"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."-James Buchanan.

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna Connty, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, Nobember 5, 1857.

AUTUMN. FROM "THE DISINHERITED, A DRAMA," BY S.W.T.

Hail. lovely Autumn! thee of seasons all That gird the roling year, I most adore. At Thy approach, Pomonia smiling comes, And pours her bounteous horn Th' husbandman With joy, beholds a meet reward for all His toil. Plenty reigns not here, but would, had England's marshaled hordes, for deeds of foulest Wrong surpassing e'en the Goth and Hun of Old, no'er vexed these sunny shores; ne'er scat-

tered Devastation, wee and death o'er Georgia's Fair domain; ne'er forced our gallant sons to Leave th' soil untilled, their homes and friends forsake,
And fight th' batt'es of the free.\*

La the cooling south disporting 'mid the Serried grove, and toying with the crimson Leaves that amble o'er the russet lawn! The Arching heavens glow with tints which rival In voluptuous hues Italia's Skies. With what luxurious robes of Purple and of gold Sol drapes the glowing West, as toward his ocean couch he wheels hi Flaming car! Lovely scene! transporting to The sout that Nature's inspiration feels! Ay, magnificently grand, beyond all Power of portraiture with tongue or pen Are the Creator's works, that fill the pensive, Cultured soul with love for Him who out of Chaos spake th' wondrous globe, adorned it With such multifarious charms, and sent It forth to run, in ceaseless gyre, mid kindred Spheres, around th' throne of everlasting light. \*Allusion is made to the period of our revolutionary struggle.

NOTHING TO PAY.

Nothing to wear and nothing to eat Are nothing at all to shinning the street-There's nothing worth singing at this time day

But the glorious freedom of "Nothing to Pay.

My friend round the corner, you see by his look Is compelled to take care of both sides of the While his neighbor next door is so radiant and You may bet on your life he has "Nothing to

John Smith in his office sits calm and sedate; His notes have lain over, they'er out of the way; to himself, "no time is to be lost. Well, let's

Tim Noolan, his porter from over the sea, Is as free from all care as a lark or a bee: Tim blesses the gods, as he moistens his clay, That unlike employers, he's "Nothing to Pay." The school boy who sighs for the beard of a man,
And to be INDEPENDENT as soon as he can, May comfort frimself that, what'er the delay.

The maiden who weeps for the false one that's Has this consolation—though lovers will stray, Lovely damsels, unlike them, have " Nothing to

Until twenty-one he has "Nothing to Pay."

The soldier who's gone to the land of the sun To fight against Sepoys or demons-al! one-Is lucky at least, as he comes from the fray Minus arms, minus legs, that he's "Nothing to

The pauper in poor-house, who lives without May chuckle once more, that while others de

His expenses, he only has " Nothing to Pay." But a truce to all jesting-if matters don't mend Very soon, Heaven only knows where they will But this much is certain—there will be in the

> From the New York Evening Post. PANIC POETRY.

State (perhaps there's already) the Devil to

Respectfully Dedicated to the Directors of the - R. R. Co., by a Victimized Stock

THE LAY OF THE DIRECTORS.

Who, when the times were good and bright. And speculation at its height, Made Railroad shares appear all right?

Who, when my money was paid in, Assured me that the road must win A large per centage on the "tin!"

Who made the cost increase so fast, And shared in contracts long and vast, And filled their pockets to the last?

Who flattered me with hopes of gains From "branches," "air-lines," "lightning trains," And "feeders," leading to the mains?

Who, when the chance seemed rather blue For dividends and earnings too,

"Cooked" the accounts to make them "do?" Who know the arts of financiers, And charge fat fees as endorsers,

And turn, at pleasure, " bulls," or " bears?" Who when grave doubts arise in this, Seek lands "where ignorance is bliss,"

And think large "sells" there not amiss?" Who swell the load of floating debts,

And set all sorts of traps and nets, Who catch the public with their freta!

Whom should stockholders guard with care, Lest they be cheated "hide and hair,"

An Old Bachelor's Soliloquy.

