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FOREVER THINE.

In the range of English Fugitive Poetry, few pieces are to be met of deeper pathos or more tender feeling than the following by ALICE A. WATTS. It breathes the very soul of devoted affection:—

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide
Forever thine, where'er our lots be cast—
Fate that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and fairer hopes decline;
Tho' betrayed by cankering cares we'll smile at fate;
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

Forever thine—when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;
When youth's rich glow its purple light is fled,
And lillies bloom where roses flourish now.

Say, shall I love thy fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own—forever thine!

Forever thine!—amid the boisterous crowd,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When balmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, forever thine!

Forever thine! amid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought—forever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane thy silvery sound—
The depths of love, could such rude hearts divine!
Let the loud laughter peal and the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, forever thine!

RUM.

The rich copiousness of the English language was never more fully exemplified than in the verses below. WILLIAM BROWN, of Massachusetts, is the author.

"O thou invincible spirit of Rum! If thou hadst no name by which to know thee, we would call thee—Devil."—*Shakspeare.*

Let thy devotees extol thee,
And thy wondrous virtue sum;
But worst of names I'll call thee,
O, thou hydra monster, RUM!

Pimple maker, visage bloater,
Health corrupter, idler's mate;
Mischief breeder vice promoter,
Credit spoiler. Devil's bait.

Almshouse builder, pauper maker,
Trust betrayer, sorrow's source;
Pocket emptier, Sabbath breaker,
Conscience stifler, guilt's recourse.

Nerve enfeebler, system a shatterer,
Thirst increasor, vagrant thief;
Cough producer, treach'rous flatterer,
Mud bedauber, mock relief.

Business hinderer, spleen instiller,
Wo begetter, friendship's bane;
Anger heater, Bridewell filler,
Debt involver, toper's chain.

Memory drowner, honor wrecker,
Judgment warper, blue-fared quack;
Feud beginner—rage bedecker,
Strife enkindler, fortune's wrack.

Summer's *cooler*, winter's *warmer*,
Blood polluter—specious snare;
Mob collector, man's transformer,
Bond undoer, gambler's fare.

Speech bewaggler, headlong bringer,
Vital's burner, deadly fire;
Riot-mover—firebrand finger,
Discord kindler—misery's sire.

Sinews robber—worth deprivor,
Strength subduer—hideous foe;
Reason thwarter—fraud contriver,
Money waster, nation's woe.

Vile seducer—joy dispeller,
Peace disturber, black-guard guest;
Sloth implanter, liver sweller,
Brain distracter, hateful pest.

Utterance boggler, stench emitter,
Strong man sprawler, fatal drop;
Tumult raiser, venom spitter,
Wrath inspirer, coward prop.

Pain inflicter, eyes inflamer,
Heart corrupter, folly's nurse;
Secret babbler, body maimer,
Thrift defeater—loathsome curse.

Wit destroyer, joy-impairer,
Scandal dealer—foulmouth's scourge;
Senses blunter—youth ensnarer,
Crime inventor—ruin's verge.

Virtue blister, base deceiver,
Rage displayer, sot's delight;
Noise exciter, stomach heaver,
Falsehood spreador, scorpion biter.

Quarrel plotter, rage discharger,
Giant conqueror, wasteful sway;
Chin carbuncler, tongue enlarger,
Malice venter, Death's broad way.

Tempest scatterer, window smasher,
Death forerunner, hell's dire brink;
Ravenous murderer, windpipe smasher,
Drunkard's *lodging, meat* and *drink*.

[From Noah's Messenger.

The Burning of the Willows:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"This must be the house: the junction of two roads, and a book in front, the banks covered with willows. Order the men to dismount, with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road."

The speaker was dressed in the blue and scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that was formed after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as the horses could be obtained to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank evidently, and his carriage and demeanor were both haughty and aristocratic in the highest degree—Why not? he was the eldest son of a British earl.

"The house appears to be deserted, Col. Harcourt," said his junior officer, as he dismounted.

"We will see. This way, half a dozen of you," said he to his men. "Try the door yonder. If it is fastened, break it open, and report if any one is inside.—If there should be, and they attempt to escape, shoot them down, but give them warning to surrender."

The men advanced to the door, when they found the door fastened; and after demanding admission, to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which delayed them some time, for the door was a strong oak one. This done, they entered.

"Do you know the man by sight, Lieutenant?" asked Col. Harcourt, while the men were ransacking the house.

