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From the Louisville Journal.

SUNBEAMS.

BY EOLINE.

Life has its shadows dark and drear,
In gloom is many a spirit bowed,
But sunbeams linger ever near,
And sunshine still must gild the cloud;
Come, look upon yon new-made mound,
Beside it kneels a mourner fair,
Her mother weeps in grief profound—
'Tis dark, but are no sunbeams there?

Ah, yes! though that dear voice no more
May fall upon her listening ear,
Though that fond smile, so loved of yore,
Is gone, is lost forever here:
Though grief would but the soul despair,
And Joy and Hope forever flee,
One ray of light yet lingers there—
Her husband whispers, "live for me."

We come again; her chosen one,
Who seems of life itself a part,
Is dying, and his last, loved tone,
Falls sadly on that widowed heart;
He tells her they will meet again,
In happy worlds beyond the skies,
And bids her hope, but ah! in vain—
E'en while he speaks his spirit flies.

And it is o'er—those lips have pressed
The last fond kiss on that pale brow,
That voice, whose tones so oft have blessed,
Is silent—hushed forever now;
Far off, beneath the damp, cold ground,
Is laid that form of all most dear;
Grief wraps her shrouding mantle round—
Sure sunbeams cannot enter *here*.

But see! a lovely, angel-child,
With auburn ringlets floating free,
And sunny eyes so soft and mild,
Climbs wondering up the mother's knee;
"Please, dear mamma, don't cry," he said,
"The mourner meekly bowed her head,
One precious sunbeam still she had.

A year went by—all pale and cold
A child upon his pillow lay,
A lingering smile yet sweetly told
How brightly closed life's parting day;
His ringlets parted simply were,
Upon his pale transparent brow,
No sunny eye was beaming there,
The long dark lashes hid it *now*.

A snow-drop pure and white was pressed
Gently within one tiny hand,
Fit emblems of the soul whose rest
Was now within the better land;
The mother knelt in anguish by—
Her last, her only treasure gone—
But still she fixed her gaze on high,
And murmured, "Lord, thy will be done."

Religion's holy light was here—
God's sunbeams still around her shone,
And angels, softly hov'ring near,
Watched o'er her—she was not alone!
Thus God above, from Heaven so bright,
E'er guards us with his watchfulness.
And tho' clouds sometimes veil their light,
Yet, *there are sunbeams everywhere*.

The Cincinnatti Enquirer tells an anecdote of a pious old gentleman, who told his wayward sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but if they did, *by all means to bring home the fish.*

In a late abolition speech, Miss Lucy Stone said: "But I know so well there is cotton in the ears of men, that hope must be looked for in the bosoms of women."

Won't you find cotton there too, Miss Lucy?

There was an old woman in the town of A——, who had the misfortune to be half crazy. Once upon a time, being in church, she took upon herself the duty of the minister and commenced preaching: whereupon two of the deacons carried her out; and she, very much elated, said; 'My master had but one *ass* to carry him, but I have *two!*'

Ain't Comfortable Yet.—One of the wealthiest farmers in Connecticut river tells the following story:

When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land. I've worked hard since, and got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about, and they all have good farms. But my wife ain't comfortable yet.

"Many a young lady who objects to be kissed under the Mistletoe, has no objection to be kissed under the rose." A stupid compositor made an error in the above, rendering it to say, "has no objections to be kissed under the *nose*."

Constitutional Guarantees.—A Western justice; of course he couldn't be anything else but Western; ordered a witness "to come up and be sworn." He was informed that the person was deaf and dumb "I don't care,' said the Judge passionately, "whether he is or not; here is the Constitution of the United States before me. It guarantees to every man the right of speech; and so long as I have the honor of a seat on this bench, it shall not be violated. What the Constitution guarantees to a man, he should have, I reckon."

Train up a child in the way that he shouldn't go, and when he gets old he'll do as he pleases.

Burried by the Snow.

A turkey on the farm of Mr. Eli B. Talley, in Brandywine Hundred, was burried under a drift during the night of the late heavy fall of snow. When it was missed it was supposed it had been stolen The heavy fall of rain however which fell. dissolved the snow and the turkey came forth after about a week passed in this uncomfortable confinement looking about as usual: The capability of this fowl to endure hunger it is thought only equalled by that of the Arabian camel to endure thirst.—*Delaware Gazette.*

"Lost Strayed or Stolen.—A small boy, about the size of a man; he disappeared last night, and hasn't been seen since this morning. Wore a wooden leg supposed to belong to a carpenter; was barefooted, with his father's shoes on; he had an empty bag of meal on his back, with a cheese in it, marked S. S. T., with the letters rubbed out. Any person failing to find the same, will please call at this office, pay five dollars, and ask no questions."

