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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

The Lament.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

There is a voice I shall hear no more—
There are tones whose music for me is o'er,
Sweet as the odors of spring were they—
Precious and rich,—but they died away!
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see;
They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Un'outlast by sorrow, untaught by art;
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring
When birds in the vernal branches sing;
They were filled with love that has passed with them
And my lyre is singing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose;
And lips I remember, whose dewy smile,
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blessed my brain
With raptures that never may dawn again:
Amid mu-ical accents those smiles were shed—
Alas! for the doom of the early dead!

Alas! for the clod that is resting now
On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow;
We for the cheek that has ceased to bloom—
For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb;
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,
Their aspect cold as the Paran stone,
Alas! for the hopes that with them have died—
Oh, loved one!—would I were by thy side!

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear;
I hear thy voice in the twilight air;
Thy smile of sweetness untold I see,
When the visions of evening are borne to me;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—
My arm embraceth thy graceful form;
I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel in my bosom thou art not here.

Oh! once the summer with thee was bright;
The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light.
There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh,
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh;
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—
A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast;
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest of all things to Heaven above.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall,
Where thy budding raptures have perished all;
To that tranquil and solemn place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast!
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid,
Thy brow is concealed by the coffin lid;
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear!

Selected Tale.

THE SOLITARY FRIEND.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

I think it is now about twelve years—it may be thirteen—since the 'Jacob Morgan,' a ship of seven hundred tons burden, sailed from Brunswick, Georgia, for the East Indies. She was a noble ship, but if we believe the assertions of one who sailed in her, she was built for misfortune. She was launched from her socks at mid-day, but yet the moon was seen in the heavens, when she gave her first impress to the salt water. Several years subsequent to the period when the story opens, she was driven upon one of the Martyr's Reefs, and her ill-fated timbers were strewed upon the sands of Florida.

At the time of which we write, the Jacob Morgan was commanded by Captain Ben. Wallack, a powerful, broad-chested man, but as kind and considerate as he was fearless and strong. Seamen were scarce, and the ship's crews were obtained with great difficulty; and under these circumstances, men had been hired who would otherwise have been rejected. The ship had been six days out, when the first mate, a Mr. Gwynn, from Providence, R. I., was suddenly taken sick, and on the next morning his lifeless clay was consigned to the deep grave of the blue Atlantic.

This untimely event left Capt. Wallack in a critical situation. Nat. Faulkner, his second mate, was by no means qualified for the office, nor would he have taken the responsibility had the captain desired it. There was but one man in the ship who possessed sufficient knowledge of seamanship for the mate's berth, and though Wallack found that to him he must give the office, yet he did so with many misgivings. The man's name was Tom Roland, haughty and overbearing in his disposition, seeming by his general conduct to have been in the habit of commanding, rather than obeying, on shipboard, and who had already begun to exercise a sort of control over the crew, but the case was one of necessity, and Tom Roland was installed into the office of first mate, and quartered in the cabin.

For several weeks, things passed on extremely well. Roland proved to be a thorough navigator, and finished seaman, and a ready and efficient officer, and Captain Wallack began to think that his misgivings were entirely groundless. Over the crew Roland had a most thorough control, and even those men who had evinced towards the Captain marks of insubordination, moved without a murmur at the slightest beck of the mate.

One morning, when Capt. Wallack and his second mate had the morning watch, they both kept the deck until Roland had finished his breakfast, and when the latter took his watch at a few minutes past 8 o'clock, they went below. When they reached the cabin, Mr. Russell, the supercargo, was just rising from the table, and taking a look from the head of his berth sat down upon a stool at the foot of the ladder and commenced reading. He passed a few observations upon the weather, as the captain and his second mate took their seats at the table, and then went on with his reading. Some five minutes had passed, when Wallack and Faulkner were startled by a sudden exclamation of pain from the supercargo, and on turning, they saw that he had dropped his book, and sat with both hands pressed hard upon his stomach, while his features had assumed a livid hue, expressive of the most acute suffering. The captain sprang quickly from the table, and laying his hand upon the sufferer's shoulder, exclaimed:

'What is the matter, Mr. Russell?'

'O, God! I don't know. Here it is! I burn!' uttered the supercargo, as he pressed his hands harder upon his stomach.

