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E PATIENT.

BY ANNIE SEYMOUR.

The pilgrim life has many ills
We can't see faith to try,
But when with grief the sad eye fills
Just raise to Heaven that eye.

The pilgrim—over the struggling soul
Amid every time's waves of care,
But when its stormiest surges roll
That raise to Heaven thy prayer.

The pilgrim—falsehood cannot stand
In the day beyond its day;
In the kind Father's place thy hand
And He will guide thy way.

The pilgrim—toil and hope and wait,
With earnest, cheerful will;
And when most adverse seems thy fate
Still, hope, wait—patient, still.

TH AND POOR.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

There was but 1 perjured faith;
And one a broken vow,
Who loved, and who loved me,
Stood beside me now.

Hanne; my poor, proud,

music in my mother's
room, and I crossed the room and
sat on a low stool at her feet. The
smouldering in the grate. The
dark rich colors, looked warm
in the dim light, but out side the
hurrying by, and the unquiet feet
November rain paced around the old
mansion. I had been a long time
good and noble, and more than
was like some poet artist's conception,
with his calm high brow, his
and golden tresses. There was
of bold, fearless truth in his hand-
, and a look of loving tenderness
about mouth. He was all sunshine,
his way into my heart. I loved
I hardly acknowledged it to myself.
and I—I had but my proud old
ruined mansion and the wasted
the race of Stuarts.

lover came, and this one was noble.
yellow and deep and shining in his
and the broad lands that called him
ancestors and fair. If Morgan Philips
with the beauty of morning, this
Hunt Hennesly, was the personi-
stormy night, not wet with rain
darkened and terible, with
clouds, with now and then a star
them, like the gleam of a giant's
. I *loved* Morgan Philips, but
only's wilder nature possessed a
for my adventurous imagination.
could realize every dream of my
—I could cross the Eastern desert,
Bedouns, *stand among the ruins*
, and weep over the *fallen* grandeur
Rome—with him I could float
Rhine, look out on the stormy
billow the track of the old Norse-
the Northern sea. With Morgan
should I share?

hesitingly answered the low voice
, and I saw a vision of a peaceful
home where love would make sunshine.
the cottage walls, and
children, bright with the
my lover husband, but the cosy
fresh biscuit and clotted cream,
washing dishes and scour-
the blue eyed little ones of my rock
the cradle jogged, would cry,
turned with a sigh of relief to
—the lullaby of the peaceful
—the summer isles upon her breast.
I said aloud:

Hunt Hennesly's," and then my
me to her side.

I sat down at her feet, how beau-
had been in years past, how tenderly
was, with her great sorrowful black
looked steadfastly at me for a mo-
then said half sorrowfully.

, have you promised to be Morgan

ma, I am young yet."

young; but if you have not prom-
have let him see for these many months
loved him—that his presence at your
house. Now, Hanne, if you did not
him, was this right?"

said was silent, and she continued:

Hunt Hennesly loves you, also, and
you. Your own heart will be
, if you will only follow it; only,
child, do not let ambition,
anything tempt you to marry
The retribution will be terrible,
mother drew her shawl about
shivered, albeit the room was warm:—
looks when she said:

tell you, my poor girl, a story of my
I had not thought to confess your
or mine, and God knows which
, but you need the lesson and you
it.

motherless. I have seen a picture of
being who died that I might live,
from the earth ere she had clasp-
her breast. I was my father's idol, but
he died and left me poor. He had
, but after my mother's death he
his fortune to a faithless stewart, and
above want.

beautiful, the world said, and I
well. The face that met my gaze as I
fore my mirror, was bright, bewildering.

I had been educated in conventual
, and my *heart* was fresh and pure.—
Hanne, you have never known such a
It was worship—it was idolatry—it
life of my life. And he I loved was
Greame was fatherless like myself,
inmate of his mother's cottage.—
they cherished the orphan com-
there care. I know that Allen *loved*
is in every act; in the appealing ten-
which his blue eyes would rest up-
in the care with which he anticipa-
, and in the very intonations of his
addressed me.

their suitor came. Allen had never
love, and I had never promised in so
to be his bride, but for many months
filtered me all his own, and yet when
visited the cottage, his eyes sought
with a kind of questioning sadness.—
on, and seven weeks more beheld
Stuart's betrothed. Looking back, I
by what circumstances this change
about. I worshipped Allen Greame
over. His smile was the sunshine
Your father loved me, at least
my beauty, and he was a noble, glo-
Still his presence had no power to
a single heart-thrill. But he was rich,
I coveted the proud rank his
give—the stately mansion, and the
It was a long struggle between love
ambition, but at length I laid my hand in
, hate me, Hanne, I deserve it.
Painfully I knew I did not love him
and soul were long ago yielded up
to another—and yet I

never reproached me, but the misery
in his blue eyes was more than
words. His mother was as
kind as ever. But I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garments she was making. And I, oh, Hanne, shuddered, looking back though all these years, at the bare thought of my silent agony. I believe that I was more beautiful than ever. My eyes were wildly bright, and my cheek flushed like wine an hundred years old, sparkling over a silver goblet. My bridegroom liked the impassive coldness of my manners. I do not think that he ever dreamed I did not love him, and my stateliness accorded well with the lofty pride of himself and all his haughty race.

I married him. The ceremony was over, and he turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek rang through the church, a piercing, terrible shriek. Then there was a heavy fall.—Allen was borne senseless through the crowd.—My husband might have suspected when he saw my anguish, that Allen was more than the brother I called him, but he said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside. He had not long to wait. My beloved had broken a blood vessel in his fall, and the fourth day he died. I held his hand as he faded silently away.

"Katrine," he said, looking mournfully into my eyes, "Katrine, it is very sweet to die thus, with you beside me. I am dying for your love. I shall be happy, dearest, for an angel whispers you will be mine in Heaven. You have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world, and I am going where no shadow falls. Kiss me, Katrine, and then sing me one of our dear old songs."

"I had kissed him many times before as a sister might; the free, innobest kisses of childhood, but now,—now, I kissed him with the wild passionate kisses of womanhood's deathless love; and then drawing his head to my bosom, I sang.—It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky, and I sang it now, to the soul which was so soon to climb above the sky, even to the footstool of the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light welling into his large blue eyes. Every moment he grew more beautiful till I was frightened at his unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—"Katrine—Heaven!"

"The lids closed over those earnest eyes, peacefully as a child lies down to dream, and the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone with my dead!"

My mother paused, and clasped me wildly to her heart, then releasing me, she continued:

"Hanne, I know that in those early days your father loved me, as *he could love*. Not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me, and strove to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife, whose head rested on his bosom, slept in her dreams upon another's heart, mixed with grave-mould. When he clasped his arms about her, ever between their folding and her slender waist, were those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick even unto death; I could not feign a love my heart could never feel. It was two years, Hanne, before you were born. He had learned of late to seek his happiness else where. I did not trouble myself to inquire the nature of his pursuits, for I was grateful to be left alone. When you were put into my arms, I rained tears of blessing over you, thanking God that my heart could love still.

"As I lay there in silence with my eyes shut holding you on my heart, I heard him say:

"Perhaps this child will win her love for me. God grant it: we may be happier!"

"It was a vain hope, Hanne, I was colder to him than ever. We both loved you. I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving madly over the dead who should have been your father. One night as I held you thus, my husband entered.

"Katrine," said he, "I shall die to-night, die by own hand. I have lost my all at the gaming table whither your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for your sake, for the sake of our innocent child, but, oh, you deserve little else, woman, who could sell yourself for station, when your very being was another's!"

"I knew his reproaches were just, and I sat still in defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes he stood silently looking on us. Then he spoke again with softened tone:

"Katrine, forgive me! Perhaps you did not know your own heart until too late. Let not our parting be in anger. I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly. God will judge me, and he is merciful. Katrine, kiss me once more before I die. Once let me hold you to my heart. You are my wife. Your hatred cannot be so remorseless as to refuse me this, my last request!"

"Hanne, I know not what demon ruled me, but I sprang up from my seat, I held you aleft from my arms, and cried:

"Go! do not touch me! I loathe you, I hate you! But for you my darling would not have died! Before your coming I was happy! Go! You cannot suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!"

"Then holding you still, I sank down upon the floor, weak, helpless, in a paroxism of sobbing. I can remember nothing distinctly, but I have a faint, indistinct memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead—of seeing your baby face covered with passionate caresses, and of being roused from my long faint by the report of a pistol.—Your father was dead. Hanne, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my long life was terrible!"

I clasped her bowed figure in my arms, and pressed my lips again and again to her flushed brow, shuddering the while at the thought that as terrible had been mine, but for the story and its warning. Oh, how much deeper my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopelessness of her fearful sorrow, than she had ever been, in what I had supposed, the cold perfectness of character.

