



ORIGINAL.

MISFORTUNE.

Its Lights and Shadows.

BY MINGO.

Commence with feelings warm and prospects bright... All, when life is new... Dark and cheerless as many of the scenes of life...

"Angels are bright still, thought the brightest fell."... I believe that those who have experienced sorrows...

"All our efforts cannot be crowned with success; as we must have many of our sweetest and most cherished aspirations crushed by the judgment of the world..."

"They live and are despised; they die, nor more are named."... and to manifest any of the finer feelings of humanity towards them would indeed be "casting your pearls before swine..."

"In that solemn, silent, simple spot, The mouldering realms of peace, Where human passions are forgot And human follies cease..."

Without it existence would be a night without a morn, a sorrow without a joy, a shadow without a substance, a misery without a solace, a weeping without a blessing...

For. The envious wretch will tarnish the lustre of you face that his own weakness may appear less damning by the contrast...

Again. You will find it folly to suppose that every valley is an Eldorado—that every bramble is the wand of an enchantress...

How true, and the moral it teaches is that man, though a Hercules he be, has not an arm as strong as the arm of God...

It is said that a certain portion of grief and sorrow are allotted to our lives and that when the clouds are early, the sunshine will be late...

"He who hath soothed a widow's woe Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know 'Tis something here of heaven!"

Our reverses teach us many little lessons, it is true, but after the first shock is over we experience a sweet calm and are left wiser and, it may be, better for our sufferings...

But, my faith in Him "who bindeth the sweet influences of Pleiades and loosed the bands of Orion, who bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season and guideth Arcturus with his sons..."

Indeed, I would not be happy always even though I could, and I am perfectly resigned to the taste of the bitter cup, for I firmly believe that it better enables us to appreciate the excellence and enjoy with a keener relish the blessings so profusely lavished upon us by a bountiful Providence...

"Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel That Nature rides upon, maintain's her health, Her beauty and fertility—she dreads An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves..."

American Aristocracy.

Mr. CLARK—I now proceed to investigate the principles embraced in the proposition I made in regard to American Aristocracy, which was published in a former number of the Journal.

None, we presume, will consider it as obligatory on us to trace the origin of the general system of aristocracy. This would lead us beyond the bounds of our original proposition into the discussion of theories perhaps of mere conjecture and fancy...

Whenever tyranny and despotism placed their unfeeling hand of power down upon the public institutions of a nation civilized or not, or the strength of ambition severed the silken cords of domestic tranquility...

But we come at once to our own country to which we promised to confine ourselves. I proposed to discuss the subject first, positively. Now it may be argued by some that the term aristocracy, considering the principles on which our government was established, cannot be applied to any particular system, institution, or class of individuals...

For while I admit, that an aristocratic government cannot long exist unless under laws involving principles of that nature and tendency, I conceive that it does not necessarily follow that the same principles cannot exist out of its limits and be engrained in institutions and codes of laws in other governments...

One circumstance which appears to be very prominent in the formation of this system, is Ancestral Lineage. Now, notwithstanding contrary views, it must be apparent to every reflecting mind, and acknowledged by every one who is at all in the habit of making observations on human conduct...

A COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.—A minister a short time ago, held forth to his female auditors in manner following: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the blessed tidings might spread the sooner..."

Strive On.

Strive on—the ocean ne'er was crossed Repeating on the shore; A nation's freedom ne'er was won When sloth the banner bore.

Strive on—'tis cowardly to shrink When dangers rise around; 'Tis sweeter far, though linked with pain, To gain the vantage ground.

Bright names are on the roll of Fame, Like stars they shine on high; They may be hid with brighter rays, But never, never die!

And these were lighted 'mid the gloom, Of low obscurity; Struggling through years of pain and toil, And joyless poverty.

But strive—this world's not all a waste, A wilderness of care; Green spots are on the field of life, And flowers blooming fair.

Then strive—but, oh! let Virtue be The guardian of your aim! Let pure, unclouded love illumine The path that leads to fame!

NETTLE BOTTOM BALL.

Or, Betsy Jones' Tumble in the Mush Pan.

"Well, it are a fact, boys," said Jim Sikes, "that I promised to tell you how I cum to get out in these Platte Diggins, and I speculate you must as well have it at onst, kase its been troublin' my conscience amazin' to keep it kiver'd up..."

"You see, thar wur a small town called Equality, in Illinis, that some speckelators started near Nettle Bottom, cos thar wur a spontaneous salt lick in the diggins, and no sooner did they git it agoin' and build some stores and groceries thar, than they wagon'd from Cincinnati and other up-stream Villages a pael of fellers to attend the shops, that looked as nice, all'ays, as if they wur goin' to meetin' or on a courtin' frolic; and salt their pictures, they wur eternally pokin' up their noses at us boys of the Bottom. Well, they got up a ball in the village, jest to interduce themselves to the gals round the neighborhood and invited a few of us to make a contrary picture to themselves, and so shine us out of comparison..."

On next Sunday night, instead of takin' the gals to meetin' whar they could see the fellers, we left 'em at home, and met at Jake's and I am of the opinion thar was some congregated wrath thar—whew wasn't they?

"Oil and scissors!" says Mike Jelt, let's go down and lick the town, rite strait!"

"No!" hollered Dick Butts, let's kitch these slick badgers comin' out of meetin' and tare the hide and feathers off 'em!"

"Why darn 'em what dy'e think, boys," busted in old Jake, "I swar if they ain't larnt my gals to wear cushions; only this mornin' I caught my darter Sally puttin' one on and tyin' it around her. She tho't I was asleep, but I seed her, and I made the jade repudiate it, and no mistake—quicker!"

"The boys took a drink on the occasion, and Equality town was slumberin' for a short spell, over a con-tigious yearquake. At last one of the boys proposed, before we attacked the town, that we should git up a ball in the Bottom, and jest outshine the town chaps, all to death, afore we swallowed 'em. It was hard to gin in to this proposition, but the boys cum to it at last, and every feller started to put the affair agoin'..."

of the fellers in town, too, for they gin him presents of powder to hunt with, and he was precious fond of usin' his shootin' iron. I determin'd anyhow, to ask his daughter Betsy to be my partner at the Nettle Bottom Ball.

Well, my sister Marth made me a bran-new pair of buckskin trousers to go in, and rite my pictur' if she did'n't put stirrups on 'em to keep 'em down. She said straps wur the fashion, and I should ware 'em. I jest felt with 'em on, as if I had somethin' pressin' on me down—all my joints wur so tight together, but Marth insisted, and I knew I could soandance 'em off, so I gin in, and started off to the branch for Betsy Jones.

"When I arriv' the old fellow wur sittin' smokin' arter his supper, and the younger Jones' wur sittin' round the table, takin' theirs. A whapping big pan of mush stood rite in the centre, and a large pan of milk beside it, and lots of corn bread and butter, and Betsy was helpin' the youngsters, while old Mrs. Jones sat by admirin' the family collection. Old Tom took a hard star at me, and I kind a shook, but the straps stood it, and I recovered myself, and gin him as good as he sent, but I wur near the door, and ready to break if he show'd fight."

"What the h—ll are you doin' in disguise," says the old man—he swore dreadfully—"are you comin' down here to steal?"

"I riled up at that." Says I, "if I wur comin' for such purposes you'd be the last I'd hunt to steal off on."

"You're rite," says he, "I'd make a hole to light your innards, if you did." And the old savage chuckled. I meant because he had nothin' worth stealin' but his darter, but he tho't 'twas coss I was afeard on him."

"Well, purty soon I gathered up and told him what I cum down fur, and invited him to come up and take a drink, and see that all went on rite. Betsy was in an awful way for fear he wouldn't consent. The old 'oman here spoke in favor of the move, and old Tom thought of the hicker and gin in to the measure. Off bounced Betsy up a ladder into the second story, and one of the small gals with her, to help to put on the fix ups—I sot down in a cheer, and fell a talkin' at the old 'oman. I could hear Betsy makin' things stand around above. The floor was only loose boards kivered over widejoice, and every step she made 'em shake and rattle like a small hurricane. Old Tom smoked away and the young ones at the table would hold a spoonful of mush to their mouths and look at my straps, and then look at each other and snigger, till at last the old man seed 'em."

"Well, by gun flints," says he, "ef you ain't makin' a jousey—"

"Jest at that moment, somethin' gave way above, and may I die, ef Betsy did'n't drop rite through the floor, and sot herself flat into the mush pan! I jest tho't for a second, that Heaven and yearth had kissed each other, and squeezed me between them. Betsy screamed like a 'scapee pipe,—a spot of the mush had spattered the old man's face and burnt him, and he swore dreadfully. I snatched up the pan of milk, and dashed it over Betsy to cool her off,—the old 'oman knocked me sprawlin' fur doin' it, and away went the straps. The young ones let out a scream, as if the infernal pit had broke loose, and I'd jest gin half of my hide to have been done of the old man's reach. He did reach fur me, but I lent him one of my half-blows on the smeller that spread him, and may be I did'n't leave sudden! I did'n't see the branch; but I sousted through it. I heered Tom Jones swar he'd 'chaw me up,' ef an inch big of me was found in them diggins in the mornin'."

"I did'n't know for a spell whar I was runnin', but hearing nothin' behind me; I slacked up, and just considered whether it was best to go home and git my straps strait, and leave; or go see the ball. Bein' as I was a manager, I tho't I'd go with a peep through the winder, to see if cum up to my expectation. While I was lookin' at the boys goin' it, one on 'em spied me, and they hauled me in, stood me afore the fire, to dry, and all hands got round, insistin' on knowin' what was the matter. I ups and tells all about it. I never heered such laffin', hollerin' and screamin', in all my days."

"Jest then my trowsers gin to feel the fire, and shrink up about an inch a minit, and the boys and gals kept it up strong, laffin' at my scrape, and the pickle I wur in, that I gin to git riley wher all at onst I seed one of these slick critters, from town, rite in among 'em hollerin' wuss than the loudest."

"Old Jones said he'd 'chaw you up, did he?' says the town feller, 'well he al'ays keeps his word.' "That minit I biled over. I grabbed

him slick har, and may be I did'n't gin him scissors. Jest as I was makin' him a chawed specimen some feller holler'd out,—don't let old Jones in with that ar rifle! I did'n't hear any more in that bottom,—lightnin' could'n't a got near enough to singe my coat tail. I jumped thro' the winder as easy as a bar 'ud go thro' a cane brak; and cuss me ef I could'n't hear the grit of old Jones's teeth, and smell his glazed powder until I crossed old Mississippi."

An Ancient Art Re-Discovered.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society, London, a human hand, and a piece of beef preserved by means of a preparation of vegetable tar, found on the borders of the Red Sea, in the vicinity Mocha, and a specimen of the tar, was presented. Col. Hold observed:

During my residence as a political agent, on the Red Sea, a conversation with some Bedouin Arabs, in the vicinity of Mocha, led me to suspect that the principal ingredient used by the ancient Egyptians in the formation of mummies was nothing more than the vegetable tar of those countries, called by the Arabs Kratom. My first trials were on fowls and legs of mutton; and which though in the month of July, and the Thermometer ranging ninety-four in the shade, succeeded so much to my satisfaction, that I forwarded some to England; and have now the pleasure to send for the Society's information and inspection, a human hand, prepared four years since by my brother, Captain T. B. Hold.

The best informed among the Arabs, think that large quantities of myrrh, aloes and frankincense were used in these specimens will, however, prove that such were by no means necessary as the tar applied alone, penetrates and discolors the bones. The tar is obtained from the branches of a small tree, exposed to a considerable degree of heat, and found in most parts of Syria and Arabia Felix.—Amer. Art.

What a beautiful exterior sometimes make a villain and a rogue. The finest looking fellow we ever saw, once attempted to pick our pocket, though he subsequently was so successful in performing the feat of dexterity with others, that he received a five years' ticket to the State Prison; and the most frank, ingenious looking lad we ever saw, stole a favorite dog from a friend of ours. If we judged people always by their fair exterior, how often would we suffer from the consequences of our open-heartedness; and yet, strange to say, honest poverty in a rustic garb is slighted, if not positively contemned, while rogues clothed in fine materials are treated with the highest respect in the social and public thoroughfares.—Albany Knickerbocker.

"Sally," said lispin Sam Snooks, "If you don't love me, they tho; and if you do love me, they tho; and if you do love me, and don't like to tho; tho, squeeze my hand."

She put her hand upon her bussum, Sam felt the gentle pressure of her t'other paw, and was as happy as a polly wogge.

The whole accumulation of gold, in the world, is said to be in amount ten thousand millions of dollars!—The consumption and abstraction of it every year amounts to about fifty millions, and the amount dug up and thrown into use, is just about the same. Thus the equilibrium is well preserved, and society kept from the ruin which would necessarily follow a too copious supply of the precious metals.

A HUNT TO THE IDLE.—THE AXE.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand as firm in its outward texture as leather, and his sun burnt face as inflexible as paramecium; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those people who complain that they can find nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle loafers.

Said I, "Jeff, what do you work for? You look happy and happy; what are you at?"

"Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago, that cost me two dollars; that was all the money I had; I went to chopping wood by the cord; I have done nothing else, and I have earned more than six hundred dollars. I have drunk no grog, paid no doctor, and I have bought me a farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl that has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen."

My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new to cut my wood with."

After I left him, I thought to myself, that "axe," and, no grog. They are two things to make in this world. That axe! And then a farm, and a wife! the best of all.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CAMEL.—Elephants have the bitterest enmity to camels. When the camel scents the elephant it stops still, trembles in all its limbs, and utters an uninterrupted cry of terror and affliction. No persuasion, no blows, can induce it to rise; it moves its head backwards and forwards and its whole frame is shaken with mortal anguish. The elephant, on the contrary, as soon as he perceives the camel, elevates his trunk, stamps with his feet, and with his trunk thrown backwards, snorting with a noise like the sound of a trumpet, he rushes towards the camel, which, with its neck outstretched, and utterly defenceless, awaits, with the most patient resignation, the approach of its enemy. The elephant, with its enormous shapeless limbs, tramples on the unfortunate animal in such a manner that in a few minutes it is scattered around in small fragments.