'What have you been eating? What have you been drinking?' asked Wallack in a frenzy of anxiety.

'Nothing, nothing. Oh, oh!' groaned the poor fellow.

Wallack cast a trembling glance at his second mate, and for a moment they both remained silent.

'It's strange, at length uttered Faulkner, 'poor Gwynn was taken exactly in the same way.'

The captain made no reply, but his countenance wore a strange shade of doubt and suspicion, as he gazed upon the torpid features of the supercargo.

That night the broad Atlantic rolled its ceaseless waves over another of the ship's company. Mr. Russel had breathed his last. Capt. Wallack and Nat. Faulkner had the last watch. Roland had gone down into the cabin, while the foremast hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were all forward. The captain paced the quarter-deck in a thoughtful, troubled mood, ever and anon casting his eye toward the companion-way, where his first mate had disappeared a short time before, and then turning his gaze toward the forecastle, where the men had congregated. Faulkner was by the wheel, and several times, as the captain approached him in his walk, did he start to join him, but a fearful suspicion kept him back, and until the watch was changed, neither he or Wallack spoke a word, save such as related to management of the ship. At eight o'clock, Roland came on deck for the first watch. The ship was upon the starboard tack, close hauled upon the wind, and just able to stand on her course.

As Capt. Wallack gave up the deck, he requested the mate if the wind should haul round to the eastward any, to call him. Roland replied kindly that he would, but beneath the half-curling smile that rested upon his features, the captain thought he could detect a lurking spirit of evil. Hello, not a shadow of his doubt manifest itself upon his countenance, but with a bland frankness he wished his mate a pleasant watch, and then went below.

'Faulkner,' said the captain, as he turned a furtive glance at the head of the ladder, 'let not a word escape you, unless it be of common place affairs, until we turn into our berths; but keep your weather eye open, and follow my movements.'

Faulkner did not start at this request, for the same thoughts seemed to be passing in his own mind.

'Let's see,' said the captain in a tone loud enough to be heard on deck, 'I must run over my reckoning before I turn in. Mr. Faulkner, just hand me that chart, if you please.'

As Wallack spoke, he reached over into his berth, and took out his pistols, which he proceeded to carefully load, taking care the while that his back was turned towards the companion-way.—Faulkner followed his example, and ere long the candles were extinguished, and the two men retired but not to sleep.

'Faulkner,' whispered the captain, 'we're in a sting fix, for I have reason to believe that there is mutiny on board.—Gwynn and Russel have both been poisoned.'

'So I believe,' returned Faulkner, in the same low tone, 'and if I'm not mistaken, there'll be poison in our coffee cup to-morrow morning.'

'Ha! have you seen anything?'

'Yes. I saw Roland give the cook a small paper to-night, and they held quite an earnest conversation about it. I knew from their manner that there was mischief in their mind.'

'Then in God's name, what shall we do?' uttered the captain. 'Their plan must be all formed, and I suppose they have made arrangements for the disposition of those in the forecastle who do not join them. Would to Heaven I knew how many of them there are.'

'You have a passage between the decks to the forecastle bulkheads,' suggested Faulkner.

'Yes.'

'Perhaps you might gain some information by listening.'

'No. If Roland leads the plot—and I know he does—he would not dare to carry on his conversation upon the subject here, for they would hear him.'

'Hark,' whispered Faulkner, in a suppressed voice at the wheel met his ear.

He bent his head out from the bank, and caught the following words, which he knew to be from the lips of Roland:

'They are both asleep before this time. Hol. You look out for the deck a few minutes, while I see the boys in the forecastle.'

'He's going to the forecastle,' whispered Faulkner. 'Now is your time to follow him.'

'No—you had better go, Faulkner, for it may be that some one will come down to see me, and in that case our movements would be discovered. There's mutiny, and no mistake. You know where the passage runs between the boxes; just abaft the mainmast it takes a short turn to starboard, and follows along the deck down to the bitts. Slip out from your berth, and go over to where the supercargo used to lurk, and move that panel.—It moves easier than mine does.'

