THE STAR AND BANNER.

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TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

On the pen that is immortal,
We the brilliant promise see:
"Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
And the truth shall make you free."

For the Truth, God, let us battle,
Hand to hand, breast to breast;
Long the breast that are not bleeding,
We have made and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
Keeps not what to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That its fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
In whatever he is a freeman—
He, at best, is but a slave.

He who scorn the Truth, and places
In high preferences under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a Man.

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
Be not thou like either them—
But to truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech and bold in action
Be forever!—This will beat,
Of the dice-quiet and the shrivish,
Which fulfil life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble ancient!
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a Felix trembles at expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thine enemies, accusers!
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And if thou hast Truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

Sorrow for the Dead.

The following touching lines are from the pen of a young officer in the U. S. Falmouth, now at Benecia, California, written to his sister on the death of a beloved mother, who departed life while he was absent. The circumstances of the case, especially the fact that the intelligence of her death came upon him unexpectedly, give peculiar interest to this affectionate tribute:

I've roamed over ocean, o'er hill and o'er dale,
O'er mountain, o'er valley, through sunshine and gale:
I've stood by the wreck, when the lightning's red glare
Revealed death and destruction, yet felt no despair.

I've mingled in battle, midst its wild roar and strife,
And ne'r felt a thought for a care for my life;
I've seen many friends lying stark in the air—
My heart was most sad, but I felt no despair.

When my hopes were all blighted, my peace wrecked and gone,
Where the scenery fled me, and my friends had all flown,
I felt lone and wretched, but my heart can declare
Though crushed, torn and weary—I felt no despair.

When the clouds hung about me, and black grew the night,
When sin mantled o'er me in its dark robe of night,
I looked sadly around me, my mother stood there,
She smiled, kissed and blest me—I felt no despair.

She has gone—she has fled from this dark vale of tears,
She has left me to mourn her, through nameless years,
But my spirit now broken—my brain racked with care—
I am lost—I'm distracted—I'm filled with despair.

Imaginary Evils.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life' troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith,—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit no suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But hear what God give thee to hear.
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow!
Start and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shower by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are of our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

Some sweet warbler in the London Times utters the following beautiful sentiment; lay it to heart; it contains gentle but heart-reaching rebuke:

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lispings win me,
Till tears start to mine eyes:
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And ever sings it mingleth
This lesson sang to me:
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we love our duty,
It ought to fill it full of love."

God there be light!—A Prayer-Hymn.

Songs in the night!

From troubled and broken night,
Out of the waves of darkness rolled,
Jehovah said: "Let there be Light!"
And there was Light.

The sun arose on clouds of gold,
And mountains sealed beneath its rays,
While streams ran shouting to the sea,
And birds hailed them by half the day,
With their first song for light so free.

The vine held up its fragrant head,
And kissed with balmy lips the air—
Whispering to the sky with speed,
To greet the sun, in glory there.

Sweet strains of joy from wood and sod—
From silver lake and blooming sea,
Went up for light—(*the smile of God*)—
That shines for all, forever free.

So shine the sun, o'er all the earth
To dispelling darkness with its rays,
May science smile, at every hearth,
The dawning light of better days.

And grant that binding scales may fall
From envious eyes that will not see,
That light will shine in hut and hall,
Where education will be free.

"Let there be light" o'er all the land,
From the sun in yonder sky,
Upon slavery vice, with leprous hand,
And crime, with gangreened heart, shall die.

"Let there be light," and caste shall cease,
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
And love plenty, smiling peace,
Shall most abound where light is free.

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

The Quakers During the American War.

George Dilwyn was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago, he came over to this country, on what is termed a "religious visit," and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's in Falmouth—an aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attention, not only for his powerful preaching, but for his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages from his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood to come, and hear and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture room.

Among other things he related, that during the time of the revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day, the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day by day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were standing around their enclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance, and thus the whole people were saved, and had a great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the seas shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently, to add to their distress, the wind sat in with unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town to retreat to their upper rooms. This, also, being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of man—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of our back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such security, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leather thong by which the latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering, without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defenses as they could muster—often then, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution that they slept without drawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and then secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of night the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterwards they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants—but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring, without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them. Parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years after, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident: in reply to which, an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding band that, on finding the door open, it was said—"These people shall live—they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence.—Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back, daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly, carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed he had deserted his principles, and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but at length getting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

THE GRAVE YARD.—There is something so solemn, so inspiring in a graveyard, that no pen can describe, no imagination conceive, no eye explore, the sentiments of the soul during a walk over this subterranean world, this receptacle of the dust. How fit a place for contemplation, 'mid the ashes of the departed, the illustrious, the gay or the sorrowful of other days. The Sun of Immortality beams more brightly here, sheds his genial rays more consolingly 'mid this purified earth.' Here may the mourner feel indeed, that

"Smitten friends are angels sent on errands full of love."