"No, sir; but there is a fellow I picked up on the road, now in the rear, that knows him well. He does not appear to owe him much favor."

"Order him to the front."

The countryman had not a very prepossessing countenance. There was a bold sullenness and cruel expression of features extremely unpleasing.

"What is your name?" said Col. H., in his quick military style.

"John Classen."

"Do you know Peter Van Dyke?"

"Very well."

"Is this his dwelling?"

"Yes—though since his mother's death and sister's marriage, it is hard to say where he keeps himself."

"Does he not bear the name of being a great rebel, and a dangerous man to those who favor the king in this neighborhood?"

"Yes from the Passaic to the Hackensack, and thirty miles around. If I'd had my way, he'd been hung long ago, and his house burned over his head. He is the leader of every rebel gang from the army, and points out the honest farmers' homes who stand by their king, whose barns they plunder, and carry away the grain and cattle."

"Why, you tell a bitter tale about him. Has he ever injured you?"

"Injured me? He, and a parcel of robbers like himself, came one afternoon to burn my house and hang me before the door, which they would have done but for the arrival of a number of friendly neighbors well armed, when they went off in double quick time."

"Does he not venture into New York sometimes in disguise?"

"I've heard so. He was slippery from a boy up and can disguise himself any way. He's a precious scamp, and you'll do a favor to this part of Jersey if you hang him up as soon as you catch him."

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the other side of which was an old garden; but the troubles of the times had left it uncultivated, and the gooseberry and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, and the briers stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this cover, and within ten feet of the Col. and Classen, lay crouched the very man they were talking of. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself upon the approach of the British horsemen, whom he did not then suspect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice or thrice, on hearing the base lies of Classen, he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought that was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come out expressly to take him.

"Do you know with any certainty, Classen, how long since Van Dyke has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"I heard that he was seen last night two miles from this, in a by-path through the woods, coming in the direction of his house."

"This is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him, sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts, or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Classen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum, in those days.

"I will catch him before he is three days older. I know one of his haunts."

"Why not lead us there then?"

"It would be of no use this time of day. Besides he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking out for him."

"Secure him, and the fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house, and stated that they had searched it from top to bottom, but could find no one, although from appearances some person had been there recently. The Col., followed by Classen, passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quietly in his concealment.

It was a plain frame house of middling size, built partly of stone in the old Dutch style, and very comfortable within.—There was but little furniture—a few tables, chairs, and cooking utensils. The better part, Classen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, a year before, as her part.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that we found on the floor of the kitchen near the back door. It must have been dropped in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets."

"Yes, a bundle of them."

The Col. took the package, looked at the superscription, broke the seal, and going to the window commenced reading them to himself, with a countenance of surprise.

So, so—here is a list of our troops, and their numbers, in and around the city. At Powle's Hook, 350. At Elizabethtown and Newark, 1,000. Gen. Clinton leaves for Charleston with 5,000. Who can play spy so thoroughly in our camp?—This Van Dyke is a most dangerous man to be abroad. "Men," he said aloud, "and you, Classen, search every hole, and see if any more papers can be found."

Nothing could give Classen greater delight than this order. Curiosity and other reasons had long urged him to enter the house during Van Dyke's absence for this very purpose—but the dread that he might return while he was thus engaged had heretofore prevented him undertaking it. He was now armed with proper authority, and protected.

What he found or discovered he did not report to the Col., but made the same reply as the other soldiers, that nothing more of importance could be found.

"Very well; we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powle's Hook. Hodgeson, place some dry wood in the middle of this room, and when I give the word, apply the match."

"What! are you going to burn the Willows, Col.?" said Classen, his face gleaming with satisfaction.

"Yes! I will burn down the nest of this rebel carrion bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he should swing for it. One such fellow, with his secret spying and finding out, is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in the open field."

Little did the British commander imagine that the young man was then almost within the sound of his voice.

"To horse, men, all except Hodgeson." By this time, with Classen, the Col. had approached within the hearing of Van Dyke, where he halted with his troopers.

"Now, Hodgeson, apply the match, mount, and fall in."

It was with anguish Van Dyke heard this order from his hiding place. The "Willows," as the farm-house was called, had been the birth place of his ancesters, and it was his own, and there he had passed all his life. But what could he do?

Presently a thick black smoke arose and burst from each door and window. This was followed by a brilliant flame that shot far into the sky, and the crackling of the well seasoned timbers, dry with a century of preparation, could be heard at a great distance.

