THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"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 Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the dismal swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled Juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fern, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear!"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he cried, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Selected Miscellany.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment where everything was the picture of orderly repose. Gently and noiselessly it glides, gilding the glossy old chairs polished by years of care; fluttering with flickering gleam on the book cases, by the fire and antique China vases on the mantel, and even coquetting with sparkles of fanciful gaiety over the face of the perpendicular sombre old clock, which though at times apparently coaxed almost to the verge of a smile, still continued its inevitable tick as for a century before.

On the hearth rug lay outstretched a great lazy looking Maltese cat evidently enjoying the golden beam that fell upon his sober sides and sleepily opening and shutting his great green eyes as if lost in luxuriant contemplation.

But the most characteristic figure in the whole picture, was that of an aged woman, who sat quietly rocking to and fro, in a great chair by the side of a large round table covered with books. There was a quiet beauty in that placid face—that silvery hair brushed neatly under the snowy border of the cap. Every line in that furrowed face, told some tale of sorrow long assuaged and passions hushed to rest; as on the calm ocean shore the golden furrowed sand show traces of storms and fluctuations long past.

On the round green covered table beside her lay the quiet companion of her age, the large bible, whose pages like the gates of the celestial city, were not shut all day; a few old standard books, and the pleasant rippling, knitting, whose dreamy irresponsible monotony is the best music of age.

A fair girlish form was seated by the table—the dress bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, the soft cheeks were suffused and earnest, the long lashes and veiled eyes were eloquent of subdued feelings as she read aloud from the letter in her hand. It was from "our Harry"—a name to both of them comprising all that was dear and valued on earth, for he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—yet had he not been always an only one; flower after flower on the tree of her life had bloomed and died, and gradually as waters cut off from many channels, the streams of love had centered deeper in this last and only one.

And in truth Harry Sargeant was all that a mother might desire or be proud of. Generous, high minded, witty and talented, and with a strong and noble physical development, he seemed born to command the love of woman. The only trouble with him was in common parlance that he was too clever a fellow—he was too impressible, too versatile, too attractive, and too much in demand for his own good. He always drew company about him as honey does flies, and was indispensible every where, and to every body, and it needs a steady head and firm nerves for such a one to escape ruin.

Harry's course in college, tho' brilliant in scholarship had been critical and perilous. He was a decided favorite with the faculty and students, yet it required a great deal of hard working and adroit management on the part of his instructors to bring him through without any infringement of college laws and proprieties, not that he ever meant the least harm in his life, but that some extra generous impulse, some Quixotic generosity was always tumbling him neck and heels into somebody's scrapes, and making part and parcel in every piece of mischief that was going on.

With all this premised, there is no need to say that Harry was a special favorite with the ladies; in truth, it was a confessed fact among his acquaintances, that wherens dozens of credible, respectible, well to do young men might besiege female hearts with all proper formality, waiting at the gates, and watching at the posts of the doors in vain, yet before him all gates and passages seemed to fly open of their own accord; nevertheless there was in his native village one quiet maiden, who only held in her hand the key that could unlock his heart in return, and carried silently in her heart the spell that could fetter that brilliant restless spirit; and she it was of the thoughtful brow and down-cast eyes whom we saw in our picture bending over the letter with his mother.

That mother Harry loved to idolatry. She was to his mind an impersonification of all that was lovely, in womanhood, hallowed and sainted by age, by wisdom, by sorrow, and his love for her was a beautiful union of protective tenderness, with veneration, and to his Ellen it seemed the best and most sacred evidence of the nobleness of his nature, and of the worth of the heart which he had pledged to her.

Nevertheless, there was danger overhanging the heads of the three; a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rising in the horizon of their hopes, yet destined to burst upon them dark and dreadful in a future day.

In those scenes of college where Harry had been so indispensable, the bright poetic wine cup had freely circulated, and often amid the flush of conversation and the genial excitement of the hour, he had drank freer and deeper than was best.

He said, it is true, that he cared nothing for it, that it was nothing to him, that it never affected him, and all those things that young men always say, when the cup of Circe is beginning its work with them. Friends were annoyed, became anxious, remonstrated, but he laughed at their fears, and insisted on knowing himself best. At last with a sudden start and shiver of his moral nature, he awoke to a dreadful preception of his danger, and resolved on decided and determinate resistance. During this period he came to Cincinnati to establish himself in business, and as at this time the temperance reformation was in the full tide of success there, he found everything to strengthen his resolution; temperance meetings and speeches were all the mode—young men of the first standing were its patrons and supporters; wine was quite in the vocative, and seemed really in danger of being voted out of society. In such a turn of affairs, to seize a temperance pledge and keep it became an easy thing; temptation was scarce presented or felt, he was offered the glass in no circle, met its attraction nowhere, and flattered himself that he had escaped so great a danger so easily and so completely.

