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THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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BEAUTIFUL LINES.

We clip the following beautiful lines from the selections in Willis' Home Journal, where they were without credit. The speakers are a dying girl and her lover. The ardent passion manifested by the youth, suggests to the girl several imagies under which she supposes that he will personify her after death. The stanzas are in the form of a dialogue—the girl suggesting the particular images in succession, the lover responding.—*Pittsburg Post.*

"Even as a flower?"

"No, fairest; be not to me as a flower;
The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath;
The sweetest perfume gives the speediest death;
The sport and victim of a summer hour.
Fairest, be not a flower!"

"Even as a star?"

"No, brightest; be not to me a star,
'Tis one of millions, and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glitt'ring splendor in a shroud.
Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar.
Brightest be not a star!"

"Even as a dove?"

"No, purest; be not to me as a dove.
The spoiler oft breaks in upon his rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its soft nest,
And plunging silence through its native grove.
Purest, be not a dove!"

"Even as a rock?"

"No, my most faithful; be not a rock.
It mocks the embracing wave; or stands alone
In loveless gloom, in dreary waste unknown,
Senseless alike to fortune's smile or shock.
Changeless, be not a rock!"

"Even as—myself?"

"My soul's best idol, be but as thyself;
Brighter than a star, fairer than a flower,
Purer than a dove, and in thy spirit's power
Steadier than rock!
Yes, be thyself, thyself—only thyself!"

Written for the Star of the North

Perplexities of a Man with a Family.

BY "EXPERIENCE."

CHAPTER I.

When I was a young man, it ever now and then occurred to me that I ought to provide for myself a helpmate. I thought my character and position in the world would entitle me to look for a lady with at least a dower of graces and talents. Miss Alden, the parson's prettiest and youngest daughter, would do: but she was garrulous, trifling, and too thoughtless. Jane Siddon was pretty and sensible, but then her seven sisters were the wildest, harum-scarum set that ever mortal endured to troop around him; her brothers were professed gamblers, and if I married Jane, the whole family would be a life-long annoyance, charge and disgrace to me.—Mary Forsyth was of a fine and wealthy family, but stupid and a little the shortest of female mortals, while I measured six feet three in my stockings. Miss Rank was confessedly the "smartest" of our village ladies, but it was very easy to discover that she was a prude, brim full of coquetry and affectation. Ellen Wray, the landlord's daughter, always met me pleasantly, but then the company of her mother was not to be endured, and her father was a villian and a drunkard.

But I was young and full of romance. I scorned to dislike any body on account of discreditable relatives. I argued to convince myself a thousand times over that the sins of the parent should not be visited upon the child. I was an enthusiast in every thing, and believed most sincerely in what my preceptor, Doctor Gordon, called the perfectibility of human nature. I commenced courting the favor of Ellen Wray, and much as I despised her father, avoided quarrelling with him. I believe she reciprocated my attachment for her, and so we continued to meet—I to live faster and happier—she to become every day more amiable, agreeable and loving. The Doctor hinted that I neglected my studies, and some of my friends teased me about Old Boniface, but I cared for neither.

The retired back parlor of her father's house was where our most interesting meetings took place. I had made her gifts of some valuable books, and allowed Old Boniface to swindle me out of all my pocket money; for I was then yet a credulous, simple soul, inexperienced in the plots of the world. One day I came into the back parlor at Wray's when no one was in. Setting down at the table I entertained myself by looking over the books, paintings, drawings, &c. In laying aside an album, a loose sheet accidentally fell out, and feeling myself a privileged person, I had the curiosity to glance at it, for at first I thought of no such thing as reading a note discovered as this had been. But since I have learned more of the frailty of human nature I venture to say that no young man ever accidentally found an open note addressed to his lady love, which he did not read if he was alone when he first touched it. And so, being only mortal, when I saw that I had in hand a note marked to "Miss Ellen Wray," curiosity convinced propriety that reading it would not be an unpardonable sin. I easily convinced myself, (I think I took it as an axiom,) that a wife should have no secrets from her husband, and from this, in some way, I deduced the conclusion that I might at least read *one* open note directed to Ellen, when I had found it where there was not the least evidence that she herself had intended it to be strictly private. So I read the note. It ran thus:

DEAR ELLEN—

I have just arrived here with my sister, and will greet you with a kiss to-morrow evening; if you will meet me at Mrs. Jay's, and if Mr. Poe can spare your company. I am sick to see you, and he must not be jealous of my love, since I have the oldest claim. FRANCIS EATON.

