MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMORE LYONS, L. L. D.

Harsh is the voice, and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When leaving Southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our Northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with rengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street;
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And snow wild fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of his radiant skies:
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless West,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve a sacred guest;
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Ram and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, even thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere;
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
He whispers from his starry throne,
"Look up, O man! and trust in God."

WESTERN LIFE.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD YELL, OF ARKANSAS.

The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was a case that had been in litigation for five years. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an energetic voice:

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore I demand that the case be continued until the next term, in course."

"Let the affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain a motion for continuance," was the mild reply of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge with his blandest smile, "but the law requires that the facts, justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul the law, how much we to be sincerely regretted."

The Judge's calm and business like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench "Whatever may be the law, I for one will not learn it from the lips of an upstart, demagogue and coward!"

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning; but he only turned to the clerk and said—"Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had hardly concluded the order, when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him brandishing his sword cane, all his features writhing with murderous wrath and pallid as a corpse.

Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would brook the coming shock of the dandist's fiery assault. But none however could detect the slightest change in his appearance. His cheek grew neither red nor white, nor a nerve seemed to tremble: his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe, with as little sign of perturbation as a chemist might show scrutinizing the effervescence of some new compound. He sat perfectly still, with a little staff of painted iron in his right hand.

Smoot ascended the platform and immediately aimed a tremendous blow with his enormous sword cane, full at the head of his foe. At that blow five hundred hearts shuddered, and more than a dozen voices shrieked, for all expected to see the victim's skull shivered into atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived when they beheld the little iron staff describe a circle of great sword cane flew from the hand of Smoot with a hideous clatter at the feet in the hall! The baffled fury of wrath, wild as that of some maniac of prey, and snatched his bowie knife, but ere it was poised for the fatal plunge, the little iron staff cut full across his wrist, the big knife followed the sword, and then hastily drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger his arm was struck powerless by his side.

And then for the first time did Judge Yell betray prerapidile emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath it, and shouted in trumpet tones—"Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name as a foul disgrace from the roll of attorneys. Mr. Sheriff take the criminal to jail."

The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued that no pen could describe. The bravoes and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered round to obstruct the sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, screams and horrid curses, the ring of impinging and crossing steel, alternate cries of rage and pain, not commingled with the awful explosion of fire arms, blended together vivid idea of Pandemonium. But throughout all the tempestuous strife, two individuals might be observed as leaders in the whirlwind and rides of the storm. The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, knocking heads yet sparing life. Bill Buffum, imitating the clemency of his honored friend, disdaining the employment of either knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed down all opposition, roaring at every furious blow—"this is the way to preserve order in court,"—a sentiment which he accompanied with wild peals of laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to the prison.

Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas, and from that day his popularity as a man, as a Judge, as a hero, and as a politician, went on rapidly and brilliantly increasing, till it eclipsed all the oldest and most powerful names. Within the first year of his emigration he became a candidate for the Governor's chair, and notwithstanding the bitterest opposition, he was elected by nine-tenths of the number of votes polled. At the end of his term, he canvassed for Congress, and again swept the state like a hurricane. He continued to serve with success in the supreme councils of the nation until the period of the war with Mexico. He then resigned his home in Arkansas, and raised a regiment of volunteer cavalry, with which he made all possible dispatch to the scene of action.

The writer of the present sketch saw him on his line of march to coalesce with the grand army of occupation, and never will he forget the evening passed by the light of his hospitable camp fire, on Red River, within the limits of Texas. The prophecy of his farewell words rings still on my ears with mournful distinctness.

"I go," said he with a look of fire, and in tones of thrilling emphasis, "to make fame that shall be co-extensive with the length and breadth of the Union, or to extinguish life itself in a blaze of glory."

He kept his word—he did both. He arrived on the gory arena in time to witness the magnificent storm of Buena Vista; and where is the true child of American birth that cannot name the three transcendant 'stars of chivalry, who fell quenched in blood that day? Aye, who fell, but as they fell shed such a parting sun-burst of everlasting sunlight over the field of glory and of graves! Harden! Clay! Yell!

