



[From the French of Lamartine.]

REMEMBRANCE.

In vain, in vain, day follows day,
They glide without a mark away—
But naught shall from my soul remove
Thy memory, latest dream of love.

I see my rapid years gone by
Behind me heaped as mountains high—
E'en as the oak in Autumn time,
Sees fall the foliage of his prime.

The frost of age is on my brow,
My chilly blood will scarcely flow—
Like this dark wave o'er which has passed
The cold breath of the wintry blast.

By thy serene and youthful face,
Which sorrow only comes to grace,
Still lovely in my heart I hold,
For, like the soul, it ne'er grows old.

No—thou hast never left mine eye,
My lonely path thou still art nigh—
And when I ceased to see thee here,
I saw thee in a brighter sphere.

There I behold thee such again,
As on that last dread day of pain,
When to thy blest abode away
Thou fleddest with the morning's ray.

Thy pure and touching loveliness
In Heaven's sweet air shines none the less,
Are bright with immortality,
And eyes where life had ceased to be.

It is thy hand which dries my tears,
And calms my spirit's anxious fears;
Thy voice doth whisper in mine ear
"Pray thou in secret, God will hear."

And e'en in sleep thou dost attend,
The guardian angel of thy friend,
For all my dreams are filled with thee,
Pure as the thoughts of Seraphs be.

A DESPERATE RACE. A Story of the Early Settlement of Ohio.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party that met at the principle hotel in the city of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye state.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were by the and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swarth in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man more generally known than even our worthy President, J. K. Polk. That man was the famous Capt. Riley, whose narrative of sufferings and adventures are pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine fat, good humored joker, who, at the period of my story, was the representative of the Dayton District, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Capt. Riley had amused the company with many of his far famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before, and read by millions of people, that have seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman, who represented the Cincinnati District. As Mr. —, is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of a joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. — was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvelous hero, whenever the opportunity offered. As Capt. Riley would upon one of his truthful, though really marvellous adventures, Mr. — coolly remarked, that the Captain's story was all very well, but did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it! let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar; "gentlemen I'm not in the habit (quite notorious for it!) of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters, and therefore it's scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you is the God's truth, and—"

"Oh, never mind that, go on, Mr. —," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Lonsanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins; and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. — a tailor, who by-the-by, bought that land for the ma-

king of a coat. Well, I put up my cabin with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly market now stands, and set about improving my lot, etc.

Occasionally I took my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or bar meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about and hovering around the settlement, and every one in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red devils, and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be caught napping. No, no, gentlemen I was too well up to 'em for that.

Well I started one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt; and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find bar or deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again.—By and by, I see a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river; I slipped up, with my faithful dog close to my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a bead upon his topnot, and over he tumbled, and splurged, and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what is that to do with an adventure?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if ye please gentlemen—by Jove it had a good deal to do with it. For, while I was busy skinning the hind quarter of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin at the "bottom." My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in re-loading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming on before my dog raised a howl, and broke through the bush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, painters, (panthers,) or Ingins about.

I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling these, so I scrambled up the upper bank which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore, and a very little underbrush. One peep below, discovered to me three as big and strapping red devils, gentlemen as you ever clapped your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like devils, and coming after me like all h-broke loose!"

"Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course."

"Did I? No, by— gentlemen; I took no tree just then, but took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of the red skins grew fainter and fainter, behind me, and clean out of wind, ventured to look behind, and there came one single red devil, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom, where the trees were small and scarce—now old fellow, I'll have you, so I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let the red devil gain on me; and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him; dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards."

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately," said the old woodsman.

"D—clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I run until my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there the red devils came, snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Ingin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired, at the very moment he was drawing a bead, on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last red devil—"

"So you laid for him, and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the 'member,' "I didn't lay for him; I hadn't time to load, so I laid legs to ground, and started again. I heard the blasted devil, every bound he made after me. I run, and run, until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by—, gentlemen. Well, what was I to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red

devil not three hundred yards in my rear, and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

"The red devil fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotive, for, soon as I got up, I took off again, quite refreshed by my fall. I heard the red skin close behind me, coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head and shoulders.—Something kind of cool began to trickle down my boots—"

"Blood, eh? from the shot the varmint gin," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the senator, "but what do you think it was?"

"Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be, when Riley observed:

"I suppose you had"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which, the 'member' noticing, observed:

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I am exaggerating."

"O, certainly not! go on, Mr. —," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder, to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By— thinks I, here goes to load, anyhow."

So, at it I went,—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ram rod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the member's story.

"Good God! wasn't I in a pickle!—There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along, and loading up his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ram rod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red devil a blast, any how, as soon as I reached the creek."

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, I could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek.—the red devil was close upon me,—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came—knowing that I had broken my ram rod, and my load not down; another whoop, whoop; and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed him," chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire, by—"

"And the red devil," shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement.

"Fired and killed me!"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale, brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

Webster's Eulogy on Mason.

[Among the truly great men of New England, was Jeremiah Mason, a distinguished lawyer and politician, who after a long course of honor and usefulness, died in Boston, on the 14th of October last. At the opening of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, on the 15th of November last, Mr. Webster presented to the Court the resolutions of the Bar, on the occasion of Mr. Mason's death, and proceeded to pronounce upon his deceased friend a eulogy, that in simplicity, impressive dignity, and true eloquence, has rarely been equalled by any similar effort. The following extract is very fine. After rapidly sketching the principal events in Mr. Mason's life, and dwelling upon his political eminence and professional fame and character, Mr. Webster said:]

Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth.—They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great hu-

man character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describes—in terse but terrific manner—as "living without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.

A mind like Mr. Mason's, active, thoughtful, penetrating, sedate, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on the wondrous frame—

"This universal frame thus wonderful fair,"

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an intelligence to which all other intelligence must be responsible. I am bound to say that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and swayed thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a supreme being was within him made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man, like him, with all his proper sentiment and sensibilities alive in him, must, in this state of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for; or else as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart sinking and oppression. Depend upon it—whatever else may be the mind of an old man—old age is only really happy when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another.

Mr. Mason's religious sentiments and feelings were the crowning glories of his character. One with the strongest motives to love and venerate him, and the best means of knowledge, says:

"So far as my memory extends, he always showed a deep conviction of the Divine author of the Holy Scriptures, of the value of the institutions of Christianity, and of the importance of personal religion. But he did not, until his residence in Boston, make any public religious profession. He then very soon entered the communion of the Church, and has continued since regularly to receive the Lord's Supper. From that time he has also habitually maintained domestic worship, morning and evening. The death of his sons produced a deep impression upon his mind, and directed it in an increased degree to religious things.

"Though he was always reserved in expressing religious feeling, still it has been very apparent for several years past, that his thoughts dwelt much upon his practical religious duties, and especially upon preparation for another world. Within three or four years he frequently led the conversation to such subjects, and during the year past, immediate preparation for his departure has been obviously the constant subject of his attention. His expressions in regard to it were always deeply humble, and indeed the very modest and humble manner in which he always spoke of himself was most marked.

"His whole life, marked by uniform greatness, wisdom, and integrity, his deep humility, his profound reverence for the Divine Majesty, his habitual preparation for death, his dependance upon his Saviour, left nothing to be desired for the consolation of his family under this great loss. He was gradually prepared for his departure. His last years were passed in calm retirement, and he died as he wished to die, with his faculties unimpaired; without great pain, his family around his bed, the precious promises of the Gospel before his mind, without lingering disease, and yet most suddenly called away."

Such, Mr. Chief Justice, was the life, and such was the death of Jeremiah Mason. For one I would pour out my heart like water. I would embalm his memory in my best affections. His friendship, so long continued, I esteem one of the greatest blessings of my life; and I hope that it may be known hereafter, that—without intermission or coolness—for so long a period, Mr. Mason and myself were friends.

He died in old age, not by a violent stroke from the hand of death, not by a sudden rupture of the ties of nature, but by a gradual wearing out of life. He enjoyed through life indeed, remarkable health. He took competent exercise, loved the open air, and avoiding all extreme theories or practice, controlled

his conduct and practice of life by the rules of prudence and moderation. His death was therefore not unlike that described by the Angel, admonishing Adam:

"I yield it just, said Adam, and submit. But is there yet no other way, besides these painful passages, how we may come To death, and mix with our conatural dust?"

"There is, said Michael, if thou wilt observe The rule of—"not too much"—by temperance taught,

In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence Due nourishment, not glutinous delight;

Till many years over thy head return, So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit thou drop

Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature. That is old age."

Chinese Etiquette.

The Chinese are so punctilious that their code of etiquette outvies the most ceremonious courts in Europe. As soon as a guest alights from his sedan chair, he is met by the host, who bows his head, bends his body and his knees, joins both hands in front, and with them knocks his chest. When he wishes to be very polite, he takes his guest's hand with his and knocks it upon his chest. This is their mode of shaking hands.—Now follows a polite contest as to precedence, which, after various knockings, bowings, and genuflexions, terminates by the host and guest entering the house together. At the sitting apartment another ceremony takes place, equally protracted and irksome. The point to be determined is where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first. Etiquette extends even to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of a guest is determined.

The host now motions to a large chair and attempts to take a smaller one himself. Good breeding compels the guest in turn to refuse this compliment; and, after a wearying contest of politeness, the point is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously on the same bench or upon two chairs of equal dimensions. The fatigue of this courtesy may be easily conceived as the same routine is performed on the arrival of each guest. As soon as the guests are assembled, tea is handed around in covered cups, which are placed in silver stands in the form of a boat.—These are fluted and beautifully chased. The cups on the occasion to which I refer are of that antique porcelain so exceedingly valued, which is as thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and is ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into a cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid, which is used as a spoon to sip the tea.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Leading Interest.

It is supposed, says the Maine Farmer, that three fourths of the population of the country are employed in agriculture; the other quarter being divided among all other employments and professions. Beside, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the professional man are all mainly dependent upon the farmers for patronage and support. When the farmers as a class are prosperous, all the others participate in their prosperity. From this it follows, that whatever benefits the agricultural class, directly benefits three-fourths of the people, and indirectly benefits the other 4th. Surely, then, the farmers have a right to demand of government the means to sustain their agricultural societies, and to collect and disseminate important information relative to their calling. Let the light of science and education be brought to the aid of agriculture. Let our resources be developed, and the skill and industry of the husbandman be directed into their proper channel, and results would soon be attained in which not only the farmer could rejoice, but the whole community with him.

These are the right sentiments, and every paper having the true interests of this noble branch of industry at heart, should make them known—should strive to enforce them by calling upon our Government, that, in fostering and promoting other great interests—this—the greatest of them all—should not be overlooked, but come in for its full share.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

RAISING SEEDS.

Acting on the principle, that every farm should produce as far as possible all that is required for use upon it, we advise farmers to pay more attention to raising seeds. There will always be some which it will be necessary perhaps to purchase, and there are many of which exchanges will produce a good effect, but far the greater part of the seeds wanted by the common farmer may as well be produced by himself, as by another. Some little care and attention is however necessary; else, however good as the seeds may be, so far as germination is concerned, the plants produced may not be of the kind desired or expected. Nearly all are aware that when plants are so situated, that the pollen or fecundating dust of the blossom of one variety is conveyed to the flower of another variety of the same species, a cross will be the result, and the new vegetable or plant will be a hybrid, having a mixture of the qualities of both, perhaps, but unlike either. It is owing to this easily understood cause, that the seeds of an apple, peach, cherry, potato, and other fruits and plants so rarely produce trees or plants like the original ones. It is this disposition to mix which is to be guarded against, and a few simple rules will enable any farmer to do this effectually.

Beets are a plant frequently injured by planting different kinds for seed near each other. Thus, the red and white will produce plants neither red nor white and frequently of an inferior quality. Radishes of different kinds should never be planted near each other when intended for seed.

Nothing shows the effect of "amalgamation" quicker than the planting of squashes and pumpkins near each other. The squashes will be misshapen and watery and the pumpkins warty and hard-skinned, and destitute of the sweetness belonging to the pure article.

Nearly the same deteriorating results ensue from planting gourds in the vicinity of squashes. The shell of the gourd is injured, and the squashes are rendered bitter and unpalatable. Corn of several kinds cannot be preserved in purity, if planted where the dust of the blossoms of one kind, comes in contact readily with the silks of another.

Cabbages of different varieties are very sure to cross with each other when planted together, producing plants like neither of the original kinds. One of the most serious injuries resulting from this tendency, is found to arise when cabbages and turnips intended for seed are planted near each other. The cabbages produced from such seed will not head well; and the turnips instead of fine round bulbs with small tufts of leaves, will be surmounted with a cabbage like stem, an immense quantity of leaves, and the roots themselves will be more or less tough and woody in their structure.

Potatoes of several kinds may be planted with impunity near each other, as they are not usually grown from the seeds, but almost always from the tubers, and these are not affected by the fecundating process.

We not unfrequently hear complaints from farmers and others about their seed changing into a different and worse kind. By a little attention to the above suggestions, this difficulty might be avoided, and good seeds be grown by every one. The most perfect plants should always be selected for planting out for seed; and where this is done, and a mixture with other kinds is avoided, a change for the worse need not be feared.

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KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS.—A clergyman finding his flock very ignorant, resolved to pay them domiciliary visits, and inspect them at their houses. Coming to a poor woman's cabin, amongst other questions he asked her how many commandments there were?

"Truly, sir," said she, "I cannot tell."

"Why ten," said he.

"A fine company," replied she, "God bless you and them together."

"Well, but neighbor," said he, "do you think you can keep these commandments?"

"Ah, the Lord in heaven bless you sir, I'm a poor woman, and can barely keep myself, so how can I bear the charge of keeping so many commandments?"

QUESTION BY A SOPHIST.—[To the Editors.] Over a certain river there is a bridge, and at one end of the bridge a gallows, and at the other a house of judicature, with four judges, who passed the following law:—Whoever passes over the bridge must first take an oath, and swear where he is going, and what is his business. If he swear the truth he shall go free, but if he swear falsely he shall be hanged upon the gallows. Now a certain man taking the oath, swore that he was going to be hanged on the gallows, and that was his business and no other: "Now," said the judges, "if we let this man go free he swears a lie, and by the law he ought to be hanged, while if we hang him he swears the truth, and by the same law he ought to go free."—How shall they proceed with this man according to this law, or what will be a just verdict?