"PATTER, CLATTER, PATTER. Oh! dear me, what shall I do?" said a di-consolate old bachelor, to himself as be raised his drooping eyes toward heaven and derpairingly throwing learn his history. He was the disconsolate himself down in his old arm chair, which fell to him as his portion from his great-grand sire's estate. "Here it has been raining these and finally disappeared—none knew or cared two long days and nights, and everything whither. looks frowningly upon me, a poor old bachelor, up to the mantle-piece he takes down a fragment of a looking glass; he then takes a survey of his face which has been long neglected: "Firstly,my hair is considerably gray, well ful days. I can get me a pietty wig by going a few miles, and I'm sure that will make me look ten years younger; then there is my forebead, that will betray me, but I can get some powder (not gun-powder) such as the ladies Oh! won't that be complete! Yes. I'll try seen. Shocking! it was too much for his bench; the ripping brook, with its graceveleble frame—again he sank back into his old a-med chair. "No, I'll not give it up- turned the tiny wheel. I'll go to the dentist this day and get me a he takes down his hat and buttons up his won't do, so he walks joyfully away, intending to always enduring and ever grateful apple.

the little gate at the lower end of the garden has been known for many years only as the defenders of our country's rights, the gallant superior to their credultry. haunts of an unknown Old Bachelor. With volunteers. a light heart and an elastic step he soon reaches his home in safety. Again he is ers which have long been unnoticed-now rone escaped his observation. "But," says he hand; there is 'Squire Higgings, he has several daughters, but Mina is the youngest. not over fifteen, then the is such a sprightly girl, just the one to keep off the blues-yes, Mina it shall be-kings will envy me of my thoughts. To bight I will again set out to seek happiness—yes, bliss, if I am so fortunate feel that such possession is sacriligious? as to get Mina for my wife. All she will have to say is to whisper that litle word, YES, softly in my ear. It is not quite time yet," says our bachelor soliloquizing, "I shall pass off much more brillantly in the evening." Slowly the sun sank lingering in the west. Now a star peeps forth from behind the curtained sky, now another and another, now like so many diamonds, now Luna looks down smiling, doing her part of making the heart of our Bachelor happy. "It is time," walk and he finds himself at the door of a without fee or reward, than ony other class. stately mansion,-bis heart fails. "Can I! can I! ves I can.' He rings the bell,-a servant appears and invites him into a beaupeaks of wealth and splendor. Our Bachelor is taken with a slight cough, but soon musters courage enough to ask if Miss Mina is at home—the servant replies, she is, would you printer's ink. like to see her? he coughs violently and replies that he would. The servant leaves the room and soon a young and blushing girl enmuch pleased with the stranger's appearance, the clock strikes twelve! Mr. Bachelor whispers in her ear, and Mina blushing says yes; has not been promoted, stimulated by the he grasps her delicate little hand that lies press? listlessly by her side, imprints a kiss on her rosy cheek, reminds her of to-morrow eve. his lonely home, and again surveys himself is sleeping. And such a sweet sleep. A little

is it you! She laughs, and dances merrily away. A terrible squall from his half starved cat swakes him. Well upon my word I bare had a strange dream, says the bachelor, but thank my stars there aint a word of truth in eer of a down train saw a wagon on the track He was such a small, dwarfish, deeny creas ginning to end; and he'd say or swear with it. Slowly the day rolls away with the back- at one of the crossings, and in it an old lady tu e, that no one ever thought of putting him any man that the whole of it was true as goselor, but the evening shades find him at the door of the stately mansion; he is about to atep upon the threshold when he hears voices break up, and barely succeeded in stopping to send him to Rathcormac post office for let in the arbor beneath, and Mina's clear musi. the train before it reached the crossing. The ters, But he was to weak and feeble to cal voice rings out upon the evening air. He leans against the lattice for support; a fresh the matter! But she wanted to see the conbreeze a seeps by and fans brow, and with ductor and upon his making his appearance at thehead of an army of conquerors. Twas as to be seen—as seen it was—by the whole renewed strength he rings the bell. The under considerable excitement she asked him a play to see Con nounted on his donkey- country !" servant appears and invites him into the brill. If there was any body on the train who wanted you could searcely make out which had the iantly lighted room. Everything looks fa- to buy some blueberries! The feelings of wost stupid look. But neither man or beast miliar, but where is Mina, he eagerly inquires. man, may be better imagined than described. Why hav'nt ye heard? a pretty young mer- The train was on time when it reached Conchant from New York arrived to night and cord. Boston Journal. Directors, they have gone out walking. He's an old friend of hers, and I guess they will step off struck with the woman, and afterward the by-and-by. The bachelor waited to hear no woman is very much attract her the made an Irish near out of this very borough.

he stopped at an Inn by the wayside and asted for lodging for the night. In the morning might have been seen an old man leaning upon a staff. Strangers passing paused to look at his pale dejected countenance, and

And now young men take warning by the doomed to live and die unknown." Walking fate of the old bachelor-don't wait till your heads are silvered o'er with age, your face needs powdering, and you become toothless,

Old Bachelor. He tottered about a few days,

apparently just on the borders of the grave,

DAIST DILL. THE HOMESTEAD.

but arouse from your slumbers in your youth-

"How dear to my heart ore the scener of my childhood."