His usual fortune of social popularity followed him, and his visiting circle became full as large, and importunate as a young man with anything else to do need desire. He was diligent in his application to business, began to be mentioned with approbation by the magnates as a rising young man, and had prospects daily nearing of competence and home, and all that man desires; visions, alas, never to be realized.

For after a while, the tide that had risen so high, began imperceptibly, to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had now other things to look to; fastidious persons thought that matters had been carried too far, and ladies declared that it was old and threadbare, and getting to be cant and stuff, and the ever ready wine cup was gliding back into many a circle, as if on sober second thoughts the community was convinced that it was a friend unjustly belied.

There is no point in the history of reform, either in communities or individuals so dangerous as that where danger seems entirely past. As long as a man thinks his health failing, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self denial; but let him once set himself down as cured, and how readily does he fall back to one soft indulgent habit after another, all tending to ruin everything that he has done before.

So in communities; let intemperance rage and young men go to ruin by dozens, and the very evil inspires the remedy; but when the trumpet has been sounded and the battle set in array, the victory only said and sung in speeches and newspaper paragraphs, and temperance odes and processions, then comes the return wave: people cry enough, the community, vastly satisfied, lies down to sleep on its laurels, and then comes the hour of danger.

But let not the man, who has once been swept down the stream of intemperate excitement almost to the verge of ruin, dream of any point of security for him. He is like one who has awakened in the rapids of Niagara, and with straining oar and mild prayers to heaven, forced his boat upward into smoother water, where the drift of the current seems to cease, and the banks smile and all looks beautiful, and weary from rowing, lays by his oars to rest and dream; he knows not that under that smooth water still glides a current, that while he dreams, is imperceptibly but surely hurrying him back whence there is no return.

Harry was just in this perilous point; he viewed danger as long past, his self-confidence was fully restored, and in his security, he began to neglect those lighter out-works of caution which he must still guard who does not mean, at last to surrender the citadel.

PART II.

"Now girls and boys," said Mrs. G. to her sons and daughters, who were sitting round a centre table covered with notes of invitation, all the preliminary et ceters of a party—"what shall we have on Friday night; tea; coffee; lemonade; wine?—of course not."

"And why not mamma?" said the young ladies—"the people are beginning to have it—they had wine at Mrs. A's. and Mrs. M's.

"Well, your papa thinks it won't do—the boys are members of the temperance society, and *I* don't think, girls, it will *do* myself."

There are a good many persons by the by who always view moral questions in this style of phraseology—not what is right, but what will "*do*."

The girls made an appropriate reply to this view of the subject by showing that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. had done the thing and nobody seemed to make any talk.

The boys who thus far in the conversation had been thoughtfully rapping their boots with their canes, now interposed and said that they would rather not have wine if it wouldn't look shabby.

"But it will look shabby," said Miss Fanny. "Lemons you know are scarce to be got for any price, and as for lemonade made of syrup, it's positively vulgar and detestable. It tastes just like cream of tartar and spirits of turpentine."

"For my part," said Emma, "I never did see the harm of wine, even when people were making the most fuss about it—to be sure rum and brandy and all that are bad, but wine—"

"And so convenient to get," said Fanny, "and no decent young man ever gets drunk at parties, so it can't do harm; besides one must have something, and as I said it will look shabby not to have it."

Now there is no imputation that young men are so much afraid of, especially from the lips of young ladies, as that of shabbiness, and as it happened in this case as most others that the young ladies were the most efficient talkers, the question was finally carried on their side.

Mrs. G. was a motherly woman, just the one fitted to inspire young men with a confidence and that home feeling which all men desire to find somewhere. Her house was a free and easy ground, social for most of her acquaintance, and Harry was a favorite domesticated visitor.

During the temperance reform, fathers and brothers had given it their open and decided support, and Mrs. G. always enlisted for any good movement, sympathised warmly in their endeavors. The great fault was that too often incident in the gentleness of woman, a want of self-reliant principle. Her virtue was too much the result of mere sympathy, too little of her own conviction. Hence when those she loved grew cold towards a good cause, they found no sustaining power in her, and those who were relying on her judgement and opinions instantly controlled them. Notwithstanding she was a woman that always acquired a great influence over young men, and Harry had loved and revered her with something of the same sentiment that he cherished towards his mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the season.