"There will be one rebel shelter less to-night. It is a pity they were not all burned down; then the king would have more friends this side of the water. These rebels are like dogs, a good whipping makes them better natured. By files to the right face trot!"—and the horsemen wheeled into the road.

"Fifty guinees you say, Colonel, if I take Van Dyke!" asked Classen.

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"Then I will leave you here, and keep a watch around. He may return here before a great while. Where shall you halt?"

"At the 'Oaks,' five miles off, and stop for an hour or two for the forage party. If any thing should occur within that time, you'll know where to find me." The officer and troop rode away.

Classen lingered around, and gradually approached the building, which was, with the exceptions of the brick walls, a heap of ruins.

"So, John Classen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work, viper, wretch!"

Classen turned and beheld within six feet of him Van Dyke leaning on a musket.

"No, no, Peter," the wretch muttered, trembling as he spoke, "it was the British officer. You know I wouldn't injure you."

"Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. You are to have fifty guineas for apprehending *me*. *I* am every thing that is bad. *I* came to burn your house down, but fled when your friends approached! Wretch, I have saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these ruins are my reward."

"Peter, dear Peter!"

"Scoundrel, do not apply that word 'dear' to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Classen: the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours. Thank God, she and her father are both safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines. Now hear me: I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when we next meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!"

Classen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair standing on end—for, like all other rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment and thus pondered in his own mind—"That scoundrel will bring some of those horsemen back, for he will imagine I may linger two or three hours around this old place. Yes, yes, I will after some twenty of our lads and prepare an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Classen any where, coward as he is, especially when backed by the red-coats."

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, whom he gathered by a signal; and as night had fallen, they took their station amid the willows on the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, when the distant tramp of horses was heard on the road.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke.—"Each choose his man, but leave Classen to me:—you will know him by the cap he wears. I will give the word when to fire."

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up by the willows, and true enough they were red coats, headed by a lieutenant, with Classen.

"Fire!" shouted Peter.

So sudden and deadly was the aim, that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, and they wheeled, and their horses fled as quick as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at Classen's horse, and he fell with his rider. To secure Classen was the work of a moment.

"Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over that willow branch. We have alarmed the enemy, and they will be down upon us."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Classen.

All in vain. The noose was slipped over his head, they strung him up, and there he was left a corpse. The burning of the "Willows" had been avenged.

HARD TO BEAT.—A correspondent of the N. O. Crescent submits the following definitions. He is evidently a deep thinker and close observer:

Faith—The rock upon which knowledge builds.

Truth—A moral diamond upon which the file of falsehood wastes itself without making an impression.

Love—The electric shock communicating between two human galvanic batteries.

Religion—Light from heaven, which if we did not obstruct it with a veil of sin, would dispense such radiance as would make it bliss to close our eyes to physical light, for its enjoyment.

Happiness—A butterfly, which when pursued seems always just beyond your grasp; but if you sit down quietly, may light upon you.

Wealth—The sum which gives content, whether one dollar or a million.

Honor—A suit of armor, which cannot be too carefully guarded, for a breath may leave a stain beyond the power of man to remove.

THREE WONDERS.—"If I ever reach heaven," said Dr. Watts, "I expect to find three wonders there. First, the presence of some that I thought not be there. Second, the absence of some whom I expected to meet there. Third, the greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

"The women made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me, in a a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at ease, as if I were in my own house.—How far I was at my ease, installed *a la Turque*, on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who tried to remain five minutes in that position. I was determined to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my *savoir vivre*, according to their notions, and began at once gravely accepting a pipe. At the Pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it to my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pair of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violater of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ridicrous position I was placed in; seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the Sultana between almost every whiff. Coffee, sweatmeats and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts) were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was bound to go through a never ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.—My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or hankerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I really found a hard to answer.—My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor prinress, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing and bathing. She never walked farther than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls."—*Travels in the East.*

YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

Dr. Donne, afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's, when he took possession of the first living to which he was inducted, walked into the yard of the church where he was to officiate. It happened, that as he sauntered along, the sexton was digging a grave, and the Doctor stood for a moment to observe his operations. As the man was at work, he threw up a skull which in some way or other engaged the Doctors's attention. While he examined it, he perceived a headless nail which perforated the temple, and which convinced him that some dreadful deed must have been perpetrated. Taking up the skull, he demanded of the grave digger to whom it belonged. The man instantly said, that he knew very well—that it had belonged to a man who was accustomed to excess in the use of liquor; and who, one night, having been guilty of his usual intemperance, had been found dead in his bed in the morning. Dr. Donne then asked, "Had he a wife?" The anwser was in the affirmative. "What character does she bear?" The sexton said, "A very good one, only she was reflected upon for marrying immediately after the death of her husband." This was enough for the Doctor, who upon the pretence of visiting all his parishioners, soon called upon the woman in question; and in the course of conversation he inquired of what sickness her husband had died. She gave him precisely the same account as the sexton had given before her. But the Dr. produced the skull, and pointing to the place, said, "Woman, do you know this nail?" The unhappy criminal was struck with horror at the demand and the sight, and instantly owned that she had been the perpetrator of the deed, which had hurried her husband, in a state of intoxication, into the eternal world.

A NOBLE DEED NOBLY REWARDED.—The N. York Journal of Commerce says; In the latter part of last summer, a young and only daughter of Mr. Corcoran, (of the firm of Corcoran & Riggs,) of Washington city, was playing with some friends on the wharf, in the rear of the grounds of Capt. Charles Williams, at Stonington, Conn., and stepped into a boat which, by some accident, was loosened and drifted from the shore. The child, frightened at the danger, jumped overboard. Mr. Gordon Smith, a boat builder, who was near by, swam in and rescued her at the last moment of struggling. Mr. Corcoran was in Europe at that time, engaged in business, as is widely known. He has since returned, and we saw last week a letter from him to Mr. Smith, expressing his gratitude, and inclosing one thousand dollars as a testimony of it. This is a reward at once unexpected to the receiver and noble in the giver, doing honor to the heart of the father. Mr. Smith is, we are glad to be informed, a worthy recipient, highly esteemed by all who know him.

A gentleman being asked what difference there was between a clock and woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and woman makes me forget them."

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother, sitting by her sick child, watched her child, whom she was dressing, say repeated. "Yes, I do love to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door, "I am going to say my prayers."

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to say my prayers."

"Stop, my child, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her.—She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly forward and forward—

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after his conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his finger on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating."

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes, I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God!" A silence. "You have a pulse too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you; who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning I thought I'd ask God to care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

AMERICAN INGENUITY.

Among the many articles of native ingenuity exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, now being held at Castle Garden, New York, we find the following noticed in the Tribune, as being worthy of especial attention:

THE BALE AXLETREE.—This is the simplest of all contrivances, and in its very absence of complexity, it becomes a matter of wonder that it should so long have escaped the ingenuity of others of our host of inventors: A groove is turned in the axle, and a corresponding groove in the box, into which grooves are dropped one or two steel balls, so contrived that one-half of the ball is always in the groove of the box, and the other half in the groove of the axle—*thus preventing the possibility of the wheel coming loose*, and to a considerable degree reducing the friction. The box is perfectly air-tight, and contains a considerable quantity of oil, and the process of removing the wheel when necessary is reduced to the very extreme of simplicity. The inventor of this valuable improvement is Mr. Chinnock, of 54 Cliff street, a vastly ingenious mechanician.

THE SELF-LAMP-LIGHTER.—here we have an invention by which lamps or candles may be *lighted* at any moment of time by a clock or a pull of a cord. If attached to an alarm clock, a light may be produced at any hour. In cases where people wish to rise at a certain unusual time of night, all that is to be done is to set the clock and make the connexion of the lamplighter "all right," and then, when the hour comes round, you have a lamp already lighted at the same time. Certainly very convenient. When not desired to be connected with a clock, it can be attached to a cord, terminating in some place near the bed-bull, so that it is only necessary to pull the cord to produce a light previous to rising. It is designed also, to be so attached to the bell handle of a front door, that pulling the bell instantly makes a light to shine by in the hall, or any other part of the house. The inventor is Mr. Alexander Bennett.

MAN BURNT TO DEATH.—On Thursday evening last, a most melancholy accident occurred near Kennet Square, Chester county, Pa. An old gentleman, named James Holland, between 70 and 80 years of age, during the absence of the family, as he was in the habit of doing, had entered his barn, as it is supposed, with a light, for the purpose of procuring feed for his hogs, and by some means unknown, the hay or straw caught fire from the candle, and in a few minutes the building was in a blaze. The barn, together with about one hundred bushels of grain, was totally destroyed, and had to relate, the old gentleman was consumed in the same. Nothing but a portion of his body was found, all his limbs being entirely burnt up.

