AUDUTE OBE Death of the

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Select Poetry.

, Seventy-Six. BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung, When, through the fresh awakend land, The thrilling cry of freedom rung, And to the work of warfare strung

The yeoman's iron hand! Hills flung the cry to hills around. And ocean mart replied to mart, And streams, whose springs were yet Pealed far away the startling sound Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep From mountain river swift and cold; The borders of the stormy deep.
The vales where gathered waters sleep.
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again Grew quick with God's creating breat And, from the sods of grove and glen, Rose ranks of lion-hearted men To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day The fair fond bride of yester eve, And aged sire and matron gray, Saw the loved warriors haste away, And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain Along the springing grass had run, And blood had flowed at Lexington, Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal award Hallowed to freedom all the shore In tragments fell the yoke abhorred-The footstep of a foreign lord

Miscellaneous.

The Poct Hoffman.

It is a singular and significant fact, that several who may be called stars of first magnitude in the constellation of American Poets. have been the most unfortunate of men.-Some, like the brilliant, charming and eupho neous Poz, have led lives of poverty and destitution throwing off, amid want and woe and misery and degradation, those pearl drops of Poesy, which will glitter forever in the sea cations that play on the parted billow of the ocean at midnight. Charles Fenno Hoff-MAN, whose literary fame has become a part of the literature of the country, is one of this

Mr. HOFFMAN is now about forty-eight years of age, and youthful in appearance.-He is the son of Hon. Ogden Hoffman of - New York, one of the most eminent lawyers the country has ever produced. At fifteen years of age he was sent to Columbia College, and received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, from that Institution, with Firz-GREENE HALLECK, and WILLIAM CULLEN BRY-ANT. Thus started equally in life, three young men, who have made for themselves a worldwide fame in the great field of literary labor.

At the age of twenty-one, young HOFFMAN was admitted to the Bar, and practiced three years in the several Courts of the city of New York. But the dry maxims of legal lore and the dull and laborious duties of its practice could not fill the "aching void of his mind;" and he abandoned his profession and gave himself entirely to books and the pen. Hi first production after this was a short poem entitled "Forest Musings," in which his own feelings, at his determination and choice, are imaged forth with a peculiar charm. We copy the following stanzas:

"Now the new and untried world, Is glancing bright before me! The quarry soars! and mine is now the sky Where "at what bird I please my hawk shall

Some mystic voice that ever since hath dwelf Along with echo in her dim retreat. A voice whose influence all, at times, have felt By wood, or glen, or where on silver strand,

The clasping waves of Ocean's belt

Do clashing meet

Around the land:

It whispers, me that soon—too soon The pulses which now beat so high, Impatient with the world to cope.
Will, like the hues of autumn sky, Be changed and fallen ere life's noor

He soon became connected with several literary journals, and his writings at once at tracted the attention of literary epicures. The Knickerbocker Magazine, which has at tained such celebrity in this country was first issued under his editorial control. He afterwards became the proprietor of the American Monthly Magazine, and under his control was unquestionably the ablest literary periodical ever published in this country. For many years he was identified with the leading Journals and established a reputation, as a writer, solid and enduring.

And now we come to the sad period of his the cause of the veteran TAYLOR, attracted higher than battle-smoke ever mounted, the attention of Mr. CLAYTON; and, on the account forth in feeble accounts, "Don't give up and you shall pocket one thousand dollars cession of that Administration, was made a the ship,"

verses, and to stem the adverse currents of political life. A new Administration was inaugurated and Mr. Hoffman was removed from office. Political alliances in his native State turned their backs upon him, his pride was wounded, his spirit crushed at the ingratitude and selfishness of political men whom he had served,—he became moody at first: and soon after a raving maniac! About a year since, his friends were obliged to remove him to the Insane Asylum at Bultimore, and from thence he was taken, last winter, to Harrisburg and confined in the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital. That lofty intellect is in fragments, that proud and noble spirit is brought low, and CHARLES Fenno Hoffman is the companion of gibbering maniacs in a mad house!