There was a quick ring at the door. My mother gathered about her the heavy folds of her shawl, and then, turning on me the appealing glance of her tearful eyes, passed from the room, even as Hunt Hennesly entered. He knelt at my feet; whispered pleadingly of the future his care should make so bright, and involuntarily I shuddered, as I drew my hand from his clasp.

"Mr. Hennesly," I said in a low, earnest tone, "I have heard that to-night which has made the distinctions of this world seem of little moment in contrast with a calm, true love which shall last for eternity. I do not so love you. I cannot be your wife!"

My words left no room for hope, and he went out silently into the storm. I never looked upon his face again. Before the evening was over, Morgan Philips also sought my presence, and his errand was to say farewell. Sitting by my side, my hand in his, he murmured:—

"Hanne, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I will not stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your bright destiny."

There wasn't much pride left in my heart then, and I bowed my head upon his shoulder, and said, in a whisper so low that only ears of love could catch the sound:

"Morgan, stay; for my sake, stay!"

Oh, what an unprecedented beautiful night and sunrisen of morning sunshine broke over this dary then. But the rest is my secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Philips now. I hear of Hunt Hennesly sometimes, standing among the proudest and noblest of the land, but his name brings with it no regrets. Deeper than the brightest skies of far off Italy, are the blue eyes that meet my own so lovingly; sweeter than the whole world's homage, the tones which murmur, as I stand among my idols—"My wife, my beloved!"

A Romance of Real Life.

The following interesting narrative from the Journal, published at Bucyrus, Crawford county, Ohio, which is claimed to be strictly true, possesses sufficient of romance to make half a dozen ordinary novels:

In Dauphin county, Pa., seven years ago, lived a wealthy farmer, who was blessed with a beautiful daughter of some seventeen summers. A young man in the neighborhood, of respectable family, feigned an attachment for her.—Young and inexperienced, she fell into a snare set for her; shortly after her ruin was effected, the young man fearing the wrath of her father, when the consequences of his villainy should become apparent, absconded. The young girl now felt the full horror of her situation, which she could conceal but a short time, and her destroyer had fled. She could not, dare not endure the shame and reproach that would attach to her when all should be discovered. She determined upon leaving the country, also, and preferring to be considered as dead, matured a plan to cheat her parents into the belief that she had been drowned.

A small creek ran through her father's farm and emptied into the Susquehanna, a short distance away. At this time of year—spring—it was swollen by freshets, and very dangerous to venture upon the frail bridge of plank that had been thrown across it. One evening when the water was very high, she proposed going to a neighbor's who lived just across the creek. Her father objected on the ground of danger, but insisting that she could get over safely, she mined her bonnet and started. She had previously secreted a few articles of clothing outside, which she took with her. On arriving at the bridge she threw her bonnet into the stream, well knowing that it would be caught on the bushes that overhung it, and hurrying on soon gained the road, and walked away in the direction of Harrisburg. The consternation of the family, after the lapse of two or three hours, can be better imagined than described. One went to the house she had started for, but she had not been there. It was supposed immediately that she had fallen off the bridge. Search was made, and her bonnet was found lodged on some overhanging willows. Sadly they returned to the bereaved home. Doubt was at an end. She had fallen from the frail bridge, had been drowned, and her body carried by the angry flood into the river. Shortly after the supposed death, her father, upon whose mind the events weighed heavily, wishing leave the scene of his affliction, sold his farm and removed to this country.

In the meantime she had reached Harrisburg, taking the cars West, and in a few days found herself at the only tavern in a secluded village in the interior of Michigan. The landlady was a kind-hearted woman, and at that particular time was in need of an assistant. She heard the story of the poor girl, sympathised with her, and liking her appearance, insisted upon her making that place her home. In this house she passed six years of contentment. The hostess introduced her as a widow; she gained friends, and received many advantageous offers of marriage.

One morning, about six months ago, she was in the sitting room when the stage drove up.—The windows of the coach were down, and she could see most of the passengers. Among them was a face that seemed familiar to her. She looked again and with a shriek fell fainting to the floor. It was her betrayer. The landlady soon learned how matters stood, and determined that justice should be done. She sought him, told him the facts, and insisted that he should repair the injury which he had inflicted by making her his wife. To this he at once consented. Three months after his flight from Pennsylvania, seized with remorse, he had started back with the intention of marrying her. On the way he had picked up a newspaper which contained an account of her tragical death. Feeling that he was the cause of her untimely end, heart-sick and sad, he turned back, a changed and better man. He had settled down, accumulated property, and was a man of standing and influence.—The joy of the girl when she met with her repentant lover may be imagined. They were married that evening. Ascertaining the address of her father, they came on to this place as fast as steam could carry them. Words cannot paint the raptures of the old man as he clasped to his bosom a daughter he had mourned as dead for six long years. Explanations were made, all was forgiven, and after passing a few weeks of unalloyed happiness here, they returned to their home in the west.

SHE WOULD RIDE.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* relates the following amusing story: A conductor upon one of the railroads terminating here met with a hard customer a few days since, and his experience verified the lines—

"When a woman wills she wont,
And when she won't she won't."

A fierce looking woman got on the train, about ten miles out on the road, to come to the city. The affable conductor saw nothing remarkable in this, for fierce looking females frequently "get on trains," but both women or men, whether fierce looking or not, are expected to pay their fare.—The woman in question flatly refused to comply with the usual demand, while she expressed her ability to "lay the conductor and all the money he had stolen from the company within the past year." The conductor thought this was saying a good deal, but with as few words as possible (conductors are men of few words,) he demanded, for the third time, "your fare," and then pulled the bell-rope to put the would-be dead-head off. The train stopped and the woman was conducted out upon the platform, and from thence down the steps, out upon the track.—When the train essayed to proceed on its way the woman got aboard. Not wishing to put her off while the train was in motion, the conductor pulled the rope again, and again she was deposited of *terra firma*. When the train started she got on board as before, and again the train was stopped and the tenacious woman handed gently down. This time a brakeman remained outside to detain her, thinking he could get the train under way in advance of the determined passenger. But he was mistaken. The woman made the run at almost as soon as the brakeman, and clinging to the railing about the platform, managed to climb up and was a passenger still, in spite of their efforts. The train had now lost considerable time, and rather than by himself liable to a charge of brutally treating a woman, the conductor permitted the remarkable passenger to gain her point and retain her seat to the end of her journey, when, strange to say, she paid her fare and marched off. We doubt whether a parallel to this instance of determination in a woman was ever recorded.

COULDN'T HOLD OUT.—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her intended thus: "Dear Jim, come site off, if you are cummin at all. Holdermen is inquiring that I shall have him, and he hangs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

CORSETS.

When I was ever in gay town,
Some months ago, or more,
I saw a very strange thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window-case,
Upon a gilting a-straddle;
Looked something like an hour-glass,
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several city gents
Who chanced to be at hand,
What was it? But their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint,"
On certain parties placed:
Like a decree in Chancery
To stay the tenant's "waste."

Another said—the greatest chap
Of any in the swarm—
"It wasn't the glass of fashion," but
It was the "mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine"
A lady used to "rig her;"
To bring her life and form into
The very smallest figure.

At last a little girl came out—
And think of my amaze—
She asked me if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays!

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But strike me deaf and dumb
If ever I until that hour
Suspected "them was um"

Well, isn't it exceeding strange
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
Strait-jackets "put about" 'em;
But women in their wits should make
A shift—to do—without 'em.

THE FATAL CAMP MEETING.

BY JOSTLE IN.

"Never been to camp meeting, eh?" said old Dod, as we clustered round the camp fire. "Not such a camp meeting as this; I don't mean," he continued, as one of the boys ventured to suggest that we were in a camp meeting then; "your tarnation ignorance is s'enamost strong enough to let you know I mean one of them ripsroaring Methodist congarss, where the gals are convarted by the score, and the boys follor as naturally as kittens take to the milk-pans when they are left where they can get at 'em. It was a consarned true saying down in our parts—but why should I say *down*, I don't know, for it's a woeful piece of walking hereaway, and he pointed off in the direction of the Pacific, evidently thinking the Utopia he had left was in that part of the western world, rather than in the region of the Alleghanies. He continued: "It was a consarned true saying down in our parts, and well understood by all hands, if you wanted to make the boys chop wood, jist start the gals out with the axes, and you'd see the chips fly."

"Wal, yes, I'm going to tell you a story," he said, in answer to the query, "if you'll promise to keep me awake. It's mightily changed now, down where I was shook up, from the time when I was young. Then the gals—you see, as old as I'm getting, I can't forget them gals—thought the greatest compliment her spark could pay her was to praise the cote dodgers her plump fingers made; while now—but no; I won't say one word agin 'em, bless their tender hands!—Let 'em play the piano as much as they have a mind to; I'm not the man to take a pleasure from 'em, even if I could. Oh, yes! I will go on with the story. Wal, you see it's some changed now, for my story goes back about thirty years or better, where the pine woods flourished where the cities now stand, and a trail jist wide enough to let the ox teams pass, and even at that they'd graze the trees, was thought a fine road, notwithstanding the stumps.

"Wal, one fall the preachers came into our circuit, and pitched their tents in what was called Pine Holler, about ten miles from our settlement. You see, the settlements were getting mighty thick, even then, and they were jist half way betwixt our place and the jining logs, an' when the boys came in telling us about it, thar was a regular stampede for the Holler. All sorts of teams were pressed into service, and we all turned out to spend a week in the convarting mill. At that time I was desperately in love—I'd like to know the time I wasn't—with one of the smartest gals in the settlement, and she showed her natural good taste by a kind leanin' towards me. Of course we rode alongside of each other when we went to the camp, and our conversation naturally turned on the subject of religion. She was a smart gal, and shook full of education, and the way she'd talk scripture would beat the parson all to splits; and she was some on city talk, too, you can bet—not that I knew about it, to be sure, but the school master used to say she was a perfect padygorn." 'Paragon,' I suggested. "Wal, something like it; anyhow, she went far ahead of me. She was powerfully pretty, with a face like a harvest moon, and a form that jist took down anything in the shape of human flesh I ever set eyes on. Bymeby, we began to talk about marrying; and sich like, as I had a first rate chance, no one 'round to tell on't, I jist plucked up my courage, and sez I, 'Foly, (her mother, who was some edeocated, plucked up that name out of a book called Shasks—'twas Ofely, but we all called her Foly, for short,) I've kinder set my feetions on you; and if you'll jist say the word, we'll hitch for life." 'Twas for that period, for they never had no divorce down thar. Sez she, 'Dod,' and my heart went pitter-patter, jist like a dead lamb's tail; 'Dod,' said she, "I don,t mind, and if the old folks say yes, I'm with *yer for life*." Sez I, 'good,' and we settled it right thar by a hearty buss, though it was mighty hard to get it, for as I kinder settled over her way a'ter it, my tarnation beast jist took a shy, and my head went slap agin hern, which nearly upset her. The preliminaries settled, we pricked up the animals and pushed ahead.

"Why didn't you marry her, Uncle Dod?" asked one of the party.

"Wal, that's jist what I'm going to tell you. That camp meeting did it for me sure. Wal we arove in camp about half an hour or so a'ter the boys had pitched the tents, and the sly look, that passed around showed they understood how things war. A'ter we'd got everything fixed in the tents, the boys went out while the gals brushed up a little, and they jined us a'ter a time, and we paired off, and as the old Gabriel was blowing the horn, we went into meeting. 'Twas pretty full when we got thar, and no place for the gals to settle. While looking round, a nice, fancy dressed chap, with city clothes on, got up and sez he, 'Madam, you can take this seat.'—Sez Foly, sez she, (I'm not madam, 'cause I aint married; but stranger, I thank yer,' and she set down. He made her a bow that made me feel queer, and she gave him a smile that made me s'amost jump onto him. Then he made a more bow, as if to set down along side of her. I wish to tarnation he hadn't done so; but, sez I, 'Stranger, with yer permission,' and I jumped my form down on t'other side. He smiled for all the world like a jackboon, and just cut his hitch his head about as fast with one hand, and kissing the other t'wards her, went over to the other side, and stood talking to another gal. The idea himself, only he had his'n onto his upper lip right under his nose, like as if he warried in for a pasture for his feed.

Sez Foly, sez she, "what in all the world did you set down thar for, when that handsome gal (tarnation sot the man!) You're tantalizing."

"I GETS TH PEER ANYHOW!"—The Sacramento (Cal.) *Age* tells of an inveterate lager-beer consumer, who is in the habit of hanging around the bar-rooms for the "stumps" and "pickings."

"Yesterday, the old fellow was waiting in a saloon on K street, expecting the receipt of a free glass. The bar-keeper at length saw a dead mouse under the counter. "Good!" he exclaimed, "I'll fix old Lager with this 'ere;" so he takes the mouse, puts its decaying body in a glass, (ugh!) covers it with malt liquor, and, passing it to the counter, calls out: "Ere, old chap, 'ere's a drink." Lager tottered to the counter, around which several cuts ones were standing, seized the beverage and swallowed it, shaking slightly as the vermin descended his throat. "Ah, ah! now you're fixed!" yelled the crowd. "Vas ish fixed?" inquired Lager, startled by the sudden exclamations of the room squad. "Oh! you've swallowed a mouse—that'll cure you—that'll use you up!" answered the bar-keeper. "Shwallowed a mice! me, mit te peer!" said Lager, as coolly and carelessly as though he had only taken down a fly. "A mice! yes, I tot it was a hop as goes in me; but I don't care 'bout a mice, *I goes to peer anyhow!*"

The Albany *Times* says that Mrs. Hayes, of the town of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., whose case we detailed some time since, and who had lived nineteen months without food or drink, died a week or two ago. She remained insensible to the last, months of the period, and up to a few hours of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke connectedly. After her death, her body was opened, and a snake five feet long, and a half an inch thick, was taken from the stomach.

The New Territory of Arizona.

The National *Intelligencer* of this morning, has an interesting letter descriptive of the new territory of Arizona. Hon. John R. Bartlett, late U. S. Commissioner in the Gadsden purchase, addressed a communication to Lieut. Mowry, delegate from the new Territory, with the evident view of magnifying the resources of the country. Nevertheless, there is much in the letter that is interesting, both in a geographical and political point of view.

In its physical features Arizona resembles California. There are four distinct features of surface; first, arid plains; second, elevated plateaus or table lands; third, agricultural valleys or bottom lands; to which must be added, fourthly, mountainous spurs, unsuited to the residence of man. The plains are generally barren, with a hard soil over which wagons can travel without difficulty, but water would have to be provided by means of artesian wells. The table lands are covered with a thick and short herbage, on which immense herds of cattle may be raised, and water is obtained at no great depth by digging. Many of the mountain valleys and lesser hills are covered with a carpet of gramma grass (*crondosium*) which is eagerly eaten, either fresh or as hay, by all descriptions of stock. The great plateau west of the Rio Grande comprises two-thirds of the elevated region, and is of the nature of a rolling prairie, fairly supplied with springs and pools of sweet water. Throughout the country watered by the River Mimbres there is abundance of pine and other timber trees. Santa Rita del Cobre, or the Copper Mine, near this river, supplied a portion of the copper for the Mexican coinage for forty years from 1804, but the enterprise necessary to carry on the workings successfully has gradually died out. There is little doubt that the region abounds in mineral wealth, specimens of gold, silver, lead and copper having been found. The whole district between the valley of San Pedro and the Santa Cruz is a grazing district, well provided with grass and water. Next, we approach the Santa Cruz river and its valley, unquestionably the finest agricultural district in the whole of the Gadsden Purchase, after leaving the bottom lands of the Rio Grande. It is also the best wooded of any portion of the territory, and in other respects presents many advantages for settlers; indeed, this valley, with its adjacent districts, where there are several rich and highly cultivated haciendas and missions, must become the granary for the future State of Arizona. Santa Cruz is an old town and presidio, situate on a river of the same name, which, after a course of a hundred miles, is lost in the sands. This valley was the seat of extensive mission establishments, of which the remains still exist.

The towns and settlements in this valley are Santa Cruz and San Lorenzo, Calabasas, Tumacacori, Tubac, and the Sopori-mission of San Xavier; but unfortunately the whole of the valley, except Santa Cruz, is in the hands of the Apaches. With regard to the lands bordering on the river Gila, only a portion are susceptible of cultivation by means of irrigation, but a district north of and immediately contiguous to the Gila is, *par excellence*, the finest agricultural district in our lately acquired territories lying in the same latitude, between Eastern Texas and the Pacific, for the great extent and richness of the soil, the show[illegible] and excellence of the water, the cottonwood timber for building purposes, the quarries of stone in the adjacent hills, and for the facility with which it may be approached from every quarter. The district in question lies at the junction, and is a measure forms the delta of the Salinas and Gila rivers.—It lies but a little above the bed of the river; and might be in consequence easily irrigated. The arable cotton land is from two to four miles in width, and is overgrown with mesquit, while on the river's margin grew large cotton woods. The river is from 80 to 100 feet wide, from two to four feet deep, and both rapid and clear. In these respects it differs from the Gila, which is sluggish and muddy for the 200 miles it has been explored. Extensive remains are here found of a former civilized race, and this is one of the most desirable positions for a permanent agricultural settlement, with a military post, of any between the Rio Grande and the Colorado. The Gila is not a navigable stream, but after its rise flat-bottomed boats loadened with merchandise might easily pass up as far as Salinas, and perhaps to the Pimo villages.

The next point of interest is the valley of the Colorado of the West. The Colorado being the largest stream between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It has many large tributaries, most of them like itself bordered with wide alluvial bottoms, and all well wooded; the angle, forming the delta of the Colorado and Gila rivers, is entirely covered with a forest, and is often overflowed. The former stream where it receives the Gila is about 500 yards wide, and after passing a rocky canon is much diminished; yet it varies much, according to the floods, both in depth and width. The bottom lands along the river, as far as surveyed, are of the richest quality and could be easily irrigated and cultivated.

The writer of the letter promises another communication on the territory with a view to its colonization and admission into the Union.

SMALL POX AND VACCINATION.—Hall's *Journal of Health* has the following:

"From extended and close observations the following general deductions seem to be warranted:

1. Infantile vaccination is an almost perfect safeguard until the fourteenth year. 2. At the beginning of fourteen the system gradually loses its capability of resistance, until about twenty-one, when many persons become almost as liable to small-pox as if they had not been vaccinated. 3. This liability remains in full force until about forty-two, when the susceptibility begins to decline, and continues for seven years to grow less and less, becoming extinct at about fifty, the period of life when the general revolution of the body begins to take place, during which the system yields to decay, or takes a new lease of life for two or three terms of seven years each. 4. The grand practical use to be made of these statements is: Let every youth be vaccinated on entering fourteen: let several attempts be made so as to be certain of safety. As the malady is more likely to prevail in cities during the winter, special attention is invited to the subject at this time."

SAD MISTAKE.—Major Beale, the chivalrous Vermonter, has just returned from his European tour, but his fellow townsmen are astonished and horrified at his altered appearance. When in Paris he challenged a French Colonel, and the weapons being swords, at the first stroke the Major's nose was severed close to his face. Hastily picking up and replacing the organ, he tied his handkerchief over it. After leaving on the bandage for eleven days he removed it when to his consternation he found that he had placed it wrong side up, and it was now healed. Although it looks ugly, he finds it very convenient for taking snuff.—*Augusta Constitutionalist.*

Several years ago a young English nobleman figured in Washington. He had but a small supply of brains, although may titles, which last are apt to tickle the ear amazingly. Several ladies were in debate, going over the list, Lord so and so, Baron this and that, &c. 'My fair friends,' exclaimed the gallant Lieutenant N., 'one of his titles you appear to have forgotten.' 'Ah,' exclaimed they eagerly, 'what is that?' 'He is *Baron of Intellect*,' was the reply.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—A St. Helena correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, writing under date of Nov. 24, succeeds the capture of a number of slavers on the coast of Africa, and gives a description of the condition of a cargo of rescued Africans brought into that port. The letter says:

"In my last I spoke of the revival of the slave trade on the Coast of Africa. By recent arrivals since, we have heard of more captures of cargoes waiting shipment, and large sums of money offered for vessels for their conveyance; and now we have actual demonstration of the awful traffic, in the arrival at this port a few days since, of H. M. steamer Alecto, with a prize schooner having on board about 600 poor Africans in all their nakedness, it being the seventh capture by that steamer within two months. She is an American built vessel, of about 170 tons, a fast sailer, name unknown, it having been painted out on the stern, though is shown faintly through, as the 'Windward, of New London.' She arrived under the name of 'Lucia.' She was captured on the 4th inst., about five degrees off the coast, (so they say she was well off,) after a hard chase of ten or twelve hours, and was only taken by the fear, and consequent refusal of the crew to work her, after having been fired on some seven or eight times.

She had one or two passengers, from captured vessels, and a crew all told, of fourteen persons, of mixed nationalities, but no American among them. When seized, she showed no flag, had no papers, acknowledged no captain, and of course her cargo declared itself and her own condemnation. One of the passengers (supposed to be the captain of the slaver Brem, captured previously,) died on board the steamer, where also the rest of the crew now are. She had been out several days when captured, and had lost by death a great many; and the poor fellows continued dying by the dozen daily, even after arrival here—twelve dying on the day of arrival, and out of about six hundred, only something over four hundred have outlived the miseries and suffering of the 'middle passage' of only fourteen days. After they were landed, several died ere they could reach their quarters, and daily new made graves are opened. I visited the vessel in a few hours after her arrival to give you this sketch of a scene, we fain had hoped belonged to days gone by, but which was before my eyes in all its horror. I found a small schooner which swarmed with the poor creatures as thick as they could sit, most of them young men—very many boys, and about eighty girls and young women. They had been stowed in sitting postures in the hold, and over their heads a slave deck laid, whereon were crowded the women and the boys, in a space barely high enough to admit of sitting upright. I could not have believed it possible that so many human beings could be stowed in such a space. When I visited them, they of course were not to remain confined in their original positions for the deck was alive with them. I cannot find language in which to paint the filth and disgusting stench of this prison house of miserable, wretched suffering. The naked bodies, filth of person, emaciated limbs, to almost skeletons, wan and pitiable faces upturned, arms, legs, or persons still sore from the slave-stealers fiery marking brand, all presented a scene most sickening. I thought was it possible that such a scene could take his heart so fiercely, and quench out his soul so utterly, as to look on such a scene, with the dead and dying piling around him, and yet glose over his gains as he pressed over the waters beneath God's pure sky and witnessing stars, on an errand so diabolical? Yet it is even so.

Soon after the poor wretches were landed, clothing, blankets, &c., were furnished them, and as cold water or bread was given them, they mutely clapped their hands in gratitude before they drank. It was good to look on and see the sympathy of a generous nation exhibited in the care for these poor fellows, who were all decently clad and supplied with blankets, and are now occupying comfortable habitations at the expense of the English nation until they can be sent away to some other Colonies; as, were they sent back to the coast, they would at once again be re-sold. The establishment for Liberated Africans, was formerly kept up here on a large scale, having been founded some 8 or 10 years since, and generally having under its care some one or two thousand negroes, who have been brought here in some 300 captured slavers,—and of whom at least 3000 sleep their last sleep is one of the valleys. It was broken up a few years since; but hereafter all vessels taken with slaves will be brought here. The court for adjudication will sit in due course of time,—when condemnation of the vessel must ensue,—and by the English will be sold at auction with the express stipulation that she is to be broken up.

We learn that about fifteen or twenty slavers have recently been captured on the South coast, some with their living freight, but most just prepared to receive them, and some with a large amount of specie on board. It is thought the officers of the men of war, that a check has been given to the traffic by the severe losses lately met with—but I fear not. Such losses only make more grasping the avarice that takes the very life-blood. The American Squadron on the coast is too small for effective action, and they should be steamers, for all the work has been done under the American flag, to its disgrace; but I learn that the present Commodore on the station has fresh instructions, giving greater encouragement and less restrictions than formerly, and consequently the Cumberland and Dale are now on the South Coast, actively employed."

MARRIAGE OF EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—It is a current rumor in private circles, that Mr. Fillmore is to make a second marriage. The lady designated is a resident of Albany—"a widow fair"—possessing in her own right, grace, fascination and property. It seems as though the Ex-President might have a very pleasant journey with such companions, the admonitions of Mr. Weller, Sr., to "beware of widders," to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dr. Hall recommends, by way of prevention against taking cold, that persons going out of heated rooms should "keep their mouths shut." The caution may be very wise and judicious, but what *are* the ladies to do?

A CASE FOR THE PHILANTHROPISTS.—The Rural *Intelligencer*, published at Gardiner, Me., calls attention to the present bad condition of Hon. Parker Sheldon, who, but a few years ago was one of the most prominent business men in that State—a large-hearted citizen, widely known and respected, and then in prosperous circumstances as to property. He was several times a member of the Legislature, once a member of the Executive Council, was formerly Collector of Bath, and was the first Mayor of the city of Gardiner. The *Intelligencer* states that this man is useful and so highly respected by the day as yesterday—now, in his far off second childhood, when his mighty mind and powers are exhausted, a total pauper! He has actually been sold as such, by public auctioneering town, to the lowest bidder, for his support. It may be necessary that our readers may understand the nature of this sale, to state that it is the custom in many of the towns of Maine, and some of the Northern States, for the selectmen to give out to such persons as will take them for the lowest sum those paupers who, by reason of age or infirmity, can do no work for hire. As a matter of course, a great many cases of hardship take place under this system.