Faulkner lost no time in obeying the captain's direction. There were two secret communications to the hold of the ship through the cabin bulkhead, and through one of these the second mate soon made his way. Nearly half an hour elapsed ere he returned, and during that time the captain's mind was tortured by various fearful conditions. Until the death of Russel, he had not felt a suspicion of direct mutiny, and his former fears with regard to Roland had nearly been quieted, but now the suspicion had been suddenly, and it was strong even to the very certainty. A thousand little instances came back to his mind, which, singly, had appeared as nothing, but which now helped to solve the mystery of Gwynn's death. Wallack had medical knowledge enough to know that the supercargo had been killed with *white arsenic*, and he now knew that his first mate had come to his end in the same way, though the dose of the latter must have been much smaller than that which sent poor Russel to his untimely end, and its symptoms had not been so palpable.

While the captain lay thus racking his brain, Faulkner returned from his espionage, and as he crept stealthily past the foot of his bunk, Wallack fancied he could hear his heart beat in his bosom.

'What news?' asked the captain, almost fearing to put the question.

'We are lost!' uttered Faulkner, as he clasped his hands in silent agony.

'Lost!' reiterated the captain. 'No no, that cannot be. *Some* of them will surely help us.'

Ben Wallack, returned the mate, in a tone that made the captain's stout heart beat more quickly, '*you have but one solitary friend* on board the ship.'

'*All*—all! are they all against us?'

'All but poor Nat. Faulkner. I have heard the whole plot, and every part and parcel of it. Roland is an old slave dealer, and all the men, with the exception of four, whom he frightened or persuaded to join him, are from St. Domingo, from whence they came in company to pick up the first ship they could meet with that suited their purpose. We are to be murdered to-morrow, and then Roland intends to run on to the coast of Benguela, and take in a load of slaves for either Brazil or Cuba. When the bloody villain first began to talk to-night, he had some thoughts of killing you and then trying to coax me into his sevice, but his soon rejected the idea, and to-morrow we both die.'

'Don't give up yet,' said the captain. 'Some plan may be devised to thwart them in their villainy.'

'No, no, Wallack—there are sixteen of them, and we know not how or where to meet them. If we drink not their poison, they will yet kill us. But there is one consolation—we will die together, honest men.'

'By the power of great Heaven, we will not die!' uttered Wallack in a tone so loud that it might have proved dangerous. 'My own arm is fit for half a dozen of them.—Nay no, Faulkner, let me think. You say Roland thought of *retaining* you in his piratical services?'

'Yes.'

'Then I have it. I'll tell you on the watch to-night.'

As the captain spoke, he heard a slight footfall at the companion way, and fearing that he might be watched, he turned upon his back, laid his hand upon the butt of his pistol, and fell into a low, steady snoring, which he kept up till his watch was called at midnight.

The remainder of the night passed off without disturbance. Wallack and his *solitary friend* carried on such conversation as they could during their watch and in the morning, they came upon deck half an hour before the cook had prepared their breakfast. The captain walked up and down the lee side of the quarter deck several times in a sort of angry, troubled mood, and muttering stifled curses to himself, until, at length, he stopped before his second mate and shaking his finger menacingly in his face, he uttered:

'Mr. Faulkner, that makes the fourth time you have, by your lubberly carelessness, torn up the paper containing my day's work. Now if you do it again, I will disrate you and put you before the mast.'

'Do it as soon as you please,' returned Faulkner, his face reddening with apparent anger. 'You won't frighten me.'

'Don't be insolent, sir.'

'I am not insolent.'

'You were.'

'It's a lie,' uttered Faulkner, actually trembling at the sound of his own words, addressed to his herculean commander.

Capt. Wallack took one step forward as the word lie dropped from his officer's lips, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the breast that prostrated him upon the deck.

'Capt. Wallack,' said Faulkner, as he arose from his fall, 'you shall suffer for this. I will be avenged as sure as there is a God in heaven.'

The captain made no reply, but turning quickly upon his heel, he went to his cabin. Twice did Roland start to follow him, but yet he remained on deck. There was a strange light in his eyes as he caught the revengeful expression upon Faulkner's countenance, and then as if a sudden thought had struck him, he went quickly to the caboose and gave some hurried directions to the cook. After that he took two or three hurried turns up and down the quarter deck, and then beckoning to Faulkner, who stood sullenly leaning against the lee rail, he walked forward to the bitts. The second mate followed his silent request, and in a moment after he passed the caboose, the cook came out and threw overboard the coffee he had prepared for breakfast.