Rural Retreat, June 20th, 1848.

Another sheet was folded along with the first, and upon it I just glanced at the sentence—"I shall be so happy to meet you" and saw Ellen's signature to her writing. The top of the sheet was torn off, and a blot upon it; but there was proof enough that this was the answer to her lover's epistle, and that she had sent him a clean copy of it.

I threw down the letters and was frantic. "Fooled," exclaimed I, and rushed into the street. Strolling along and using the ivory head of my cane as a socket, I muttered—who the devil can Francis Eaton be? It could not be a trick, for the note was written in a large heavy hand, and certainly not by Ellen. The villian, to talk of a kiss to her, and to make sport of duping me! I did not swear exactly to shoot him or to drown myself. but I was beside myself. Meeting my young friend and fellow student Jones, he accosted me with—

"Well Poe, they say that girl Ellen of yours is a great one to be letting every nice young man kiss her in the dark." I felt as if I was in a pillory.

At the dinner table Doctor Gordon's lady tauntingly it seemed, adverted to the charms of Ellen Wray, and when I smothered my annoyance by sullen silence, she closed by saying in a sly way—

"And I've heard several young men compliment her, as having the finest, pouting, and most tempting lips of any young lady in the village."

Well, thought I, so then I'm a fool and every body knows it. I counted up how often I had met young Harvey, and how often Mr. Linn alone in her company in the back parlor. I sat down to write a letter upon business, and when attempting to pen the date, involuntary wrote—

"O vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

I tried another sheet, and this time in a mistake wrote—

"O frailty, thy name is woman!"

I counted up the very cents out out of which Old Wray had swindled me—went down street—quarrelled with him like a pipirate—called him a scoundrel and a villian, and about half threatened to flog him.

I though of becoming a hermit, a recluse to escape the corruption of the world. I thought of writing a book upon the depravity of mankind. And, in fact, I thougut of every thing to make me wretched.

In the evening, for relief from the misery of solitary reflection, I went over the way to spend an hour with Mr. Stine and his family I had just got into an earnest conversation when two ladies were ushered into the room and, before I could recognise faces, I heard the voice of Ellen Wray—

"Mr. Poe, allow me to introduce you to my cousin Miss Frances Eaton. She wrote to me a few days ago that she would be at Mrs. Jay's this evening, and I have insisted upon her going down to our house to see the rest of her cousins."

I have never since been jealous, but I make all my children learn to write plain and dot their i's.

The Retort Discourteous.

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, the river of silver, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and equired jocosely:—

'Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Indeed! what was I doing?'

'You were on your knees.'

'Praying, was I?'

'No—scraping up the gold!'

☞ *The California Constitution.*—The liberal journals of England speak in terms of great praise of the constitution recently adopted by the Californians. They say that it is one of the most judicious instruments of government ever devised; and that its provisions, with the exception of those which limit suffrage to the white man, are marked with the highest wisdom.

PRACTICE.—'Madam you said that your son was a physician, has he much practice?'

'Why, yes, sir, that is, he has a practice of smoking cigars.'

For the Star of the North.

BENTON AND HERESY.