We have spoken of his sensitive nature. Throughout all his writings this is betrayed, and his power to paint the anguish of the human heart, writhing under disappointment and unhappiness, exceeds that of any living writer, affording the best evidence of keen sensibility in himself. Who, that has ever read a newspaper, or a book of miscellaneous poems, has not been forcibly arrested by 'The Farewell." And yet how few, perhaps, are aware that it is from the pen of HOFFMAN. We fancy that it may be found in almost every Scrap-book in the country, for we scarce remember to have opened one that we did not find it.

"The conflict is over, the struggle is past, I have looked, I have loved, I have worshipp'd my And now back to the world, let fate do her worst On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed:

To thee its best feelings were trusted away, And life bath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I rerign;
I blame not hipbraid not one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart, reck not what chances have doomed us to part; but know thou hast told me to love thee no nore, And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one-O! loved but too Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell,-Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust! Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,

would pour out my own in this last fond fare-It has been said that "the affections of manmay veer, but, when woman loves, she loves a careless question of yours will draw forth forever." Mr. HOFFMAN seems to have seized upon this idea in "the Farewell," and painted the tender emotions of female love, its

constancy, purity and self-sacrificing submission, in language that comes home to the soul. His extreme sensitiveness undoubtedly has ate out his reason. We find evidencies of it we cull the following apostrophe.

"O, God! that I could breathe my life On battle-plain in charging strife-In one mad impulse pour my soul, Far beyond passions base control!

And then for hours and hours I muso On things that might, yet will not be, Till one by one, my feelings lose Their passionate intensity,-Which on wild wings those feelings waft, Far, far beyond the drear domain Of Reason and her freezing teign.

And even thus my moments fly, And even thus my hours decay. And even thus my years slip by, My life itself is wiled away; But distant still the mounting hope, The burning wish with men to cope In aught that minds of iron mould May dare to do for fame or gold."

In this brief sketch we cannot aim even to convey an idea of Mr. HOFFMAN's power with the pen. His writings should be read to be appreciated, or, in order to the forming of step sounded in my entry; a second, and a any correct estimate of his intellect. In his confinement he appears mild, gentle and submissive. His whole mind seems to centre upon the ingratitude of the world,—it is his whole theme of conversation, together with with a young woman; the door opened, and the injustice that has been done him by politicians. He fancies that his honor has been impeached, and suspicion been cast upon it by somebody. He only lives to convince the world of its wrong judgment, and when that shall be done he shall live no longer.

Unhappy and unfortunate man! His is not the first heart crushed in Despair by the world's unfeeling judgment!

ORATION.

Delivered by GEO. A. CHASE, at the Annual Exhibition of "Harford University," the term ending July 5th, 1854. "Don't Give up the Ship."

Such were the dying words of the immor tal LAWBENCE, as he lay weltering in blood, on the ensanguined deck of the Chesepeake. Dismantled and torn, his noble old ship drifhitherto brilliant career. The power of his ted about on the bloody battle wave, the pen, his exalted genius, had brought him to last ray of hope had departed, -victory had the notice of the eminent men of all parties. perched upon the banners of his British antag-The restless activity of his intellect sought re- onist, but still unsubdued that noble spirit. creation in the field of politics, and his bril- Wrapping himself in his country's flag, amid liant essays on political topics soon drew him, disaster, defeat and death all around,—the with irresistable force, into its exciting and last faint prayer that trembled on his quiverever-changing eddies. In 1848 he embraced ing lip, ere the spirit left its clay, to rise far

chief Clerk in the Department of State. We Gorious sentiment indeed, worthy a Roman have been informed that Mr. Clayton has been informed that the neighboring corner, step has been informed that the neighboring corner, step has been informed that Mr. Clayton has been informe

"He had fought his last battle.

