

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following eloquent passage, describing the progress of Christianity throughout the world, will be read with interest at the festival...

Christianity herself moves in advance of her own civilization; and does not wait the tardy operations of the universal man, and that she holds the world's destiny in her hands, she has undertaken, as a specific object, and as her own proper work, the reclamation—not of provinces or of continents, but of all nations;—all the millions of humanity, Possessed by this august idea,—an idea infinitely surpassing, in the grandeur of its conception, every project of ambition, every dream of universal empire, she has surveyed the enterprise from all its points.

She has marked out with astonishing boldness and precision her plan of operations and moves to its execution with a fixed and steady eye; with boundless energy, with boundless and inexhaustible faith. Already she is in occupation of the state of power in every division of the globe, and speaks to its swarming multitudes in two hundred languages of the many tongued earth.

POCAHONTAS.

The private name of the celebrated princess was Matoaca; Pocahontas was her titular name, in the same way as Powhatan was the title name of her father, and his individual name Wahunsenawcock. Pocahontas, after her capture and conversion to christianity, was christened Rebecca, and commonly styled the lady Rebecca. She had a brother, Nautiquas or Nautiquad, who showed Captain Smith 'exceeding great courtesy,' strenuously interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was the 'manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage.'

Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Stenkley at London he left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, Major John Bolling, father to Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Edridge, and Mr. James Murray. (Still's History of Virginia—Book 3, pp. 144 and 145.)

MANAGEMENT, A YANKEE STORY.

I have heard folks say that the winnin was contrary; well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em rite, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down to E'torn, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I did't take a likin to any 'em, till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty purty darter. I sed some of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate, and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was sumthin jam about Nancy, that they could't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her wunce, he could't look at another gal for a week.

I took a likin to her rite off, and we got as thick as thieves. We had used to go the same meetin, and sot in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and hims for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shocking to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injun cakes, and the way I wood slick 'em over with molasses, and put 'em away, was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumthin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was going for it like a lokymotive.

Well, things went on this way for a spell, till she thought she had me tight enough. Then she begun to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; when she'd cum out she'd streeke off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got cuttin round with all the fellers jest as if she cared nothin about me no more, none whatsoever.

It is now well established, that the Indians of the present day are either degenerated from some more civilized race, or were preceded by a distinct and superior people. This fact is attested by numerous monumental evidences—such as cromlechs, alter-stones, circles of memorial, rocking-stones, and *iwandi* or barrows.

Whether the antecedent race were Celts, or Jews, or Egyptians, or Huns, or Cannanites, or Hindoos, or Japanese, (as has been variously contended by our philosophers) is a question the solution of which is like the Gordian knot, is more mysterious than important. However that may be, the dark hair and eyes universal among the natives of the cis-atlantic hemisphere indicate an Asiatic origin.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was no ways reformed, nor in the least benefitted thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulsa is sometimes slow which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping—

Well I jest told Patience aboet it when she rite up and called me a darned fool. Well, ses I, Ele, that is hard, but never mind that, jest go on, you can get her, and when you do get her, you can file the rough edges off jest as you please; that tickled him, it did, and he went a leetle better pleased. Now, thinks I, it is time to look arter Nance. Next day, down I went. Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the squire was in, she said he warnt. Cos, ses I, (makin believe that I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot, and I cum to see if the squire would lend me his mare to go to town. She sed she guessed he wood, better sit down till the squire comed in, down I sot; she looked sort a queer, an my felt queer all around the edges. Arter a while, ses I, air you goin down to Betsy Mastin's quilting? Sed she did't know for sartin; are you a goin? Sed I reckoned I wood; ses she, I spose you'd take Patience Dodge; sed I mout and again I mout not; ses she, I hear your goin to get married; ses, shouldn't wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal ses I. I looked at her, I sed the teers u cumin; ses I, may be she'll ax you to be the brides maid; she riz rite up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet. Seth Stokes, ses she, and she could't ray any more she was so full; wou you be bridesmaid? ses I, no, ses she, and she burst rite out; well then, ses I, if you wou't be bridesmaid, will you be the bride—she looked up at me—I swan to man I never seen any thing so awful putty; I tuck rite hold of her then, yes or no, ses, I rite off. Qes, she ses; that's your sort, ses I; I gin her a buss and a hug; I soon fixed matters with the squire. We sonn hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and never had cause to repent of my bargain. J. W.

EARLY AMERICANS.

It is now well established, that the Indians of the present day are either degenerated from some more civilized race, or were preceded by a distinct and superior people. This fact is attested by numerous monumental evidences—such as cromlechs, alter-stones, circles of memorial, rocking-stones, and *iwandi* or barrows.

An ancient chronicle of Wales records, "that a civil war having occurred in that kingdom, upon the death of king Owen Gwyneth, between his two sons, respecting the succession to the crown; the unsuccessful one, in a fit of disgust and chagrin, put to sea on new discoveries, and sailing from some part in Spain, he discovered a new world of singular beauty and fertility, and uninhabited. Upon his return, he transported from his native mountains a large number of people thither in several voyages. The name of this adventurous young prince was Madoc-ap-Owen-Gwyneth, and among the places he discovered was Virginia.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCH-MAKER.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was no ways reformed, nor in the least benefitted thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulsa is sometimes slow which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping—

AN APPARITION

The late Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, and justice Powell, had frequently altercations on the subject of Ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality,—the justice somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had an ocular demonstration which convinced him of the existence of Ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop; "give me the circumstance that produced it, with all the particulars: Ocular demonstration you say."