As your excellent paper is the political cynosure for the region of country where it is visible, every little aberation in its revolution (for the pole Star actually revolves about a centre,) should be explained, or some small barque that guides its course by its light might be wrecked by a trifling variation in its course. Now, that bright little luminary occupied a place when last visible a little out of its true position. In descanting very sensibly upon the proper use and misuse of Legislative instructions, an error, to the writers understanding, was committed, which, as he was placed in a position a little different from the editor, to enable him to detect the mistake, he feels bound respectfully to note. Mr. Benton is spoken of, as being the object of unmerited attack from the Legislature of Missouri and as being assailed improperly by a large portion of the citizens of that State, and hence under the necessity of stumping the State to vindicate himself against a factious attack. Now the writer of this comnunication has no doubt of your sincerity in writing the editorial alluded to, but respectfully believes its author to be laboring under a misapprehension. Mr. Benton, as the writer understands, has within the last two years changed his position, and from a radical democrat, which character he has so well and proudly bore for the last thirty years, become a latitudinarian—as wild and wilder than any Whig or Federalist—advocating the "free soil" heresy, which is only another name for abolition—and the most extravagant schemes of internal improvements by the Federal Government—getting up schemes of rail roads across the Rocky mountains, more than 3000 miles in extent, one line of which is estimated at 80,000,000 of dollars, all of which must be made and upheld by the old tax-ridden States, and other extravagant schemes, all of which expenses in the end will have to be footed by the old solid States of the Union. Besides Mr. Benton's sons-in-law are retained and employed in highly important stations under the administration of General Taylor, which fact alone proves that Col. Benton's family are *receiving* at least, aid and comfort from the enemy of democracy. Besides, General Atchison, his colleague, and as sound a democrat, the writer believes, as breaths the air of Missouri, has taken directly opposite grounds to that assumed by Mr. Benton. The writer knows that the name of Benton carries with it, from his past labors, a power and weight—but no man's past reputation should give him a claim on the support of the Democratic people when he abandons the principles upon which his former popularity was built.—Henry Clay commenced a pure and radical democratic career—but he abandoned that bright career—changed sides of the great political contest that always has and always will be waged between Aristocracy and Democracy—and the democrats left him—for they loved the principles of freedom and justice better than fickle man. They kept their eyes steady on the pole Star of the democratic cause and let Mr. Clay go and reap the reward of his inconstancy. So let us reason in respect to Mr. Benton and any other frail mortal who may find it convenient to sustain democratic principles while they are prosperous and then abandon them when danger seems to threaten, or ungovernable passion prompts to revenge The writer believes that the Legislature of Missouri and the people of that democratic commonwealth are vindicating the integrity of the democratic cause against the flagitious attacks of Col. Benton.

A.

Dry Goods.

The following incident occurred, as we learn from good authority, in one of our stores the other day

'Buy any butter here?' said a country customer who walked into a dry good's store on Market square, and looked much like a character who knew a vast deal more about himself than he cared to tell.

'No sir,' replied the merchant, 'we don't wish to buy any.'

'Want to buy any eggs?'

'No sir, we keep a dry goods store here.'

'So! Wall then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs and a mighty sight nicer tu.'

'No sir, I tell you we don't deal in any thing but dry goods.'

'Could'nt I sell you a nice hind quarter of pork!'

'I tell you sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here.'

'Wal, what'll you give for *dried peaches*?'

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—The Mirror says: A queer typographical error occurred very lately, which shows how great a change a type may make. The editor was warmly eulogizing the official conduct of a public man and said that he had *lived* down his enemies. The compositor, however omitted the *v*, so that the sentence read he had *lied* down his enemies.'

☞ A lady told her servant girl to look at a vane upon a steeple near her house, and see which way the wind was. The vane had been taken down, for the purpose of repairing it; but the girl obeyed her mistress and beholding nothing but the rod upon which she had been accustomed to see the vane, told her mistress that "the wind was right up and down."

Never regret what is irretrievably lost.

For the Star of the North.

MATTER OF TASTE.

BY SECRETAIRE.

N. P. Willis is a most singular fellow, having very peculiar notions on most things, and just as singular a manner of telling them.—Not long since, I came across an article from his pen, in praise of fat, large women. And in spite of having a very bad case, he does certainly invest them, with particular charms and makes them absolutely bewitching.—Now I thought this a most unaccountable *penchant*; but possibly, Mr. Willis thinks that the more of a good thing, the better.