No sound will awake him to glory again. To contemplate the deeds of the brave, to keepembalined in our memories, the patriotic virtues of our fathers, who laid deep and broad the foundation of our national prosperity and greatness, and cemented it with their own blood, is among the highest duties of American youth. When we shall become insensible to these, when we shall forget the great price at which they were obtained and perpetuated, when the poet shall no longer strike his swelling numbers, and the orator no longer discourse in impassioned strains to their memories and the remembrances of their deeds, then will the Eagle of American liberty, prepare himself for a long farewell, will

Fly away, and soon be out of sight." "Don't give up the ship! That flag shall wave while I live!" Let every American citizen and every American Statesman inscribe this motto upon the tablet of his heart. The old ship of State is struggling amid the tempest and the waves of her onward career. The war of angry elements is raging fiercely around; rocks and shoals and treacherous shores lie just ahead, the enemies of our country's greatness and glory are watching for their prey, but "don't give up the ship."__

That flag, that glorious flag "shall wave while I live," should be the determined and patriotic acclaim of every American citizen Then will it wave until the last day of time, untarnished its stripes, undimed the lustre of its stars.

All glory to the shades of departed heroes long shall they live in the hearts of their countrymen,-live in the affections of the world, live in their country's story! LAW-RENCE shall live,—the God-like emanations of his departing soul, shall live forever, as the watchword of American patriotism, when assailed with a strong and defiant arm, and should freedom finally be battled from her Western home, the last cry of her expiring hosts shall be, as they wrap their country's flag about them for a winding sheet,-"Don't give up the ship."

From the Knickerbocker Magazine. PROFESSIONAL SCAR.

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

hand; and you will be surprised to learn that enough to cover a sheet: "What caused the scar on my temple?"

It is a professional sear. Harry: one that 1 have carried ever since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that you are the first and only person that inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it but must in all his writings. In a poem entitled "Love avoid names and places, for the parties most and Politics," (a strange mixture for a Poem) interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secresy.

In the year , after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a properly qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my residence to commence the practice of law. For three months I waited, but alas! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position; my money was gone entirely: my board was to be paid in the morning, and my rent the day following; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard, and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street light moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward; but I would not go. A footthird, and more, but so light that my heartbeating prevented my counting them; and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say "come in" with a calm voice. although I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis

I saw—an old one. I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and

"I have not time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer; are you good for anything !" My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

"Well, well, no gas; can you draw a pa-Here again I ventured to remark, that it from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying: "I want a will drawn; quick, hurriedly but so strong that all the furies in h-ll can't undo it! Can you do it?" and she fairly glar-

ed at me with impatience for my answer. Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. . I therefore assured her that I could draw a will which, although I could not warrant it to pass the orproof against all the lawyers in Christendom. And now her manner changed from the

for your night's work?" she exclaimed.

fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.

and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion of the liand of my-companion, who approached the bed and said: "I have an attorney here, sir; shall be pro-

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, af er glaring on me for a moment he spoke: "If you can draw my will, do it; quick, now, for I must save my breath."

I turned to the table where I found paper, ens, ink, and everything necessary; and by he light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle sticks, I was soon busily engaged I will not trouble you with the details, nor,

n fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, ctc. were left, in the words of the will, to "my good ind faithful housekeeper, Angeline faithful, token of gratitude for her long, ind meritorious service." But the ing words of the will I shall never forget: they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is omething fearful—yes devilish in this fearfully recording, in what purports to be the ast written wish, a curse upon your own offpring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the libusand follars were like so many anchors, and I staid

"I leave to my daughter Dona all the satsfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip about her in her only home, the street, and dors share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dy-

ng, cursed her."
There was something like a chuckle in the ing in a strange city; her anxiety to have wealthy father; her mother died when she —no one of the name, for at least two gentless will so strong; the curse on his daugh—was a mere child; old Angeline had remainerations back, having come to his end in a ter, and the large fee, all conspired to make ed with her father in the capacity of house—loop of strong twine, we spare him. and feel that I was being instrumental in the keeper, and had, while Dora was away at per, and again my fee and my wants con- wooed and won by a poor clerk; the father quered. The will was finished, and I read would not listen to it; an elopement was the over aloud, the old man groaning, and the consequence; and the old man in his race. old woman looking an occasional assent; but broke up house keeping, and taking old Anwhen I read the terrible curse, a new actor geline with him, had started for the South. Your kind letter, Henry, came duly to appeared on the scene; and and you will be surprised to learn that Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God, you know

not what you do!" The plaintive tenes of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but, when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The lan- his denth, they had been following him about compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet you remember, left the room when I entered, the sweetest countenance I ever beheld ap- had observed their arrival and had kindly nealed to me, and not in vain; for while the