When Faulkner came up to the bitts, Roland cast a furtive glance at and him, and then looking fixedly into his companion's eyes said:

'Faulkner, have you the courage to follow up the revenge you have sworn against the captain?'

'Yes.'

'But you would not dare to *take his life*.'

'I dare take any man's life that strikes me.'

Roland's eyes sparkled as he heard this, he then asked:

'But who would take his place in command?'

'Who?' returned Faulkner, with a perfect appearance of honest intent. 'Why, who is there but you that is qualified?'

'But if I were captain would *you* follow me?'

'Yes, even to the hoisting of the black flag, so that I had revenge.'

Roland grasped his companion by the hand, and after gazing a moment into his face, he went on, and detailed the whole plot he had formed for taking the ship, landing the cargo on the coast of Lower Guinea, and going into the slave trade. His recital was just the same that the second mate had heard while listening at the forecastle bulk-head, and as he concluded he said:

'Now, Faulkner, will you join us?'

'Yes, readily, but remember it shall be my hand that finds the life of Captain Wallack.'

'Then be it so,' returned Roland. 'And now we must have the matter settled as soon as possible, for Wallack intends to touch at the Cape Verdes, and we are not more than three day's sail from there at the farthest, so you must have him out of the way to-night. I want to keep away to-morrow morning, and run down between St. Mathews and Ascension.'

'But, say, Roland, why have you not put Wallack out of the way before this? It seems to me, if I had been in your place, I should have made quick work of it.'

'So I should,' replied the villain, with a peculiar meaning smile; 'but you see I have been picking them off carefully.—Had I known how the land lay with *you*, Wallack would not have been living now.'

Before night, Wallack learned the result of his own and Faulkner's stratagem of the morning, but he had to be exceedingly careful, for Roland's eyes were open to all that passed about him, and they knew that if their deception was suspected, their death would be certain and immediate. But the most difficult part of the work was to be accomplished, for they had sixteen stout men to dispose of. Faulkner had learned that five of the principal mutineers—those upon which Roland placed the greatest dependence—were in the captain's watch while there were some six or seven who were mere hireling, following whatever fortune turned up for them, most of whom were stationed in the watch with their leader. Wallack's main hope was to divide the five leading mutineers in his watch, by some stratagem, and then dispatching Roland before the watch below could come to their rescue; but whatever was done must be done before midnight, as all hands would be on the alert for action as soon as the morning watch was set.

At length the captain and second mate took the first watch. Nine o'clock passed and so did ten. Wallack paced the deck in a steady thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes about upon the crew, most of whom were forward. The moon threw its pale beams upon the herculean frame of the captain, and a close observer might have seen the iron muscles as they worked in his limbs. His countenance betrayed the varying thought and intense anxiety that moved within him. Five times after the bell had told that ten o'clock had passed did he walk from the wheel to the mainmast and back. At the sixth turn, just as he reached the rack in which were coiled the mainsail halyards, he stopped quickly, with a nervous quickness, while the flashing of his eyes and the instantaneous contraction and expansion of the muscles of the face, showed that a sudden and powerful idea had shot into his mind. He quickly resumed his walk however, and the same appearance of cool thought once more rested upon his features.

The wind was now blowing a good top-gallant breeze from S. S. E., and the ship was close hauled upon the starboard tack, and stood E. half S. under single-reefed top-sail and top-gallant sails.

'Mr. Faulkner,' said the captain, again stopping in his walk near the mainmast, at the same time motioning for his second mate to come to him.

'I have it! Watch my every motion, and fail not to catch every word I utter. At the first opportunity you get, as soon as the men are all up, secure the cabin and forecastle companion ways, and arm yourself.'

The Wallack spoke in a hurried whisper, and then raising his voice, he said:

'Mr. Faulkner, will you go below and tell my mate that I should like to see him a moment on deck.' Then he added in a whisper, 'Tell him I have business of the utmost importance!'

Faulkner looked a moment into his commander's face, as if he doubted whether this order was given in earnest, but the confident resolute countenance which met his gaze, assured him, and he immediately went below to do his errand. In a few moments he returned, followed by the first mate, who had not stopped to dress himself, but came up in his simple robe de nuit.