On Saturday last, two noble-hearted Whigs—no doubt too poor to pay travelling expenses by the usual conveyances—arrived in this city, *on foot walked the entire distance from Cincinnati*, on their way to Philadelphia, their home, for the purpose of voting for the people's Candidates, Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

A GENUINE ALCHYMIST.—The Dey of Algiers understanding that the Bey of Tunis, who had been dethroned, possessed the art of converting the baser metals into gold, restored him to his throne, on condition that he revealed the secret. The Bey put him with much pomp a plough!

THE YANKEE JOKE.

The following is from a little work entitled the "Handbook of Joking," recently published in London, and republished in the last Home Journal:

In order to be a Yankee joker many qualifications are requisite. First of all, repudiate truth; secondly, call everything a lie, but the truth; thirdly, the joker must be pretty well grounded in the works of Munchausen, and a firm believer in the veracity of Gulliver's travels. The Yankee joker must stick at nothing. After about six months sharp practice, something like the following may be perpetrated:—Talk of Crockett! why Ezekiel Nash, a genuine down-easter, could send him to eternal smash right slick off. Nash chews chain cables for "backy," takes gunpowder for snuff, and blows his nose with a tin pocket hankerchief; he sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red-hot. Instead of rats and mice, wolves and grisly bears prowl about his room at night, but he sleeps so sound he is obliged to be jumped out of the window every morning to wake him. Mother missed *him* when he was a baby, and found him at last seated on a hornet's nest, playing bonteap, with a couple of rattlesnakes.

As an infant Zekiel was a wonder, I guess; he had razors and bayonets for toys, walked in long boots when he was three days old, sucked hot coals and used to rub his gums with a nutmeg grater; they weaned him the very day he was born, and fed him on pap made of flint stones and lignumvitæ soaked in prussic acid. His appetite for a boy was awful; he once eat a buffalo and three parts of a horse and then asked if tea was ready. When Nash travels by rail, he gets out to walk a trifle of forty or fifty miles, and waits an hour or two till the train overtakes him. The engine comes up panting and blowing, and often says, with a forced laugh, "Bust my biler, Zekiel, but of all mortal critters, you's the biggest; I reckon your father was a flash of lightning, and your mother an airthquake. Darn me, if you aint an ornament to creation."

As a speculator, Nash is cruel lucky. He held some canal shares once, which went to such a premium, he was obliged to send the broker up in a balloon to sell out.

THE TASTES OF BROKERS.—There is a hungry looking man who prowls about the streets with bread crumbs in his hands. He watches his opportunity. Upon seeing respectable, charitable looking people he flings down the morsels before them, far in advance, and then manages to be picking up the food, and devouring it with an assumed voracity, just as the people pass. Ten to one but he gets a shpence for his performance. Again, a girl of about thirteen years old or younger, goes abroad with half a dozen half penny boxes of lucifer matches. In some great thoroughfare, and in the most dirty part of it, she lets wares. The matches are strewed all about, and she falls to work deliberately picking up one by one, the scattered matches. The passers by, to whom she does not even cast a glance, say, "Poor thing!" and many give her more than three times the value of her matches. This industrious young lady has been seen to repeat her profitable performance three times in one day.—*London paper.*

A TROUBLESOME CONGREGATION.—On Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that Sir Jamie Fleeming, had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come down, Jamie," said his reverence. "Come down, sir," answered Jamie; "they're a stiffnecked and rebellious generation, sir, an' it will tak' us both to manage them."

A TERRIBLE TIME.—"Well, there is a row over there to our house."

"What on arth's the matter, you little sarpint?"

"Why, dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, Sal's got married and run away, with the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pin, and Lu's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium tremens. That ain't all neither."

"What else upon airth?"

"Rose split the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens has got its head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and oh, how hungry I am."

AN IRISHMAN'S WIT.—The really witty of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeralder dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Elsler gyrations, and presented it to the lover, with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith, madam," said he, as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth, madam," replied Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eyes thanked me for both."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

HORRIBLE.—The Alabama State Guard of the 24th ult., contains an account of the killing of a little boy in the neighborhood of Sylacogge, Talladega county, by his own father, in a fit of derangement. A man Rhodum had been partially deranged for some time on the subject of Biblical offerings. In one of those fits he killed his son, and then piling rails and other wood upon the body he set fire to the whole.—The wife, finding out what he had done, sent for the neighbors. When afterwards asked why he did so, he said that he was making an offering of a lamb. The body was considerably burnt before it was taken from under the pile. Rhodum is confined, for the present, in jail.