The New Carpet.

"I can hardly spare it, Jeannette, but as you have set your heart upon it, why, I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the ten shining gold pieces.

"One hundred dollars," she said to herself, "how rich it makes me feel! It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet, but 'gold's worth is gold,' the old saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest Brussels.'

Afternoon came; the rosy babe was laid asleep in the cradle, and the little maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jeannette looked her prettiest, and, throwing a mantilla over her handsome shoulders, was just hurrying away, when a loud ring at the door brought out a very pettish "oh, dear!" at the expected intrusion.

'Oh, Jeannette—*dear* Jeannette!' and a pale young face sank panting on a sofa. 'We are in trouble—such dreadful trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow a hundred dollars from your husband? Couldn't you get it for us, Jeannette? You know you said I might always rely on you when trial came, and Charles expects every moment to have his little stock of goods attached, and he is so sickly!'

'Dear, dear!' said Jeannette, her good heart suddenly contracting. 'Edward told me this morning not to ask him for any more money for three months;' and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief; 'I'm sure if—I—only *could* oblige you, I would; but I suspect Edward is really hard pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?'

"Yes," answered her friend despondingly, "I've tried everywhere. People know that Charles is sick, and cannot repay immediately. Oh! it seems to me some creditors have such stony hearts!—Mr. J.——knows just our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. Oh! it is hard! It is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks, almost unnerved Jeannette's selfishness.

But the carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession, that she could not give up. She knew her husband's heart—and that he would urge her to self-denial—no; she would not see him—if she did it was all over with the carpet.

'Well," said her friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could. Good morning. I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer.'

How handsome the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn and blue, and crimson, its soft velvet richness—and how proud felt Mrs. Jeannette at the lavish praises of her neighbors. It was a bargain, too; she had saved ten dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant window shades.

"I declare!" said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of Charley Somers.—The poor fellow is dead."

Jeannette gave a little sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Yes, that *rascally* Jones! For the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, he attached everything in the little shop, and was so insulting besides, that Charley, springing angrily up in his bed, ruptured a blood vessel, and lived scarcely an hour afterward."

"And Mary?"

"She has a dead child; and her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send to me! I could easily have spared the money. If it had stripped me of the last cent, they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!"

"And I might have saved it—*all*," shrieked Jeannette, sinking on her knees upon the rich carpet. "Oh, Edward, will God forgive me for my heartlessness?—Mary did call here, and with tears begged me to aid her—and—I had the whole sum in my hand—and coldly turned her away. Oh, my God! forgive me."

In the agony of grief, Jeannette would recieve no comfort. In vain her husband strove to sooth her; she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget dear Mary's tears; I shall never forget her voice; they will haunt me to my dying day. Oh, take it away—that hateful carpet; I purchased it with the death of my friend. How could I be so cruel?

Years have passed away since then, and Mary, with her husband, lie under the green sod of the church-yard. Jeannette has grey hairs mixed with the bright brown of her tresses, but she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich, but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out God's bounty to God's poor; and Jeannette is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old, is sacredly preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitent hours, and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's wilderness into an Eden of plenty.

A Score of Printers.

In this office are twenty printers engaged; only look at them! In ages, ranging from twenty to forty; in size and complexion, from the ordinary stout—we never knew a fat printer—to some that might crawl through a greased flute; some as white as Circassians, and others brown or rosy—your 'Georgia cracker,' or Pennsylvania publican. Some bearded like the Pard, others smooth-faced as the Greek Slave. One has travelled all over the North American Continent, hunted bears in Arkansas, and the wild horse in the pampas of South America; another has been out on the broad ocean, and has seen 'life before the mast,' another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Col. Doniphan in his Xenophenic grand campaign all over N. Mexico. What a book he can write!—Another has kept tavern, sold goods at auction, traveled over the United States several times, been well off and broken—often. Two have been 'on the stage," a profession printers are much addicted to; for about half the actors on the American boards are printers. One, we believe, has preached sermons; another has lectured to crowded houses; another has served in Mexico with Gen. Scott. A sixth has been a stump orator, member of the Legislature 'out West,' and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practised medicine, kept store, and dealt in horses, cotton and negroes. Two have been municipal offices. Four or five have been officers or privates in various military companies.—One served with Gen. Houston in the Texan revolution, and one in the Canadian rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been first officer of a packet on the 'raging canawl.' One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. Another has clerked it on a Mississippi steamer, was blown up and *slightly killed*. Some are, or have been, married; some are old bachelors.—All have seen more or less of life and its changeable scenes. They are all live men, good practical printers, speak various languages, and from a newspaper corps hard to surpass or equal.—*Cin. Unionist.*

