



CHOICE POETRY.

The Head, the Heart, the Hand.

The Head—it is a lightning loom,
Where thoughts fly too and fro—
Some, dark with memory's 'gather'd gloom,'
Some, bright with Hope's young glow.

The Heart—it is a well of life,
With gushing fountains given
To bless our barren world of strife,
With all its hath of Heaven.

The Hand—it is a strange machine,
Worked by the wondrous will;
All that the busy world hath seen,
Its power hath fashioned still.

Earth well may boast her proudest sight,
The Sage's silvered Head—
Whose calm, cold lips are breathing light,
O'er mysteries dark and dread.

Yet, 'tis a sweeter sight to see
The tear the heart swells up—
When to its fount of sympathy,
Love brings the golden cup.

But, 'tis a dearer thing to FEEL
The Hand's soft loving touch,
When sickness or when sorrows steal
The light of life too much.

So pass we on life's pilgrimage—
The Head shall light our gloom—
The Heart, keep green our path to age—
The Hand shall guide us HOME!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abuse of Health and Wealth.

BY HON. HORACE MANN.

The young man walks in the midst of temptation to appetite, the improper indulgence of which is in danger of proving his ruin. Health, longevity and virtue, depend on his resisting these temptations. The Providence of God is no more responsible, because a man by improper indulgence becomes subject to disease, than for the picking of his pockets. For a young man to injure his health, is to waste his patrimony and destroy his capacity for virtuous deeds. Should a man love God, he will have ten times the strength for the exercise of it, with a sound body. Not only the amount but the quality of a man's labor depends on his health. Not only lying lips, but a dyspeptic stomach is an abomination to the Lord. The productions of the poet, the man of science, or the orator, must be affected by his health.—The man who neglects to control his appetites, is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society—the brutish part predominates. He is to himself what Nicholas is to Hungary.

Men by pains, and the purveyor, and market man brings home disease. Our ancestors used to bury the suicide where four roads met; yet every gentleman and lady who lay the foundation of disease with turtle soup and lobster salad, as really commit suicide as if they used the rope or the pistol; and were the old law revived, how many who are now honored with a resting place at Mount Auburn, would be found on the cross roads? Is it not amazing that man, invited to a repast worthy of the gods, should stop to feed on cabbage; or when called to partake of the Circæan cup, should stop to guzzle with the swine.

If young men imagine that the gratification of appetite is the great source of enjoyment, they will find this in the highest degree with industry and temperance. The epicure, who seeks it in a dinner which costs five dollars, will find less enjoyment of appetite than the laborer who dines on a shilling. If the devotee of appetite desires its high gratification, he must not send for beef tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an axe. Without health there is no delicacy that can provoke an appetite.—Whoever destroys his health turns the most delicate viands into ipecac and aloes. The man that is physically wicked does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be to the heart, he never pardons the stomach.

Let a young man pursue a course of temperance, sobriety, and industry, and he may retain his vigor till three score years and ten, with his cup of enjoyment full, and depart painlessly; as the candle burns out in its socket, so will he expire.

But look at the opposite. When a man suffers his appetite to control him, he turns his dwelling into a lazar house, whether he lives in a hovel, clothed with rags, or in the splendid mansion and gorgeous clothing of the upper ten. I ask the young man then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets we meet with exhibitions of

each extreme. Here behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cess-pool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school-boy's story, he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down, in the socket, so will he expire and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man; the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not yet taken; in himself a lazar house of disease; dead but by a heathenish custom of society not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the intemperate the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and approbrium! How she hangs labels over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons and at the tables of the 'supreme ton'; but surely, to every man of purity and honor; to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man rejoicing in his manly proportions and in his comeliness, look on this picture and on this, and then say after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

Society is infinitely too tolerant of the route; the wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself and to debase others; whose heart has been spotted with infamy so much that it is no longer spotted, but hell-black all over; and who, at least, deserves to be treated as travellers say the wild horses of the prairies treat a vicious fellow; the noblest of the herd forming a compact circle around him, heads outward, and kicking him to death."

Rain.—Remarkable Fact.

There is one remarkable fact connected with the fall of rain, which has never yet received satisfactory explanation.—Over any given spot more rain falls at the surface of the earth than above it.—Heberden made some experiments to ascertain this fact, in the following manner:—He fixed a rain gauge on the square part of the roof of Westminster Abbey, away from the western towers, which might obstruct the clouds, another on the roof of a neighboring house, and a third on the ground in the garden of the same. The number of inches of rain caught on the Abbey roof was 12, on the house-top 18, and in the garden 22. The illustrious French Astronomer Arago, has for many years noticed the fall of rain, at different heights, at the Observatory at Paris, and his results, with which hundreds of others agree, are like those of Heberden. It is well known that the quantity of rain which falls at the foot of a mountain is considerably larger than that deposited on its summit. Many explanations have been offered of this curious fact, but none of which the scientific have given sanction.

A Mr. BANK lately married a Miss GOLD. We doubt if the Legislature will be able to put down that BANK, or prevent it from issuing SMALL BILLS.

General Taylor.

The following eloquent passage occurs in the address delivered by David Paul Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, before the President, Professors, Trustees and Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, on the 4th ult.

"As another eminent example, not unworthy to be classed with illustrious instances already referred to, stands the venerated—alas, that within less than a little month, we should be compelled to say—the lamented Chief Magistrate of this great and glorious Republic. The patriot who lived only for his country; the soldier of forty years; the hero of three wars, that never turned his back upon the foe, never retreated, and never lost a battle. A man, whose whole career was one continued evidence of almost matchless gentleness and firmness, simplicity and sagacity, humility and grandeur; whose life was a national blessing—whose death a national calamity! Bear witness the ensigns of sadness and sorrow, by which the temples and the starry flags of liberty are at this moment shrouded, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Mexico. It is not my business here to eulogize the departed; but I may at least be permitted to say, that, take him for all in all, he was one of the most extraordinary men of the time in which he lived—one of those noblemen, by Nature, whom the convulsions of the world sometimes throw out from the body of the people to amaze mankind, and to teach artificial or hereditary aristocracy how small a thing it is. Peace and glory to his memory. He has now fought his last battle; he now sleeps his last sleep. He lived for his country; he died for his country; and the grateful hearts of his countrymen shall ever be consecrated cenotaphs to his virtues. His best history shall be the Deathless Gratitude of his countrymen—his best monument a Nation's Tears. May each one of us, in receiving the awful summons of Death, be ready like him to exclaim—"I AM PREPARED—I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO DO MY DUTY."

WESTERN SCENES.

JOHN TAYLOR;

The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHARLES SUMNERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the Court-house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838. The occasion itself possessed terrible interest.—A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in the prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centred on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.—Here is his portrait; a figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly, with nervous irritability; a brow, broad and massive, seemed filled with wrinkles, but not with age—for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle, as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder and louder, and soon swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually, so as to give each laughter a look—his lips curled up with a killing smile of infinite scorn—his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning—his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its asp-like poison in a single word:—"Savages!" No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term, no pencil can paint the infernal furor of his utterance, although it hardly

exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying horrible emphasis on the S, both at the beginning and end of the word—"Savages!" It was the growl of the red tiger in the hiss of a rattle snake.

The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for here was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire, and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was a spell of enchantment, to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flushes of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of the artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eye, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle wafture of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like the star-light, and yet possessing the power of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling into a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner.—"Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick; have you employed any other?" She answered, in a voice as sweet as the warbling of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the skylark.

"My enemies have bribed 11 the lawyers—even my own—to be sick; but God will defend the innocent."

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling, as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity, while the singular being who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, so sonorous as the sound of bell metal.

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending this lady!"

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"That question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed—and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery.—Residing in a row connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles connected with her highly respected and honorable trade, with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire flies of fashion. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unuttering scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers, was one of a character from which the fair milliner had every thing to fear. Hiram Shore was at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the whole south-west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock, on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream of terror, while following, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire-arms,

one, two, three, with a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds proceeded; pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence.

"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner—"I did it to save my honor."

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as a vile criminal. Unfortunately for her the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in revolting partiality. The judge committed her with out the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is the brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of the witnesses. The testimony of the witnesses, was divided. The testimony of the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and the robbed counsel, as if in doubt which of the twain was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his stand almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to galleries. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other of thorough conviction; that a thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and language simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance; and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace, his eyes resembled living coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself hurling red hot thunderbolts among the quaking rank of conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest tempest of his fury he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long fore-finger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in condescending for money, to hunt down a poor and friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried, "shame!"

He changed the theme once more.—His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with peculiar illustrations in the case of his client, till one half of the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity. His features were lived as those of a corpse, his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the acme and ideal of all horror: it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it.—Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted, and was borne out in convulsions.

The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box, and

three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court house from the dome to the corner stone, testifying the joy of the people. After the adjournment, which occurred near sundown, the triumphant advocate arose and gave out an appointment: "I will preach in this house to-night, at eight o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation.

At 8 o'clock the court house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence at the bar, the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation.

HUMOROUS.

Preparing for a Daguerreotype.

A brace of "Jovyers," anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance faded, stepped into a Daguerreotype establishment recently, to sit for their "picters." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuk first, and raa! natral." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his neckerchief, asked his gal if his sheirt collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair; he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands about to part with one of his eye teeth. "Now, dev look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in her suitor's history, particularly worthy of her commemoration, she insisted that "he should stand it again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair, "Josh," said she, "jist look like smilin," and then kinder don't."

The poor fellow tried to follow the infinite injunction. "La," she cried, "you look all puckered up." One direction followed another, but with a little success. At last growing impatient and becoming desperate she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, "I don't keer if there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand at his camera; she then sat in her feller's lap, and placing her arms about his neck managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this "billing and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astonished artist; "Now you've got him! put him there!"

Eccentric.

Rev. Joel Winch, an eccentric Methodist preacher, now dead, once observed that some of his hearers were very late in coming to church. He had also learned that a lady who lived at a distance from the church, had, in the course of the preceding week, sold her cow and churn. On Sabbath morning he perceived this woman early at church, wearing a new dress and a new bonnet. After he had commenced the services, some persons entered who lived quite near the church. Therefore, to give them all pretty "close fits," he stopped short, and addressing those entering, said—"Are you not ashamed to be so late to church, living as near as you do, when here is a woman who walked two miles, with a cow on her back, and a churn on her head, and got here before services commenced."

A cross grained antiquated maiden vixen went to a physician for advice. "Madam," said the doctor, "it seems to me that it would do you good to have a little sun and air."

"Oh, you abominable critter! a son and heir! Oh, dear! will somebody fan me! I shall go off! The outrageous brute! a son and heir!"

The old lady vamoosed, and has not since been seen.

POLITENESS IN PARADISE.—Our poetic historians go back to first principles for their facts, as will be seen by the following epigram:

When first the manly heart of Adam felt
The power of beauty, it began to melt,
And gazing on his rib he faltered "madam,
I am your most obedient servant—Adam."

William Penn and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco house, the owner of which said to them, "You enter here without leave, do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thee—he is Governor of Pennsylvania."