



CHOICE POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

A FREE SCHOOL SONG, BY GEO. W. BENGAY.

When moonless and unbroken night
 O'er earth, in waves of darkness rolled,
 Jehovah said, "LET THERE BE LIGHT."
 The sun arose on clouds of gold,
 And mountains smiled beneath its rays,
 While streams ran shouting to the sea,
 And larks arose to hail the day,
 With their first song for light so free.

The rose held up its fragrant head,
 And kissed with balmy lips the air—
 The soaring eagle sky-ward sped,
 To greet the sun, in glory there.
 Sweet strains of joy from wood and sod—
 From silver lake and blooming sea—
 Went up for light—(the smile of God)—
 That shines for all, forever free.

As shines the sun, o'er all the earth,
 Dispel the darkness with its rays,
 May science smile, at every hearth,
 The dawning light of better days.
 God grant that binding scales may fall
 From envious eyes that will not see,
 Then light will shine in hut and hall,
 And Education will be free.

"Let there be light!" o'er all the land,
 Eco-as the sun in yonder sky,
 Then filth, vice, with leprous hand,
 And crime, with gangrened heart, shall die.
 "Let there be light," and cease shall cease,
 From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
 And rosy plenty, smiling peace,
 Shall most abound where light is free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

As everything relating to the late President is invested with a melancholy interest, we extract the following from the Philadelphia Bulletin:

A glazier and painter, well known in the city to the resident population, was one morning passing through the Presidential grounds, and having never seen the General, was of course ignorant of his person. However, while in the act of passing the portals of the eastern wicket gates, he encountered a plainly dressed gentleman, who, intently gazing upon the garden belonging to the Executive mansion, did not observe the approach of the painter until he had rudely come in contact with him. "Where the—-are your eyes?" exclaimed the latter. "Can't you see where you're going?" "Pardon me," replied the unconscious intruder; "but the fact is," he added, with a good humored smile, "I was wondering whether the garden there was as forward as other gardens in the city, and did not notice your proximity until I had encountered you." "Umph," observed the painter, "do you suppose the garden of a President would look so fine as our common gardens? I rather think not." "I do not see why," continued the strange gentleman, "for I work it myself, and take the best care of it." "Oh, then, you are the old fellow's gardener, are you?" inquired the painter. "Now, tell me, is he as sure as people say of him? I should like to see the old clogger." "Well, my friend," remarked the interrogator, "I do not know what people say of his disposition, but if it will gratify you to be made personally acquainted with him, permit me to introduce myself—Gen. Taylor at your service!" "You—you General Taylor?" ejaculated the painter, with delighted eyes, and grasping his hands more tightly. "Oh, I—!" and with that he took to his heels, never stopping until he was far enough from the scene of the introduction. The General enjoyed the joke hugely; but ever after contended that the painter would make a bad soldier.

His simplicity of character had long previously passed into a proverb, and this was but another exemplification of it. In his domestic habits he was equally free from those rigid forms of established discipline that mark the social schools of the day, but which were unknown forty years ago. He acted the rational man, and avoided those frivolous and absurd innovations, as tending to rob life of half its happiness. These unfastidious traits surrounded him with an enchanting something, which while it struck as peculiar to the eye, only increased, not our respect solely, but our love, for the man. His humanity also soared above reproach—lofty as his heart was generous.

The Home of Taste.

How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety. How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholster or the draper; it is not in the mosaics, the carpets, the rose wood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a place, far outstripping the ornamental brilliancy and glory.

Sensitiveness.—A young lady says they may talk as much as they please about the virtue of the galvanic ring, but for her part she believed that the wedding ring is the most potent cure for the aches of all young ladies.

"Yes ma'am, that is a crack article," said a store keeper to a lady purchaser. "Oh," said she, "if the thing is cracked, I don't want it."

FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Taken as a whole, Jerusalem is one of the most ill-built, complicated Eastern towns I ever visited. Large portions of the Hill of Aera are completely waste and encumbered with ruins. The Hill of Zion, literally, as prophecy foretold it, "is pronounced as a field," the streets are dirty and unusually narrow; in many of them you meet large flights of steps exceedingly difficult to mount or descend on horseback; the buildings are for the most part mean and squalid. The streets, after night fall, are wholly in the possession of the Turkish sentinels and hordes of prowling dogs; the latter, fortunately for the inhabitants, acting as public scavengers. By day, within the walls, there is little more than one unvarying scene of lifeless inactivity; without the gates the picture is still more lonely; a stray fellah, a few women fetching water from Siloam, a stealthy Jew or wandering Bedawee, comprise the chief objects to be met with in our solitary walks. It is association that sustains the interest of the traveller; he lives amongst recollections of the past; the past sheds a halo round the present, gliding the desolate and dreary prospect with some faint reflection of the brightness of by-gone days, till memory, fondly dwelling on the page which chronicles the history of God's peculiar people, calls to her side the aid of busy fancy. Imagination, with a touch, peoples the solitudes, restores the palaces, and makes glad the mourning "ways of Zion."

Not that the stranger must fall back on association alone to derive enjoyment from his visit to the Holy City. As the eye becomes accustomed to the surrounding scenery, his rambles in the city and its neighborhood become every day more interesting and pleasing. It is pleasant to seek shelter from the noon-day heat, and rest beside "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," or wander in the shady grove of Hinnon, prying into the deserted caves and countless sepulchral chambers that pierce the rocky skirts of the Hill of Evil Council. The Mount of Olives, too, barren and bare as it appeared on our first arrival at Jerusalem, now as the Spring advanced, put on its verdant vernal clothing; the fig trees were in leaf, and the pomegranates budded, the pensile crimson peeping through the pale green foliage; the olives had put forth their delicate and fragile blossoms, while the close green sward beneath was enameled with wild flowers. Then it was indeed pleasant, at early dawn, to climb the hill-side, or seated on the walls of the little mosque, to watch the sun rise from behind the mountain range of Moab, the gloomy outline streaked with the first faint light of day, the thin gray mist of morning yet hanging on the bosom of the sullen lake below; and now the craggy heights of the desert of Judah are tinted with the purple light, while Bethany still shimmers amidst her terebinths and olive groves. The call to prayer resounds from the distant minaret—you turn, and the sacred city lies like a map beneath you—the dome of the great mosque is flashing in the sunlight—the Sepulchre of David, on the far off verge of Zion, reflects the rising beams—the massive buildings of the Armenian convent stand out from the clear horizon, and as the eye wanders from the old gray tower of Hippicus, along the heights of Aera, the Latin convent, the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, the cupolas and minarets of the mosques are gleaming in the radiance of new-born day; still a shade lingers over the deep bed of Kedron, as if dusky night unwillingly abandons the dreary valley of the dead. What an expanse of view from this crest of Olivet! The eye can range from Pisgah to the distant heights of Misaph, embracing at a glance, mountain and lake, desert and solitude, the cultivated field, and the abode of busy man; but now the clear-toned music of the convent bells fall on the ear, dark specks on the flat roofs of houses move to and fro; the sleeping city is awake. But it is pleasant, above all, as evening falls, to sit and meditate beneath the garlanded olive of Gethsemane, and to think on One who "oft-times resorted thither with his disciples;" here was the scene of his sore conflict and agony; from this same consecrated spot he calmly marked the wary steps of Judas, as descending with "his band of men and officers," he led them down that winding path above there, and crossed the brook of Kedron, whose murmuring stream was crimsoned in the torch-light, as if the conscious waters blushed for the base ingratitude of man. Yes, it is pleasant to think of Him, resting where He rested—treading the very ground He trod—pleasant and most profitable. The thoughts to which these sacred scenes give birth, should be graven on the "living tablets of the heart," for then we walk not with the memories of the past—we walk with God.

CALIFORNIA.—Edwin Bell, Esq., formerly editor of the Hagerstown Torch Light, writing from San Francisco to a friend in Virginia, says—

"I regret [should this ever reach you] that I cannot give you such encouragement as I shall be expected to give. Sincerely and frankly, I cannot advise you to come here. You may succeed, or you may fail, the failures being ten to one in proportion to the success. The great mass would be glad to go home, if they had money enough to carry them back. I know you well, and I have an indistinct knowledge of things here, and if you wish my advice, will tell you to stay where you are, and be content with your lot."