When my conciousness returned I found myself in my own bed at my boarding house, my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and knew that I had been brought home, body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and was now confined from the effects of that and while the servant kept guard over Anblow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, geline, he took me home in a carriage. The quent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by and had also left a letter as soon as I was

"You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than out present means enable us to name on the sign with his (as senior partner express. The property which so nearly besoon be ours, and you shall then hear from bright blushing on my pretty daughter's us. May the same kindness which prompted cheek when he calls, I imagine he may you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scenes of last evening.

Gratefully yours, DORA AND HER HUSBAND." My first act was to conceal the letter be-House as to the subsequent movements of my with mouths ujar and the side ache. mysterious clients, but could only ascertain other rooms; that the old man's body was Saxe was made to make en do it.

stairs into a suit of rooms comprising parlor appeal which it made to my heart: the an-and two bed rooms. The parlor however, swer to which cost me the deep scar which is was occupied by a bed, in which kly an old the object of your present curiosity, and a one thousand dollar fee less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havana. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival; and I New Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the ennui consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me: "Senor, Senor, los Americanos-

Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. Thinking I might be of service to him. I went out. and with two or three dimes dispersed the submitted to my orders. The gentleman beneath my sombrero, he caught me by the hand exclaiming:

"We have met before, sir !- how glad am to see you!" me to the door way in which stood a matron-

ly but still beautiful woman.

"See, Dora," said he, " is not this our old frien4?" At the word "Dora," I started, and withstanding, impressed upon her features. which betrays their parentage, any easier You may well believe our re-union was than Poor Hester Prynn could remove the direction of old Angeline as the dying wretch You may well believe our re-union was than Poor Hes didtated these fearful words; but as I looked most pleasant; and after dinner was over, scarlet letter.

accomplishment of some villainous object. school, acquired, as is generally the case, is a respectable looking man-tor an editor. Again I meditated the destruction of the pa- complete influence over him. Dora was He says of himselfthe old man groaning, and the consequence; and the old man in his rage Dora followed him with her husband, altho she knew he would not see her, and although he was always harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of guage is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is com- a month from place to place, keeping concentpetent to give you a description of diat face, ed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes the eyes dancing with excitement, yet liquid of Angeline. When Dora appeared in the with tears; the mouth proud as Juno's, yet room, it was only because the man servant, who had been with her father, and who, as had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father ald man, weak as he was, jumped from his could not live an hour; she was entering bed screaming "Kill her! kill her!" I tore the the room to make one last effort at reconciliwill into fragments, and we both fell to the ation, when my voice reading the fearful floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from words of her father's curse caused the outcry the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag and denouncement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angeline in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a bedlamite. He and the man servant put the old man's

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife and a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter as soon as I was alone, and found a fifty dollar note, with again at the coming season. And the young again at the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my, although he does all the business,) is Dora's son and certain from conscious looks and possibly be mine, too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

The wittiest living poet, John G. Saxe. and tender the amount of my board bill; to Vt., is a native of that State, and was born at my astonishment he told me that my com- | Highgate, Franklin County, on the second of panion paid it when he left the letter. It June, 1816. Bred on a farm, John cultivapay my host while I was unconscious, and seventeen. Indeed, his awful habit of punthus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt | ning did not develop itself to an alarming it was he who brought me home) had ascer- degree until he was of age. His youth of tained the fact and paid my bill. Added to innocence did not foreshadow his wicked litthis my wound was not severe enough to need erary career. Little did the world know any surgery more than was offered by my when John was dropping corn and pumpkin kind landlady; so when I had recovered, seeds, raking hay and digging potatoes like (which was soon,) I had only my office rent any other hones, and industrious swain, that to pay, and then resumed business with the he would one day be riding on a rail all over arger part of fifty dollars in my treasury. I the country, drawing people together in lecmade cautious inquiries about the ture rooms, and then sending them home