Good.—At one of the missionary stations, the question 'What is original sin?' having been put to an Indian chief, he promptly replied, Laziness!'

It is a fact—as a daily paper states—that "no family can now think of living in New-York, in any degree of elegance, on less than five or six thousand dollars a year."

The latest case of absence of mind was that of a young woman in Portland, who was sent by her mother to by a pair of shoes, and instead of buying them, married the shoemaker. It was a week before she discovered her mistake, and even then she did not cry about it.

From the Baltimore Literary Gazette.

The Indian Lover.

BY GEORGE SCOTT.

Many years ago, when the people began gradually to move onward from the crowded cities, to bring into cultivation some of the untouched forests, and to fulfill their destiny in the commencement of cultivating this vast continent, a band of hardy pioneers settled themselves down in one of the fertile spots of Western Virginia. To the location of their infant settlement they gave the name of Fisher's Hollow, evidently suggested by the appearance of the place. It lay in a small valley, surrounded on every side by undulating hills, upon which already might be seen the clearing which the axe of the settlers had begun to make, and the smoke of the cottage curling above the dark green trees. A swift brook, descending rapidly from its mountain source, gurgled and splashed over its stony bed, and the dark summits of the Cumberland mountains in the distance, added all that was wanting to make the scene romantic and picturesque.

The band of hardy men, who had made this place their home, were, perhaps, for the most part, insensible to the beauties which would have thrown many a sentimental tourist into ecstacies of pleasure; they had other things of far greater importance to them to occupy their attention. Surrounded by tribes of savages, who looked upon the encroachments of the whites with dislike, and whose friendship could not be counted upon for a moment at a time; and moreover cut off by distance and want of good roads from a frequent intercourse with large towns, they had to be by turns manufacturers, farmers, hunters, and, if any fighting was to be done, they had to be soldiers too.—Such a state of things is not very favorable to the gentler and more intellectual tendencies of our nature; but still the natural beauties of Fisher's Hollow were not without an influence upon the rugged men who resided there; and among them were to be seen forms, who, while in their physical developments they had no superiors, yet in their tempers and dispositions were mild, brave and generous to a fault.

Such a character was Robert Effinger. To the cultivation of a few acres of land, he added the trade of Blacksmith, and had a small house with a workshop adjoining, situated upon the banks of the brook. It was here the villagers had their most popular place of resort when they felt an inclination to have a little gossiping relaxation, and to hear any foreign news, for the place was fortunate in having no tavern at this period of its history.

It was on a fine morning in the month of May, when the trees began to show their lively green, and the wild flowers to spring up among the thick and tangled underwood, that a young man, in the homespun dress of the backwood hunter, stood at the smithy. Finding he was unnoticed, he rested his hands upon the barrel of his long rifle, with a good natured admiration of the young workman within. And well he might, for, as if excited with his task, and rejoicing in his strength, the smith threw his brawny arms about; and made the sparks fly from the heated iron with every stroke of his ponderous hammer, and seemed the very personification of athletic vigor and many strength. In the course of his evolutions, however, he noticed the intruder, and smiling at the intentness of his observation, he stopped his work, and addressed him, good humoredly :—

"So, so, Bill, at your old tricks as usual; off to the woods to waste your time, and do nothing but shoot a little game; when are you going to settle down, and become a peaceable citizen like myself?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the hunter, "settle down indeed. Ha, ha, I love the free woods too much for that; it gives me the same pleasure to roam there and to exercise my limbs, as it evidently gives you to throw your brawny arms about with that great ugly hammer, and as for being peaceable, you are just as ready for a brush as the best of us."

"Well, well, you are about right, I must confess; but what do you say to coming and lending me a helping hand sometime? In a little while, I think I could make a good smith of you, and there is more work than the pair of us could do."

"That's not a bad idea," said Charley Bush, the hunter; "but," he continued, looking up the road, "what is the matter now?"

Robert, with the heavy hammer still in his haud, came quickly to the door; and then the cause of his companion's remark was soon apparent, for a young girl, in the first bloom of womanhood, was running rapidly towards the place where they were standing. In her hands she held a string of flowers, bound together for the purpose of forming a wreath, but her hair was flowing loosely and in disorder down her back, and her whole appearance bore the marks of some strange and sudden fright. When she came up to them, at first she was too much flurried to speak; but after a little while, gaining breath, she told them that, enticed by the beauty of the morning, she had been out into the woods to gather some of the early flowers, and while thus engaged, hand been startled by the appearance of three savages. It was true they had not offered her any violence; indeed the words which one of them addressed to her were expressive of admiration if she might judge from his looks; but she was too much disturbed to understand what was meant, and immediately ran away as fast as she could. To add weight and confirmation to her statement, the subjects of her fear were seen leisurely making towards the spot where the speaker stood.

"Don't be afraid, Sarah," said Effiinger, as he saw an expression of dread upon her features; "they cannot hurt you here; and let us hear what they have to say for themselves; they are from a friendly tribe."

"Yes," remarked Bush, "I should just like to see them do you any harm, how easy I could put a bullet through them; but the best policy is to be as friendly to them as possible."

The Indians gradually approached the place where the three stood. Two of them were ordinary looking men, as frightful as paint could possibly make them, but the other had a striking and even handsome countenance, and a body of proportions that evinced immense muscular strength.

"The daughter of the pale face," said he, in a muscular tone of voice, "need not flee from the sight of Attalba. Her form is more beautiful than the young fawn, or the wild flowers that grow by the stream. Attalba is the hero of his tribe; there is plenty in his house. But his lodge is vacant, and if the daughter of the pale face will consent to be his wife, Attalba will be her slave, and her life shall be as happy as the joyful song of summer birds."

Sarah, at this sudden offer, crept closer to Effinger for protection, and he, coloring with a feeling of jealousy, rather than anger, answered :—

"Indians," said he, "the daughters of the whites mingle not their blood with that of the red men; our manners, our habits, our lives, are different. Let each of us follow the tribe in which he was born, let each of us work out his destiny in peace."

The Indian's eyes, upon the reception of this speech, shot forth some most revengeful gleams, but with the seeming stoical indifference, for which these people have always been remarkable, he motioned to his companions, and together they immediately departed.

Sarah and Effinger had for sometime been betrothed lovers, and in the mutual happiness they felt in each others society, this meeting and the fears it was calculated to engender, were soon forgotten.—Time for them did not fly along upon leaden wings, but with the richest plumes, and surrounded by a crowd of the rosiest hours.

Not so did it speed along with the Indian. Accustomed, as he had been, to the sight of rude, careless women, treated in many instances almost worse than beasts of burden, the beauty and grace of the white girl had burst upon his presence like a vision from some brighter land.—The shaft of love had pierced deeply into his heart. A feeling, which he could not at first understand, had taken possession of his nature. The woods, the streams, the excitement of the chase, the deeds of war, in which he had gained so many scalps, and risen to be the chieftain of his tribe, had lost for him their charm.—Thus for a long time, he drooped in loneliness and solitude; but at length a plan occurred to him by which his fame might be increased, and his highest hope realized. This was, to make a sudden and treacherous onslaught upon the infant settlement, and to take the white girl prisoner.

In the execution of this project, however, he had more difficulties to encounter than he first imagined, for the tribe had gained some advantages by having a peaceable settlement of industrious men near them; and their naturally shrewd minds did not see that any good could be gained by an open rupture. Here Attalba found his personal influence and eloquence of the greatest use, and by pointing out the encroachments of the whites—and how, by stealth, they were driving the red men to distant hunting grounds, he gradually roused the jealousy of his tribe, and the passions of their savage nature, easily excited to scenes of cruelty and war. The preparations were soon made, and after their usual dances and customs, before setting out upon such expeditions were performed, more than a hundred warriors,—the flower of the tribe—pressed forward on their march, to carry death and destruction to the homes that were resting in security and peace.

But for one circumstance the annals of Fisher's Hollow would have soon been closed. Bush had been from home longer than was his usual custom, and fortunately, when thinking of returning, he came upon the Indians; and with the usual caution of the backwoodsman, without being discovered himself, perceived that all of them were hastening to the village with a hostile intent. He waited to know no more, but made all the haste he possibly could, to inform his friends of their danger, and to prepare for the encounter. The danger was most unexpected; but, in a short time, about twenty men were soon ready for service; and armed with the deadly rifle, they posted themselves in the wood by which the settlement must first be approached.