Now, George Gordon Noel Byron says that of all things, he hates a dumpy woman. For the sake of nationality I should like to agree with Mr. Willis; but my own unbiassed individual opinion coincides with that of Lord Byron. In taking a wife my motto would be, unless I alter my notion, of two evils, choose the least. No doubt all this is a mere matter of taste, and the imagination may certainly invest the earthly goddess, whether she be fat or lean, with every thing necessary to constitute a man's happiness.

But notwithstanding what I have said upon this subject, upon second thought I believe that Shakspeare, at least by implication, is against me; supporting Mr. Willis, with the whole weight of his character; for it will be recollected, that Desdemona was a woman, *full* of most blessed conditions. Now, if a woman were large, and thus blessed, she would unquestionably have the advantage over any, who might serve as an emplification of old king Pharaoh, lean kine. Still, considering the risk one has to run in a case of this kind, I mean getting a wife, a medium would be perhaps the safest.

After all, I love a neat, nice, tidy, little woman. One of those pretty, petite, fairy-like creatures, who flutter round you with a smile, and presently leave you to sigh. There is a happiness coupled with this misery.—Ah! I feel that I love the very sand in which are imprinted her delicate little foot-marks. The dew, brushed from the grass by her, in her morning work, is blessed above all other dew. The sun, as he rises over the mountains, joys to see her sweet morning face, and presses, as *I* should like to do, a burning kiss upon her ruby lips—gives a brighter lustre to her [illegible] eye. [illegible], I will quit, or I shall have all the *little* girls in love with me.

One of the G'hals.

We were, not long since, much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board the steamer, ——, at the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ia. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat.

At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with a fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the dressing of a plate of beef steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint o' great effort.—Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by half of the table—"*Sal dip in the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!*" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination, before supper, and when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

OH! FOR A BOOT-JACK.—A countryman recently arrived at one of our third rates hotels, late in the evening, and inquired for a boot-jack. "Boots" soon appeared with one of the cast-iron pattern.

'How do you s'pose I'm going to get off my boots with that thing?' ejaculated the countryman.

'Boots' eyed the countryman's pedal extremities for a few moments, and then scratching his head, said:

'Dat am a fact! he, he, yaw!' he shouted.

'What the mischief are you laughing at, you thunder-cloud?' demanded the countryman.

'Nuffin—nuffin—only I advise you to go to de crotch ob de street, and dar you can pull off *dem boots!* Yah! yah! yaw!' and the darkie vanished.

INCORRIGIBLE.—A lad named John Meyers was brought before Alderman Buchanan, on Saturday, charged upon the oath of his mother, with having become associated with such evil company as to render him entirely beyond her power of correction, and at times so incorrigible that he was only fit to be left alone in the street. The magistrate sent him to the House of Refuge.

Never believe that which seems improbable.

Never expose your disappointment to the world.

Always speak well of your friends; but of your enemies, speak neither goor nor evil.

Sell at small profits—for cash—and make it known through the newspapers.

Be ashamed of nothing but your own errors.

Let the business of all others alone and attend to your own.

MR. AND MRS. BATTLE; OR, MOUSE vs. RAT.

Mr. and Mrs. Battle, were a fond and loving couple in the town of N——, who, for about a twelvemonth had dwelt as "one flesh" in law matrimonial, and whose union thus far, if a shade less blissful than that of the turtle doves, had afforded an example of conjugal felicity as edifying, to say the least, as the generality of matches. It happened one winter evening that, having exhausted all their usual theme of chit chat, they had been sitting in silence for some ten minutes together, luxuriating in "uncommunicating muteness" of fishes, when suddenly, with piercing shriek, Mrs. B. sprang from her chair, and jumped upon the side table, crying out at the top of her lungs, "*Lord of Mercy! Oh, that horrid being! Kill him, Mr. Battle, kill him!*"

The husband quick as thought, seized the poker, and though half frightened out of his senses, raised it firmly over his head and placed himself bolt upright in an attidude of defence. For some moments he stood speechless, with mingled wonder and awe; then casting a glance at his wife, who stood leaning against the wall, pale, shivering and half frantic with terror, he at length recovered his wife and the use of his tongue so far as to ask, in a voice somewhat faint and husky—

"Who—where—what is he?"

"There! there! husband, don't you see? there! It is no man—it's a *horrible great mouse.* Oh dear, I shall faint away, certain! There he comes again this way. Merciful heavens! Oh! oh!"

Mr. B. breathed a little more freely, after this last piece of information, for to say the truth, he was by no means a Hercules in strength of stature, being only four feet eleven in his boots, and weighing but just one hundred and five pounds, even after dinner,) and as he supposed it some house robber or cut-throat who had hid himself in the room, that had caused his wife's freight, his knees had begun to knock together a little, a la Belshazzar, notwithstanding his great show of bravery. But now regaining with marvellous quickness the use of all his limbs and faculties, he advanced boldly in the direction idicated by Mrs. B's finger, and with a courage and presence of mind worthy of an Alexander, succeeded by the aid of the poker in stretching a most ferocious looking rat lifeless on the floor.

After a few moments, peace and order were again restored, and Mrs. B. having succeeded, by an astonishing degree of self-control, in quieting her nerves, was again seated at her work table, busily plying her needle, when a loud tinkling of the door bell was followed by the announcement to Mr. Pry. Pry had popped in, as he said. 'to see how they all did and and have a little social chat;' but as it turned out (unfortunately for the peace of our excellent couple) he was just in season to hear from Mrs. Battle's lips a relation of what she called her 'frightful adventure with the mouse.'

'No, my dear,' interrupted Mr. B., 'a rat.'

'Excuse me, my love, but 'twas a mouse.'

'But I do assure you madam, 'it was a rat.'

'I beg your pardon, sir; notwithstanding you assure me, I am quite sure it was a mouse.'

'Don't tell me, Mrs. Battle; do you think I'm a fool, not to know a rat from a mouse, and in my own house too?'

'Keep cool, Mr. Battle; don't get huffy be cause I spoke a word Some how or other, lately, I can never open my lips before you, but you must fly into a pet. And then you must be twit—twit—twitting me always about your house, as if you were lord of every thing here, and I were only your humble servant. I declare Battle, you are cross as a Bear and as unreasonable as you can live."

'Mrs. Battle, you are enough to provoke a saint. Three times you have contradicted me, and——'

'All because I said a mouse wasn't a rat. A mouse *ain't* a rat, and you know it Battle.'

'Mrs. Battle, there's no standing this—No!—nor I won't stand it any longer. I will have a divorce, if there's one to be had in the country. I won't live with such a termagant. No I won't Mrs. Battle, and that's the long and short of it."

Here Mrs. Battle fell back in her chair, and burst into a flood of tears. Pry, finding matters getting a little too hot; crept slyly out of the room, and run for home as if from a hornet's nest. Mr Battle paced the room hurriedly to and fro, for the space of five minutes or more, with blanched cheek and lip quivering with rage, and finally seated himself by a window, and with an air of affected concern began to whistle Yankee Doodle. He had been seated but three or four minutes, when his wife, suddenly raising up, came across the room, threw her arms affectionately about his neck and buried her head in his bosom.

'My dear husband.'

'My dear wife.'

'I have offended—deeply offended you. Can you forgive me?'

'Yes dear, a thousand times.'

'How foolish I was to dispute with you, dear one, about such a trifle.'

'Yes, it was very foolish in both of us. But never mind thank Heaven; we've come to our senses again. Kiss me darling—there all's made up. Ain't we happy now?'

'Yes, my love. Clouds will come some times, but thank Providence they are all gone now. We couldn't have expcted sunshine always. Oh, won't we have the precious times together, hereafter loving each other so tenderly? There—it *does* seem to me as if I were at this moment perfectly, happy.

'Blessed wife, kiss me again, darling. There—we've had the last of our quarels—havn't we dear one?'

'Yes, dearest. And if we were going to quarrel again—which never *can* be—it would be about something of more importance—wouldn't it, love? The more I think of it, the more foolish it appears, quarrelling about so trifling a thing as a mouse.'

'You forgot, my dear; a rat, you mean.'

'No my dear, I mean a mouse.'

'How can you, over and over again, 'twas a rat? D'ye think I've no eyes?'

'I say what I mean, Mr. Battle; and I mean, just what I say. To say that was a rat, is the most absurd thing I ever heard. A rat, indeed!'

'Absurd or not, Mrs. Battle, I tell you, you are a simpleton. You don't know beans from a broomstick!'

'Then it's because I've lived so long with you, Battle. I don't believe you ever saw a rat. Every-body knows they have round tails, like a file. But I'm an abjure woman, and I won't put up with such treatment any longer. I'll go home to my father's. We'll see then, how some folks will get along. And I will tell you, Battle, it was a mouse."

'And I tell *you*, Mrs. Battle, it wasn't a mouse.'

'T'was a mouse.'

'T'was a rat.'

'T'was a mouse.'

'Rat.'

'Mouse.'

'Rat.'

'Mouse.' 'Rat.' 'Mouse,' 'Rat,' 'Mouse.' 'R—' 'M—' 'R—.'

Just at this moment a stage coach drew up before the door and the appearance of an old and long expected friend, who, after a long absence, burst suddenly in the room, and put an end to hostilities, and threw both parties into a temporary good humor. To this day, however, the cause of Mrs. Battle's fright has never ceased to be a prolific source of contention Mr. Battle insisting most strennously that it was a rat, and Mrs. Battle protesting with equal pertinacity that it was a mouse A hundred times they have squabbled till almost ready to broomstick each other, and a hundred times they have just made all up again, and asked each other's forgiveness, when an unfortunate allusion by one of the parties to the cause of their quarrel has caused all the smothered fires of indignation to break forth afresh.

Butter Making.

Scene up in Vermont—(Aunt Deborah salting butter. Enter Mrs. Noodle.)

Mrs. Noodle.—Now, then, aunt Deborah, that is just like you, for all the world. You salt the butter that you sell better 'n what you eat. Why, Mr. Noodle always tells *me* that salt costs money.

Aunt Deborah.—So it does, but our Bill is pretty cute, and he says, when salt dont cost mor'n a cent a pound down in Bosting, and we get twenty-five cents a pound for it in butter, we can afford to put in *some.*

Ugly Looks and a Good Heart.—A lady with eyes that resemble peeled onions—and a nose as crooked as a politician's creed—a chin like a hoe, and a mouth stretched from ear to ear, and opening like a jack-knife, will be sooner respected and beloved by those whose opinion is worth one's pains to secure, if she possesses a good heart and a kind disposition, than if she were as beautiful as Milton's Eve, with a cork-screw disposition and a heart of lead.

PAY FOR "LOBBYING."—Hugh W. Evans, a lawyer, has brought a suit in court at Baltimore, to recover $1000 of the Susquehannah railroad company for attending the Legislature of Maryland as a "lobby member, and securing the passage of a law favorable to the company. Among the items of expense enumerated by him, are several charges for oyster and champaigne suppers, given to refractory members.

☞ M. de Lamartine, it is said, goes to Asia Minor in the Spring, to take posesession in person of his teritorial gift from the Sultan. The domain lies in the immediate vicinity of Smyrna and is nearly 54 miles in circumference.

☞ A Colored D. D.—The Senatus of the University of Heidelberg has conferred the title of D. D., on Mr. Pennington, a runaway slave, who is minister of a colored congregation in New York, but at present in Edinburgh.

☞ Thomas Moore, the poet, is in the enjoyment of good health, physical and intellectual, at his cottage at Sloperton, takes his daily walk along the terrace which borders his pretty garden, and drives as usual each day in a small pony carriage.

☞ A Greek Maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

Rest satisfied with doing well, and let others to talk as they will.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A female of the party of Mohawk Indians which was through this region a short time ago, recently addressed the following neat and eloquent remarks to a Philadelphia audience.