How sacred the recollections that cluster use, which will cost me but little or nothing. around the snot where we were born-the pot where we has learned to look upon the benuopened, and to his surprise, not a tooth to be slaked our thirst, or sought a short-relief from

The place where we first chased the gay whole set of pearl-white feeth." So saving we tangled the grass of the mower by searching for the delicious strawberry, and where coat; at the same time looking wistfully at first we plucked the bright tempting cherr, his old friend-his walking stick-but that the luctous peach, the dainty pear, and the

return in the morning apparently a young visiting friends, we had our playhouses—our ovens of sand -our acorn cups and sauce's, Soft were the rays of the rising sun that threw and plates of broken china, and made the their gold-like tints around the lone domicil minature stately calls and formal tea parties; of the Old Bachelor. With much difficulity and with what stately stride we imitated the opens—a tall, graceful and apparently young with hard-back blossoms or cockerel's feather walk of our elders in doing it; where we playman emerges from the dense thicket, which in our case, we strutted forth, the embrio

> The place where first we learned to listen to the rapturous poles of the free pappy or-

> the names of father and mother; and to ut-

But above all, and more than all, the spot For some time, at least he has "Nothing to see who shall have the honor of claiming this where the holy love of mother taught our infant tongue to revere, and our infant lips argument such as mine—they could even suf- was not a single face among the lot that he How in: imately and indissolubly connected wi h, how wholly ensurined upon, the -are all recollections of the pure gushing pretty little wife." Thus ran the Old Bachelor's Joys of early years! And who, in after life, can see a stranger lord of that manor, without a pang of sorrow! Who would not then

> "Give, Oh, give me back my home, My own dear NATIVE home.

WHAT & NEWSPAPER DOES FOR NOTHING. -The following article should be read and pondered well by every man that takes a flavor.

newspaper without paying for it. the whole heaven is bespangled, sparkling papers are more poorly rewarded than any cian and a good classical scholar—but of the class of men in the United States, who invest pav, to stand more spouting and "deadsays he, closing the door, - a few minute's heading." to puff and defend more people

any other calling in the community. People tiful room brilliantly lighted and every thing pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on ed.

sustained by the friendly, though unrequitted pen of the editor! How many embryo towns ters. Mr. Bachelor introduces himself as a and cities have been brought into notice, merchant from New York. Miss Mins is and puffed into prosperity by the press!-How many militads now in successful lows: and time glides very pleasantly away until operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of the "lever that moves the world;"

And who has tendered it more than a miswig, and washes his face. Mins you rogue, repudiate a printer's bill.

> Stopping a Train,-We remember an incident that actually occurred on the Boston, shire, a few years since. One day the enginwho was waiving her checked apron and gesticulating violently. Supposing some and again, from the want of a better messen McCann, I do believe thing was wrong he signalled urgently to ger at the moment, or to humor the old man, company that night. engineer bardly yet recovered from his tre- walk so far-though it was only a matter of dence than little Con's own declaration. pidation, demanded of the old lady what was the conductor, albeit a very good natured can belp his looks.

CON O'KEEFE AND THE GOLDEN CUP.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

In Ireland, as in Scotland, among the lowistence, and supernatural powers of the gentry commonly called "faries," Many and and much dreaded race of beings. Lond lity which made me refuse, when I was young. to credit all that was narraied of the wonderful feats of Lish faries-the most frolicksome of the entire genus. The more my disbelief was manifested, the more wonderful were the legends which were launched at me to overthrow my unlucky and matter-of fact

I have forgotten many of the traditions which were thus made familiar to me in my boxhood, but my memory retains sufficient to convince me to what improbabilities Superstition clang - and the more wonderful the story, the more implicit the belief. But in such tes of nature-the green sward- he waving cares the fanaticism was harmless,-it was of my luck again, I'll fool some pretty young coin-the stately tree-and the little, clear the head rather than of the least-of the imdamsel see, when shalls I start!" As these bubbing spring at its root, from which, during agination rather than the reason. It would be the good folk talk together at twilight on purpose. At last the week came to an end words fell from his lips, his great mouth the long, long dats of summer school, we for unate if all superstitions did as little mischief as this.

