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POETRY.

—"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

From the Lady's Book.

THE PRAYING INDIANS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

We have seen an account of a company of Indians, who never had the advantages of religious instruction, who were in the constant practice of praying to the Creator of the world. The practice was first begun by an Indian woman, whose child was miraculously saved from death, when in great danger, by some extraordinary interposition of Providence. On finding her child safe, she involuntarily fell upon her knees in prayer to some unknown being, which she could not comprehend. She continued the practice, and was joined by a large number of her tribe.

"He must not die, he must not die,"
The Indian mother cried—
And strained her infant's sickly limbs
Close to her beating side—
"O! lonely will my cabin be,
If I must part, my child, from thee."

"Thy father, when he went to hunt,
Looked on thee in his pride;
And better loved, I know, for thee,
His simple forest bride—
O! when the grass shall press thy breast,
Who, who shall soothe his pride to rest?"

"I could not see the green earth spread
Upon thy little breast;
The shadows of the dark, old woods
Lie on thee, in thy rest,
And know thy little feet no more
Would sound upon our cabin floor."

She pressed him closer to her heart,
And then, she knew not why,
Or what strange power she there invoked,
She upward turned her eye,
And poured a mother's heart in prayer,
To him, whose love she worshipped there.

Mysterious Wisdom! that hast thus,
Within the mother's mind
Impressed a knowledge of thyself,
With that strong love combined—
That when *that* fount of love is stirred,
The "still small voice" of God is heard.

Select Tale.

From the Lady's Book.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MISS M. MILES.

'Will you buy my flowers?' said a sweet voice to Mrs. Audly, as she stepped from her carriage, and was about entering one of the most fashionable mansions in the most populous of our southern citirs. Mrs. Audly stopped, and regarded with an eye of wonder, a child of surpassing beauty—who held forth a bunch of moss roses. She was struck with surprise to see one so fragile and delicate, thus engaged in selling in the public street.

'Do you sell your roses, in order to support yourself, little girl?' she asked in a tone of kindness.

'No, ma'am;' she replied, dropping a curtsy—'but my mother is sick, and I walked from the cross roads, to sell all the roses that was on my own bush: will you buy them, lady?' and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Audly was much interested by the innocence and artless simplicity of the child; and after a few more inquiries, determined [illegible] self and see the sick woman [illegible] child said was a stranger in B—. She was one whose purse was always open to the calls of charity, and taking the little girl into the carriage, she ordered her coachman to drive to the cross roads, about two miles from the city. They stopped before a low humble looking house; and the lady entering, saw extended upon the bed, and apparently dying, a female upon whose countenance, wasted as it was, there yet lingered the remains of great beauty. Mrs. Audly spoke to her in tones of compassion, but she only lifted to her the glazed and closing eye. It was evident she was fast sinking to her rest. A decent looking woman came forward, and from her the lady learned that the stranger's name was Lorton; that she had come there sick, and as she was poor, she had boarded her and her child—and until the last three weeks, had regularly received her pay; and as she wanted some comforts, she had given Inez the child, leave to sell the roses.—'Mrs. Lorton, I guess, has seen better days,' said the woman, in conclusion, 'but what I shall do with the child when she is gone, I don't know, though she is so good and sweet-tempered.'

Mrs. Audly sent her servant to procure the necessary comforts for the night, and leaving some money with the woman, returned home with the promise of visiting them the next day.

The window's of Mrs. Audly's mansion opened upon a piazza, and she sat alone musing on the past. Time had been, when the voice of childhood sent its thrill through the mother's heart, and the sound of mirth and gladness resounded through her now silent dwelling; but one by one, the bright and beautiful beings who clustered around her hearth and board, had gone down in their innocence to the tomb—only one remained—a son in a distant land. The lady sat in sadness. Her husband entered, and seeing the melancholy that rested on her brow, began relating something amusing that had occurred during the day. She still appeared abstracted, and upon his tenderly inquiring the cause, she related to him the incidents of the morning—'That child reminds me of my departed ones,' said she, and a tear fell upon the hand her husband held. 'Robert, I know that you seldom deny a request of mine; but still it is an important one I am about making. This poor child, in all her beauty and sweetness, seems as if sent to supply the places of the dead: why may I not adopt her as my own? Our home will not appear so lonely.'

Mr. Audly gladly consented to any thing that could cheer the solitude of his wife, or while her from the melancholy that was undermining her health; and they concerted together to take the little Inez, as soon as Mrs. Lorton was dead.