'Mr. Roland,' said the captain, as his mate came on deck, at the same time stepping over under the lee of the spanker, 'I should not have called you had I not the most urgent necessity. If you will just step this way out of the ear shot of Faulkner, I will tell you.'

Roland stepped to the lee rail, and leaned his back against it, while the captain stood leaning against the rail at the mate's left hand.

'Roland,' continued he, 'I'm afraid Mr. Faulkner is up to some evil design.'

'Ah,' uttered the villian, while a peculiar sparkle shot forth from his eye.—'Perhaps he has not forgotten the blow you gave him.'

'Look out, sir, look out, Roland, or you'll be overboard!' exclaimed Faulkner.

As Wallack uttered the first syllable of this exclamation, he placed his hand upon Roland's mouth, and with a crushing irresistible force, he bent him back over the rail. At the same instant he caught the mutineer by the leg, and ere the last syllable of this exclamation fell from his lips, Roland was plunged headlong into the sea. All hands on deck had heard the captain's apparent warning but none had seen his deed.

'A man overboard!' shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel and took the helm from him who held it. 'Mr. Roland is overboard! Cut away the life buoy there, one of you! Main and mainto'sail braces, both sides. Main clewgarnets and buntlines! Mr. Faulkner, rouse up all hands quick! Let go the main tack and sheet, and clew up! Ease off the lee braces and round into windward! work lively, men, or we shall lose him! Haul out the spanker!—now, spring to the stern davits, boys! Cut the lashings—don't stop to clear anything!'

These orders had been given in intervals as rapidly as they could be executed, and by the time all hands were up from below the ship was hove to with the mainto'sail to the mast. The boat was lowered from the davits and hailed under the quarter, and those who were most anxious to save the mate, were the first to leap into it.

'Let every one be manned!' shouted the captain, 'and you'll save him yet.—I can see him. He's caught the life buoy.'

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off, and as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and unobserved by the rest of the crew who were intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen as he rose and fell upon the life buoy, he sprang forward and secured the fore-castle companion way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had neared to where the mate was rolling about in his salt bath, the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the mainto'sail was filled aback. Then as if the affair was the result of an accident, he exclaimed—

'Hallo! I've let her off! Mizzen braces, boys, and we'll wear around on the other tack.'

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen to'sail was squared.

'Belay that, and jump to the head braces. That will do—belay.'

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main, if yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movements of the ship. The ship was now nearly astern, and of course she was rapidly sailing away from the boat, which had just picked up Roland and had turned to come back.

'Here, Howell,' said the captain to one of the men who had stopped at the starboard mainbrace, 'take the helm a moment. Lay aft here all hands,' he ordered, and he stepped back and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his order. '—Shall I put her off, sir?' asked Howell.

'No!' thundered Capt. Wallack, as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. 'If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my order, you are a dead man! Stop there!' he continued, turning to the five men who had now come aft. 'The first man that moves an inch, I'll bid him dies on the spot! Aha, my fine fellows, you are well caught! That boat astern never will return to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent one more after him.—*They* may find the same resting place that they gave to poor Gwynn and Russell. Ten of the sixteen individuals who thought to murder me, have been disposed of by stratagem, but by heaven, I'll need no stratagem with the other six, for if one of you dare speak a mutinous word, or if you dare look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the next instant! Walleigh, Burnham and Vaughn, step forward, fierce!'

As the captain spoke, the three men thus designated stepped from their companions, and trembling in every joint, they awaited his will. A moment he looked at them as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze, and then he said:

'Tell me, my men, and mind that you tell me truly—were you frightened into this bloody mutiny, or did you join of your own free will?'

'O, Captain Wallack,' exclaimed Walleigh, as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands, while the other two followed his example, 'we were drawn to it all. Gwynn and Russel had both gone when Roland threatened us, if we didn't join him. As there is a God in Heaven, we did it to save our lives.'

'And you, Howell,' said the captain as he pointed to the man at the wheel.

'Walleigh knows,' answered Howell, not daring to let go of the wheel, but lifting his right hand upon his heart, 'that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we could not help it.'

'Well, my men, I believe you,' returned Captain Wallack, in a frank tone, 'and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you, but I will never speak of your fault to your harm.'

'O, God bless you, sir,' ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled thick and fast down their weather beaten cheeks.

'Then will I trust you now,' said the captain, who saw that they were sincere in their professions. 'Now bring me some seizing-stuff from the long boat, Walleigh, and we'll soon dispose of Mr. Roland's two remaining companions.'

The two men were bound without trouble and placed in the long boat for safe keeping. They begged, and they prayed, that they too might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon in good sailing trim, head put N. E. by E., and in four days she was anchored in Funchal Road, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack obtained men enough to man his ship once more for his voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned to the United States, Capt. Wallack learned that her owners had given her up as lost. A homeward-bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom-upwards in the water, twelve hundred miles to the Northward and eastward of the Cape Verds.

The villain Roland and his companions in guilt, had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russel. They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic to bear them on in their ungodly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who crushed them in their path of sin.

Miscellaneous.

Predictions for 1853.

The year 1853 will be a very eventful one—to every old maid who gets married.

Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, it will grow dark.

Those who have debts to pay and no cash, will lose their credit.

It is probable that if there is no business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who make themselves will escape starvation.

Any man who spends more than he earns will not be any richer at the end of the year than he was at the beginning, which is more certain still.

He that loves to pull his own nose, or turn politician, will act like a fool, and that is most certain of all.

Many a man will grow rich this year—in a dream.

The present session of Congress will be one of uncommon interest and importance. This cannot fail of proving true, because it has been said every year regularly since we have had any remembrance.

If all the wax that is made, there will be less work for the barbers. The man who wears mustaches will have something to sneeze at.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

He who marries this year will run a great risk—that is, if he does it in a hurry.

He who wishes to borrow money this year, will know the value of it.

Whosoever is in love this year, will think his mistress an angel.

Whosoever gets married will find out whether it be true.

He that loses his hair this year, will become bald.

He that loses his wife, will become a widower.

If any young lady should happen to blush, or baste a turkey, she will grow red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something. If she dreams of him four times, or have the toothache in ten to one that she is a long time getting either of them out of her head.

There will be a great noise about the country, whenever it thunders, and a great dust will be kicked up by coaches and horses—unless the roads are Macadamized.

Whoever hires money out of the banks will be in no hurry to see the last day of grace.

Whoever discovers that the world is given to lying, will make the same discovery that honest Jack Falstaff has made before him.

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out to be only a blank.

Many a Loco-foco office-seeker will curse his party because he cannot get a situation.

Many things will be wondered at this year, (especially the trippings,) and turn out not to be nothings.

Finally, we are of opinion that this will be a wonderful year—as indeed most of the years have been before it. Politicians will make fools of themselves. Petitioners will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will make fools of both themselves and others. The world will go round and come back to the place from which it set out, and this will be the course of many a man who should be up and doing. There will be a great clatter about nothing, a great deal of smoke and little wood, as at ordinary periods in a session of Congress.

A TRAGEDY ON THE GLACIERS.—Two of the most adventurous chamois hunters in Switzerland, have just lost their lives at the glacier of Argentine, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. M. Cartier, long resident at this place, went out a few mornings ago, with his son, a lad of fifteen, to hunt marmots. The latter had discovered a burrow such as the animals are accustomed to dig, and having managed on the ground to burrow a little, began to enlarge the excavation, hoping to entice the animal to the bottom. Suddenly a large quantity of earth fell on him, and he was unable to rise. He called to his son, who crept in after him, and tried in vain to extricate his father from the load which was pressing upon him. While thus engaged, a second slip of earth took place and covered both. After two hours of suffering the unfortunate lying on the back of his children, his last words were of filial affection and anxiety for his parent. These long days and nights without food or light far from all human aid, and with the corpse of his son on his back, did M. Cartier remain in this place, until his friends, who had come out in search of the lost hunter, found him at the point of death. The unhappy sufferer only lived long enough to communicate these particulars, and died while his friends were carrying him home.

Anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

When in the early years of his life Dr. Beecher was living at Litchfield, he was used on Sunday in Hartford. He dressed in homely simplicity, was diffident in conversation, so that it was no easy matter to judge of his quality. Dr. Strong was then settled over a Congregational Church in that city, and professional jealousy reigned that he should entertain Beecher at his house and invite him into his pulpit. He looked distrustingly upon the plain country pastor, and lamented the terrible necessity. But there was an alternative, except through a visitation of calamity, as Beecher sat meekly in the pulpit, through the morning and afternoon, but was not asked to take part in the services.

In the evening, Strong intimated to him very coolly, that if he chose to dose, he could preach for him, and was shocked by his instant acquiescence.

A man who will accept an invitation tendered in such a way as this, thought Strong, cannot preach a sermon fit for my congregation to listen to!

He was mistaken, however, for Beecher had barely less pride than genius, and he felt keenly the cold reception of his great self, as Strong was then considered.

The evening came on; the church was brilliantly lighted, and thronged with the beauty, fashion, and intelligence of the home of gentleness and learning. Strong had offered the opening prayer, and was sitting in stern ill-humor, while the choir was singing the hymn to precede the sermon.

Beecher became restless, and his face was flushed with a sudden excitement. He turned to Strong, and inquired in a low, hurried voice, if the sermon could be a few moments deferred—he had left his manuscript in his chamber.

'No!' said the Doctor, with exultant but illnatured sharpness—and grasped a bible to select a text for himself, glad that an accident was to relieve him and his congregation from the mortifying infliction he had dreaded.

He was too fast. Beecher had been stung to the quick by his manner, and recognizing the words of the last line of the hymn, sprang to the desk, and before Strong had recovered from his astonishment, had announced his text, and commenced his extemporaneous discourse.

'It is the will of God that the very and humbled pastor, and prepared to listen with christian resignation.

For a few moments the young preacher spoke with slight hesitation, as if while giving his introduction, he was revolving in his mind an extended argument. Soon, his voice rang clear and loud, his sentences became compact and earnest, and his manner caught the glowing fervor of his thought. All was hushed but his impassioned tones; the great assembly was still as death, and leaning forward, with bleeded wonder and admiration, the pastor felt stealing over him from the hushed air, the rebuke of his master. All his harsh judgment and cold treatment of his young brother. In after life, he used to relate the story, and confess that he had never heard such eloquence as that of the homespun young Beecher.

—*Philad. North American.*

English Breeding.

A Yankee in Switzerland, writing of his descent from the Rhine to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, gives the following picture of English breeding:

It was at this point I had one of those episodes of travel, which yield more enjoyment sometimes than a whole cathedral. Here I met for the last time that Flying Dutchwoman our high-bred English girls. We saw her first at Chamouni, when we left Paris last December. Thence, she was in every train with us and every steamboat cabin, and opposite us at every *table d'hote*, all the way to Rome—always with the same languishing eyes and eye-glass, the long slab of buttered hair to her cheeks (like spaniels' ears), the same supercilious lip, always with an open book, always bored to death, always looking on all the impertinence of every body not good enough to be beligerent. At Chamouni, we were obliged to get our passports. At all hours we met, mutually unwilling, on the line.—All winter she was in all the small rooms of the Vatican, always coming out as we went in. In various places we passed her always sitting tired and scowling on a sofa. When we went to Naples, there she was by George's at Pompeii, looking now as if we were intruding with a guide upon her private grounds. At Florence months later, she was again turning her eyes upon us with a distant stare, and from her carriage, while mine halted, playing in the Cascine. And at Venice, as when we rode our first visit to the Academy, on the gondola drew up alongside ours. Then we let her, we thought forever.—And now to come upon her all at once, away up in this cold place, looking down on us inquiringly from the back of a mule, as if I were a specimen of the scenery of the country, while her body was jerked to and fro by the movements of the clambering animal, was too much for the solemn passing of unintroduced Englishmen, on the desert, for my sedateness. Being, after all, human, she saw that I was too tired and made place, to draw down the twitching corners of her lips to a disdained length, and to turn her face with a supreme unconsciousness towards the mountains! Should we meet up there, I hope to get at last the proper 'How d'ye do,' without silence—in Heaven.

THE LOG FISHERY.—Various details of the Susquehanna will the Sunbury American, that it is to remember several years ago, log-hooks. We presume that more than twenty thousand saw logs came down the Juniata. The fish was unexpected, and the booms were not open. One Company had less than 14,000 logs. Respective hundreds of these logs were caught at Sunbury, and double that number were caught at Milton.