



BY JAS. CLARK.

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THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation."—DANIEL.

I marked the Spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's
breast;

While the streams sprang out from their icy rest,
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky;
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dew slept on the new born rose.

I looked upon Summer; the golden sun,
Poured joy over all that he looked upon,
His glance was cast like a gift abroad,
Like the boundless smile of a perfect God;
The stream shone glad in his magic ray;
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;
Our rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour;
A frost had discolored the summer bower;
The blast waited 'midst the cankered leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods;
Was stirred by the sound of the rising foam;
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's
strain,
That Winter drew near with his storms again!

I stood by the ocean; its waters rolled,
In their changeable beauty of sapphire and gold;
And day went down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand
isles;

The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played on the joyous breeze;
Their prows rushed on 'midst the parted foam,
While the wanderer was wrapt in a dream on home.

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,
While its shadow lay far in the vale below;
The mist, like a garland of glory, lay
Where its proud heights soared in the air away;
The eagle was there on its tireless wing,
And his shriek went up like an offering;
And he seemed, in his sunward flight, to raise
A chaunt of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries;
The moon, 'midst an eloquent multitude
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued;
A charm of sleep on the city fell,
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell—
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,
And the wild bird dreamed sweet on his downy
nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest passed;
The strong trees groined in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,
The clouds overshadowed the mighty sun;
The low reefs bent by the streamlet's side,
And hills to the thunder peal replied—
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath man the power with his pride and his
skill,
To arouse all Nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the summer cloud—
To ally the tempest when hills are bowed?
Can he awaken the spring with his festal wreath?
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again, when Death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur, "there is no God!"

BEN BOLT.

BY WILLIAM DUNN ENGLISH.

O, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard of the abbey, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

O, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the Master so cruel and grim;
And the pleasant nook, and the running brook,
Where the school boys went to swim?
Grass grows on the Master's grave, Ben Bolt,
And the running brook is dry;
Of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There remains only you and I.

O, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
That grew on the bright sunny hill,
Where oft we have strayed 'neath its wilde spread-
ing shade,
And listened to Appletton's mill?
That mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And the rafter's have fallen in;
And quiet has settled on all around,
In the place of the hum and the din.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt,
A change from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my heart, Ben Bolt,
There never was a change in you.
Eight years and twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Yet still with delight I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt sea gale.

Loud bray'd an ass; Kate cried to jeer
Her spouse with giddy carriage:
"One of your relatives I hear!"
"Yes, love," said he, "by marriage!"

THE WATCHER.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

In a dark room, in a ruined and wretched house in one of the most filthy districts of a great city, a mother sat watching her sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, pausing occasionally to look down at her babe or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close offensive air of the room, it seemed to breathe painfully, and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dissolution. But no less pale and wan was the mother, who sat there watching; her features were that blanched, unearthly hue, and that strange upward light was playing in her eyes, that spoke but too plainly that death was breathing on her. The room was lonely—very lonely—for there were no pictures to adorn the walls, scarcely any article of common domestic use within it: it was bare, almost unfurnished, dismal, and cold.—The mother was engaged in making shirts, and the price she received for them averaged two-pence-halfpenny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions for twenty hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly, at such labor. Well, the pale, care-worn suffering mother continued to stitch, anxiously from hour to hour, leaving off now and then to take her dying baby in her arms, and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and again resumed her work.

Thus many hours had passed in a silence, broken only by the low moanings of the child as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of long continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast, and kissed the cold dew from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal; she placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil, she gave her child some food; and she had scarcely begun to do this when a heavy and unsteady step was heard on the threshold.—Her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's sake, treat me thus," said the mother of the child, and she sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears.

The man scowled upon her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low, fustian growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacuity of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask you for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I haven't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul.

"I spent my last penny to buy my child some food; I know not where to get another; you have never wanted a meal while I could work; and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone by midnight labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe, to waste it in drunkenness; oh Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child!"

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money, and let me go," bawled the intoxicated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he sat upon the child's bed, he overturned the table, and scattered the miserable meal upon the floor. The heart-broken wife rushed with her babe to the opposite end of the room, and covered down with fear. "Do you hear, or do you want me to murder you?" and he rose from where he sat and reeled towards her; shrinking and shivering as she bent over her babe, she pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and when he stood above her, she looked up in his face, in the agony of despair, and implored in the mute utterance of her tearful eyes for mercy. But he did not strike her, although she was indeed well used to that, but he put out his hand and taking from her bosom a locket which had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing left her but her babe and death, staggered to the door, and after looking back with a menacing and brutal expression of his savage features left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat walling like a dove whose nest has been bereft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief she looked upon her child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbings of its little heart becoming more and more feeble from hour to hour as the shadow of its life was waning.

And night came, and she laid her child down to rest, and again sat working and watching. She kissed it when its low cry startled her in the midnight silence, and hushed it again to sleep, for it wanted food, and that she had not. The morning came, but it was still night to her, and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over her frail soul like the shadow of death but silent misery. She hurried on, in the delirium of extreme weakness, that she might complete the wretched work she

had, and get food for her famishing child. Intense suffering, long watching, hunger, cold, and cruelty had blanched a cheek which had been more fair than snow, and had carved wrinkles like those of age upon a youthful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly shadow, not to her—as to those in comfort—terrible, but welcome. And thus, from hour to hour, and from day to day, that mother labored for her lonely child, while he whose heart should have beat with the devotion of love for her whom he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should have been ever ready to defend her, deemed nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, which could bring food and comfort to a woman's constant heart, came only to rob her of her last morsel, and to add fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses.

One morning after she had been toiling long in cold and hunger, she became too weak to labor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to kiss her babe, and ask a blessing on its head from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent down above its shadowy form, her sorrows overwhelmed her, and she fell down beside her child and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her—with none to nourish her in her distress of heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that sweet peace which comes to the aching heart when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and better too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dying, and in the unconsciousness of temporary death, she knew it not.

She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness so dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, and the grim bitter realities become palpable once more, and as consciousness returned, she started from her partial dream by the icy chill which fell upon her when she touched her child. She shrieked wildly, and fell upon her face in the maddening agony of despair.—"My child, my child, oh, my child!" she cried, and tore her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, and turned round to look at the babe, whose soul had passed into that better sleep from which there is no waking. She kissed its cold wasted form, and bathed its little marble face with her scalding tears.

"Oh, my child!" she sobbed, "my poor child! murdered by its father's hand, the victim of its cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked and good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bosom, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone, the last link of my heart's affection is broken; Father of mercies, listen to the supplications of a childless mother!"

That step! and the blood goes back to her heart like an icy food, and every pulse is withered as with a bleak and desolating frost; she holds her breath, and with her dead child in her arms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, and in the silence of despair and terror, asks her God to bless and protect her, and to soften his heart in such an awful moment as this. He came to the threshold of the room, and fell prostrate on the floor as he attempted to approach her; he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he lay muttering in broken and inarticulate words, the most horrible oaths and imprecations. The mother spake not, for, although even then she could have prayed for him in her heart, and bless him with her tongue; ay, and still labor for him with her hands, if by such she could win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her; but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness, and of tears.

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again demanded what money she had; she gave him a few halfpence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed.

To know that he had gone to procure the poison on which he fed, with this last remnant to the midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother's arms; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again, sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart's broken hope beside her; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared neither for her nor it, and who would desecrate by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been dear to her than her own life; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that still she lived to hear him curse her in the very place where death had so lately been; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from which it would never more awake, and that her own terror made her speechless when she would have told him;—all this was a torrent of sorrow, before whose overbearing force her withered heart gave way, and she sank down upon the floor, with her dead babe in her arms, senseless.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell and wafed her silent soul to sweeter worlds. Far away from her cold and solitary room; far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears, far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above and clasped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like unobtrusive waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening lie folded up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in

bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon. Through flowery pastures and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes, where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother's new-born soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known.—Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubims were worshipping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic voices, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud—

"My child, my child, and my husband, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purple blooms, and from the odoriferous sighing of the lute-toned air, the voice of her child came gladly in reply. And now a joyous troop of starlight seraphs sailed towards her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clasping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child whom she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banishment? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirits of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother's spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light, which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit in the grasp of its awakened affection for the child of her bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction. And the prayer went upward and the angels sang.

The drunkard staggered to the wretched home, and reeling into the silent room, gazed upon the wife and child. They spoke not, moved not; he stooped to touch, but recoiled in horror, for both of them were dead. The mother, in her sweet dream, had glided into the blissful evening land, and he, the destroyer of a wife and child, now felt all the piercing agony of sin and shame, the scorpion stings of conscience. He fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy. His withering soul seemed struggling within him, and he grasped for breath. He had wandered into wicked paths, he had blighted a gentle heart by cruelty and neglect, he had wasted his own child's meal in drunkenness and villainy, while it lay on its mother's breast perishing for want of food. He felt all the horrors of remorse, and he seemed gaping beneath him! He arose and wept, and the first tear he shed was carried by invisible hands upward to that world of peace; as a sacrifice of penitence to the kneeling spirit of a mother. He wandered away in silence, and where he went were the falling tears which spoke, in accents eloquent and true, the silent utterance of a repentant heart.

Love Letters and Poems.

If Love, simple Love, is the worst of poets, the same simple Love is beyond comparison the best of letter-writers. In love-poems conceits are distilled from the heads; in love-letters feelings flow from the heart, and feelings are never so freely uttered, affection never so affectionately expressed, truth never so truly spoken, as in such a correspondence. Oh, if the disposition which exists at such times were sustained through life, marriage would then be perfect union, the "excellent mystery" which our Father requires from those who enter into it, that it should be made and which it might always be under his blessing, were it not for the misconduct of one or the other party, or both.—Soutley.

Couldn't "Get Shut of it."

An eccentric carpenter, while working in his shop the other day, accidentally placed his hands upon a worthless hatchet, which had already been the cause of much "botch work," and which he had several times thrown away. However, he thought he had the idea this time; and so he had, certainly, in his own imagination at least; accordingly, he deliberately tied a twenty-five cent piece firmly to the wood-buchering tool, and pitched it out into the street; thinking that some passer-by would eagerly seize it and carry it off as a prize. In this, however he was doomed to be sadly disappointed, for, as he worked away in an apparently disinterested manner, he still kept view of his hatchet, out of the dexter corner of his eyes, and presently saw, to his no little chagrin, a man come along, pick up the hatchet, and very composedly untie the quarter, slip it into his pocket, and throw the hatchet back into the shop.

What other expedient he resorted to, deponent saith not.

The Boston Post accounts for the recent cold weather by supposing that Sir John Franklin in going through the northwest passage, forgot to shut the front door after him,

How Coal was Made.

Geology has proved that at one period there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterward covered over by mud or sand beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings, and various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat and becomes of a dark color.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin, transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly.

From distinct, isolated specimens found in the sand stones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club-mosses, and ferns,) but advance to an enormous magnitude. These species are long since extinct.—The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters on tropical islands, but it must have the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical now is, for the coral strata are found in temperate, and even in the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled until in the Carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. This high and uniform temperature, combined with a higher portion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create denser vapors, showers and rains, and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature, and every circumstance connected with the measure points to such conditions.

Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talents, and who resides in the north part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city, to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings at the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild and sweet flute tones, listened for some time in surprise, and as the sounds died away, he said to himself, "Well, that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rest of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last notes ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are?" "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are?" exclaimed the lad;—"Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high, that I am too poor to buy one. Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued, with great feeling; "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobs, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the boy in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than he was when he reached the city.—N. O. Picayune.

Blundering on the Truth.

An ignorant fellow, who was about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so, when the clergyman asked him, in the church—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom, confused by the peculiarity of his condition, and trying hard to remember his lesson, replied, in a solemn tone, "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said—"I think you are a fool,"—to which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse, or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other buried.—Lecan.

Love's Beauties.

How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling, and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is a garland spring of life—the dream of the heart—the impassioned poetry of nature—its song is heard in the rude and unvisited solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life—it embellishes with its flames the unpretending cot of the peasant and the gorgeous palace of the monarch—flashes its holy gleam of light upon the measured track of the lonely wanderer—lovers about the imperilled bark of the storm-beaten mariner—enflebes the darkly bending wing of the muttering tempest and imparts additional splendor, to the beacon that burns "on the far distant shore."

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that harmonizes and "soothes unbidden," the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the domestic hearth—the worshipped deity of the penetrative, unites in firmer union the affections of social and religious society, gathers verdant freshness around the guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals its moonlight darkness upon yielding heart of despairing age—it hushes into repose calmness the chafed and bruised and unresisting spirit of sorrow, and bears it from the existing and anticipated evils of life, to its own bright and sheltering bower of repose—transforms into a generous devotion the exacting desires of vulgar interest and sordid avarice, and melts into a tearful compassion the ice of insensibility.

The image which holy and undecayed love has once portrayed on the deep shrine of the heart, will not vanish like lineaments which childhood's finger in idle moments may have traced upon the sand—that image will remain there unbroken and unmarked—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of wavering "star of our fate seems declining;" the bowed and bewildering spirit, like the trembling dove of the patriarch, will meet its home and its refuge in that hallowed fane where love presides as high priestess of its sanctuary, and concentrates to unbending truth the offered vows of her votaries.

Pay your Debts.

The Apostle has given this command, and we claim no authority to speak on the subject, except to reiterate his words. But we have reason to believe there is much laxity of moral sense on this matter among even very good people. There are some men who would never take a dollar of their neighbour's property without permission, who nevertheless withhold from him that which is his due, when it is in the power of their hands to pay it. They sometimes make a distinction among their debts, and regard some as less binding than others. Creditors may take a different view of the matter, but the debtor chooses to discriminate in favor of one class, and against another, to the injury of his character, and to the wrong of his neighbour.

There is a criminal negligence, too, in some men about their debts. They put off from week to month what they might do at once, and thus seriously injure those to whom they are indebted. The poor are thus made to suffer sorely by the negligence of the rich. The sempstress, the washerwoman, the day-labourer, often suffer from the simple neglect of the rich employer to give them what is due when it is due. "Call again, I have not the change," has sent many a family to bed supperless.

It has always appeared strange to us that a man can take comfort in the possession of property which belongs to another: called it his, while he has never paid for it; wearing clothes that belong to the maker, and eating bread that the baker would be glad to know was likely to be paid for at some fixed point in the future, however remote. Yet there are many men who seem to take quite as much comfort in life, while thus preying upon their neighbours, as if they were really honest.

Again, there are some professors of religion who take a religious newspaper, year after year, and never pay for it! Regularly as the week returns they expect it—would be greatly disappointed if it did not come—would be highly offended if it were stopped, but they never pay for it! They could hand a five dollar bill to the postmaster, and request him to send it to the publisher, and it would reach him safely, and his heart would be glad at getting his due. But these subscribers let year after year pass away, and make no effort to discharge this debt. Yet they claim to be honest men, and go to the communion table! Some men will read these lines, and be astonished to think that any one should call in question their honesty, while they are withholding a lawful debt. The smaller the debt, the less excuse a man has for neglecting to pay it. "Never put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day."—Presbyterian.

A letter in the Texas Ranger states that the negroes had already provided themselves with several kegs of powder, guns, pistols, etc. They were to rise simultaneously, and be armed to resist any force. The letter states a similar plan had been discovered in Columbus on the Colorado.

Judge Townsend Dickinson was accidentally drowned while fording a stream near Corpus Christi.

The wild woman of Naridad has at last been caught, and turns out to be an African negress, who fled to the wilds 15 years ago, immediately after Fannin's defeat.

It is said that as soon as the spring opens Gen. Brooke is determined to begin a campaign—directly into the Indian country, and will punish the savages on their own hunting grounds.