It is Irving, who says that one half of the that the old couple arrived on that eventful world was made to ride, and the other half night, the old man ordering a pleasant room to be ridden. As it respects laughing n which he could die; that the young couple the parties are more unequally divided. All came by another conveyance, and had taken mankind were made to laugh, and John G.

immediately boxed up and sent to the north at the age of seventeen, John forsook the under charge of his man-sergant; that the old grain fields, repudiated manual labor, and grain fields, repudiated manual labor, and yoman went off alone; and that finally the went to St. Allians, where, in riotous living oung man paid the whole bill, and left also on Greek and other roots, he spent his best with his wife. To do my worthy host and days among grammar school vagrants. Ere his kind lady full justice, I must say that long he strolls away to Middlebury, where they never even hinted at the matter, and I strange to say, he is permitted to tarry for never had a question to answer; they proba- four years. When he finally took his deparbly took it for granted that I had been the ture the shepherds who there officiate in the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying classic fields, instead of cropping an ear, as the by any reference tot. sheep are often marked, posted him off with me by any reference to the sheep are often marked, posted him off with Thirty years of hard work rolled by, Har'A. B.' affixed to his name—signifying; we And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I ry, during which I acquired a family fortune, suppose, that he had mastered the first two sponsible position, he wrote the most important and finished papers and dispatches that and finished papers and dispatches that the flag that waved over him! "That flag out orders we were rattled, and which contained two more fifty ever managed from that Department.

Thus far in life he had sailed over a prosperous sea. Of a delicate, proud and sensitive nature, he was illy prepared to meet resolution, he was illy prepared to meet resolution. The folds about him, and closed his eyes forever.

West Lewiston, N. I., where, for a short one letter, which was received to him were all the barbles of earth water after decome to the most important and finished papers and dispatches that and disgrace should stain with unclean hands ears. My conductress followed measure were rattled, and which contained two more fifty out night's work!" had ceased ringing in my some years after the occurrence which I have some years a

length legally finished, and where he was admitted to the bar in September, 1843. -He had previously practiced in courting, and now began to practice in courts. Here we may as well state that he took himself a wife and the nine muses almost simultaneously. The first poem which Mr. Saxe submitted to the inspection of an editor, was entitled "A Legal Ballad," called in his published works, "The Briefless Barrister." copied into this periodical, and half of our readers, we presume, can "say it by heart." vas mentally resolving one day to leave for It showed at once the mournful propensity of the author's mind to the pun, and was in fact, a precursor of his headlong career in the forbidden path of the comical. gress, a Satire," the longest poem of his in print, was pronounced before the Alumni of Middlebury College, in 1846, and was soon covery gave rise to the following solileger:

afterward printed in New York. It is pregnant with verbal and rythmical felicities, and verse. "A New Rape of the Lock," appeared in 1847. "The Proud Miss McBride," in 1848, and "The Times," in 1849. Near the close of the last mentioned year, his poems villains who, knowing me for an old stager were brought out in a handsome style by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields of Boston. turned to thank me, but suddenly started and they have run through five editions. He

back, then glanced at my temple and seeing has since written a lengthy poem entitled the end of my candle-stick-mark peeping out "New England," which he has recited one hundred and fifty times in as many cities and villages. It is not yet in print. This poem, with a few shorter ones, is all the capital added to his acknowledged metrical stock du- said the oxidal suction of the wick so con-And then, without explanation, he drow ring the last four years. He has not so much vanity as some other poetic pyrotechnists, and does not claim all the fireworks which emanate from his brain. A little blaze of metrical wit frequently flashes up in the there columns of the Boston Morning Post anonypefore me, sure enough, stood the Dora of mously, but it is easy to see what Lucifer thirty years previous, still retaining many of made the match. The prince of punsters her cliarms, but with the marks of time, not- cannot rid his poetic offspring of the mark

and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the concluded I must have been mistaken. I whole story was told me. I will not give said that the way to expose the iniquity of could not, however, divest myself of a certain you the details of it; it was long, but the punning, like the expedient of curing drunk- John had extinguished the light and seturated in that all was wrong. A rich old man, main features of it were about what I had enness, is to show a man in that condition I ed to his bed, muttering as he did not a Pd ecompanied by an old housekeeper and dy- surmised. Dora was the only child of her but as Mr. Saxe is of respectable parentage

Whatever Mr. Saxe's behavior may be, he

Now I am a man, you must learn, And, for aught I could ever discern. It is very modest in him to decry his own

beauty: being a poet, he is licensed to do it.

Touching his height, he further sings as fol-

"In truth tis but seldom one meets Such a Titan in human abodes, And when I stalk over the streets,

I'm a perfect Collossus of roads.' Though a giraffe among humans, Mr. Saxe is a happy example, in length, of the fitness of things, showing that there is design in the construction of animals, particularly the higher. Born in an uneven part of the country, it was necessary that he, like Green Mountain boys generally, should be tall, in order to look over the hills! We have only to add in this department of personalities, that tho' not decidedly corpulent, our laughing poet is more fat-limb-ic than lymphatic.

In conclusion, we have only to add and to it shall vanish away. Charity hever faileth show that the wicked are prospered. Not Now abideth faith, hope charity, these three; only does Mr. Saxe sell his poetry, but he but the greatest of these is charity." gets gain by traffic in the political market. He has held the office of District Attorney; is now Inspector of customs at Burlington, there is no faith, no hope; angels and mines where he has resided for five or six years; have neither; but all have love. Therefore, and realizes something from editing and publishing the Burlington Sentinel. In his Lecture on "Poets and Poetry." he discourses eloquently on the opulence of American bards Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Sprague and Dr. Holmes; but modestly says nothing of for the salvation of the nation.

Heaven.

Whittier, speaking of Heaven says: "We naturally enough transfer to our idea of heaven whatever we like and reverence on earth. Thither the Catholic carries on in his fancy, the imposing rights and time honored solemnities of his worship. There the Methodist sees his love feasts and camp meetings, in the groves and by the still waters and green pastures of the Blessed Abode. The Quaker in the still of his self-communion remembers that there was silence in heaven.-The Churchman listening to the solemn chant of vocal music, or the deep tones of the organ, Other princes have commanded victorious seems I raved a little about my inability to ted pumpkins instead of puns until he was thinks of the songs of the Elders, and the golden harps of the New Jerusalem.

The Heaven of the Northern nations of Europe, was a gross and sensual reflection of The foregoing is the epitaph placed by the earthly life of a barbarous and brutal peo-

The Indians of North America had a vague notion of a Sunset Land—a beautiful Paradise far in the West-mountains and forests filled with deer and Buffalo-lakes and streams swarming with fishes—the happy hunting ground of the Souls. A venerable and worthy New England

clergyman on his death-bed just before the close of his life, declared that he was only conscious of awfully solemn and intense curiosity to know the great secret of Death and Eternity,
Yet we should not forget that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within;" that it is the

state of the affections of the soul; the sense and trust to his kindness to support our fee-of a good conscience; the sense of Harmony ble timbs. How soon do we find our even with God; a condition of Time and Eternity. Father, did you ever have another

wife besides mother ? "No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Dominy, 1838;

A Good One For a short story, the following is the best ne we have read for some time?