PROTECTION FROM CHOLERA.—Chambers's Edinburg Journal maintains that electrical changes are true causes of such migratory diseases as cholera and plague, and indeed of all epidemics. The true remedy, therefore, is the purification of the atmosphere, and the chief agent to effect this is Chlorine gas, which is an ingredient in common salt. Whole streets and towns can be fumigated with chlorine gas as easily as single dwellings. In 1832, the town of Dumfarline in Scotland, was affected with the cholera, from the 3d of September until the 3d of October. At that date, every street, lane and alley was fumigated with chlorine gas. Within five days the pestilence was entirely annihilated. In Edinburg the gas was used, but rather late, and in several towns with equal effect. It was ascertained beyond a shadow of a doubt, and to this fact we beg the attention of our readers, and the public at large, that every house in the infected districts in which chlorine gas was used as a disinfecting agent in the cholera of 1832, enjoyed an absolute immunity from the disease, and this fact is the great preservative against the frightful disease, and a positive proof that cholera owes its origin to electrical changes in the atmosphere. Care must be taken in using the gas, as it is destructive of animal life; and must not be inhaled in the lungs.

THE LAST OF $3000.—A five dollar bill of the Fulton Bank passed through the hands of the Journal of Commerce on the back of which was written as follows:

"This is the last of three thousand dollars left me by my mother at her death, on the 27th day of Aug. 1840. Would to God she had never left it to me, and that I had been learned to work, and earn my living, I would not now be what I am."

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.—There could be no such thing as patience if there were no adversities to be endured; no such thing as contentedness, if there were no wants to be felt; no such thing as industry, if there were no pains to be taken; no such thing as humility, if sensible infirmities and crosses did not prompt us to sober thoughts, and show us what we are. There would be no true wisdom, no clear knowledge of ourselves, or right judgment of things, without experiencing the worst half of things. We should never learn to master our passions, or temper our appetites, or wrest our inclinations into compliance with reason, if that discipline were away, which the holy Psalmist intimateth, saying, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.* How much do we love God, how submissive are we to God's will, how little do we value these mean things here, we cannot otherwise than by willingly undergoing or patiently bearing affliction, well express; without it, no excellent example of goodness has ever been.—*Bertram.*

DID IT 'O PURPOSE.—An honest old fashioned Yankee farmer had an unruly bull, which had a remarkable love for the old farmer "in a *horn*," and a sincere *penchant* for giving his acquaintances and friends a lift in the world." One day the farmer was driving the bull home much against his inclination, and getting enraged, he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence into the road—but fortunately only slightly hurt him. The old man gained his equilibrium, and then saw the enraged animal sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground.—The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist at him exclaimed:

"Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it 'o purpose, darn you!"

NEW USE FOR CASTOR OIL.—The Alton (Ill.) Telegraph says: We were presented by Mr. E. Morse, of this city, with one of his candles manufactured from castor oil, and were induced to test its qualities with a sperm candle, and the light of the former was decidedly more brilliant and extensive than the latter. We could not discover the least unpleasant smell from burning the castor oil candle, and believe that they are well calculated to supersede entirely the use of the sperm candle. Mr. M. informs us that they could be afforded by the quantity at twenty-five cents per pound—about one-half the cost of sperm candles.

CHEER UP.—What if you have failed in business—you still have life and health. Do not sit down and cry over your misfortune, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting, and above all keep a merry heart, and you will be up in the world again.

EXPEDIENT OF A BEGGAR.—The starvation of a child is a strange and revolting sort of capital to trade upon; yet a woman in New York was detected in having famished her child so that it exhibited a sufficient degree of veracity to excite the commiseration of street passengers.—What a wretch and what a commentary on street begging!

CHEAP POSTAGE.—The French National Assembly has passed a bill for the reduction of postage on all inland letters, to four sous, or four cents. The same will go into effect on the 1st of January next. Russia has also established a penny postage throughout her great empire. Shall the United States be long behind these countries in this great reform which so vitally affects the common good of the common people.

VERMONT U. S. SENATOR.—On Tuesday last an election was held in the Vermont legislature, for a U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next, and the Hon. William Upham was re-elected. In the Senate, on the 1st ballot, the vote stood, for Upham 18, for Pilsbury 5, Scattering 4. In the House on the 3d ballot, Mr. Upham had 106 votes; Scattering 105 a bare majority. Mr. Upham was then proclaimed duly elected.