A MADMAN'S FROLIC.

Michael Kelly, in his "Dramatic Recollections," relates, with great effect, a story that Mrs. Mattocks, the actress, told him. She went to Bedlam with some friends, and the keeper pointing to one cell which they had not seen, said "Here's one in here who is perfectly quiet so long as you don't contradict him. Mind, I say if you don't contradict him. Accordingly they entered the cell, and saw a pale-faced melancholy looking man, with dark eyes, which had a penetrating brightness peculiar to madmen. He was in deep thought as they entered. The party having satisfied their curiosity, were retiring, when, said Mrs. Mattocks, he seized me by the wrist, shutting the door and placing his back against it, and held me in his firm grasp.

"Well, young woman," said he, "you're in a comical situation here, shut up with a madman."

"But you needn't be alarmed—you are perfectly safe; they told you I was harmless, did they not? You needn't answer. Are you fond of drawing? I know you are. What is this?" he concluded, holding up a bit of paper.

"A ship," said I. "A ship, is it? You call my tree a ship do you?"

"Yes, yes," said, "it is a ship." "Oh, and pray what is this?" Obligated to say something, and not knowing what he thought it was, I answered "a house, which it was."

"A house, eh!" So saying, he pulled a clasp knife from his pocket, and opening it with his teeth, at the same time swinging me round the cell with his huge arm, said, "Now is it a house or not?"

"It is, it is." "Then I'll tell you what it is then—this is a dolphin."

"Then holding up his knife and gnashing his teeth, "Can you tell me what this is, and no mistake?"

"A knife," I answered. "Right for once," said he. "And can you tell me what I shall do with it?"

I trembled, and shook my head in silent negative. "I'll tell you what I shall do with it; I shall—scrape my charcoal."

A PAIR OF MISERS.—Guy, the founder of the noble hospital which bears his name, was a bookseller, and lived in Stock's-market, between Cornhill and Lombard-street, London. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony, that the famous miser, Vulture Hopkins, once called upon him to crave a lesson on the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlor, Guy, as it was in the evening, and dark, lighted a candle.—Hopkins said, "I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money, but as I am informed you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, to be satisfied upon that subject." "O, sir," said Guy, "if that be all your business, we can just as well talk it over in the dark." Having thus said, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture, he took his leave, with the acknowledgment: "I thought myself perfect in the arts of saving, but you have taught me that I had one important lesson still to learn: I thank you for your instruction, you may be assured my future conduct shall make amends for my prodigality in candles."

ENCOURAGEMENT OF FRANKNESS.—Some years ago, says Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: "I have," says he, "a picture of Rubens, add it is a rare good one. There is little H. the other day came to see it, and says it's a copy. If any one says so again, I'll break his head. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favor to come, and give me your real opinion of it?"

CONSTANCY.—The following anecdote is related in a Paris paper, as received from a country correspondent: About twenty years ago, a young man, violently in love with a young Provinciale, not being able to obtain the consent of her family to the union, enlisted as a soldier. In the campaign of 1812, he was taken prisoner by the Russians, and sent into Siberia, whence he escaped, and joined a horde of Tartars, then at war with China. He was a second time made prisoner; but more fortunate than in his first captivity, he insinuated himself into the good graces of his coaquors, and gradually rose to the dignity of Mandarin. His affection, however, did not change with his good fortune; he despatched a vessel to Europe to convey the object of his first love to China; this vessel has just arrived at Marseilles, and will return as soon as the object of its mission shall have been accomplished.

TAILORS DEFENDED.—A tailor instead of being the ninth part of a man, possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations: First, as an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth; second, as a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage; third, as a sailor, he sheers off when it is proper; fourth, as a play actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin; fifth, as a lawyer, he attends to many suits; sixth, as an executioner, he provides suspenders or gallowoses for many persons; seventh, as a cook, he is generally furnished with a hot goose; eighth, as a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging; ninth, as a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others. No doubt the subject might be greatly extended; but I think enough has been said to do away the opprobrium so often cast on the knights of the thumb and needle; and to induce the fraternity to unite and contribute a suit of clothes to their friend and humble servant.

THE SINGLE-SPEECHED PARROT.—There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered what doubt is there of that? The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all he could say: being ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD.—A pious divine of the old school says: "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the wof of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

NEWSPAPER READERS.—The taste of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various and singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry, and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business; another votes that department a bore. This one reads only the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncracies too numerous to mention; but certainly the most singular one we ever heard of was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abernathy, because "for several mornings past, he had been able to relish her murders."

Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them a man of hasty disposition insisted that the other should fight him next morning. The challenge was accepted on condition that they should breakfast together at the house of the person challenged, previous to their going to the field. When the challenger came in the morning, according to the appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend with his wife and children ready to receive him: their repast being ended, and the family withdrawn, without the least intimation of their purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend? "No, Sir," said he, "not till we are more on a par: that amiable woman, and those six lovely children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend under providence, on my life for subsistence; and till you can stake something equal in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not, indeed," replied the other, giving him his hand.—These two persons became firmer friends than ever.

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a country girl. "What are you looking for my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pour along the dusty road. She answered gravely, "Sir I am looking to see if my master be gone to church." Her msater had a wooden leg.

Honest industry is, after all, man's only sure dependence for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

Time is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture.

A humble man is like a good tree, the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

The most foolish thing in the world is to bow to the rich till you're unable to stand before an honest man.

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard—for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

A wise government will not be slow in fostering the agricultural interest.

Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism.