their features light up with unexpected intelligence and animation. They are almost as imitative as monkeys, and are all great liars; falsehood is universal and inveterate with men, women and children. To these traits should be added a thorough-paced treachery, and what might seem rather inconsistent with their other qualities, a large share of vanity, and an immoderate love of praise. They are excessively filthy in their personal habits.—They never wash themselves; hands and face are usually covered with a thick deposit of dirt. The men sometimes paint or bedaub their faces with a kind of red earth. Charcoal is also used as a cosmetic. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black, in various fantastic figures, is a favorite style of decoration. The women make themselves, if possible still more hideous than the men, by the application of a pigment made of clay, blood and grease. Some of them would be very comely, if only cleanly and content to leave nature less strenuously adorned. The moral character of the people correspond with their appearance and habits, and is about as bad in every respect as it can possibly be.—There are even strong grounds—including the confession of some of them—for believing that they are addicted to cannibalism, and that they sometimes kill and devour, not only strangers, but members of their own tribe.

"These savage giants live a roving Arab-like life, wandering continually from the neighborhood of one fountain or stream to that of another. They are good riders, and have many horses, most of which have been stolen from the Spanish settlements near the northern border of their territory. The highest accomplishment of a young Patagonian, is to be an expert horse thief. Their habitations are small and movable, consisting merely of a framework of stakes, covered with skins of guanaco. This creature is a quadruped allied to the Peruvian lama. Its flesh is their chief article of food; and its skin is used for clothing and various other purposes. The only weapons of the natives are their long knives, and the bolas, or balls. This is the name given to the curious implement with which they capture their game. It consists of two round stones or leaden balls, when these can be procured, weighing each about a pound, and connected by a strap or thong of leather, ten or twelve feet long. When engaged in the chase, his horse at the highest speed, the rider holds one ball in his hand, and whirls the other rapidly above his head. When it has acquired a sufficient momentum, it is hurled with unerring aim at the object of pursuit, and either strikes the victim dead, or coils inextricably about him, and roots him to the spot—a helpless mark for the hunter's knife."

A Model Candidate.

The following description of a Mississippi candidate, taken from a Mississippi paper, will answer as a "model" candidate for almost any quarter where popular suffrage prevails:

"Judge ——, the candidate for ——, has no quality which distinguishes him from the great herd of mankind, except a peculiar and fascinating manner of extending to you his five digits, and of saying 'How are you?' and trotting a baby on his knee, and grinning at the mother, and winking slily at the resin-heeled gals, as they are called. He is not the first man, by a long shot, who has introduced himself into public notice by the flexibility of his spinal column and the graceful bend of his dexter elbow. He has a sort of 'Home, sweet home' manner of saying 'Good morning, John,' which is said to make the 'son's' hug up to him, and of saying 'How dy'e do, sonny,' 'That's a nice little miss,' which goes plump to the hearts of the well-pleased ma's; and then he is said to be the very Napoleon of the 'brandance'—has such an every day, good-natured way of squeezing the fingers of his partner, who 'curchies' and blushes, and when she sits down by her lover, says, 'What a nice man Judge —— is; you ought to vote for him Bill.'

☞ A young greenhorn was told that if he pressed a certain bashful young lady she would sing. The next evening he asked her to sing and she excused herself. 'Why, There,' said he, don't you think you could thing if squeezed a little?"