The grave! How many joys, sorrows, regrets, noble feelings and heroic sentiments, have gone with their once human possessor to the dust, 'neath the damp and heavy sod, which the dews of night, the light of morn, and the hot beaming sunshine of noon, alternately decorate and vivify. But though 'Death loves a shining mark,' and stays not his hands for art, fortune, talents angel bright,' what is the grave but the outer gates of life eternal!—and what is Death which but entombs the body, but the triumphs of the spirit infinite! This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.

THE IRON SHOES OF THE MACDONALDS.—About the period of the accession of James II. to the throne of Scotland, a degree of ferocity and cruelty existed in certain free-booters, which is never found in more recent times. A robber named MacDonald, head of a band in Rosshire, had plundered a poor widow, who in her anger exclaimed repeatedly that she would go to Edinburg to seek him. "It is a big journey," answered the barbarian, "and that you perform it the better, I will have you shod for the occasion." Accordingly he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's feet as if they had been those of a horse. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, determined to keep her word, and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburg, and throwing herself before James, in great resentment, caused MacDonald and twelve of his principle followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with shoes; in which painful condition, they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed.

KINDNESS.—A comedian came to America and remained here two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F. expatiating in the green room on such conduct, the commedian found a warm advocate in a well known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men, and I know that he writes to his wife by every packet."

"Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?"

"Decidedly," replied the other, "unremitting kindness."

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said that persons are preaching for them—that lawyers are pleading for them—that physicians are prescribing for them—that authors are writing for them—that soldiers are fighting for them—but that philosophers alone are enjoying them.

There are always two parties in the case of bargains—the gainer and the loser—and while the one is delighted with the advantage he has obtained, he thinks nothing of the necessities which have forced the other party to accept so offer. Few buyers or bargains think or care about taking this view of the subject.

The transient nature of the sorrow of children is best characterized by water, but by none so accurately as in the following lines by Mrs. Hemans:

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When the next sunbeam kisses down by,
And wipes the bush, the flower is dry.

WOMAN.—Man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise her without becoming better. This is a law of eternal justice.

HAPPINESS.—Grief murmurs, anger roars, impatience frets, but happiness, like a calm river, flows in quiet sunlight, without a ripple or a fall to mark the resting on of time towards eternity.

A dandy in Broadway a few mornings since accosted the old bellman as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

The Senate and the Senators.

The following off-hand sketch of the late Senate and its Legislators is from the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. He hits and misses indiscriminately on every side. We had a hearty laugh over it ourselves, and we give it that our readers may enjoy a similar pleasure:

It may not be *mal apropos*, after the close of the most prolonged and stupendous session of the American Congress which has ever occurred, to take a bird's eye retrospect of its men, measures and means. I shall, so far as the *persons* is concerned, confine my remarks to the Senate, which has been more especially under my supervision, though not, I rejoice to say, under my direction.

The *coup d'œil* of the Senate Chamber at the commencement of the session was quite different from what it was at the close. Death's doings have made a considerable change in the lineaments of the picture. Then the central figure in the foreground, upon the Whig side of the house, was Daniel Webster, familiarly known as Black Dan, and, on the Locofoco side, John C. Calhoun, both of whom have been removed by the grim monster, Death—one directly and the other incidentally, which last is, I suppose, the more pleasant method of dealing with his kingship.

Black Dan, alias the Godlike, as he has been cognomened by his especial admirers, is a sort of intellectual hippopotamus, or rather, no doubt I should say, an elephant, though I tried by the substitution of another powerful but unwieldy beast, to avoid the triteness of the comparison. It won't do. The elephant is the legitimate type of the man, trite or not.—He has immense power, bulk and weight, but no agility or experness in the use of his power. If he gets his foot on you, you are a dead man, but then there is no special necessity for you to get under his feet. He is good natured as long as he is well fed, and much prefers being let alone to being provoked, but when provoked his wrath is quite frightful to weak nerves. He is extremely useful in carrying heavy burdens and is fond of hunting in droves. It would be ungenerous, perhaps, to push the parallel further out, and affirm that Webster, like the elephant, can be trained to hunt his own kind, and do faithful service to his captors, against his own kith and kin. But some things that are ungenerous are true.