Everything was got up with faultless taste, and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautifully, the rooms were splendid, there was enough and not too much of light and warmth, and every body was doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdid himself; wit and mind were the spirit of the hour.

"Just taste this tokay," said one of the sisters to him, "it has just been sent us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I'm not in that line," said Harry, laughing and coloring.

"Why not?" said another young lady, taking a glass.

"Oh the temperance pledge you know—I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle, it will never do for me."

"Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, 'something musty,'" said a gay girl.

"Well but you said you had a headache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny. "I'll leave it to mamma," and she turned to Mrs. G. who stood gaily entertaining a group of young people.

"Nothing more likely," replied she gaily. "I think Harry you look pale, a glass of wine will do you good."

Had Mrs. G. known of all Harry's past history and temptations, and had she not been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this observation into the scales, but she did, and they turned the balance for him.—"You shall be my doctor," he said as laughing and coloring he drank the glass, and where was the harm? One glass of wine killed nobody, and yet if a man falls and knows that in that glass he sacrifices principles and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.

Harry felt at the time that a great internal barrier had given way, nor was that glass the only one that evening, another and another and another followed, his spirit rose with the wild and feverish gaiety incident to his excitable temperament, and what had been begun in the society of ladies was completed at night in the gentleman's saloon.

Nobody ever knew that one party had undone this young man, and yet so it was. From that night his struggle of moral resistance was fatally impaired, not that he yielded at once and without desperate efforts and struggles, but gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient, yet at the close of the evening all those friends, mother, brother, and sister, flattered themselves that everything had gone on so well that the next week Mrs. H. thought that it would do to give wine at a party because Mrs. G. had done it last week and no harm had come from it.

In about a year after, the G.'s began to notice and lament the habits of their young friend, and all consciously to wonder how such a fine young man should be led astray. Harry was of a desperate and decided nature, his affections and his moral sense waged a fierce war with the terrible tyrant. The madness had possessed him, and when at last all hope had died out, he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death.

Then came to the trembling heart-stricken mother and beloved one, a wild incoherent letter of farewell and he disappeared from among the living.

In the same quiet parlor, where the sunshine still streams through flickering leaves, it now rested on the polished sides and glittering plate of a coffin; there at last lay the weary at rest, the soft shining grey hair was still gleaming as before, but deeper furrows on the worn cheek and a weary heavy languor hanging over the pale peaceful face told that those grey hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave. Sadder still was the story on the cloudless cheek and lips of the young creature bending in quiet despair over her; poor Ellen! her life's thread woven with those beloved ones was broken.

And may not all this happen? nay does it not happen to young men among us every day, and do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrows just like these?

And is there not a responsibility on all that say they ought to be guardians of the safety and purity of the other sex to avoid setting before them the temptation to which so often and so fatally manhood has yielded! What is a paltry consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers and husbands.

The greatest fault of woman is slavery to custom, and yet who but a woman makes custom? are not all the usages and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? and let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within the range of their influence, and say to themselves when in thoughtlessness as they discuss questions affecting their interests, "behold thy brother!" "behold thy son."

Winding up a Mississippi Bank.

SHORTLY after the memorable crash of '37, the monetary affairs of a certain branch bank of Mississippi, located at Yazoo City, of that ilk, became so involved and *unfoundations* as to require placing in the hands of commissoners, for the purpose of being what is technically termed *wound up*. The banking-house is one of the principal architectural ornaments of the place—a fine commanding edifice, built of bricks, two lofty stories in height, and the marvel and wonder of the "pine-knot" of the back settlement. The lower story, at the time I write of, was devoted to the commissioners, whilst the upper story was occupied by a widow lady with a brace of daughters, the whole family passionately devoted to playing on the piano—an instrument that few besides themselves possessed at that time in that neck of woods. Having but one, and all being incessant players, you may imagine that the "pony" had very little rest. All day and all night it was going, for it was whispered about that the instrument had, by practice, got the hang of the game. The high falutin tunes, such as "Hail Columbia" and "Old Hundred," were the favorite with all except the youngest daughter, who being of a military turn of mind, adhered pertinaciously to "Cease, Rude Boreas," and the "Battle of Prague," the latter in particular.