The Indians advanced with the crafty stealthiness for which they have always been renowned, and the first sign they had that their designs were discovered, was from a well directed volley of the concealed riflemen, which laid many of their best men low. The battle then commenced in earnest. But the arrows of the savages could do but little execution, and in a short time it was easy to perceive how the fight would terminate—Attalba knew that the day was lost, but his jealous eye, discerning under the cover of a tree, a form that he had long hated, he determined that one of the passions of his nature should at least be satisfied, or his life should pay the forfeit. To fulfill his purpose he left his companions to take their chance, and cautiously made his way through the underwood.

Effinger had just discharged his piece when the savage sprang from his concealment, and struck at him with his uplifted tomahawk. The blow was warded off with the rifle, and then the men clung together, and grappeled with each other in an embrace which each felt to be deadly. Both were men of tall stature, large proportions and well developed limbs; and as they swayed to and fro with the intenseness of their struggle, it was difficult to see which would be the gainer in the strife. Effinger, however, proved to be the weaker; and falling down, exhausted with the efforts he had made, the Indian, with his powerful knees, pinned him to the ground. And now the exhulting passion's of the victor seemed to gain entire mastery of his nature. Instead of taking immediate revenge upon his enemy, he began to recount the deeds he had performed, the victories he had won, and to taunt him with cowardice, and with the death he would soon die.

It was in one of these paroxysms of rage, when his arms were thrown madly about, and his eyes were upturned towards the sky, with the seeming wildness of insanity, that Effinger, by an imperceptible movement, released his right hand, and with the quickness of lighting, snatching a knife from his belt, plunged it into the Indian's heart. Without a groan, the painted warrior fell back a lifeless corpse among the withered leaves of the forest.

A short time after these occurrences, Effiinger and Sarah were married, and the Indians, never recovering from their discomfiture, departed to more distant hunting grounds, and left the inhabitants of Fisher's Hollow in undisturbed possession of their lands.

Learning to Spell.

Bad spelling is discreditable. Every young man should be master of his native tongue. He that will not learn to spell the lannuage that is on his tongue and before his eyes every hour, shows no great aptitude for the duties of an intelligent, observing man. Bad spelling therefore is a discreditable indication. It indicates a blundering man—a man that cannot see with his eyes open. Accordingly we have known the application of more than one young man made with great display of penmanship and parade of references, rejected for his *bad spelling*.

Bad spelling is a very bad indication. He who runs may read it. A bright school boy utterly incapable of appreciating your stores of science, art and literture, can see your bad spelling at a glance and crow over it. You will find it hard to inspire that boy with any great respect for your attainments. Bad spelling is therefore a very mortifying and inconvenient defect. We have known men thrown into permanent po-itions, so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect, that they never ventured to send a letter till it had been revised by a friend. This was, to say no more, sufficiently inconvenient.

We say again, learn to spell. Keep your eyes open when you read, and if any word is spelt different from your mode ascertain which is right. Keep your dictionary before you; and in writing, whenever you have the least misgiving about the spelling of a word, *look it out at once*, and remember it. Do not let your laziness get the better of you.

A New Theory of Immersion.

An old soaker who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was neccessary for his future welware to be 'born ag'in,' and forthwith repaired to Rev. Mr. B.——the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid to obtain light. He was received with urbanity and forthwith the following dialogue, ensued:

Old S.—It's your doctrine, boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer *immershun*, isn't it?

Mr. B,—Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doctrine of our church that a man to be regenerated, *must* repent of his sins, and be immersed.

Old S.—Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins and being *slid under* if he flashes in the pan *then* what?

Mr. B.—Although back sliding is much to be deplored, still if he sincerely repents of his sins, and is again immersed, the church will receive him again.

Old S.—Well, s'pose he *ag'in* kicks out of the traces after the second time, for you know what criters there are in this world, boss then what's to pay?

Mr. B.—Notwithstanding all this, if he will seriously repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the church will receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.

Old S., (after a few moments of deep thought) proposed the closing interrogatory—Well, boss, would'nt it be a blasted good idea to *keep sich* fellows in soak all the time?

My informant did not say whether old S. joined the church or not, but I incline to the opinion that he did'nt.