The next day, when Mrs. Audly arrived at the cottage she found that Mrs. Lorton had died in the night, without giving any sign of consciousness, or discovering who she was. There was a miniature of her,—taken when young, and set with pearls, very rich, in her trunk—the only vestige of better days. And after the last sad duties were performed, the little Inez returned with her protectress to her new home. Many an hour did her endearing affection render happy, which would otherwise have been filled with sorrowful remembrances, and Mr. Audly, in watching each day some new charm of mind or person unfold to view, was doubly repaid for her charity to the orphan. The child possessed great sweetness of temper, united to great powers of mind, and the best masters were procured for her by her kind friends. In music, she particularly excelled, and the sound of her sweet voice, pouring out some gay or sad strain, soothed and cheered their hearts, and made life almost seem again bright to them. She was very dear to them both, and few could see the interesting orphan, without loving her. Her life was one of sunshine, though sometimes the thought of her mother, would cause a shade to steal over her sunny face, and cloud her brow. Inez Lorton was fifteen, and had been passing the evening with some young friend. When she returned in the evening, she threw herself into Mrs. Audly's arms and wept bitterly. The memories of her childhood had become dim, and she had always called, and of late years, deemed that lady to be her parent.

'My child! my Inez!' said she 'what means these tears? What has thus caused you sorrow my bright one!'

'Oh! I am not your child,' exclaimed the sobbing girl; 'to-night, in the dance, Miss Laurence refused to notice me, because, she said, I was not so good as herself, for I lived on charity.' And a fresh burst of tears followed this explanation.

Mrs. Audly was much shocked, but she gently and kindly related to Inez, all the circumstances of her mother's illness, and her own adoption of her into her family. She told her, that birth and fortune would weigh little with the wise and good, in comparison with the purity and goodness of her child, and in conclusion, added, 'My Inez, in the world's paths, you will have to bear much that is unpleasant; but I have taught you to look above for support and guidance; and think, my love, of Him, who on earth was so despised of men, and learn a lesson of submission. Go on steadily in the path of duty, and convert scorn into respect and love. Bear every trial with patience, and when wounded by the shaft of ill-nature, remember, that to the shelter of the parent wing you can fly for safety and comfort.'

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Three years had gone by, and the name of Inez Audly was the theme of many a tongue. Very loving and winning was she, as she moved in her beauty through the wreathing dance, and her adopted parents gazed upon her with a look of pride; but dearer, far dearer to their hearts, was she in the quiet of their own home. There were yet some chords in in life's harp unbroken, and her smile was the gleam of brightness in their dwelling. And as she cheered their loneliness, or knelt morning and evening for their blessing, they felt the twining tie grow still stronger.

'A party at Rose Laurence's!. How delightful,' exclaimed Catharine Morris, as she was walking one evening with Inez. 'Shall you not go, dear?'

'I do not visit Miss Laurence,' replied Inez; and a slight flush passed over her face.

'Well, that is strange—I thought you used to know her once.'

'So I did; but I have not visited her for nearly three years. They say her brother has returned. Have you seen him, Kate?'

'No; but I hear wonders of him. I have taken a strange fancy into my head, that destiny will weave a spell, to give both your lives a different shadowing. Fate plays strange tricks sometimes. So bind up your bonny brown hair, and don your best attire; try to win this doughty knight. I really believe I should cry for joy, to see him leading you a gay measure; if it were only to vex his proud sister. For you, whom I deem the very acme of goodness and perfection, I should think even Ernest Lawrence might, with all his intellectual gifts, wear the chains of matrimony gracefully.'

Inez interrupted her, 'Catharine, wild as are your day dreams, you are capable of feeling deeply. To you, I always speak openly—I never shall marry. The blush of shame shall never stain the cheek of any one, however I may sacrifice my own peace, to know that the object of his affection was once an obscure *flower girl*—even now, subsisting upon charity,—No! I must wander forth through life's paths, with a sense of loneliness ever pressing upon my heart.—Without one kindred tie to bind me to earth. And yet I am not ungrateful; for there are some who love me well.' Then, wiping away the tear that dimmed her eye, she added more gaily; 'But, Kate, you can try your own sweet powers, and I will surely lead one gay measure at *your* bridal. I must run home now. So good bye.'

In the height of youth and beauty, Rose Laurence moved with stately step, thro' the brilliantly lighted apartments of her father's luxurious mansion. But yet there was something of pride in the curl of her lip—of scorn in the glance of her black eye. Many a one was drawn within the magic circle she collected around her; but two stood apart—two whose bearing seemed to say, that their place should have been by the side of one so beautiful. Ernest Laurence, and his friend Audly, were talking over all the scenes of earlier days, and heeded not when those silvery accents fell soft upon the ear.

'But, Audly, I hoped to see your mother here to-night. I was always good friends with her, though I so often led you into hair-breadth escapes—why did she not come?'

The brow of Constant Audly slightly contracted as he answered: 'She visits but seldom; but you know she will give you a warm welcome to the little breakfast room, where she sees all who are dear to her without ceremony.'

'I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege; but Rose is motioning us to come to her. Does she not look beautiful to-night, my queen-like sister?—Come, Constant, you my friend, must wear her colours.'

'Never!' muttered Constant Audly, as he followed his friend.

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Inez Audly was bending over a drawing that she was copying for Mrs. Morris, when the door of the small breakfast-room, in which she was seated, suddenly opened. Inez raised her head, and Mrs. Audly approached, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced as Ernest Laurence—one of Constant's dearest friends. 'My Inez,' said she, as he stood evidently struck with the beauty of the blushing girl; 'will you not receive him as such?'

Inez remembered the words of her friend, and her salutation was tinctured with more coldness than was usual to her. He was one who carried the charm of childhood into his mature years; and foreign travel, temptations, and new associations had not destroyed it; and he now, with his own open winning manner, sat down by Mrs. Audly, and recalled the scenes of his boyhood, with all the freshness of early affection. Constant now came in, and Inez gathering up her drawing materials, retired from the room.

'Who is that beautiful girl?' asked Ernest, of his friend, as soon as he left the room. 'Such a vision of loveliness I have seldom met with.'

'She is my adopted sister, and I claim for her the respect due, as if she was bound to us by the kindred tie. Inez is no common character, and some day, I will give you her story.'

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It was Mrs. Audly's birth-day, and the first for many years that Constant had passed at home. Since the death of her children, she had never opened her doors to the gay world, but now she felt that for his sake, she would sacrifice every selfish feeling, and celebrate it. Inez was too beautiful, she said, to remain buried in obscurity, and there were many who would gladly hail the return of her son to his own home.

Inez sat alone in her room; a rich dress was spread out on the bed, and many an ornament and jewel laid upon her dressing table, and yet she heeded not the passing hours. Her head was bent down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

'Inez! sweet Inez! why this cloud upon your brow to-night? Tell me, dear, when mirth and revelry reign triumphant, why this tearful eye? this burning cheek? Come, my sweet friend, don your festal robe, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair.

'Oh! Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will throng these halls to-night. I wish mamma would excuse my appearing;' and again she rested her head upon her hand.

"He heard the gay din from the castle hall,
But was not in mood for the festival,"

exclaimed Catherine, in a lively tone; 'A truce to these sombre fancies;' and half by ridicule, half by caresses, she roused Inez from her despondency.—'There, sweet one, she exclaimed, as she assisted at her toilet, 'do I not play tire-woman to perfection. The *tout ensemble* is exquisite; only this pale cheek shames that white wreath.—Come.'

Never had Inez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the meed of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from himself, that the protegee of Mrs. Audly, was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes! Ernest loved—not with the love of man, that is as the meteor's gleam; but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the inmost recesses of the devoted heart; but she

"Coldly passed him by."

'Do you never dance, Miss Audly?' asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

'To be sure she does,' replied Constant. And meeting her glance—'Nay, my dear Inez, that frown becomes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join yon gay circle.'

Inez could not without infringing every rule of *etiquette*, refuse, and an *expose* of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly; therefore, she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Lawrence, (who, as a child of one that was dear to Mrs. Audly, had been invited to the *fete*), upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow, upon which intellect had set its signet; and a light in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within, now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was so pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favour, and

"His voice had that low and lute-like sound,
Whose echo within the heart is found."

'Is not Inez Audly lovely!' asked Kate Morris, as she and Rose were standing together. 'Methinks, my friend Ernest owns the syren's spell.' Kate spoke playfully, but not without a little maliciousness. She was delighted to mortify her proud companion.

'Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, & dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to yon low born girl. *You* think of a bonny bridal, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will mar it.' And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catharine stood as if spell-bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. 'Oh! she cannot hate Inez,' was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

'And who does hate one so good and faultless?' asked Mrs. Audly who overheard her. Catharine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

'God shield her!' cried Mrs. Audly, 'from the shaft of wo. 'Tis a bitter hatred Miss Laurence bears. She may yet be humbled.'

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The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room; and gazing out upon it, with an eye of abstraction, was Inez Audly. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he won from her the confession, that that love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, for ever. 'I will shame no man,' said she proudly; 'and, Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land, and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wayward.' And Ernest went from her presence, to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

And months rolled on, and Inez's voice was silent in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon her white brow, and the rose-tint on her cheek had long faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

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It was midnight, and alone in her chamber, sat Rose Laurence. The moonlight was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern clime, stole gently in. A step startled her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely muffled, stood before her. Rose started back, in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwonted hour. Catharine was as pale as death. An exclamation of alarm, burst involuntarily from her companion. 'Nay, Rose Laurence, heed *me* not. My cheek may be pale; but the the cheek of one more gentle and good, is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast—one sweet flower, crushed to earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to yon chamber,' pointing to a window in Mrs. Audly's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed, 'Come, and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely.'

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catharine, who had caught up a shawl, and thrown over her, and awed in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs. Audly's grounds, and through them to the house. They entered by a side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded smothered sounds.

Rose Laurence shrunk back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence, and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms. Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe her, was Inez Audly. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy, terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, once so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs. Audly, worn out with watching, slumbered on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Inez caught a view of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl: then she sung snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly:

'It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady? love one, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it.' Then clasping her pale hands, she would entreat Rose not to tear him from her; and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door slowly opened, and another was added to the group around that bed. Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered, 'Stir not—her life is at stake.' Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

The sobs of Inez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear, can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catharine, upon whose bosom Inez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Inez woke from that slumber. The physician held a cordial to her lips, and again she closed her eyes, but a smile was on her face. He held her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, said softly, 'She will live!' And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fullness of their hearts in prayer.

Soft was the song of the summer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that half shaded Inez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow upon which her head rested, and he bent over her couch, with a look of anxious love. There was gathered round her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid.—She smiled as Ernest held up his watch, and whispered fondly, 'You must talk no longer, dearest; here comes Rose.' And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips, and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes—Rose Laurence, on her bended knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, then did she bless the hour, whe he had chosen as his bride, the once poor *flower girl*. Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing love and devotion of the noble heart of Constant Audly, to whom she had been many years wedded.

Heavy Talk.—"Look here, Sam Jonsing, is you goin to de theatre, to-night?"

"No—is you?"

"Dat I is. Don't you see de great 'traction dere on de bill?"

"Yes I does. Say, nig, what's the name ob dat big piece down dere at de bottom," pointing to the announcement of Master St. Luke.

"Well, I can't exactly specemify de name ob dat piece, but dey say it's one dat possesses de biggest kind of interest-ariety."

"Dat's enough—dat last 'spression of yours convinces me—I'm gwoin."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Famine.—There are two men living on White River, Indiana, bearing the names of "Dry-bread" and "No-sop."—They cannot live very far from Mr. Starvation.

Extracts from the Wife, by Dr. Alcott.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE WIFE ON THE HUSBAND.

Every wife has it in her power to make her husband better or worse. This result is accomplished, not merely by giving advice and instruction alone. Both these have their influence; and as means of improvement, should not be neglected. But it is by the general tone and spirit of her conversation, as manifesting the temper and disposition of the heart, that she makes the most abiding impressions. These are modifying his character daily and hourly; sometimes even when absent.

It has been said of the wife of Jonathan Edwards, that by enabling him to put forth his powers unembarrassed, she conferred a greater benefit upon mankind, than all the female chararters that ever lived or ever will live. A similar remark might be applied to the mother of almost every great and good man. Woman's true greatness consists, so it seems to me, in rendering others useful, rather than in being directly useful herself. Or, in other words, it is less her office to be seen and known in society, than to make others seen and known and their influence felt.

I might give numerous examples and illustrations of the principle I am endeavoring to sustain, both in this country and elsewhere. I might speak of the mother and the wife of Washington, and the mother of Dwight, Franklin, Wilberforce, Whitfield, Timothy, and hundreds of others; for it was by the exercise of the duties not only of the mother, but of the wife, that these illustrious characters were brought forth to the world. But I will confine myself to a single instance; and that one in which the influence upon the husband was direct.

The case to which I refer, is that of Sir James Macintosh, whose fame as a jurist, a statesman, and writer is well known, not only in Europe and in America, but in India; and whose efforts in the cause of science and humanity, have rarely been equalled. Few men have done more, through the progess of a long life, than he; and few have at any rate, been more distinguished for extensive learning, have views, and liberal principles, in law, politics, and philosopy; but especially in his favorite department of the law. It was he of whom Sir Walter Scott said on a certain occasion, that he made "the most brilliant speech ever made, at a bar in forum." Yet this great man, if we may believe his own story, owed no small share of his greatness to the assistance and influence of his wife.—Of this, the following extract, from a letter to his friend, describing her character, after her decease, will most abundantly prove. The last clause includes, it will be seen, a passing tribute to another person—probably his mother, which doubles the value of the extract I have made in exhibiting the influence of two females in the formation of character, instead of but one.

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them.—She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentments, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments,) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm & impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant.

"Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each other, when a knowledge of her worth, had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age deprived it of much of its ardor. I lost her, alas, (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days."

Who—what wife, especially, can read these paragraphs without feeling a desire enkindled within her to be distinguished in the world, not so much in her own name as by her influence on her husband and family, and through them on others? She thus becomes not so much the instrument of human amelioratipn, as the moving agent.

New method of Raising the Wind.—On Sunday evening last, after the Rev. Thomas Fisher had preached his farewell sermon, to an exceedingly crowded audience, the deacons of the church proceeded to take a collection for the purpose of defraying his travelling expenses, &c.—While the deacons were performing their praiseworthy offices on the ground floor, a *respectable loafer* took it into his head to honor those of the gallery with the privilege of contributing their mite into his *own* well-worn beaver, and for his own special benefit. Whilst he was busily and successfully engaged in collecting the *needful* from the good people seated in the gallery, some one observed that his face appeared a little unfamiliar. The suspicion was duly conveyed to the sexton, who accordingly arrested the new collector as he was in "the full tide of successful experiment," and conveyed him with his hat and contents before the officers of the church below. Our *soi distant* collector gave several good, but as the sequal shows, not sufficient reasons, for entering into the duties of his office without being duly commissioned; among others, that as the gentlemen were collecting money for others below, he could see no reasonable objection to his collecting some of the same for himself above, especially as he was much in want of a little *needful* just at present. Moreover that his conduct was in perfect conformity with that law of our nature which says "that man is an imitative being." These very reasonable explanations were finally overruled, and his body was delivered over to the jailer for safe keeping, and his money was taken by one of the deacons on special deposite. *Louisville Times.*

Punctuation.—The true character of a certain gentleman. He is an old and experienced MAN in vice and *wickedness* he is never FOUND in opposing the workers of *iniquity* he takes DELIGHT in the downfall of his *neighbors* he never REJOICES in the prosperity of his fellow *creatures* he's always PLEASED when the poor are in *distress* he is always ready to ASSIST in destroying the peace and happiness of *society* he takes no pleasure in serving the *Lord* he is uncommonly DILIGENT in sowing discord among his friends and *acquaintances* he takes no PRIDE in laboring to promote the cause of *Christianity* he has not been NEGLECTFUL in endeavoring to stigmatize all public *teachers* he strives HARD to build up Satan's *Kingdom* he lends no AID for the support of the gospel among the *heathen* he contributes LARGELY to the friends of the evil *adversary* he pays no attention to good *advice* he gives great HEED to the *devil* he will not GO to *Heaven* he will go where he will receive a just recompence of reward.

N. B.—If, in reading the above, you put a semicolon at the end of every word in small capitals, the character of the person will appear that of a very good man; but if you place the semicolon at the termination of the words in italics, and leave it out at the first mentioned, you will make him one of the worst of characters.

Going the Entire.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory in one of our northern cities.

'Halloo, Jim, which way now so fast?'

'The fact is, I have taken two boxes and all, without doing me any good.—I'm going to swallow the agent now, to see what effect he will have.'

Beautiful Comparison.—As the Ostrich uses both his legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in his rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when they have unbound their bolts—so does a little negro run, when a big dog is after him.

An Irish woman called on an apothecary with an infant that was unwell, to beg something for it. The apothecary gave her some powders of which he ordered as much as would lie on a ninepence, to be given every morning, when the woman said, "Perhaps yer honor would lend me the ninepence."

An ingenious Yankee, by the name of *Floit*, has invented a machine to rock the cradle, and keep cross babies from crying and squealing. It is attached to the bottom of the cradle, and has to be wound up every fifty minutes. There is no end to the ingenuities of brother Jonathan. The next thing, we suppose, will be—but no matter, we shall see what we shall see.

NEW POTATOES. On Tuesday last, new potatoes, raised in the vicinity of Frederick, were served up at the table of the United States Hotel. They were of good size and excellent quality. Who, in the same latitude, can beat this?—*Fd. Citizen, March 30.*

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason—"Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"