A rare time the commissioners had in "winding up the bank;" they had four dollars a day *ad eternitatum*, music, bald face, and cigars in any quantity, supporting their constitutions, and the facings of the mahogany doors, growing unctious as a tallow chandler, and perfectly contented with their arduous employment.

One sunny day in winter, when fires would have been ludicrous, and a winter suit uncalled for—when the mud in the streets was "mark under water line," and soft enough to buoy a blanket, a native of Attala, (a county of Inland Mississippi, distinguished for its exemption from pedagogues,) was driving a wagon loaded with cotton and pine knots down the street on which was the bank. It being his first visit to the city, and having been lectured in anticipation of the trip by his parents the six months past, upon the many cheats and swindles of the town people, and cautioned against trusting to anything he did not perfectly understand, he betrayed in his whole demeanor the greatest caution and circumspection; and pricking up a pair of ears too long and hairy for a man's, and too short and red for a jackass', seemed to bid defiance to the wiles of all mankind. Some quarter of a mile off he had heard the dullest tones of the piano, and thinking it was the commencement perhaps of some town trick, after counting his "knots" thrice to see they were all right, he drew a huge jack knife, and walking by his wagon, commenced scraping his grinders, to show all those nefariously disposed that, he as every chivalrous Mississippian should be, was "armed to the teeth."

Louder and louder grew the piano—(it was very appropriately one of Loud's)—and greater and greater became the fear and caution of the Attalian, who looked eagerly on either hand for some avenue to escape; but there was none, and he had to go on.—The bank and his team got opposite at the very height of the "Battle of the Prague," and his fear having somewhat given way to wonder, he brought up all standing. The "Battle," I say, was at its height. The thunder of small arms, the rattle of artillery, the groans of the dying, the charge, the repulse, the rally, the mingled confusion of the battle field, all were there, true to the life, but not near as dangerous; and wrapped in mud and astonishment, our hero stood and listened. Lolling in the bank door was one of the commissioners, notorious for his preference for jokes, enjoying the amazement of the countryman. Fiercer and louder if possible, ranged the strife, and the native, forgetting his caution, could contain himself no longer.

"Mister," turning to C., "I'm bound to see that fight up thar; just watch my team till I take a hand, and tell me how to find the ring."

"Go up," said C., "and pull that thing," pointing to the bell knob.

At the word he sprang up the steps and gave a hard pull; loud rang the bell, and the native thinking it proceeded from one of his oxen, turned to observe, just as a cotton broker had climbed up the wheel, and was preparing to cut into the staple.

"Thief! robbers!" yelled the greenhorn, and came tearing back to his team, forgetting to drop the bell pull, the wire of which whistled keenly after him.

The broker seeing him knob and knife in hand rushing towards him, yelling—"Thief! town rogue!" tried to make a rapid disappearance, but his foot slipping, down in the soft mud he came, tripping up the Attalian, and sending him head foremost into a soft and deep place, leaving nothing but his legs sticking out like a pair of indexes. Liberating himself at length, he seated himself on the tongue of his wagon and took a deep think; but roused by the music and the laughter of the spectators, he seemed in his re-awakened curiosity to forget his plight.

"Mister," again to C., "what upon airth is that?" pointing to the house.

"The P——'s Bank," said C.

"The bank! Is that where they ruins the widows, and hooks orphans' dimes, stranger?"

"Sometimes," rejoined C.

"What are they doing to her now, Mister? She seems to be so wrathy."

"Winding her up," said C., thinking of his perquisites.

"Winden' on her up! jest winden' on her up! Well, I guess thar givin' on her fits; she yells powerfully. For marcy's sake stranger, don't set her again till I gets in a safe place. I'm an only child."

He had got out, when the door was flung open, and a big nigger wench, ugly as Satan, boiling over with wrath, bell in hand, came tearing out, trailing up the wire and knob. Seeing it in the hands of a wagoner, his face covered with mud, the darkey thought it one of her own species, and without hesitation made a jump toward the native, who, thinking it was the first part of the "wound up bank" sot again, dropped his whip, and leaving his team and all, was soon "over the hills and far away."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

The Strapping System.