Calhoun has a strong personal resemblance to the devil. I judge from the portrait only of this latter personage as exhibited in Du Bemf's great painting of Adam and Eve. If Calhoun had set for the likeness it could not be better; and so strong has been the relation of ideas in my mind ever since I saw both, that I cannot possibly think of the South Carolinian, since his departure from earth, otherwise than as a head-devil in one of Swedenborg's infernal groups, striving, with desperate energy, to maintain the *equilibrium* between the infernal and supernal regions—which I take to be the pro-Slavery and the anti-Slavery potentialities of those Romishions. I speak of course of the Nullifier as a historical character, and without the slightest personal disrespect. Indeed I feel more toward either of the gentlemen last mentioned.

Another important figure in the group on the left of the Senate Chamber at the beginning of the session, not there at the end of it, was Tom Corwin—the modern Momus. Momus must have been fat, for flesh on the ribs and joviality have associated together from time immemorial. Tom Corwin is fat too, as he should be. But the flesh of him is not his only good quality. He is honest and discreet. Honest the whole world proclaims him, that is everybody who knows him, and discreet he certainly is for he did not make a speech during the whole session. He said the reason was that Seward had pointed at the truth and thrown the whole Senate and the country into convulsions, but that if he (Corwin) spoke, he should tell the truth straight out, which might be the death of them. Out of mercy therefore to the Senate and the country, as he couldn't lie, he kept still. Corwin is "chuck full" of genius. He wants cultivation and good taste.

Of the men who have taken the places of the great men who have been named the first is Mr. Winthrop, of Mass.,—a patrician, that is, I believe, etymologically, a man who has a father. He is a man of decided talent, but the unfortunate victim of respectability. Such men never lead, though they may be at the head. Thos. Ewing is simply a man of great good sense, what the western people call "horse sense." He does his own thinking, but thinks pretty much in the beaten tracks. Mr. Calhoun's successor also died, and of his successor I am not bound to speak.

There is no man in the Senate now, who is more observed or listened to by the strangers in the galleries than Hale of New Hampshire. With the exception of Mr. Clay himself, he is the greatest debater in the body. He is personally fearless and outspoken to what he believe to be right, but does not care to offend, perhaps, by taking a side he often, and by evincing so much readiness to display his ability as a speaker. Hamlin has some qualities for a Senator, because he knows all about the coasting trade. Bradbury, and Norris, would be respectable justices of the peace, to say the least. Upham is sick, and when he was well was neither very great or very handsome. Phelps turns round whenever he is punched in the ribs. The Rhode Island gentlemen are good natured and companionable. The Connecticut Senators are just good lawyers. Truman Smith has the credit, in addition, of being a party leader, but his looks and deportment deceive me much if he has the talent for intrigue. Davis, of Mass., is "honest John." Dickinson is a hunker.

Seward bewilders everybody by going straight forward, a thing so unexpected in a politician that it is the greatest puzzle of the day. Everybody persists in believing that he covers up under his startling simplicity of character some profound design, which their poor wits are utterly unable to fathom. He is the most mysterious character in Washington, simply because he has nothing to conceal. Cooper, of Pa., is rather scholastic, and Sturgeon rather stupid. Miller I presume, which he well; I don't know what other accomplishments he may have. Bayard will Peaceable gentleman. Wales and Spruance have the collocation and patronage the calibre of the Siamese twins. Hunter is a lazy, lounging, genteel and accomplished Virginian. Mason loves the foreigners" for the money they are worth, and growls like a bear with a sore head at everything. Badger buffets everybody with his wit. I have described him at length heretofore. Mangum gets drunk habitually.—Butler is a good fellow, quick to be angry, but bears no malice. Berrien is not a very old man, looking twenty years younger than he is—precise, elegant, scholastic and logical as a Martinet in the proprieties, only forgetting himself occasionally, when slavery is the subject. King is a sort of male spinster. He is great in small things. Paradise would have been barren for him if there were no points of order to settle there. Clemens is a Southern fanatic.—If he was not a lazy man he would be a dangerous one. Soule is only a smart lawyer, nothing more than that. I thought in the beginning of the session he might be, but it isn't in him. Downs is disposed to be rather honest, but has no conception of what it is to be so. Ewing is the kaleidescopic Senator, ubiquitous, erratic, and generally erroneous as well. Davis, of Mississippi, is the first man in the Senate in his own estimation. He has an accurate, hair-splitting turn of mind with some pretty accurate information, such as comes from a West Point education. Sam Houston is a puff-ball of vanity, with certain contradictions of character requiring more time than I have now to distinguish them. He is tolerably good material on the whole, for a locofoco candidate for Presidency.—Rusk is honest, moderate in talent, but growing into habits of industry. Sebastian knows all about Indian affairs. Borland all about printing. Men who have knowledge of some speciality of that sort are useful, if they can be trusted. Bell blathers too much. Turney is a one-idea, Southern bigot. Underwood blathers more than bell. Clay—every body knows Harry Clay, and knows all about him.—So of old Bullion. Atchison is a daring, tobacco-chewing Western locofoco. I believe a very "good fellow" withal. The Senators from Iowa are rather young as the State is. By the way, I forgot there was my such State as Florida, and I hardly think it worth while to go back.

Judge Douglas, of Illinois, is a genial and active working member of the Senate. He is replete with statistical information, and knows the ropes in the practical business of legislation. Bright is not so bright, in fact he is rather foggy. Shields enjoys being a Senator. So does Whitcomb.—Gen. Dodge of Wisconsin is a respectable old gentleman. Walker is always getting his feelings hurt. Gen. Case is pretty good at being absent on a critical vote and has the utmost seperation for 30 years ago. He loves his country, dearly. Felch has a special knowledge of land office matters, and is useful. Chase makes friends and commands respect. He is above mediocrity in talent. California has men that do her credit. The list is a long one. Sixty two Senators fill the Seats of the Senate Chamber, when every Senator is in his place. This is a hurried glance at the men from every part of the broad land who compose the body into which the exciting subject of slavery was thrown at the commencement of the session, and by which it was battled and discussed for many a weary month to the exclusion of almost every thing else until they thought they had settled it, and so gave it forth to the world.

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.—The Louisville Democrat has a good anecdote of Jenny. At Bremen, it appears, after a performance, she became aware of an intention on the part of the crowd to draw her in her carriage.

As she desired to avoid the annoyance, she requested the manager, who was a corpulent, unwieldy, bulk of humanity, to precede her in his own carriage, which was in waiting, while she would slip off in some private conveyance. Jenny's carriage had scarcely moved when it was assailed by a band of students, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the driver, unhitched the horses, and attaching themselves to the vehicle, dragged it along with shouts of triumph.

The complaisant big gentleman in the inside relished this demonstration of homage as a compliment to himself, for having secured the services of Miss Lind. While congratulating himself upon this evidence of his immense popularity, the carriage drew up before the hotel, and the stranger descended, bowing and smiling under a profuse shower of elegant bouquets, which rained upon him from all directions. When the blonde durst not trust, instead of the trial-horse of Jenny Lind, they had been hauling three hundred and fifty pounds of solid masculine flesh through the muddy streets, their rage knew no bounds.—Their shouts of admiration turned to yells of revenge. They rushed upon the oily gentleman to mob him, but he succeeded in toddling into the hotel, nearly dead with fright, just in time to save his bacon.

An American was once eulogizing the manners and customs of his countrymen in presence of an Englishmen, when John Bull exclaimed:—"'Taint horiginal, 'tain't horiginal; you Hamericans follow us in heverything." "Yes," answer Jonathan, quietly, "our soldiers acted on that principle with yours in battle."

AMIN BEY has been visiting the public schools of Boston, and was much surprised to find that the girls knew anything.—He has been quite hospitably lionized in the National city.

"No woman is educated," says Burnap, "who is not equal to the successful management of a family."

A BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE, OF VERMONT.

Within a little dell.

No robin to that spot would fly,
Except a "bird of ill omen;"
For there was neither bush nor tree,
To shield it from the storm or sun,
Or even a single stone.

A cruel and unbroken waste,
Of cold and cheerless sand,
Where not a single blade of grass
Was ever seen to stand,
Or even the lines of life.

His neighbors thought it strange,
For nature had not made it so,
But that he was deranged.

He never spoke a word,
Except a "word of one syllable,"
And that was heard
Only at dinner time,
When he would call for food.

A certain calling had he,
To lead his flock in winter time—
In short, he was a fisherman,
All other toils forsook,
Save trudging to market with his fish,
Which was his only task.

He lived by "cook and crook."
All day that fisherman would sit
Upon a chicken coop,
And gaze upon the water like,
Some celestial frog.

A casting shrimp was he,
And when he snatched his ugly prey,
He found the most adventurous way
To land it in the coop.

He fixed the bait on the hook,
And though his toes and fin
Were all the while getting cold,
He never once gave in.

And many a gudgeon of the pool,
If made to speak to-day,
Would vouch with grief, the angler had
A mighty catching way.

One day, while fishing on a log,
He slumped his foot full deep,
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking caught a shark.

Alas, but for the fisherman,
That token was much grim,
For being but a landsman, he
He couldn't "carry the day."

In vain he strove, with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went, in spite of all
He'd wished to "scare up" more.

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear;
A single stick to which a man
Is wedded, may be dear.

And he who will not "turn the tide,"
And keep the middle path,
May be, in spite of what he may,
A cold water man at last.

A SULTAN'S JOKE.

From the Yale Sketches of Greece and Turkey.

An accident, which occurred soon after the accession of the present Sultan, shows that in some respects, at least, he is not disposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the begining of his reign the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the Muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful Prince. One day, as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath it uttering, in a solemn tone, the words, "I burn." The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears—"I burn"—was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed, in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been unfortunate, a great reformer, and that, as such, it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world.—The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard. One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mahometan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words, "I burn!" and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the Muftis interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warning as to its consequence.—The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them, was found—not a burning Sultan, but a Dervise,—the young monarch regarded him fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the Dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately was in the Bosphorus.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Some twenty years ago I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away eleven months, during which time I had heard no news from the United States, either private or public. Off Barnegat we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief a most plentiful supply.

"Well," said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?"

He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, "Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel."

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but, the news, friend, what's the news?"

"Well," said he, "there was a great crop on 'em last fall!"

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, "tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politikil," said the fisherman, standing silent for a few moments. "Politikil I d'ye see that fellow in my boat yonder?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of about eighteen. "Wal, captain, that are chap made two hundred dollars last winter."

There was no use in trying to get any thing out of him, so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the coast I again met the fisherman. He remembered me, took out the identical handanna that I had given him, waved it with a cheer above his head and swore that I should have the best and biggest of all the fish he had.—I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news," I enquired, "who's President?"—it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "D'ye recollect my boy that I had in the smack with me—the one that made two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wall!" he replied his hard eyes becoming watery, "the little cuss is dead!"

"And that," said the captain in conclusion, "is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat."

AUTHOR OF THE MORMON BIBLE.—The New England Puritan states that at a public meeting held lately in Cherry Valley, Judge Campbell said:

"Rev. Solomon Spaulding, one of the earliest preceptors of the academy at Cherry Valley, was the actual composer of most of what is known as the Mormon Bible. He wrote it during a period of ill health, to beguile some of his weary hours, and also to offer it for publication as a romance. Dr. Robert Campbell, late of Cherry Valley, and foster father of the first Mrs. Grant of the Nestorian mission, calling some years since upon Mr. Spaulding, had the manuscript of this notable book shown to him, and was also informed by Mr. Spaulding that he had hopes of reaping some pecuniary advantage from it for himself and family. Mr. Spaulding has been dead some years, though it is believed that his wife is still living in the United States. How it passed from the possession of his family into the hands of Joe Smith, it is probable that Mrs. S. could tell."

THE LODGING GLASS RAT TRAP.—The Journal of the Franklin Institute contains the specifications of a patented mouse-trap. This improved mode of body-snatching is as follows:

"A savory piece of toasted cheese is suspended on a hook. Enter rat. A small mirror is so adjusted that the rat sees his shadow in the glass, (just as Richard did,) and, not recognizing himself at first sight, thinks that some other rat is aiming for the cheese. He rushes in to head off his rival. The board he treads on is a deceiver. It is supported by a weak spring which yields under his weight and precipitates him into a lower story of the trap, when the floor flies up to resume its place. Another rat comes along—sees the reflection of his predecessor as well as his own, and thinks two rats are fighting for the cheese. In he goes, down he goes—and so on, *totties quoties*."

LANGUAGE OF NATURE.—Is there no Morse, to make the shadow of a tree work like a pen in the sun's hand, and keep a diary as it goes round—to make a breeze tell what it reads, as it turns over the leaves in the forest—to take down the meanings of Nature, and "write words" for the eternal "airs with accompaniments" given us by the winds and running brooks? What do you suppose the angels think of our knowledge of what is about us? I shall be surprised, a hundred years hence, if I do not look back upon the world, and find that we have walked like flies in a library; complacently philandering over the backs of volumes of secrets for which our poor buzz contained no articulation!—N. P. WILLIS.—*Home Jour.*

STORING WINTER CABBAGES.—Such cabbages as you wish to keep through the winter and early spring, may be pulled up by the roots, and arranged in compact rows, with their heads downwards, resting on the surface of the ground, so that their stalks will stand upright in the *air*; then they may be covered with straw and earth, and treated in every other respect as directed for root crops. Should the weather be unusually warm, the earth and straw should be opened to let in the air. They may be put down as late in the fall as the condition of the cabbage and the severity of the weather will permit.

THE LABORER.

The laborer, the laborer,
God's noblest man is he—
His works are graven on the rock,
They float on every sea;
The key-stone in the social arch,
Utility his crest;
His days are spent in manly toil,
His nights yield balmy rest.

Counterfeit $2 notes on the Franklin Banking Company are in circulation.