"Put out the light."—Shakspeare.
"And then—get into bed." Jenkins.
William and John occupied separate beds: n the same room. John was honest but lazy. On entering their room to retire for the night, John with his usual alterity, under ed and jumped into bed, while William pulling off his boots and deciding which side of the bed would most likely prove the softest. After a few minutes delay, William work into bed, placed his head upon two pillows, and doubled himself up, preparatory for the comfortable snooze, when what should he discover when just ready to "drop of," but

that he left the fluid lamp burning. The "Twont do to leave that lamp burning but it's so very cold that I hate most await occupies a high position among our satirical to get out on the floor; but still that less must be blown out. I wonder if I cant't make John get out. I'll try. John!"

> "Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, fore man of engine thirty-seven!"

"No. Why i" "Nothing, only I didn't know but you knew him. I saw by the papers that his death was caused last week by inhaling the oxharogon fluidal vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in the room. After the fluid was all consumed, the chemist sumed the onitrogen of the lungs, that the fluidicial vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart ceased to beat John raised himself up in bed, gazed with

steruness indescribable on the reclining form of his room mate, and in a stentoring voice exclaimed "Why in thunder don't you blow out that lamp ?"

"Well, sure enough," was the reply, "it nin't out is it?" Well, never mind, John, it'll go out itself in a little while." "No it won't go out itself, in a room wh I sleep." And in a twinkling of a cat's tail,

rather get up a dozen times, than to die as Daniel Hoskins did." In the morning John wanted to know all

the particulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins, but William had no recollection of ever speaking of it, and accused the honest fellow of dreaming.

The Law of Love.

There is no sin in heaven, and to heaven, therefore, we must raise our eyes to see the law in pure and perfect power. There love: binds together all the ransomed sainth. There is no variance there, no jealousy discord, no backbiting, no strife. The clash of arms and the confusion of tongues are now er heard in heaven. Love binds the ranges ed spirits to each other binds saints to gels, angels to archangels, archangels to cherubim, cherubim to seraphim, and the whole to God! Love is the sceptre in heaven. It s the law of heaven—the very God of heaven is love. Every eye there beams with loveevery heart beats with love, and every word is spoken in tones of love. No wonder Paul in his most beautiful oulogium on love spes ing of the graces, pronounced love the great est of all! "Whether there he prophecie they shall fail; whether there be tonger they shall cease; whether there be knowle

"Now abideth faith" that is below! Now abideth hope" -- so is that. In heaven. says Paul, "faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is charity."—T. Gutlerie.

EPITAPH OF PETER THE GREAT. He lieth all that could die of man immortal, Pesar how easy was victory to leaders whe were followed by heroes; and whose soldiers felt a noble disdain at being tho't less vigi-lant than their generals. But he who is the place first knew rest, found subjects been and inactive, unwarlike, untrained, untracessie neither covetous of fame, nor fearing of day ger; creatures with the name of men but with qualities rather brutal than rational. I eterum these he polished from their native ranged ness; and breaking out like a new sun to 1 lumine the minds of the people, dispelled their night of hereditary darkness, and by force of his invincible influence taught the to conquer even the conquerers of Ge mies; this commander created them. Bind oh, Art! at a hero who owed thee nothing Exult, oh, Nature, for thine is this prodice

ment erected to the memosy of her hunban

Peter the Great.

Passing Away. our very unture. The ruthless hand of time s constantly heaping upon our heads the weight of years, that, like an incubes will continue to press us down, until at lest feeble frames will totter and sink into the grave. It is, indeed, but a "step between the cradle and the grave." Scarcely have we passed from the tender mother, where were nursed and protected; until we again growing old and the world gradually receding, as it were into a mist! Our chesis be come furrowed; our limbs grow week and palsied; our heads are silvered as if blancas, my for the grave. Our feeble frames are racked with pain, "natures awest respective." comes not to the eyes, as if kindly warning us to watch; for we know not what home where you married Anno Lorenze is Sally the night the messenger may winter the messenger may be hence. Like the pearly dew-drop because the

A man who would fear God and along well, should have as little to do with groggeries as possible. Remember this and stop at home with your wife; and if you have not Why is Russia like Rome in the gold- one, why go and court some smart girl that