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.—The following anecdotes are told in Gov. Ford's History of Illinois:

"In those days (from 1818 to 1830) justice was administered in the courts without much show, parade, or ceremony. The judges were gentlemen of sense and learning, who had their courts mostly in log houses, or in the bar-rooms of taverns fitted up for that purpose, with a temporary bench for judges, and chairs and benches for the lawyers and jurors. At the first Circuit Court in Washington county, by Judge John Reynolds, on the opening of the Court the sheriff went out into the Court yard and said to the people:

"Boys come in, our John is going to hold Court."

This was the proclamation for opening the Court. In general the judges were averse to deciding questions of law. They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other parties. They preferred to submit every thing they could to be decided by the jury. I knew one who, when asked for instructions to the jury on points of law, would rub his head and the sides of his face with his hands and say to the lawyers,

"Why, gentlemen, the jury understand it; they need no instruction; no doubt they will do justice in the case."

This same judge presided at a court in which a man named Green was convicted for murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him:

"Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung.—I want you and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I who condemn you: it is the jury and the law. Mr. G. what time would you like to be hung? The law allows you time for preparation.

Mr. Green said, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready at any time the court pleases."

The judge replied, "Mr. Green, it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in life, and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The Clerk looked as directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the Judge, "Mr. Green the court will give you only to this day four weeks."

The case was prosecuted by James Turney, the Attorney General, who interposed and said: "May it please the court, on occasions of this kind it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world to come."

To which the Judge replied: "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung; you understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Yes," said the prisoner.

"Then, Mr. Sheriff, let the prisoner be remanded, and adjourn the court."

POLYGLOTTIC.—The visitors [illegible] World's Fair will see the following [illegible] on the walls of [illegible] Office:

"Ich verstehen wird nicht erlaubt.
"Il n'est pas permis de fumer.
"Non e permesso di fulmare.
"No es permitido fumar.
"Nao he permitido fumar.
"Smoking allowed."

TO CONTRACTORS.

TO LUMBER MEN.

2,000,000 feet Plank wanted.

THE ALLEGHENY & BUTLER PLANK ROAD COMPANY, invite proposals until the first of April next, for furnishing two million feet of Plank—3 inches thick, and 8 or 9 feet in length, to be delivered, at a reasonable rate, if brought by the river, at such places on the road as may be agreed upon.

Proposals may be directed to the President, S. M. LANE, Butler, Butler co., Pa., or to CHARLES F. SPANO, Pittsburgh, and any further inquiries for information on the subject, may be addressed to same.

Proposals will be received for the delivery of either Oak, Pine, or Hemlock. mch12-2w

Notice to Contractors.

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Pittsburgh, until Thursday, the 26th day of March next, for laying the Track from Pittsburgh to Massillon, a distance of 107 miles. Specifications and forms of proposals may be obtained at the office in Pittsburgh, for two weeks previous to the letting, on application to Solomon W. Roberts, Chief Engineer. The proposals must be in accordance with the printed forms, and addressed to the President of the Company.

WM. ROBINSON, Jr., President.

Pittsburgh, Feb. 6th, 1851.

North American, New York Tribune, American Railroad Journal, Philadelphia four times. feb7dtd

PROPOSALS for Erecting a Wire Suspension Bridge over the Allegheny River, opposite Mechanic street, in the Fifth Ward of the city of Pittsburgh, in place of the structure recently destroyed by freshet.

Sealed Proposals will be received at the office of Jacob Painter & Co. Liberty street, until the 15th day of March next, for the erection of the above described bridge; the pattern thereof to be the same as the Monongahela Bridge, with such alterations as the bidders may suggest, and the directors approve. By order of the Board of Directors.

F. LORENZ, Pres't. Pro.

feb18dtf

FLAXSEED OIL—5 bbls. City Make, on hand and for sale by
S. N. WICKERSHAM.
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COD LIVER OIL—Rushton, Clark & Co.'s, rec'd and for sale by
S. N. WICKERSHAM.
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DRESS SILKS—20 pcs. assorted Spring Style Dress Silks, just rec'd by
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LADIES' DRESS GOODS—
15 pcs. plain all wool high colored De Laines;
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