It is deeply to be lamented that the matter-of factedness of the Americans is not subduret or modefied by any-even the slightest -helief in the old would superstitions of which I speak. Of fairy lose they cannot, and they do not, possess the slightest item. They read of it, as if it were legendary, but nothing more. They feel it not they know i .-- hey are therefore, deadfully actual. So much the worse for them.

Having imbibed a soverign contempt for the wild and wonderful traditions which and been duly accredited in the neighborhood, time dut of mind, I never was particularly chary in expressing such contempt at every opper unity. When the mind of a boy soars above the ignorance which besets his elders in an infesior station, who have had neither the chance nor the desire of being enlightened, he is ant to pride himself, as I d d on the "march of intelect" which has placed him

Many years have passed since I happened o be a temporary visitor beneath the hospitable roof of one of the better ort of farmers, in chard melodist—the robin and her associates the county of Cork, during the Midsummer seated in his old arm-chair; how beautiful everything looks to him now. The birds whippoorwill.

Chair metodist—the room and ner associates the county of Cork, during the Midsuminer bolidars. Assusual, I there indulged in sar-chair in the air in the very middle of a crowd of equal it. As for Con O'Keefe, he never had done was her condition, and desolate indeed was her condition, The place where first we learned to lisp Oue evening in particular, I was not a little 'good people'—for it happened to be one of the luck to meet the fairies again, a misforfer their favorite legends and theories about knew. the fairies to be abused; but to laugh at | "In less than no time, off they went, when iously taxed their patience.

chair was soon provided for h m in the warm est corner-whiskey was immediately on the they reached the coast of France. the table, and the schoolmaster, who was a time in making himself acquainted with its

I had often seen him before. He combined in his character a mixture of shrewdness and state, as a fact, that the publishers of news- simplicity; was a most excelent mathematic world he knew next to nothing. From youth an equal amount of labor, capital and tho't, to age had been spent within the limits of the drinking the best wines, without waiting to parish over which, cane in hand, he had presided for more then a quarter of a centuryat once a tercher and an oracle! He was They credit wider and longer; get oftener the district, but was more especially familiar somehow or other, did not appear at all surcheated; suffer more pecuniary loss; are of- with the wild legends of the rocky glen (the tener the victims of misplaced confidence than defile near Kilworth, commonly called Araglin, once famous for the extent of elicit distillation carried on there,) in which he had pas-

How many professional and political repu- no time in argument, but, glancing triumphtations and fortunes have been made and antly around, declared that he would convert me by a barticularly well-attested story. Draining his tumbler, and incontinently mix

"You know the high hill that overlooks coat he wore, and he had brought it home the town at Fermoy? Handsome and thrive with him. Not that Con was not honest and the narration and incidents which min in short, what branch of industry or activity ing place as it now is, I remember the time enough, but surely a man may be excused for when there were only two houses in that taking a cup too much in a wine cellar. ding! Well, there lived on the other side sun beams playing upon his face. At first corran Thierna (the mountain in question, he thought he had been dreaming, and he who raised it, and defended it against save Barrys, a gentleman who was born rich and but that when he got upon his feet, the goldcrowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the good. I wish we had more of the stamp en cup volled on the road before him, and in the glass, scarcely realizing that he is the commodities there needed are sold at enormal and being as vesterday, and again takes his mous profits, though intrinsically worthless, Ribonmen would trouble the country then.

The said his prayers directly between him and to raise his children to a condition better that divergence from a direct line of vision, while the counting room of the newspaper is and lived at a dashing rate. It does not walked home, where, his little donkey had of my posterity he blotted from the memory this until I fall asleep, which occurs generally the seat of jewing, cheapening, trades, orders matter, here nor there, how many servants he returned on the previous night without him, of mankind.—Daniel Webster. fairy form with laughing eyes and rosy cheeks and pennies. It is made a point of honor to had; but I mention them, because one of the family had given him up as lost or dances lightly up to his side, takes off his liquidate a grog bill but not of dishonor to them was a very remarkable fellow. His drowned. Indeed, some of them had sug-

"This servant was called Con O'Keefe.to hard work. All that they did was, now

by-and-by. The bachelor waited to hear no woman is very much struck by the man, made an Irish peer, out of this very borough, fairies, vet when the matter came tangibly before them they did not credit it. But Con formal in the city and phrechase a barrel of soon settled their doubts by bringing forward lustration.

tween two castles, and is not the motto, Man- evidence. us hace inimica tyrannis!-which means that "Mr. Barry took the cup into his own it was the enemy of tyrants? Did not the keeping, and the name and residence of the Ulster King of Arms make the Tonsons a French lord being engraved upon it, determ-

on his donkey all this time. strange are the stories told of this misterious any good he did; but, truth to say, he had very day, he sent off little Con with the cup the name of being hand in glove with the and his very best compliments. and frequent have been the exclamations of fairies; and, at that time Corran Thierna "Now, the cup was a great favorite with surprise, and even anger, at the hard incredus swarmed with them. They changed their the French lord (being a piece of family plate

> a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was partly the reason why Con O'. Keefe was kept at Barry's fort. Many and or giving them a character. his return from Rathcormac with the letter-

bag. My own notion is that if he had anything to say to them, he had more sense than to hold conversation with them on the high road, for that might have led to a general he took it (which was in an algebraic, way, that is, 'any given quantity,") he had such famous spirits, and his tongue went so glibly, that, in the absence of other company, he was sometimes forced to talk to himself, as he

One night, as he was going along, rather the worse for liquor, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped and sure enough, it was the fairies, who were chattering away like a bevy of magpies; but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought it might be some o the neighbors wanting to play him a trick -So, to show that he was not afraid (for the drink had made him as bold as a hon,) when the voices above and around him kept calling out "High up, high up?! he put in his spoke and shouted as loud as any of them, "High up! high up with ye, my lads!" No sooner "the fairy folk;" and as sometimes happens, the Con heard was the summons for gathering the whole story." ridicule accomplished more than argument all together. Although Con had the reputacould have effected. My hosts could bear tion at Barry's fort of being well acquaintanything in the way of argument-at least of ed with them all, you may well believe there

them—that was an act of unkindness which their leader—a little morsel of a fellow, not qui e passed their comprehension, and grier- bigger than Hop o' my Thumb-High for for France! high for France! high over! My host was quite in despair, and almost Off they went, through the air-quick as if in anger at my boyish jokes upon his fairy- they were on a steeple chare. Moss and legends, when the village schoolmaster came Moor-mountain and meadow-green field

"They immediately made for the house lord-one of the Seigneurs of the Court- man!" and bolted through the key-hole into his wine cellar, without leave or license. How little Con was squeezed through I never co'd understand, but it is as sure as fate that he went into the cellar with them. They soon got astride of the casks, and commenced be invited. Con, you may be sure, was not behind any of them, as far as the drinking he had for their tipple. The 'good people,'

prised at his being among them, but they did wonder at his great thirst, and pressed him to take enough-and Con was not the man who'd wait to be asked twice. So they sed away his , usefully but humbly employ drank on until the night slipped away, when the sun-like a proper gentleman as he is, half an hour or so had crossed the wide sea,

"Con was soon awakened by the warm

equal was not to be had, far or near for love gested the probability of his having gone off for good with the fairies.

"Now, does not my story convince you He was a crabbed little man, with a face the that there must be such things as fairies!very color and texture of old parchment, and It is not more than twenty years since I heard he had lived in the family time out of mind. Con O'Keefe tell the whole story from bepel. And as sure as my name is Patrick

I ventured to say to Mr. McCan that be ing yet incredulous, I must have better evi-

I answered that, " certainly if the cup is to be seen there, the case is materially altered. " I did not say that the cup is at Barry's "At that time Rathcormac, though 'tis fort," said McCann, only that it was. The but a village now, was a borough, and sent end of the story indeed, is nearly as strange two members to the Irish Parliment. Was as the beginning :- When Con O'Keefe came not the great Curran, the orator and patriot, back from this wonderful excursion, no one Before marriage, a man is very much member for Rathcormac, when he was a believed a word of what he said; for though

Does not his shield bear an open hand be- the cup, and there was no gainsaying that

grant of these arms, in the time of Cromwell! inted (as in honor bound) to send it home But here I have left poor little Con mounted | ngain. So he went off to Cove without any delay, taking Con with him; and as there "Con O'Keefe was not worth his keep, for luckily was a vessel going off to France that

quarters when the regiments from Fermay given to one of his ancestors by one of the barracks took to firing against targets stuck old kings of France, whose life he had saved up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a in battle.) and nothing could equal the huball can hit a fairy (except a Silver one cast bub and confusion that arose when it was by a girl in her teens, who has never wished missing. His lordship called for some wine for a lover, or a widow under forty who has at dinner, and was angry when the lackey never sighed for a second husband—so there handed it to him in a glass. He three glass, is little chance that it will ever be east,) but they hate the noise of firing and the smell of gunpowder quite as much as the devil hates all that was good and bad, that he would not take any thing stronger than water until the "Tis reckoned lucky in these parts to have cup was on the table again; and that if it was not forthcoming in a week, he'd turn off every servant he had, without paying them eyes and the grace of her movements. The

-all the servants had their clothes packed up, to be off in the morning. His lordship was getting dreadfully tired of drinking cold water, and the whole house was, as one may say tuened topsy-turvy, when to the delight discovery. Con was fond of a drop, and when and admiration of all, in came Con O'Keefe, from Ireland, with a letter from Mr. Barry and the cup in his fist

"I rather think they welcome I him. His lordship made it a point to get 'glorious' that night, and, as in duty bound, the entire household followed his example, with all the pleasure in life. You may be certain that Con played away finely at the wine-you know the fairies had made him free of the cellar-so he knew the taste of the liquor, and relished it too. There can be no doubt that there was a regular jollification at the chateau that hight.

" Con remained in France for a month, and perfectly in clover, for, from the lord to the lackey, every one liked him. When he returned he had a heavy purse of gold for himself, and many fine presents for his master. Indeed, while the French lord lived, which was fifteen good years longer, a couple of h gsheads of excellent claret were annually tune he very sincerely I asked Mr. McCann whether he really be

lieved all of it? That worthy replied in over her prostrate form, and clothed in a these words --

"Why, in truth, I must say, some parts of it require rather an elastic mind to take in; stontiv made and or made discovery to France, where it is said there was a great to do about a golden cup. I am positive ing looked upon her in kindness, and raised that Mr. Barry used to receive a present of claret every year, from a French lord, for I've in his protection, and listened to his words drank some of the best claret in Ireland from in, an uninvited but most welcome guest. A and brown bog-land and water, were all I have told it as I heard Con. O'Keefe tell it, lest behind, and they never once halted until especially when overcome by liquor, at which time the truth is sure to come out—it is proof positive, that there have been fairies in this pretty constant votary to Bacchus, lost no (there it is called the chateau) of a great neighborhood, and that within the memory of Great Spirit or Masier of Life, and as he was

Such a logical conclusion was incontrovertible, especially when enforced by a facetious wink from the schoolmaster; so I even left matters as they were, and listened with same vein, and to the same effect. If the narrator did not credit them, most of his auditors did, which amounts to much the same in the end. Some other time, perhaps, I may

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow ninded pretenders who make either distingnished crigin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be they offered to the Great Spirit for his guidashamed of his early condition. It did hapa valueless gewgaw; yet everybody avails

To this eccentric characeter my host trisent one of his earliest beams, as a sort of among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at
umphantly appealed for proof respecting the
gentle hint that it was full time for them to a period so early that when the smoke first
The Great Spirit, had compassion on these rose from its rude chimney and curled over two inhabitants of the earth, and, in answer the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence and dropped little Con ('pretty well I thank of a white man's habitation between it and you,' by this time) on the precise spot the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its he had left on the evening before. He had remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. ing another, Mr. Pairick McCann plunged at been drinking out of a beautiful golden cup I carry my children to it, and teach them the ries and valleys and rivers which now cover. once into the heart of his narration, as fol- in the cellar, and, by some mistake or other, hardships endured by the generation before it had slipped up the sleeve of the large loose them. I love to dwell on the tender recollection, the kindred ties, the early affections gle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living;

EMPHATIC.—It is told of General Zachary Taylor that when Major Bliss brought him Santa Anna's despatch, proposing that the further ceremony, the General, who at this moment was busy writing a private letter on his camp chest, replied, without so much as looking up, "Tell him to go to \_\_\_\_ !"\_\_ naming a place seldom mentioned except by and again, from the want of a better messen- McCann, I do believe that Con was in strange monstrated the gallant Mijor, " that does not strike me as appropriate language to use in a case of this sort—it's a forma! official despatch, and requires, I suppose, a written answer." "Tell him to go to --- " reiterated the General calmly; "put it in proper diplo-matic phrase and all that sort of thing according to your own taste—but that is my

> One of our cotem poraries is insisting that there is magic in the number seven. It and '57, have been remarkable for their fi pancial revulsions, the alternate decades he

Volume 14, Anmber 43

The Origin of Mankind.

unbroken wilderness of rocks, hills and

A CATAWBA LEGEND.

mountains, save only one small valler, which was distinguished for its luxuriance, and where reigned a perpetual summer. At that time, too, the only human being that inhabited the earth was a woman, whose knowedge was confined to this valley, and who is remembered among the Catawbas as the mother of mankind. She lived in a cavern, and her food consisted of the honey of flowers and the sweet berries and o her fruits of the wilderness. Birds without number, and the wild streams which found a resting place in the valley made the only music which she ever heard. Among the wild animals, which were very numerous about her home, she wandered without any danger! but the heaver and doc were her favorite companions. In personal appearance she was eminently beautiful, and the lapse of years only had the tendency to increase the brightness of her dress she wore was made of those bright green leaves which infold the water lillies. and her hair was as long as the grass which fringed the waters of her native vale. She was the ruling spirit of her perennial world, for even the very flowers that bloomed about her sylvan home were never known to wither or die. In spite of her lonely condition she knew not what it was to be lonely; but ever and anon a strange desire found its way to her heart, which impelled her to explore the wild country which surrounded ber home. For many days she resisted the temptation to become a wanderer from her charming valev, until it so happened, on a certain mo:ning, that's scarlet butte fly made its appearance before the door of her cave, and the hum of its wings invited her away. She obeyed the summons, and followed the butterfly far up the rocky ravine, until she came to the foot of a huge waterfall when she was deserted by her mysterious pilot, and first became acquainted with the emotion of fear. Her passage of the ravine had been compara ively easy; but when she endeavored, in her consternation, to retrace her steps, she found her efforts unavailing, and fell to the ground in despair. A deep sleep then overcame her senses, from which she was not awakened until the night was far spent, and the dampto happen, when, as she uncovered her face and turned it to the sky she beheld, bending cloud-like rote, the image of a being somewhat re-embling herself, only that he was more was that of terror; but as the mysterious be-

until the beak of day.

He told her that he was a native of the far off-sky, and that he had discovered her in her forlorn condition while traveling from the evening to the morning star. In coming to her rescue he had broken a command of the afraid to return to the sky, he desired to spend his days in her society upon earth. With joy did she accept this proposal, and, as the sun rose above the distant mountains, vale, where as man and woman, for many moons, they lived and loved in perfect tran-

quility and joy. In process of time the woman became a mother, from which time the happiness of the twain became more intense, but they at the same time endured more troubles than they had ever known before. The man was unhappy because he had offended the Maeter of Life, and the mother was anxious about the comfort ond happiness of her newly born child. Many and devout were the prayers ance and protection, for they felt that from to their prayers, he caused a mighty wind to pass over the world, making the mountains crowd closely together, and rendering the it from the rising to the setting of the sun.

How to FALL ASLEEP. - Dr. Bion, in his Anatomy of Sleep," thus discourses: "The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep, is to escape from thought, especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious and if I fail in affectionate veneration for nim thought which in most cases of wakefulness though Corrig is the true name) one of the might have thought so until his dying day, age violence and destruction, cherished all this from the following simple process: I domestic comforts beneath its roof, and thro' turn my eyebails as far to the right or left, or He had a fine fortune, kept up a fine house, and harm. Then he put up the cup and than his own, may my name and the name around in their sockets, and continue doing within three minutes and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I have ever heard to produce sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel but actually suspends it Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around my mind was a blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment himse'f. I wish he would; let him panse here and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a "penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth, Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the inind what a suspension of travel or labor is to the weary body. It enjoys the remarks that the years 1817, '27, '37, '47, luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as unturally as the farmer in his chair, after toiling all day in the