"You see before you a native of the forest. Expect not much from me. My home is far away. In the woods, where wild animals roam, and wild flowers bloom; where the bee sips its honey—there is my home.

The hunter is there—the wigwam is there—and there, like the tree, with leaves nearly gone, whose limbs are bent, and hang, and droop, with its sap almost run out—is MY mother. . . . . .

O, my mother! though thy daughter be far away, thou art remembered,—loved—prayed for, by thy child. I wish we could, like the birds, make sweet music for our pale-faced sisters and brothers. But we only warble.—We see so much that is great—so much that is beautiful—big villages—big wigwams—big churches, and their bells filling the air with ther calls to come and worship our Great Spirit—as to make us feel how little we are. O, yes, you are many—we are few. You are wise, and know much—we are ignorant, and know much—we are ignorant, and know little. But is not your Father "our Father?" We, too, say "Our Father who art in heaven." What means this beating, fluttering heart? I tremble with fear. And now it is more quiet. I hope, O, yes, I hope that you will not forget, in this, my rude speech, that I am a child of the forest. I thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen, for coming to hear us sing. Expect not much from us; we cannot sing—we only warble. The bird, when he sings, fills the grove with his mellow, perfect notes, and does not peck at the little nestling when it tries to imitate what it hears.

Letters from Benjamin Farnklin.

The Boston Post publishes five copies of unpublished letters from Dr. Franklin, which have recently been found in that city. They contain much of the originality of style peculiar to that eminent man. The following one seems to have been addressed to a lady with whom he was on intimate terms previous to his marriage, and who was still single at that date:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16, 1755.

Dear Katy—Your favor of the 28th June came to hand, but on the 23d Sept., just 3 months after it was written. I had two weeks before written you a long chat and sent it to the care of your brother Ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lovely as usual. Let me give you some fatherly advice: Kill no more pigeons than you can eat. Be a good girl, and don't forget your catechise; go constantly to meeting, or church, 'till you get a good husband; and then stay at home and nurse the children and live like a christian. Spend your spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cipher. You must practice *addition* to your husband's estate by industry and frugality, *Subtraction* of all unnecessary expenses. *Multiplication*—he will soon make you mistress of it. As to *division*, I say with brother Paul, "Let there be no division among ye," but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the *rule* of *two*, I hope you will become as expert in the *rule* of *three*, that when I have again the pleasure of seeing you I may find you like my grape vine, surrounded with clusters, plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues, just like their mama. Adieu, the bell rings, and I must go among the grave ones and talk politics. B. F.

"THINKS I TO MYSELF."

We are indebted to a worthy and observing friend for many of the following useful hints:

When I see a mass of chips accumulated in a farmer's back yard, remaining year after year, thinks I to my-self, if the coarser ones were raked out, they would serve for fuel, and the finer parts with addition of soap-suds, &c., from the house, would afford a valuable source for manure.

When I see a convex barn yard, thinks I to mpself there is comparatively but little manure made there.

When I see banks of manure resting against a barn during the summer season, serving only to rot the building—thinks I to myself that manure might be better employed.

When I see the drainings of a barn-yard finding their way into gullies and rivulets, while with small expense they might be thrown into a valuable swell or declivity, thinks I to myself, that farmer is blind of his own interest.

When I see plowing done, year after year, in the same track, beside a fence or gully, till a dyke of considerable height is thrown up, and of course a corresponding leanness in the interior, thinks I to myself, there is want of husbandry.

When I see a stone wall topped out with a single tier of round stone, thinks I to myself, the upper foot in the height of such walls ought never to have been put on, and look out for dull scythes and loss of hay.

When I see a fruit tree loaded with twice the top necessary for bearing well; and this perhaps half dead, thereby keeping the needy rays of the sun from the under crop, thinks I to myself, there is an indication of bad husbandry.

When I see stones piled around the trunk of a fruit tree, thinks I to myself, here is an invitation to suckers and to mice, and if dull scythes should follow, it would not be strange.