The Lord's Prayer—An Acrostic

OUR Lord and King who reig'nst enthroned
On high,
FATHER of Light! Mysterious Deity!
WHO art the great, I AM—the last, the first—
ART righteous, holy, merciful and just—
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is the dwelling place of God our King.
HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names
transcend,
BE thou adored, our great Almighty Friend,
THY glory shines beyond creation's space
NAMED in the book of justice and of grace;
THY Kingdom towers beyond the starry skies,
KINGDOM satanic falls, but thine shall rise,
COME, let thine empire, O, thou Holy One,
THY great and everlasting will be done!
WILL God make known his will, his powers
display?
BE it the work of mortals to obey.
DONE is the great, the wond'rous work of love,
ON Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above.
EARTH bears the record in thy holy word,
As heaven adores thy love let earth, Oh Lord
IT shines transcendant in the eternal skies,
Is praised in heaven—for man the Savior dies.
IN songs immortal, angels laud his name,
HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love
proclaim,
GIVE us, oh Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US proper food, on which our souls may live.
THIS be our boon to-day and days to come,
DAY without end, in our eternal home;
OUR needy souls supply from day to day,
DAILY assist, and aid us when we pray;
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, the blessing
lend,
AND make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place
US—the vile rebels of a rebel race.
OUR follies, faults, and trespasses forgive—
DEBTS which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive.
AS we, O Lord, our neighbors' faults o'erlook,
WE beg thou'dst blot ouns from thy memory's book;
FORGIVE our enemies; extend thy grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
DEBTORS to thee in gratitude and love,
AND in that duty paid by saints above.
LEAD us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
US from the tempter and his hellish ways;
NOT in our own, but in His name who bled,
INTO thine ear we pour our very need.
TEMPTATION'S fatal charms help us to shun,
BUT may we conquer through thy conquering
Son.
DELIVER from all which can annoy
US in this world, and may our souls destroy;
FROM all calamities which men betide,
EVIL and death, oh turn our feet aside,
FOR we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
THINE 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
IS not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
THE whole creation knows no God but thee.
KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall;
THE King Eternal reigns the King of all.
AND be thy name adored by earth and heaven.
THE praise of saints and angels is thy own,
GLORY to thee, the everlasting one,
FOREVER be thy triune name adored,
AMEN! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Searching for a lost Child.

The Mount Pleasant (Iowa) papers give long accounts of a search for a lost child which recently took place in that county. It is stated that, during a meeting in Salem, word was brought that the child of Mr. and Mrs. Beach, who live two miles south of Hillsborough, and seven miles south of Salem, in Lee county, had been lost the evening before, and was then missing. "The child must be looked after," was the ready response of every one, and forthwith forty or fifty persons were ready for the search, and on the way to Mr. Beach's.—There they learned that one hundred persons had been out all day in an ineffectual search. Arrangements were made for an early commencement of the hunt next morning; and long before day, the tolling of the Seminary bell warned the people of their duty to their neighbors in sore distress. There were many sleepless eyes that night, and early dawn found hundreds of people of all classes, on the alert. The girl was about five years old, and, with a twin brother and another child, had gone to a neighbor's house on Friday afternoon. On their return, and when within a quarter of a mile from home, and within fifty steps of a neighbor's house, she was observed to climb a garden fence, and lingered behind, while her companions went home and reported that their sister would be along soon. That was the last seen of her. On Sunday, as we have stated, the general search commenced.—A line was formed with men but ten feet apart, and woodland and prairie searched by more than five hundred men, but not a trace of the lost child could be found. But they did not despair. They resolved to continue the search on Monday morning with increased numbers. Monday came, and the country for miles around was hunted over, and still without success. Again they resolved to devote themselves to the work next day. Tuesday found these good neighbors again at their task. A hollow square was formed from five to six miles in diameter, making Mr. Beach's house the centre of the square, and up to 12 o'clock, no tidings of the lost one. But then, when two miles from Mr. Beach's, and exactly opposite from where it had been last seen, in almost an impenetrable thicket, Mr. F. A. McElroy, of Salem, was the first to catch a glimpse of the child's dress as it made into the brush a few steps from him. A moment more, notwithstanding her attempted flight and resistance, he held the child in his arms. She was found near a pool of water, where she had passed the night. Being asked how she slept at night, she replied, "I just slept on the ground, without anything to cover with."—She was very much reduced, and had a vacant look in her eyes. For four days she had been without anything to eat. Hundreds of people assembled, as the news spread, at the house, and the feeling and excitement was intense, to see the lost one who was thus providentially restored to her parents. Rev. Joseph Cooper returned thanks to the multitude for their great kindness, and then they separated.

☞ Addison has left on record the following important sentence: Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

☞ A correspondent in speaking of the ladies at Saratoga, says they "wear their shoulders bare to the lower edge of decorum." A neat way that of saying half-naked!

The Twin Chiefs:

A TALE OF THE SABINE.

The river Sabine is the boundary line between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water-fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing place, it may be accomplished, however, at high-water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs. Here you have extensive view of swamp covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it requires a coat of mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the musquitoes are insufferable, and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you; nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About 100 miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They diminished in their size as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as the cypress, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now they are weak as women, bent like old age, and few as the stars at summer's twilight. They were a race of warriors, who set even the Comanches at defiance, and whose ancestors slept in their graves unmolested; they are no longer fit for war, and the crow follows the white man's ploughshare, croaking with delight as it devours the worms that have fattened on the dead bodies of their forefathers.

Dilka, the chief's wife, had twin sons, who were so equal in their skill, and so equally beloved, that at their father's death it was difficult to determine which should succeed him; nor were they willing to submit to the decision of their tribe, but each declined in favor of his brother. It was therefore decided, that they should act together with equal authority—an arrangement which was rendered highly advantageous from the great number of their people both in war and peace. Their hunting grounds extended from the sea coast to the Rocky Mountains, and the feats of Dilka's sons were whispered by their foes with dread—were sung by the friendly tribes with praise. They were seldom seen apart, unless their duty required it, nor was an angry word ever known to have passed between them: when they practised with the bow together, none

[illegible] than the defeated brother.

It would be useless for me to make any comment on the perfect symmetry of the form in which nature had moulded these sons of the forest. But it was a sight truly beautiful to see them standing alone beneath some lofty pine offering up their thoughts to the Great Spirit. One day, when they had descended with a party to fish at the lower part of the river, where the lake was visible, they saw a white object afloat upon its bosom, and long they stood gazing as it increased in size. It was unlike a bird, or anything they had seen before. The blast of surprise was given from the horn of the buffalo, and party after party came hurrying down the river in their canoes, gathering around their chiefs with the spear, the war club, tomahawk, and bow. A thrilling anxiety filled the bosoms of all, as their attention was drawn to the object. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel approached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an attack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was not alive, there were living beings on it. Overtures of peace were offered by the strangers, who came with glittering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of red and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads, and gilded ornaments, attracted the notice of the less wary who, with uncontrollable delight, disguised their well proportioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain conceit. Hitherto the deer skin, prepared by themselves, and much better calculated for their pursuits, much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vices. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundredfold, visited his wigwam of the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the sailors spring from rope to rope; lost their natural courage at the sound of the fusee, and felt the condescension in one to them possessing the power of a god becoming familiar with them. They tasted their different preparations of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison, which they do in a particular manner. They likewise tasted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like children, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded to persuasion and example. They tasted, and their love for it increased with what they took. Next came drunkenness and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then followed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed, strange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry as the earth seemed receding, whirling sinking beneath them. At length nature relieved the stomach of its unwholesome burden, and sound senseless sleep came on. How could the wary Indian now protect himself against a foe? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke, a parching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never yet had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a combination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart shudder within the breast such as no single one, nor all the natural diseases, if combined, ever could produce. The captain, well accustomed to such feelings, soon gave them relief, by inducing them to take fresh stimulants; thus establishing as a habit what perhaps would never have of itself returned—a constant desire for intoxicating drinks. In such times as these, the brothers would begin to feel a jealousy if the captain did not bestow his favors and attention equally on them. It was then that selfishness overcame the nobler feelings of the heart. They were induced, not with any ill intent, but to amuse their friends, to try their strength against each other, and a severe trial it was.—Two such athletic forms so equally matched in strength and skill, could not well contend without great danger. A fist fight between two boys is not likely to prove of a very serious nature, while one blow from the pugilist will readily terminate the life of his opponent and in this instance, both were severely hurt without any decision being possible as to their superiority. Formerly, the regret of each would have been that he had hurt the other now, this feeling was reversed. They struggled against each other as if they had been struggling against a deadly foe. And when at length exhausted, they joined their friends; the glass went round again and again, until the same mad feeling rendered their passions ungovernable. Each boasted of his superiority over the other, and many attempts they made to get together, but were separated by the captain, who tried to reconcile them in vain, until they became helpless from excess.