As Irishman writing from California says:—

"It is an elegant country. The bug beds are as big as dinner pots, while the beds are used for crossing creeks with—one hop and they are over, with two on their backs."

"A country girl in writing home about the 'Polka,' says the dancing is not much, but the 'hugging is heavenly.' That young lady should certainly be doted!"

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

FROM THE NEW YORK ORGAN.

Our readers must have noticed before now that the tone of remark and feeling with which clandestine marriages are commented upon in conversation and by the press generally, is one of levity and undisciplined satisfaction. It is commonly regarded as one of the best jokes, if a foolish daughter of fifteen or sixteen years of age succeeds in outwitting father and mother and runs off with a comparative stranger. Editorial wit is taxed to its extreme capability to render ridiculous the distress and anxiety of the bereaved father, as he follows his wandering child. And if fortune favors the runaways, and the knot is tied before the parent can interpose a warning word, the general joy is rapturous. It is a triumph of young love over stern, unsympathizing, tyrannical house-hold authority, which calls for the merriest celebration.—Or, if the idea should occur to any one that all is not quite right in such cavalier treatment of parents it is soon apologized for by the sage observation, that young folks will be young folks.

Take it all in all a stranger to our manners and customs would be likely to infer that parental rule and council implied something very dreadful and oppressive and that the young ladies of the land were held in home bondage of the most unjust and ungenerous character.

At the risk of being regarded as very old fashioned, we shall nevertheless acknowledge that we rarely can see anything of the nature of a good joke in a clandestine or runaway wedding. We confess to a feeling of sadness and evil foreboding when we hear that a young girl who is a mere child has made up her mind to repudiate the love and anxious care of the mother who bore her, and of the father who had cherished her as his life; that she had turned her face away from the altar of home, from the nest of her infancy, and put herself into the hands of a man whom her parents dare not trust.

We need hardly remark that marriage is the great event of woman's life, from which all other events take their coloring. If she err here, her whole life is one of unavailing penance, or seething tears, or sharp blighting sorrow. She cannot go back and undo her fault; she dare not look to the future, for it is all desolate to her. These things being so it follows that a young lady should yield her hand and heart only after the most prudent and cautious forethought. She should avail herself of the wisdom and experience of those who love her, and above all, of her parents, and, after, all she will feel that the chances are sufficiently numerous that she may still make an unwise choice.

But in most clandestine marriages, the girl is a child, ignorant of the world; without experience; deficient in judgment; her mind probably filled with false notions and fanciful day-dreams, derived from novels and romances. She meets a young man at a party, or a ball, or, no matter where, who seems interested in her, and she is flattered by his apparent admiration. He conducts her home; calls on her the next day; repeats his call, and they are thereforth in love, if they were not at the first glance. They have become the Romeo and Juliet of what is a play in the outset but a tragedy in its close.

The incompetence of the young girl to estimate the character of her lover is perfectly apparent to every one but herself. It is enough for her that she appears to love her sincerely and ardently. He proposes marriage to her, and is probably accepted without reference to parents. He utters that an early day may be named for their union. If there is any doubt of her parents' concurrence, this is granted, too; and if parental objections threaten to interpose, an elopement is the next question agitated and agreed to. They are consoled by the thought that there is something romantic in a runaway match; and that such things are rather praised than condemned; and besides, after it is all over it will not be difficult to make up with father and mother.

A reflecting woman would see that the young man who snees for her love without the sanction of her parents, gives prima facie evidence that something is wrong about him; something that shuns the light and fears investigation. A woman in her right mind would say: "My parents I know and confide in; they love me and my happiness; their lot is bound up with mine, so that if I err, they will be wretched. They shall be my counsellors. I will not trust my own too partial eye to investigate any lover's character, and I will refer to them." Such would be any prudent girl's course, and such a course would seldom, if ever, end in an elopement.

But such is not the course of that large class of young girls who figure in runaway matches. And the consequence is that such girls find an easy prey to the thousands of genteel good looking loafers, worthless, portionless and heartless vagrants who contrive to keep up a respectable exterior by preying upon society.

While we write these things we think of the multitudes of once young, thoughtless girls, who had fallen into such hands and found after a few months of married life, their terrible mistake. They see when it is too late—they realize when there is no remedy for it; that they have plunged into an abyss of misery, instead of stepping into a heaven of earthly bliss, and now casting themselves once more upon the parental bosom, exclaim in a concert of agony:—"Would to God we had never wandered hence!"

"Papa, have you got legs?" "No, James."

"How do they kick, then?" [Exchange.] Mike says they kick with their breeches.

Sam Slick says that getting into love is somewhat like getting drunk. The more a fellow does it the more he wants to.

JIM GIRTY'S BEEF STORY.

On a trip up the Tennessee river, Jim and his crew got out of meat. They could not think it fair play to be without meat in a cane country, where there were so many fat cattle. So as usual they selected the best and fattest beef they could find. They obtained one that would weigh about seven hundred pounds, which was neatly dressed and taken on board.

About three hours afterwards, fourteen men came down to the boat with rifles, charging Jim with having stolen a beef. Jim did not show fight. The crew paid no attention to what was going on—some were sitting on the running boards, with their feet dangling in the water—several were lying upon deck on blankets—every one seemed dull and stupefied. Jim was seated on the bow of the boat, his head resting on his hand, when he was again assailed.

"I say, your men have been stealing the best beef in all these parts."

"There must be some mistake," replied Jim very quietly.

"Yes, yes, we know there are strangers here, on this very boat—they have beef on board, and we will have it off."

"The boat is open, go look for yourselves, gentlemen, but you will find a mistake sartin—but go and satisfy yourselves on that point."

"That we will," said they, "and in an instant have the beef."

So at it they went; first having placed three men as a guard, to see that the crew did not play some trick. The others made a search by rolling and re-rolling everything in the boat, and still no beef was found. One fellow declared that they had left no place unsearched, where the four quarters of a cat could be hid, let alone a big ox. The same gravity was preserved by Jim. He wished the gentlemen to be "perfectly satisfied."

The fact was, while the crew was skinning the beef, one of them discovered a man watching them from behind a tree. They took no notice of it, but when they came to the boat, they told Jim.—He scratched his head a little while, and then prepared for just such a visit as he received.

He placed the four quarters of beef on the deck of the boat, and spread the hide over them—on this he spread all she blankets, and four men lay down on these blankets. Jim, as before stated, was on the bow of the boat, continually wishing the gentlemen to be satisfied, "but they would find a mistake, sartin."

As the beef hunters proceeded with their search Jim continued to urge upon them the importance of a strict search.

"Look about and be satisfied, gentlemen—look where you please—but there is one thing I must ask of you, not to disturb them there sick men.—We buried two yesterday with the small crop, and them there four men are very sick—very sick, indeed, gentlemen, and I must beg of you not to disturb them. It is always the worst thing you can do to disturb a sick man, especially if he be near his last—it kind o' makes the blood fly to the head to be disturbed." &c.

But long before Jim had closed his speech he had no listeners. If ever there were pale faces, fallen jaws, and ghastly looks among a set of men, it was about that time and place. They moved off without speaking a word; and thus Jim lost his visitors and kept the beef.

CHIPS FROM THE "ALBANY DUTCHMAN."—

Good men may change—had men don't.—Time will tarnish the best of steel—but who ever saw brass rust? A scamp may join the church forty times, but you will never learn him to forego the luxury of cheating. The only habits a rogue changes when he experiences religion are those made by his tailor.—The best crop a man can raise, after all, is a crop of children; provided he only educates them properly. We know a friend of ours who derives a revenue of sixteen hundred dollars from four boys, which is a better yield than any farm in the country turns in. As a matter of money, therefore, matrimony is among the most productive pursuits that men and women can engage in.—A FAIR INTERFERENCE.—That when you see a man and woman walking a great ways apart, they are husband and wife. When people are courting, they are rolled up into one another like a pair of gloves.—Marry them, however, and they reel each other, as do each particular hair on the head of him who has an electrifying machine attached to his cassimeres.—Nine o'clock is never so long a coming as when a girl is sitting up for her bean. To make moments hours, all that is necessary is to mix them with a little jealousy.—MEN are as easily caught as cat-fish. All that's required is a difference in your bait. If you would catch a young man for instance bait with a petticoat. If you are after an old sinner, fasten on your hook a doublet.—AN IMPROVEMENT.—"Bill give me a bite of apple and I will show you my sore toe." Of course Bill did it—for such an overture could not be resisted.

A CIVIL REQUEST.—An old lady observing a sailor go by her door, and supposing it to be her Billy, cried out to him, "Billy where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied, in a contemptuous manner, "gone to the d—l, for what I know." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

"If life be a battle, how mad must be he who falls to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway."

WE have seen the autograph of the blacksmith who "riveted the public gaze."

Largeness of Soul.

Selfishness is too common in our world. We do not feel that our neighbor has a claim upon us, and we a claim upon him. We are all sensitive enough about our own interests, but blind to those of others; and if we all knew and felt the mutual relationship by which society is interwoven together, and could recognize the nearness of interest which exists between us, human society would be unlike what it is at present. Be generous to all around you; the example will have a reflex power, and at some future time it may tell powerfully upon your life. Let the influence of your whole soul be felt in favor of a noble beneficence—deal justly but whenever occasion offers do not be backward to assist the deserving. It matters not that you never received such assistance—it would have been like water to your thirsty soul; and then it is in your power to give it to another. Your good deeds may tell on a coming generation. The man and woman who tossed coppers to the poor student in the streets of Erfur had little thought they were aiding him who should be the agent in sending a thunderbolt into the Vatican which would shiver the foundations of the papal throne, and rend the night of despotism and gloom. When a faithful Sunday school teacher invited the ragged Sabbath breaker into the doors of the Sunday school, and gave him decent garments, he little thought he was laying the train by which the millions in China would receive the Bible through the hands of a Morrison. And when George House, of whom Franklin speaks in his personal narrative, brought the "countryman with his five shillings," he knew not that the printer was only the earthly development of one of the greatest philosophers of modern times. Be noble, be generous—and you may live to know that you have cheered another Franklin, and multiplied your influence as did Geo. House, in his hands—for as Franklin observes, the gratitude he felt towards House, often made him more ready than perhaps he would otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

Jokes upon Scripture.

It is very common with some persons, to raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous story connected with a text of Scripture. Sometimes it is a play on the words, a pun; at other times, a blunder; and not seldom, downright impiety. Whatever be its form, even when lightest, it is no venial offence, leading as it does to profane contempt of God's word. Those who practise this, have never been celebrated for genuine wit. The laughter which they call forth is provoked solely by the unexpected contrast between the solemn words of Scripture and some droll idea. There is no real wit in the case; and the flattest persons in society are most remarkable for these attempts.

The evils arising from this practice are greater than appear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. No man would jest with the dying words of his father or mother; yet the words of God are quite as solemn. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we never hear the text afterwards without thinking of a jest. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false-wit, will come at length to have a large portion of holy Scripture spotted over by his unclean fancy.

Beware of jesting with sacred things. Shun the company of any one who practises this, as you would shun a loathsome disease. Frown upon every attempt to provoke your smile by such means.—Christian Messenger.

Salting Straw.

As the period is at hand for thrashing out grain it might be well to remark—particularly to those living in a region where the hay crop was short—and the use of the straw for fodder becomes important—that a great inducement to animals to eat it freely, is to salt it in moving away in the barn, or in stacking. The animal requirement for salt will cause them to eat freely of straw every day; provided their hay is not salted, and they are not provided for otherwise. A large amount of straw may, by this course, be made available for sustaining animals, and an extra conversion into manure be produced.

It is a bad practice to salt all hay put into the barn, as the animal economy only requires it at stated periods. In salting hay, only the poorer and coarser sort should be served, and when all their food is thus prepared, animals are apt to loathe it and sometimes it produces scours.

When straw is properly salted, the animals should be fed with hay, allowed free access to the straw stacks, or have it fed out once a day.—What they do not eat goes into manure, and forms litter for the animals, and an absorbent for the liquid droppings.

Smoking Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Cultivator, writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, says:—"I have been informed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, that he stopped his potatoes from rotting by smoking them. After the potatoes were dug and placed in the cellar, (an out door cellar) he built a smoke and continued it eight or ten days, when the affected parts dried up, and the rest of the potato remained good and sound throughout the winter.—The remedy was discovered by placing fire in an unfinished cellar to prevent the vegetables from freezing—immediately after which it was found that the potatoes stopped rotting. He says he has tried the experiment for three years past, and he has never known it to fail."

TAKE CARE GIRLS.—"Well, Frank isn't she a perfect creature!"

"Why, I think she would do, if she—"

"If what, Frank?"

"If she didn't eat oranges!"

A Rich Love Letter.

The following admirable hit at those love-sick swains who indulge in an extravagant prodigality of honeyed words and hyperbolic phrases, when addressing their dulcineas, we take from the Aberdeen (Miss.) Independent. Such a rich piece of literature should be preserved:

April, 1st, 1850.

Would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wing of an angel and mended with the prayer of an infants wit! then I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has kindled. Thou sunbeam of sentiment! soft moon-light of modesty! thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream—thy step light as the silken footed zephyr which fanned with the wing of perfume the new-born paradise—thine eyes are two brilliant, stolen from a seraphic crown—thy lips are risen rose buds, moistened by the honey dew of affection—thy words are like drops of amber—thy teeth are snow flakes set in a bed of verbenas. Sweet spirit of camphor, double distilled essence of homogeneity, scorchout of my hopes, sauce of my thoughts, buttermilk outcrops of my fancy, tiger lily of innocence, logwood of perfection—thou art the julep of my dreams, ginger-pop of my walking visions, and cherry bounce of my recollections.—Thou art as harmless as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as the lion, meek as the hyena, spotted as the leopard, bright as the struggling sneezing sun-light, passing the mortal cracks of an old barn loft, or a gressed streak of blue lightning churned to consistency in the milky way, peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets, and perocora roots from the crust of eternity. The onion of the soul! pickled pumpkins! preserved crab of the garden Hesperide. Thy glance is as melting as old butter in summer time—thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods, or the juice of a rotten pine apple.

Courting by Book.

A gentleman sends to the lady of his affections, in another part of the country, a Bible, with the leaf turned down at Romans, Chapter I, from the 9th to the 12th verses:

"For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come to you, for I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end that your joy may be established. That is, that I may be comforted together with you, by the mutual faith both of you and me."

In return for which the lady transmits a Bible to her lover, with the 18th verse of the 14th Chapter of St. Luke, marked: "I pray thee have me excused."

Perjury and Marriage Brokerage.

It seems that marriage brokerage is a small way, as well as perjury, has been perpetrated in Cincinnati. Henry Weis had a sister thirty-five, and quite deaf, and through the agency of a Mr. and Mrs. Weinstein, who were to receive twenty-five dollars therefor, James Well, aged twenty-five, agreed to marry her for two hundred dollars and the furniture of a house. On these terms the marriage was solemnized. Subsequently a difficulty arose between the parties, and the brother claimed the furniture, and swore it was his. The husband proved the contract, and the brother has been held to bail on the charge of perjury.

The Queen of England has been visiting the peasantry and delighting her subjects by her condescending manners. She lately went into the cottage of an old woman who was smoking a pipe; she brought the Queen a stool and began to entertain her royal visitor. On another occasion, the Queen went to another farm house, spoke very freely to the "gude wife" and children, and finally took a "drop out of the bottle" to the good health of the farmer and his family.

It is said that fifteen hundred fugitive slaves, from various parts of the South, have concentrated in the neighborhood of Cazenovia in New York.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a Sabbath School mistress of a bright little fellow of six years old. Cause said the pupil, "he hadn't got no knife to cut it with."

One of the hairs left in the head-brush of Miss Lind at New York, has been sold for eleven thousand five hundred and seventy-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. "Cheap enough for such goods."

There is a negro woman in Walker county Texas, 110 years of age. It is a remarkable fact that the oldest persons in the Southern States, according to the census now being taken, are either negroes or mulattoes.

GENERAL SCOTT.—The Whigs of Michigan, at their recent State Convention, adopted resolutions in favor of Major General Winfield Scott, as the Whig candidate for President in the canvass of 1852.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his council, exclaiming, "I did not think I had suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

California must be the place for needful women. A seamstress writes to her brother in St. Louis, that she gets sixteen dollars for making a lady's plain dress.

Amin Bey has authorized the editor of the Boston Christian Watchman to say that he has but one wife.

Never expect anything, and you will not have to weep over disappointment.