CONCERNIG this "*strapping*" system I received the following extraordinary account from a man after his heavy days labour. Never in all my experience had I seen so sad an instance of over-work. The poor fellow was so fatigued that he could hardly rest in his seat. As he spoke he sighed deeply and heavily, and appeared almost spirit-broken with excessive labour:—

"I work at what is called a strapping-shop," said, he "and have worked at nothing else for these many years past, in London. I call 'strapping' doing as much work as a human being or horse possibly can in a day, and that without any hanging upon the collar, but with the foreman's eyes constantly fixed upon you, from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night. The shop in which I work is for all the world like a prison; the silent system is so strictly carried out there as in a model jail. If a man were to ask any common question of his neighbour, except it was connected with his trade, he would be discharged there and then. If a journeyman makes the least mistake, he is packed off just the same. A man working at such places is almost always in fear; for the most trifling things he's thrown out of work, in an instant. And then the quantity of work that one is forced to get through, is positively awful; if he can't do a plenty of it he don't stop long where I am. No one would think it ever possible to get so much out of blood and bones as the slaves work like we do. At some of the strapping shops, the foreman keeps continually walking about with his eyes on all the men at once. At others, the foreman is perched high up, so that he can have the whole of the men under his eye together. I suppose, since I knew the trade, that a man does four times the work that he did formerly. I know a man that's done four pair of sashes in a day, and one is considered to be a good day's labour. What's worse than all, the men are every one striving one against the other. Each is trying to get through the work quicker than his neighbours. Four or five men are set at the same job, so that they may all be pitted against one another, and then away they go, every one striving his hardest for fear that the others should get through first. They are all tearing along, from the first thing in the morning to the last at night, as hard as they can go, and when the time comes to knock off they are ready to drop. I was hours after I got home last night before I could get a wink of sleep; the soles of my feet were on fire, and my arms ached to that degree that I could hardly lift my hand to my head. Often, too, when we get up of a morning, we are more tired than when we went to bed, for we can't sleep many a night, but we must not let our employers know it, or else they'd be certain we could not do enough for them, and we'd get the sack. So, tired as we may be, we are obliged to look lively, somehow or other, at the shop of a morning. If we're not beside our bench the very moment the bell's done ringing, our time's docked—they won't give us a single minute out of the hour. If I was working for a fair master, I should do nearly one-third, and sometimes a half, less work than I am now forced to get through, and even to manage that much I shouldn't be idle a second of my time. It's quite a mystery to me how they *do* contrive to get so much work out of the men. But they are very clever people. They know how to have the most out of a man better than any one in the world. They are all picked men in the shop—regular 'strappers,' and no mistake. The most of them are five feet ten, and fine, broad-shouldered, strong-backed fellows, too—if they were not they would'nt have them. Bless you, they make no words with men, they sack them if they are not strong enough to do all they want, and they can pretty soon tell, the very first shaving a man strikes off in the shop, what a chap is made of. Some men are done up at such work—quite old men and gray, with spectacles on, by the time they are forty. I have seen fine strong men of thirty-six come in there and be bent double in two or three years. They are most all countrymen at the strapping shops. If they see a great strapping fellow, who they think has got some stuff about him that will come out they will give him a job directly. We are used for all the world like cab or omnibus horses. Directly they've had all the work out of us, we are turned off, and I'm sure, after my day's work is over, my feelings must be very much the same as one of the London cab horses. As for Sunday, it is *literally* a day of rest with us, for the greater part of us lay a-bed all day, and even that will hardly take the aches and pains out of our bones and muscles. When I'm done and flung by, of course I must starve."—*London Labour and London Poor.*

A Connecticut Story.

The following is related as a fact, having actually happened some years since in the State of Connecticut:

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family being entirely out of meat had recourse to the sheep-fold of his neighbor, a wealthy farmer, for relief. The neighbor having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive that he had lost any, until one of the finest of the flock very large and fat was missing—and counting his sheep found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss he resolved a few nights after to watch.

About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among his sheep, caused by the appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity as well to observe the conduct of the person, as to find him out induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a ram with whom it seems the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep—"Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheep-stealer, "I am come to buy another sheep, have you any more to sell?" Upon which he replied as in person of the ram: "Yes, I have sheep to sell." By this time the owner had discovered him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large fat weather?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars." replied Mr. Ram.—"That is a very high price," says the man, "but as you are so good as to wait for the pay I think I will take him." "Well, Mr. Ram," continued the honest sheep-buyer, "let me see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says the Ram, "this is the fifth," and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole, and giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good night, the man led the sheep home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, highly gratified and amply paid for the whole. A few nights afterward, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns on which he wrote in large letter, "I have come for my money." Under this line he footed up the whole amount of the five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near the door, and then went home. When the neighbor arose in the morning he was not a little surpised to find a sheep tied to his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old ram with whom he had been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his fore head, and the amount of five sheep actually made out, as he had done a few nights previous in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, jingling the money as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

☞ In a family by the name of Hawk, residing in Cincinnati, are three sons, whose names are Billy Hawk, John Hawk and *Tommy Hawk*. Tommy Hawk must be a *sharp* specimen of boyhood, and his mother thinks so too, because last week he used his mothers breast pin for a fish hook, to catch her favorite canary.