The vessel left them, having previously disposed of all the wine and spirits they could spare, or rather were willing to part with, together with a fusee, some ammunition, and several trifling things. The greater number of the Indians had been sent up to their headquarters with the different presents as they were made to them, and the chieftains, after parting with the white men reluctantly, commenced the indulgence of their dissipation.—One soon fell from his seat senseless, from taking larger draughts, now that they were alone, and without restraint imposed by the presence of strangers. The other became by degrees more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention; declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun; that he was stronger and braver than his brother; that he could beat him; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay helpless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it accomplished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drank deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn; this he found himself unable to do; he shouted, he tried to raise the war-whoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits as he could carry, he wandered he knew not whither.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled.

A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others sat down to decide upon his punishment.—They always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more horrid nature, besides betraying his tribe to the enemy, for they looked upon the prophecy as certain. After two days the council broke up; the criminal had been discovered, and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been two long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was, nevertheless, put into immediate execution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his heart, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus, for four and twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence, refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was held to his lips; and, as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth, with all its horrors burst upon him.—The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey buzzards now hovered over them, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as the welcome bird was venturing near, an insidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him; what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another long, piercing, straining scream, was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; the same fears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysteric sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he struggled in vain; the more closely on his heart the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days had he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation, for every thing had been left as it was when the murder was committed. The war-cry had gone thro' the land, and the remainder of the tribe had left the spot; the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been entrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated; in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake, but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself. He was expected!

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes to come out to welcome him he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing-ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore, to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, everything as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground beside which sat a tall grey-headed Indian.

In his hand he held part of a raw fish, which he was devouring without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke he made no answer, nor even turned his face away from some object on which it seemed fixed. But when the captain approached within a couple of yards, at one bound the Indian sprang upon him with the cry of a hyena, and fixing his teeth and fingers firm in his throat, forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove his hold; it was the iron grasp of death. When they did succeed in tearing them apart, both were dead, and the men discovered in the features of the grey-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have prolonged a miserable life merely sustained by an [illegible]

Other traders soon centried to visit the village of the tribe in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilization, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now depraved; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting expeditions in disgrace, and, as their feeble remnant now tell you, "their nation is no more."

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.—In his speech at the supper given to President Pierce in Philadelphia, Mr. Buchanan said: He admitted that Col. Davis was a strict construction-ist. He had never known but one man who could excel his friend from Mississippi in that, and that was a friend of his from old Virginia in the olden times. This gentleman was taken alarmingly ill, and was at the point of death, and all that troubled his conscience was lest he might be buried in the Congressional Burying Ground, at the public expense. He sent for a friend, and in prospect of eternity, said: "I would nearly as lieve take my chance of being d——d, as to entertain the idea that Congress, without authority from the Constitution, should appropriate money to bury me."

WITHOUT A SHILLING.—The Washington *Evening Star* relates the following incident:

"Not long since, the President, in an afternoon ride with his estimable lady and a female friend, was brought up by the gate on the Columbia turnpike, on the opposite side of the Potomac. His coachman searched his pockets in vain for the requisite shilling. The President searched his. But alas, not a solitary shilling had they among them. The toll gatherer, who is at times annoyed by the pranks of "fast" folks passing his gate on their way to the trotting course without "holding up" to pay toll, began to think of closing the bar upon the carriage, when the driver informed him that the gentleman inside was the President of the United States, and the gentleman inside made it all right by promising to pay the shilling when next he should venture to ride on the Virginia side."

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—Among our marriage notices this week is recorded the wedding at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, of Mr. Briggs, gardener, to Thirza, second daughter of Mr. Smith, of Haverhill. Mr. Briggs is a hale and hearty young man of 79. At the conclusion of the interesting ceremony, the youngster was inquired his age. He boldly exclaimed "79!" At this the bride gave a faint shriek, exclaiming, "Oh! if I had but known it! Oh, why he has been palming himself off on me as only 66! Oh! I had no idea of such a thing.—*English paper.*

☞ We saw a starving dog refuse a sausage offered him by a benevolent individual yesterday, although he was reduced to so low a condition—he would not become a cannibal.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that nothing displeases her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a recollection is to be taken.

☞ A correspondent, in speaking of the belles at Saratoga, says they "wear their shoulders bare to the lower end of decorum." A neat way that of saying half-naked!

☞ The best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that don't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe, and have done with it.

☞ Dobbs thanks a man's a darned fool that would change his opinion when he knows he's wrong.

☞ To ascertain whether a woman is positive or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor.