THE STAR AND BANNER.

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New and Beautiful Poem.

BY JAMES NACK.

The following is a poem of singular beauty. The very flow of the rythm answers Milton's description of music. The "Little Friend," whoever she may be, is to be envied her principle of being a ministering angel to one of the best of hearts and gifted of minds, and she will not lose her reward; for, as Miss Landon remarks, "A poet's love is immortality;" and a poem like this is of itself sufficient to insure it to the subject that inspired it.—*Home Journal.*

WHY DO I LOVE HER SO?

A weary life is mine at best—
Few pleasures mine that others share—
And oft by lonely thoughts oppressed,
It seems that I might well despair:
But when my "Little Friend" I see,
A pleasant thing is life to me!
To know that she is at my side,
To hold her little hand in mine,
To watch her eyes that fondly shine,
Here cherub face that brightens up
With love's intelligence divine—
With this my soul is satified,
And drains a pure, refreshing cup
Of calm and quiet happiness;
In sweet content I then repose
From sorrow's pangs, and passion's throes,
Without a wish save not to stir
From one whose very look can bless!
Some wonder what I find in her
My heart so strongly to impress—
A clever child, they must confess,
But nothing more, for all they see,
Than other children of her age,
Who scarce one thought of mine engage;
Whence cometh then the witchery
That sways me in her sweet control?
Save I, may never know her worth;
For we have spoken soul to soul,
And met in spirit face to face,
When all her mind's immortal grace,
Love, truth and goodness, shone revealed,
In beauty from the world concealed,
'Twas in an hour of bitter pain,
When the long agony of years
Was crowded in a moment's space—
When friends seemed false and love was vain—
And the wrung heart and burning brain
Could only find relief in tears—
For I despaired of earthly good—
She—I scarce knew whence or how—
A light and glory round her brow;
Sublimely beautiful she stood;
For all of earth had left her face,
And all of heaven I there might trace.
Her look sustained my heart and cheered;
Her words my wounded spirit healed;
The child, the mortal, disappeared,
And God's own angel stood revealed!
Then did we soul with soul combine—
So I am hers, and she is mine—
Forever hers! forever mine!
Forth in the world I see her go,
A common child to common eyes—
To mine, a star of Paradise.
Unearthly, beautiful, divine!
No wonder that I loved her so.

Gen. Jackson and the Rev. Dr. Durbin.

We find the following anecdote in the Boston Record—with this remark. "It is a good story, even if not true."

In the winter of 1832, President Jackson conferred the mission to Russia on a justly distinguished son of Pennsylvania. Before the newly appointed minister, however had departed on his mission, he deemed it due to the President to ask his counsel in reference to the selection of a secretary of legation. The President declined all interference, and remarked to the Minister that the U. S. Government would hold him responsible for the manner in which he discharged his duties, and that he would consequently be at liberty to choose his own Secretary.

This minister returned his respectful acknowledgments, but before taking a final leave, sought his especial advice in regard to a young gentleman then in the service of the State Department, and who was highly recommended by the (then) Secretary. Gen. Jackson promptly said, "I advise you, sir, not to take that man, *he is not a good judge of preaching.*" The minister seemed puzzled, and observed that the objection needed explanation.

"I am able to give it," said the old hero, and he thus continued: "On last Sabbath morning, I attended divine service in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city. There I listened to a soul-inspiring sermon by Professor Durbin, of Carlisle, one of the ablest pulpit orators in America. Seated in a pew near me, I observed this identical young man, apparently an attentive listener. On the day following, he came into my chamber on public business, when I had the curiosity to ask his opinion of the sermon and the preacher.

"And what think you, the young upstart with consummate assurance, pronounced that sermon all froth, and professor Durbin a humbug.

"I took the liberty of saying to him—"*My young man, you are a humbug yourself and don't know it.*" "And now," continued the venerable old man, his eye lit up with intense animation, "rest assured, my dear sir, that a man who is not a better judge of preaching than that, is wholly unfit to be your companion." "And besides," he added, "if he were the prodigy the Secretary of State represents him to be, he would be less anxious to confer his services upon you—he would be more anxious to retain him." The President's advice was of course followed by the ambassador, and the young man's subsequent career of vice and folly proved the General's estimate of character, albeit founded upon a common place incident was substantially correct.

Prudent men look upon their motives, letting familiars have a key to their garden.

He who has made himself good company can never be too much alone.

THE DISCHARGED WORKMAN.

"James, you are an excellent workman," said one of the proprietors of a large establishment to one of the journeymen, "I am quite satisfied with your conduct; during the ten years you have been employed in our factory you have gained every one's esteem and friendship: but you see how it is, we have nothing more to do; business is at an end: you must keep up your spirits, my poor James; as soon as anything offers I will let you know; till then I have no occasion for your services."

The workman heard these words; his eyes were mournfully fixed upon the ground; he stretched forth his hand to receive the amount of his last week's wages, and a certificate of character.

Unable to utter a single word, he slowly took the road homeward; the tears dropped from his eyes, and sorrowfully he exclaimed, "My wife, my poor children!"—for James was the father of a family; his son was six years old, his daughter could hardly walk, and the youngest was at the breast.

He entered: his wife and children ran to embrace him. James folded them in his arms; and from his thoughtful and desponding looks, it was evident to his wife that some secret uneasiness was preying about him. "What is the matter, husband?" asked she.

"No more work!" exclaimed he trembling in his chair.

"No more work!" repeated the mother in a voice of agony.

"No more work!" echoed little Francis in his turn; and the three looked at each other with the air of stupefaction.

James wept no longer; it was his duty to give them an example of resignation, but the burning tears of the anxious mother fell upon the little hands of the infant she held in her arms, and which smiling caressed her.

"Don't despair, James!" said the wife, "to-morrow you must try and find something to do; God never deserts his children.

"Oh, yes! wife," replied the husband, "I will do so. Here are my eighteen francs for the week; make them last as long as you can."

Francis was soon despatched with ten francs to pay the baker; it was the amount of a whole week's consumption, and the credit of the poor is generally limited.

Next day James left his home very early. All his efforts to get employment were useless; in vain he depicted the distress of his family and exhibited his certificate; the greater part of the factories were idle. He returned, and his wife asked him no questions; the dejection of his countenance sufficiently attested his want of success.

A week passed on in this manner, and each evening James came home more wretched than the preceding; the intense coldness of the winter, still increased the sufferings of his family. The children were kept in bed, for James had no more wood: the poor little creatures had had no supper; it was Saturday night, and the baker had refused any more bread on credit. Already the mother, deprived as she was of food, could afford her babe but little nourishment, and the innocent's restlessness betrayed its hunger.

Meanwhile the child awoke, and crying, asked for bread; at this sight James became the image of despair, he hurriedly paced the chamber to and fro, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand, a cold sweat covered his body: he suddenly sat down cold and motionless as a marble statue.

"You look at me," said his wife with surprise, "and yet you do not appear to see me!—James, my dear, what ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing, wife," was his hasty reply, "they weep—they are famishing—they shall have bread!"

So saying, he rushed out of the room, and disappeared. His wife uttered a piercing scream: "James! James! where are you going?"

But James did not hear her, the slamming of the alley door, announced to her that her husband was already in the street. Poor wife! unhappy mother! your presentiment is just; the thought of crime had entered his paternal heart!

It was eleven o'clock; from the severity of the weather, the obscure street in which he lived was almost deserted. The first person James met was a workman returning from his day's labor, singing merrily "Ah!" said he to himself. "he is happy—he has work—or at least he has children at home starving. Pass on, pass on, comrade you have nothing to fear from me."

He again heard the hasty footsteps of some one approaching; it was a young man wrapped up in a large cloak, the scarlet lining of which was conspicuous from afar. James rushed upon him, and seizing him by the arm—"Your purse!" cried he with a terrible voice, "your purse!"

"My friend," said the young man, startled at his sudden appearance, "you are following but a very wretched business—but I will satisfy you—here is my purse."

"How much is there in it?"

"Three louis, I believe, and two pieces of five francs."

James took out of the purse the two five franc pieces and gave the rest back to the owner. "Sir," said he in a milder tone, "I only want ten francs," and left him.

The astonished young man followed the robber with his eye, and saw him hurrying into a neighboring baker's; he soon came out with a loaf under his arm and disappeared in the darkness. He readily conjectured that necessity alone had driven this man to the commission of crime, and he himself entered the shop.

"Who is that person that just bought a loaf here?" he inquired.

"Ah! sir," answered the baker's wife, "he is a poor mechanic, burdened with a family; he lives in the house yonder, in the fifth story, where you see the light in the windows. He owed me ten francs which he has just paid me; they are honest folks, but we can't afford long credit to the poor. I wish them well."

"Well, madam," said the stranger, "here are ten francs more; furnish them with bread until that sum is exhausted.—I will see you again."

James went home—he dashed the bread on the table. "There, wife! let the children eat, and eat yourself; as for me I have no appetite. They will not want for bread this week; I have made an arrangement with the baker;" and he went to bed. His slumbers were broken and uneasy, and his wife heard him mutter the words, "Robber! Highway Robber!"

Daylight appeared; James did not go out; he seated himself at the window to breathe freely. It was already ten o'clock but his wife had not dared to say a word to him, so gloomy and dejected did he appear. From the window where he sat motionless, he perceived two men—one of them wore a cloak with scarlet lining! He mechanically drew back into the room and ran towards the staircase. The two strangers were already coming up—his self-possession left him—despair was imprinted upon his features—his complexion assumed the lividness of death; he folded his wife and three children in his embrace, passed into a closet adjoining the room, and closed the door after him.

Meanwhile some one knocked, and the wife saw two strangers enter.

"Madam," said one of them, "you are poor, and I have brought you some assistance."

"Ah! sir, heaven has sent you! Oh, yes, yes, we are indeed poor! James! James! come here, I told you so: God never deserts his children!" But James answered not. His wife rushed into the closet—he was not there!

At the same instant frightful cries were heard in the street; a large crowd assembled around the door—they raised a man who had just thrown himself from the fifth story—it was the mangled and lifeless body of JAMES!

A Pretty Song.

It is not often now-a-days that we meet with a pretty song, but here is certainly a very charming serenade by Richard Henry Stoddard, who has published, or is about to publish, a volume of poems:

The moon is muffled in a cloud
That folds the lover's star.
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my light guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wreathed lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not, her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep—
But Music turns the golden key
Within the gate of Sleep!

Then let her sleep, and if I fail
To set her spirit free,
My song will mingle in her dream,
And she will dream of me.

Diamond Dust.

Wherever there is a heart and intellect, the diseases of the physical frame are tinged with their peculiarities.

Persons who speculate the most boldly often conform with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society; the thought suffices them, without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action!

Great is the number of those who might attain to true wisdom if they did not already think themselves wise.

Whoever spends his early years in pitiful society, though at an after period he may have the choice of better, will yet constantly look back with longing towards that which he enjoyed of old, and which has left its impression blended with the memory of all his young and unreturning pleasures.

They who do not the best they can with what they have would hardly do better with more.

It is a common error to estimate the value of things by their rarity rather than by their utility.

A virtuous mind chooses such amusements as least tend to vitiate the affections.

It is difficult for the wisest of us to tell out of what trifles our prejudices and opinions have been gradually composed.

Those who will not learn to speak *a propos* should learn to hold their peace, for it is much better to speak nothing than to bolt out follies.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

Frightened them into it.

A few winters since, (says the Augusta Farmer,) a double-fisted, athletic, sun-burnt young farmer of this town, who, by industry and studiousness during his leisure hours, has treasured up a fair amount of knowledge, took it into his heard that he could make something at "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Accordingly he presented himself before the school committee, passed an examination, received the necessary credentials for teaching, and then made application to the agent of a school district, in a town just below us, to teach the winter school. The agent told him that it was a very difficult one to manage—that there were many roguish, fractious, pugnacious boys in the district, some of whom were men grown—that they frequently "turned the master out," broke up the school, &c. &c. All this did not in the least intimidate our hero, who was bent on teaching. He said to the agent that, with his consent, he would commence the school, and if he did not "keep it out," and give general satisfaction, he would not charge a picayune for his services. With this proviso, the agent concluded to let him go ahead. He commenced his labors. The three first days he permitted the scholars to do about as they pleased, for the purpose of singling out the unruly ones. At the close of the third day, he requested all the pupils to remain a few moments, as he had a code of rules and regulations which he wished to lay before them. This done, drawing himself up to his full height, he, in a calmn but determined manner, addressed them as follows:

"Now, all I have to say in conclusion is, that if any of you are determined to violate these rules and regulations, you had better, for convenience sake, *immediately speak for your coffins!*"

Our farmer school-teacher had no farther difficulty—his rules were not violated—he kept the school out, giving unbounded satisfaction. Every time a scholar's mischievous propensity would rise, the faithful little monitor within would whisper "coffin," and this word carried with it the desired corrective—terror.

Inscription on the Tomb of Mrs. Hemans.

Calm on the bosom of my God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

A COURT SCENE IN ARKANSAS.—*The Camden* (Ark.) *Herald* relates the following:

Judge Q.. who is a man possessed of the usual *quantum* of judicial dignity, and never suffers it to be run over without a word of explanation from the offender, was administering justice in the town of ———. The court was proceeding rapidly in the dispatch of the public business, with an unusual degree of quietude, except the steady peals of the full-toned and eloquent voice of Col. W———, the zealous State's attorney, when all at once, out in the street, hard by the court-house, a loud voice was heard, making a horrid use of King's English, and threatening great abuse of the human form divine, in this wise: "Just hit me if you dare with that stick, and I wish I may be chawed up if I don't knock the death groans out of your ribs!" This attracted the Court's attention, and caused the speaker to halt.

"Mr. Sheriff bring that belligerent into court," said the judge.

The sheriff obeyed, and brought in by the sleeve a liberal specimen of Nature's works in the shape of a man about six feet four inches in his brogans, not a bad face, but indicative of an inordinate passion for fat beef and "*bust-head.*"

"Is that the man raising that disturbance out-doors?" said the Court.

"Well, I 'spose I is, if you call talking *yearnest* raising a fuss," replied the offender.

The Court commenced one of his moral lectures, for which he is so remarkable, strongly animadverting upon the great criminality of swearing, fighting, &c., &c., when the offender, with great earnestness spread over his countenance, something like a mixture of a laugh and cry, interrupted the Court and said:

"Stop, Judge, and let me tell you the *rale* circumstances of it. I warnt the digressor. He draw'd on me a stick full two feet over, and made *circumlocutory* motions about my head, and I jist *congealed* myself on to my dignity, and *suspended* myself on my rights—that's all."

The speech broke the thread of the Court's remarks, and for several minutes, with his underlip between his teeth, he turned over the leaves of his docket. At length he said, "Let the *gentleman* retire for this time." As the hero of this sketch passed out of the door he was heard to say—"Be *jeemany I cornered* the Court that time."

Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, President of her university, used to say to his students, "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt?—Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements.—Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lass that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt."

True Wisdom.

True wisdom looks upward, and places her treasure
Where the withering fight of decay is never known;
Then finds it at last by the river of pleasure
That ceaselessly flows by Immanuel's throne.

Sermon of Dow, Jr.

TEXT—"If ye are honest, honorable men, Go ye and pay the printer."

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the night mare, galls the soul, frets and shaves every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it dryer than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

Oh, you ungrateful sinner! if you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society like a Giraffe; be respected by the wise and good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortifications of repeated duns, and escape from falling in the clutches of the devil, or the hands of lawyers, which is about one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for to-morrow—because there is no to-morrow; it is a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises; an addled egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope; the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to loose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate.—But, let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles—your children will die of dysentery, and yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I enquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his *printer*? He hesitated a moment, and then said he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good bye to the world. His desires were immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let him be an example for you my friends. Patronize the printer, take the pay for them in advance; and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with happiness.

Wholesome Advice.

Eat only what is proper food,
Drink only that which does you good,
Spend only what you can afford,
Lend only what will be restored—
Then you will have no cause to say,
"I was a fool on yesterday."

The President and his Coachman.

We heard the following good story a few days ago, related by one of the high dignitaries of the land—Tom Corwin—whose inimitable manner of relating the same, we are sorry cannot be committed to paper.

President Fillmore upon his elevation to the presidential chair was obliged, in conformity with the dignity of his new station, to purchase a carriage and horses—the horses were soon obtained—and Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, offered to dispose of his fine coach, which was accordingly sent to the new President for his inspection.

Irish Jemmy, the White House Coachman, was on hand when Mr. Fillmore called at the stable to inspect it, and wishing an opinion from Jemmy as to the fitness of the coach, asked if he thought it fine enough.

"Och it's a good coach, yer honor," said Jemmy.

"But is it good *enough*, Jemmy?" said the President.

Jemmy, with a doubtful scratch of the head—answered again in the same manner; when Mr. F. wanting a positive answer, said,

"Jimmy do you think a second-hand carriage would do for a President?"

"Och," said Jemmy, "remember *your honor's a second hand President*, and sure its just right."

The President took the coach.

A Mohammedan Wedding.

One day we were informed that a Moorish wedding was to take place. Not even the bridegroom had yet seen his bride, though she was represented as one of the loveliest creatures in creation, and only sixteen years of age. In the evening a fantastic procession passed our door, preceded by the firing of guns and the unrestrained merriment of human voices. At length came the bridegroom like a triumphant victor, escorting his yet unseen conquest to his own house, where arrangements had been made for the marriage ceremony to be performed. He was clad from head to foot in snowy apparel, and mounted on a noble milk-white steed.—His appearance was extremely commanding and majestic, while the enthusiasm of youth and the vigor of manhood were clearly expressed in his full and darkly glancing eye. After him followed the concourse of his rejoicing friends, in the midst of whom was a mule, led by two Moors, having on his back an ornamental cage, or box, scarcely more than four feet square, within which, and secure from public scrutiny, was the hallowed person of the bride. The procession passed by, and the beautiful Moorish girl was soon resigned to the protecting arms of her husband, though only to share, perhaps, with several others, the enviable sovereignty of heart. A monopoly of affections is seldom to be met with in the land of the Moor. Variety and change seem indispensably necessary to keep the sacred spark of love alive.—*Notes of an Attache in Spain.*

[From the London Examiner.

To the President of France.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Hast thou forgotten, thou dark villain
Than he who clung to Helen's knees,
Rather thus fall among the brave—
Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful night,
Disdained to hurl thee to thy grave?
Forgotten the chain'd eagle, hoary,
Shaken by ridicule and scorn,
Up Boulogne's proud columnar hill?
Twice traitor, art a million's traitor
Raised the a third time from the dust,
For what? . . . to be a traitor still?

The hands that thrust thy uncle down,
And threw into his face his crown,
Contemptuous, were held forth to thee;
Not for thy valor or thy worth,
Believe me, were those hands held forth,
No, but from joy that thou wert free.

O, brow of brass! O heart of stone!
Dost thou of Europe's sons alone
Repel the exile from thy shore,
Whom Plague's implacable disease,
Whom murderous men, tempestuous seas,
Had spared, whose wrongs for worlds deplore?

Him, when the sons of Ishmael saw
The man who gave free men the law,
They stop the camel train to gaze;
For in the desert they had heard
The miracles of Koseuth's word,
The myriad voices of his praise.

Him, ever mindful of her trust,
America, the firm, the just,
Beneath her salutary star
Invokes, and bears across the main,
Until his native land again
Avenges an unrighteous war.

England! I glory that mine eyes
First opened on the glorious skies,
Where the most valiant of mankind
Bear gentlest hearts; I glory most
At the proud welcome on thy coast
Of him, the brave, the pure, the wise.

My England! look across the Strait!
Behold the chief whom thou made late,
But fear to touch; because the Czar
Nods at him from his saddle-bow,
And says, "*If any strike a blow*
Against my slave, I rush to war."

Safe art thou, Louis!—for a time—
But tremble—never yet was crime,
Beyond one little space, secure.
The coward and the brave alike
Can wait and watch, can rush and strike—
Which marks thee? One of them, be sure.

Some men love fame, despising power,
Well sheltered from its sultry hour;
And some love power, despising fame;
Among the crowd of these art thou,
And soon shalt reach it—but below
A Jellachich and Gorgey's name.

October 7.

Hebrew exemption from Cholera.

A report of the London Board of Health, drawn up for a committee of the House of Commons, is filled with strange and interesting statistics concerning that mysterious disease. To one incident recorded in its pages we will venture to draw the attention of our readers. When the cholera was raging in London some twelve months ago, it was frequently remarked by the newspapers that the Jews were, strangely enough, exempt from the disease. The reports were considered as idle rumors, and frequently contradicted; but it now appears that out of a population of over 20,000 of the chosen people, besides 20,000 Portuguese, only 13 cases of cholera occurred, and the same immunity was observed during the epidemic of 1832. These people, too, it must be observed, inhabit for the most part, the foulest and most unhealthy portion of the metropolis.

How is such a fortunate exemption to be accounted for! It has never been supposed, we believe, that any superior mortality on the part of the Hebrews entitled them to special favors, nor as a class have they generally been exempt from a full share of suffering and persecution. The causes are simple enough when explained as they are by the Board of Health, and the facts they disclose convey an impressive and useful moral. The lower classes of Jews, however poor they may be, never crowd more than one family into the same room, whereas, among the lower orders of other communities—especially the Irish—several families pig together in one apartment. Again, the Jews are a class not given to the abuse of intoxicating liquors.—One of the commissioners of inquiry says: "I have had during the last twenty years much intercourse with the Jews, and I can not recall to mind a single instance of drunkenness in any family I have visited. In virtue of their religion they are particular in their food. All shell fish is avoided, and the meat exposed for sale is inspected by an officer appointed for the purpose, and if any disease is found it is condemned.—Sabbath rest is, for the most part, strictly observed. The Jews are enable from religious motives, to enter the workhouse, and the poor being comparatively few in number, are relieved by the more wealthy of their own persuasion. Relieving officers inquire into distress, which being relieved, extreme destitution is avoided. The passover enjoins every Jew to have his house thoroughly cleansed annually, and the rooms of the lower classes are annually "lime washed." There is an instructive lesson here for those who will take it.—*Saturday Times.*

NOT VICIOUS BUT PLAYFUL.—"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Trotter?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir—the only fault he has—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending the hinder hoofs now and then."

"By 'extending the hinder hoofs,' you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green—but its only a slight exertion of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

Exit Green, whistling.

Rats may be expelled from your cellars and granaries simply by scattering a few stalks and leaves of *mullen* in their paths. There is something very annoying in this plant to the rat. It affords, therefore, a very easy remedy for a most perplexing evil, and much more economical and less troublesome than gunpowder, "rat exterminator," cats, or traps. The mullen is a very common production, and may be found in almost every field, as well as in pastures, and on the sides of the highways.

The greatest advantages without virtue are real losses.

Noble Conduct.

A correspondent of the Blair county (Pa.) Whig furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident, of which he was an eye-witness.—It occurred a few years ago, on the line of the great internal improvements of this State. It is one of those scenes of genuine kind heartedness which fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still in our common nature."

At the point this side of the mountain, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train are starting on its way "through" to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few minutes after a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something in this wise:

"Sir, we wish to go East, but our further progress to-day depends on you. In the cars we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes we remain; what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through your committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To this very unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was eaten up by that canker worm—consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly,

"Oh! sir," said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectations, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind! You see, sir, I am dying; but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, air, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go," replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip."

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the committee before embarking their property.

A moment more, and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars with the sick man cradled in his arms. Pushing directly through the crowd with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the obscurest part of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and, in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white-haired man, who, with tears starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man that he had taught them a lesson; that they were humbled before him, and they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of sympathy was broken up, in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a God speed! on his way home to die in the arms of his mother.

The true-hearted Captain of the boat was SAMUEL D. KARR, and the above incident is worth remembering.

"NOT BORN TO BE DROWNED."—The following touching incident is related in a letter from Yarmouth, England, dated the 7th instant, written by a lady, and giving an account of the disastrous results of the late shipwrecks upon the east coast:

"Last Friday a dear little babe, supposed to be about four months old, was picked up in the ruffle, off Yarmouth. Its long clothes prevented it from sinking; it was fast asleep, and almost benumbed with cold. There was no trace of any ship in sight, or of any boat for miles around; and it was supposed that the vessel from which it had been thrown had sunk, and all hands perished. The captain who picked it up lives at Yarmouth, and intends to rear it as his own. He allows the people who come in crowds, to see it, and I have seen it among the real. It is a sweet babe."

"SEE THEE, WHO'LL BE INVITED."—It is the custom, as we learn from an esteemed friend, in all parts of Scotland, to send invitations, when a death occurs in a family, to all the neighbors to attend the funeral. On one occasion, a neighbor was omitted by the bereaved family, in the usual invitation, a feud having arisen between them. On the day of the funeral, while the people were assembling, the slighted "auld wife" stood in her door and watched the gathering. At length, unable to bear up under her bereavement any longer, she exclaimed—

"Aweel! aweel! we'll ha'e a corpse o'our ain in our ain house *some day!—see then* who'll be invited!"

A lazy over-fed lad, returning from dinner to work one day, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that." "Yes," replied the youth, drawling out each letter, "but it's a little slower."

A QUESTION ANSWERED BY ECHO.—A Boston paper inquires: "What ought the United States do if Spain unjustly condemns Mr. Thrasher?"

Echo answers—THRASH HER!