The Mackerel Fisheries.

Probably but few are aware of the great extent of the mackerel and other fisheries of this country. It has been estimated that during the summer months, or rather between June and November, more than twenty thousand vessels are constantly engaged in the different kinds of fisheries, employing no less than 250,000 men. By a treaty with Great Britain, American vessels are allowed the privilege of fishing within certain limits of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and the quantity of fish taken from this place alone, is truly astonishing. The coast of Newfoundland yields its codfish to the hardy sailor from May until December, while the better class of mackerel are taken from August to October. Many mackerel, however of a proper class are taken along the Southern shore of our own country prior to this, but as a general thing they are deemed worthy of little notice. The Bay of Chaleur, along the coast of Prince Edward's Island, the Magdalen Islands and Northumberland Straits are considered the choicest mackerel grounds. Here the fleet of vessels congregated at one time will often amount to two thousand sail, although as a general thing not more than from two to four hundred vessels sail in company. At nights, when the fleet is safely anchored, the lanterns lighted on each vessel and swung upon the shrouds, one may fancy that they are looking upon some huge city, lying in repose, with its lamps all trimmed and burning.

The bait alone which is ground up and thrown to the fish to keep them about the vessel, is a very large item in the expense of carrying on the trade. This is either herring, porgies, or clams, well salted and cleansed, put up expressly for the purpose. The average cost of it is about three and a half dollars per barrel, at least two barrels of which are thrown away per day in good fishing. Allowing at the time we are in the Gulf there were two thousand sail, you then have $10,000 per day thrown away to the fishes, or say $100 per vessel for each trip which is below the actual amount, and we thus have the enormous sum of $200,000.

The method of taking the mackerel is very simple. The vessel is "hoved to," and men are arranged on the "windward" side as many as can conveniently stand from bow to stern. Each man is provided with four lines, only two can be used in fast fishing. On each line is attached the hook, which is sunk into an oblong bit of lead called a "jig." A barrel is placed behind each man, into which the fish are "snapped" as caught, the jaw tearing out as easily as though made of paper. Owing to this tenderness of the jaw, the fish must be hauled very carefully, though with great rapidity.—One man stands "amidships," throwing the bait which has been carefully ground, to keep the fish about the vessel while the hooks are baited with any tough substance, either pork rind, a bit of silver, or a piece of the mackerel itself. When the fish bite rapidly no sport is more exciting, a dozen men will often catch from thirty to fifty barrels in an hour. When caught they are split, gibbed, scraped, washed in three waters, and then salted—the whole being done with astonishing celerity.

Effects of Climate.

In the tropical region the power of life in nature is carried to its highest degree; thus with the tropical man, the life of the body overmasters that of the soul; the physical instincts of our nature eclipse those of the higher faculties; passion predominates over intellect and reason; the passive faculties. A nature too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel man to wrest from her his daily bread by his daily toil. A regular climate and the absence of a dormant season, render forethought of little use to him. Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence against nature which raises the powers of man to their highest pitch.—Thus he never dreams of resisting physical nature; he is conquered by her, he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the animal man, in proportion as he abandons himself to external influences, forgetful of his high moral destination.—In the temperate climates, all is activity and movement. The alternations of heat and more embracing air, incite man to a constant struggle, to forethought, and to the vigorous employment of all his faculties. A more economical nature yields nothing except to the sweat of his brow, every gift on her part is a recompense for effort of his. Nature here, even while challenging man to the conflict, gives him the hope of victory; and if she does not show herself prodigal, she grants to his active and intelligent labor more than necessities require; while she calls out his energy, she thus gives him ease and leisure which permit him to cultivate all the lofty faculties of his higher nature.—Here, therefore, physical nature is not a tyrant, but a useful helper; the active faculties, the understanding, and the reason, rule over the instincts and the passive faculties; the soul over the body; man over nature.—*Guyot's Earth and Man.*

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—What can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman! It is from Webster's recent argument before the Court at Trenton:—"May it please your honor there is nothing on this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who for the object of her love is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage; all her faculties and sinking passes away, and her gentle nature firmness, when circumstances require her to put forth all her energies by the inspiration of the affections."