White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! then dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier;
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every rising star.

Thou solemn month, I hear thy voice!
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, vision bright—oh, blessed hours—
Where are thy living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to nature, and behold
My life's dim emblem, rolling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal,
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the woodlark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthen'd now, they beat
In storm o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

How like these transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest!
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams of each successive year,
Seem bathed in hues of brighter pride;
At last, like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Select Tale.

NELLY, THE RAG-GATHERER.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

Near where Canal street now extends its range of warehouses and commodious dwellings—where, over the broad flaggings, youth and beauty trip so fleetly, and the din of omnibus, cart and cab, is unceasing—there stood, about the year 1806, a low, dark, dismal stone building, which had more the air of a prison than any less equivocal residence. Upon the ground floor there were but two windows, and those were boarded over, excepting one row of cracked and dirty panes at the top. The windows on the second floor were always tightly closed by heavy wooden shutters, once black, but now discolored by time and rain to a hue even more dismal. The house stood a few rods back from the street, and was enclosed by a board fence so high as entirely to prevent any one from looking into the yard, which was one mass of tangled weeds and filthy rubbish, where at every step the miry soil yieldeth beneath the foot, or after a rain becomes as a loathsome, stagnant pool.

This part of New York was called the "Collect." It was then almost a swamp, and so remained for many years. Of course, it was deemed unhealthy—the hot-bed of fevers and agues; and for that reason, probably, while both above and below and on each side, the hand of improvement and wealth was rapidly extending streets and erecting noble buildings, this, the "Collect," remained almost an isolated spot—the rendezvous of thieves and assassins—and rendered also even more famous by many idle tales of superstition; so that this building stood year after year apparently untenanted, growing more and more gloomy as time wore on. But it was not so. Every day there might be seen issuing from the narrow gateway an old, miserable-looking woman, in perfect keeping with the abode. Her dress, although clean, was of the coarsest and most scanty materials eked out with shreds and patches of every shape and hue. An old tattered shawl was thrown over her bosom, her arms were nearly bare, she wore no stockings, and her slip-shod, ragged shoes were fastened around her ankles by twine or bits of rags. A straw bonnet of most unseemly shape and color, was pinched down over her face and tied under the chin by an old dingy white handkerchief. Over her shoulders she always bore a greasy brown bag, and in her hand one of those long wooden poles with an iron hook attached to either end, denoting her occupation as Rag-gatherer.

Long used to stooping amid the dirt and rubbish, her form had become bent nearly double, and day after day she might be seen prowling around the principal streets, sometimes about the dry goods store, or scraping every little rag and refuse from the gutters and drains near the residence of the more wealthy citizens. So miserable was her appearance that frequently some charitable person, touched by her decrepitude and poverty, would drop at her feet a few pennies, and even silver coin, which Nelly, as she was called by the shop boys and servants, would greedily pick up, mumbling as she did so a few almost unintelligible words of thanks.

Only a few hours of each day did Nelly devote to her strolls; she would then return to that wretched, dreary dwelling, and inspect and arrange her filthy store. The rags she would wash and hang over the tall rank weeds, meet to bear such fruit; and if, perchance, anything of more value had fallen to her luck, as was often the case, it was carefully hoarded away. No one was ever admitted within those walls; yet sometimes a beggar would waylay even this poor wretch as she entered her gate, nor were they refused aid; if but a penny or a crust, the Rag-gatherer would bestow her mite.

Had she lived in the days of Salem witchcraft, Nelly would assuredly have been hung for a witch, nor did she even now escape suspicion of belonging to that worthy sisterhood. As no light, however dim, was ever seen gleaming from these dingy panes, it was averred by certain knowing ones that the nights of poor Nelly were passed in the society of the "*Old Scratch*;" and more than one person testified that she had been seen sitting upon the top of the fence in the shape of a large black cat, glaring so frightfully that the whole marsh became illuminated by her fiery eye-balls. Others said the "*Old Scratch*," with proper politeness, occasionally returned these visits *incog.*, and might be heard in dark stormy nights, when the wind howled and the thunder rolled, growling around the gate. That she had made league with this same respectable gentleman, there was no doubt; her rags were assuredly transmuted to gold and silver, for the chink of the hard dollars and guineas was said to be heard as plainly as the ten-pin balls of a neighboring alley. Sportsmen affirmed that frequently, when they had come snipe-shooting in the vicinity of the old Rag-gatherer's house, the snipes had acted as if they were bewitched—paying no regard whatever to their shot, but merely turning tail, with a hit me-if-you-can air, flew lazily over the old fence.

As guilt is always more or less superstitious, these very reports rendered the Rag-gatherer probably more secure in her castle; for even if she *had* the luck of changing rags to gold, the thief preferred knocking a gentleman genteelly upon the head in Broadway or the Bowery, to venturing into the den of one so near to the devil; for although performing *his* business in the most faithful manner, he seemed to have a strong repugnance to facing his employer.

It was a chilly day in Autumn that, as Nelly was returning from her daily toil, her attention was attracted by a young woman who seemed nearly fainting upon the damp ground, her head reclining against a rough stake or post, while crouched shiveringly at her feet was a little girl, apparently about six years of age. Nelly was not unfeeling; the heart which beat beneath that wretched covering was more alive to pity than many which throb beneath a silken zone; so she stopped, and in a kind voice demanded the cause of the poor woman's distress. In tones broken by grief and pain, her little story was told in a few words. She was dying, she said, of want—her husband, after a long sickness, had been buried only a week before, leaving her friendless and forlorn—and that, unable longer to pay the rent of a wretched cellar, the cruel landlord had thrust her forth with her child into the pitiless streets to die—for die she knew she must, there was such a load upon her heart, and were it not for her poor little child, she cared not how soon she was laid at rest in the quiet graveyard. Nelly spoke words of comfort to her, and assisting her to rise, bade her lean upon her; and then, taking the little attenuated hand of the child in hers, she led them to her miserable abode. That shelter which the rich man denied, the Rag-gatherer freely gave, and with it—kindness!

In her work of benevolence it seemed as if renewed strength and agility were given her.—She placed her on her straw pallet—coarse, but cleanly; she chafed her hands and poured her out a cup of water, which she succeeded in getting her to drink; nor, in the meanwhile, had she forgotten to give into the hands of the famishing child a generous slice of bread. How tenderly she smoothed the pillow of the poor young creature, and bathed her throbbing temples!—But all would not do—life was evidently ebbing fast away. Remembering there was a physician not far off, she hastened with all speed to summon him. There was apparently a struggle with this disciple of Galen at crossing the threshhold of one so miserable, for on tiptoeing careful steps he entered—just glanced toward the bed—pronounced the patient "*well enough*," and would have retreated, but the long fingers of Nelly seized his arm with the grip of a tigress—her black eyes flashing both with anger and contempt, as she said—

"*Stay!* and fear not your services will go *unpaid*. Here is gold for you! Save this poor woman, if in your power, for the sake of that helpless babe!"

Although the eyes of the doctor suddenly opened wide at the exigency of the case, and although he felt her pulse, and administered some soothing stimulant, it needed more than the hand of man to strengthen anew the "silver cord." Ere morning she died, with her last breath commending the orphan to the protection of the old woman. "As God reads my heart, I promise you your child shall be as my own," whispered Nelly, bending over the dying woman. "I will protect her and keep her from harm.—All that one like me can do, I will!"

The mother fixed her eyes upon the good creature, tried to speak her thanks, and then clasping her child to her bosom, her wearied spirit sank to rest. The Rag-gatherer then prepared the body for its final bed—from her hoarded gains she purchased a decent coffin, and then when all was ready, she called in a clergyman to perform the last mournful rites. In an obscure corner of "Potters' Field" the young stranger was buried—*unwept—unknown!*

As the hearse disappeared, Nelly again bolted her door, and taking the weeping child upon her knee strove to comfort her She gazed long and tenderly upon the sweet face of the little orphan, and it was one which well repaid the scrutiny. She was a gentle, timid child, with great delicacy of form and feature. Light, golden hair, waved in silken ringlets over a brow and neck of dazzling fairness—eyes of beautiful deep blue, seeming, from their mournful cast, to bespeak at once your love and pity, and a rosy little mouth, inviting the kiss it so sweetly returned. Her mother had called her Violet, and Nelly had asked no other name. And now this poor old creature, so long an object of contempt, and even contumely by the crowd, had found something upon which to lavish her pent up affections—a being *more helpless than herself* to cherish—she so long friendless and unsightly to the eye, received now the artless caresses of this pure, lovely child. The walls of her dwelling, late so dismal and desolate, were suddenly filled with life and music! From the day she had sworn to protect the little Violet, old Nelly seemed a changed being. Her tones were now low and gentle, her footsteps noiseless, as if she feared her happiness all an illusion that the least rudeness might dispel, or that the little being she had learned so to love, was but a vision which a breath might dissolve; and, old and decrepit as she was, her goodness made her lovely in the eyes of the child.

As Violet grew older, the old woman gradually withdrew from her habitual rounds and devoted her time more to the instruction of her young charge. She taught her to read and spell correctly—guided her little hand in learning her to write, and was continually storing her mind with lessons of truth and purity. Words of such beauty seemed strange, issuing from the mouth of one whose life appeared to have been a scene of cruel toil and privation! She instructed her in all branches of needle work, even to the finest embroidery—yes, those fingers, used to plucking the rags and rubbish from unsavory sewers, now threaded the variegated worsteds, and beauteous buds glowed beneath her hand!

Allow a few years to pass unnoted, and Violet is again before us. She had now reached her fourteenth year, and neither thought nor wished for other home than the roof of the Rag-gatherer. Those four walls were the world to her, and there her days had passed in peace and happiness. Nelly was usually absent many hours in the day, and rarely returned before night.—Where those were passed was a mystery; she never divulged even to Violet, who was employed the meanwhile contentedly with her needle, and in perusing the very few books which the old woman had managed to procure. Day after day, as she threw her bag over her shoulders to depart, Nelly would enjoin upon Violet never to be seen at the windows above, and on no account to open the gate, no matter how hard it was assailed, and without a murmur Violet had strictly obeyed. But one day, and a bright sunny one it was too, when she could hear the birds singing, and the insects chirping amid the grass, Violet, perhaps for the first time, pined to be let loose from that dismal old building. She tried to sew, but the needle slipped away from her heedless fingers. She opened her books. How tedious! She had read all that a thousand times. She then went into the yard, where Nelly with her own hands had arranged a little garden for her darling, but the flowers looked sickly and hung their heads, no more contented with their position than Violet. All at once she found herself close to the proscribed gate. *Ah, take care Violet!* But what harm could there be in just unbolting it for a moment? What harm in just looking into the street? She knew there could be none, and so she timidly drew the bolt. The gate yielded to her touch, and, half afraid, she stood within the dingy portal. It happened unfortunately just at that moment, a party of gay young men were passing. Struck by her uncommon loveliness they stopped and gazed rudely upon her. Violet attempted to retreat, but one of them, with consummate audacity, seized her by the arm and addressed her with the most insolent language. In vain she struggled to free herself. He swore he would have a kiss, and most probably would have succeeded in his brave attempt, had not a smart blow across the eyes with a rattan, nearly blinded him, and obliged him to release the frightened girl. His companions had stood by laughing at the distress of Violet, and encouraging their comrade to persist, but there was another spectator of the scene; a youth, apparently not more than seventeen, who enraged at their brutality, dealt the blow, and then quickly drawing Violet within the gate, bolted it. Now gracefully lifting his hat, he bid her be under no uneasiness, for he would protect her from all insult. In the meanwhile, smarting with rage and pain, the party on the outside with furious knocks and gross language, demanded admittance, and at one time it seemed as if the old gate must inevitably yield to their violence; but, tired at length of their fruitless efforts, they desisted, and with oaths of revenge, took their departure across the "Collect." The brave lad would have waited the return of the old woman, but Violet begged of him to be gone, while in her own artless manner she thanked him again and again for the services he had rendered her. Reluctantly, therefore, he took his leave—to Violet, it was as if the sun had suddenly disappeared from the heavens!

As soon as Nelly came in she candidly related all that had occurred, to which the former listened with much agitation, making no reproaches, but for more than an hour remained in deep thought, evidently distressed at such an unlooked-for circumstance. Suddenly lifting her head she exclaimed:

"*Violet, you must go from me!*"

"What, leave you—do you bid me leave you? Ah, forgive your disobedient child. Never, never will I again offend you!" cried Violet.

"I am not offended, for you have but committed an act for which my own foolish conduct must answer. I should have known better than to have caged you so long, poor child, but my motives were good. Now we must part—perhaps never to meet again, for, when you leave these walls behind you, the poor Rag-gatherer must no longer be remembered:"

Violet burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Send me away, and tell me I must forget you, too! Oh, I cannot—I cannot!"

Even Nelly herself shed tears, but her resolution was unshaken.

"Listen to me, Violet," said she. "I know a lady who is not only rich, but, what is far better, has the credit of being charitable. Indeed, more than once have I experienced her kindness. To her I will now go. I will relate your little history. I will tell her that though but the adopted child of a poor, lone woman, like myself, yet you are good and amiable, and your mind pure as falling snow. I think she will at once receive you under her roof, and for the rest I fear not. You would steal into her heart were it of marble."

"But I shall never hear from you—never, never see you again? Oh, I had much rather stay with you."

"You may see me again, and you may not, but on pain of my certain displeasure, never to a human being speak of or relate your past life—*you must forget it entirely!* Remember this, and promise me you will not again disobey my commands."

Violet gave the required promise, and the old woman continued:

"You have never been called by any other name than Violet—you must now have one. A precious and a darling child have you been to my old heart, and in remembrance, you shall be called Violet Darling."

The next morning Nelly came in bearing a bundle, which she handed to Violet, saying:

"Here, my love, are clothes more suitable for you than the coarse garments you have on. I have seen Mrs. Ballantyne, the lady I spoke of, and, as I expected, she is willing to receive you, not as a domestic, but as a companion. One so new to the world as you are, she thinks she can mould according to her own fancy, but be not led, my dear child, to forget the lessons of truth and virtue I have endeavored to instil into your mind. This afternoon, at four o'clock, you will be sent for."

Passing over the grief of Violet, at finding herself about to be separated from the only friend she had on earth, we find her at the hour appointed, waiting the messenger of Mrs. Ballantyne.

As her eye caught the figure reflected in the old cracked looking glass, it was no wonder she started with surprise. A neat white cambric, now took the place of the faded, coarse calico, she had previously worn; a blue scarf veiled her bosom, and a little gipsy hat, tied under her dimpled chin with blue ribbons, shaded her youthful, modest face. Thus attired, poor Violet fluttering, trembling, like a timid bird, shrank from offered freedom.

Mrs. Ballantyne was a gay and handsome widow. Her fortieth birthday had already passed, but so lightly had time marked these milestones to the grave, (as some one has called them,) that to all appearance, she was as youthful as at five and twenty. Her complexion, perhaps, had suffered, but the brightness of her fine black eye was undimmed; her raven hair, still unsilvered, rested in rich glossy folds upon her lofty brow; her mouth was small—teeth superb, and her figure retained all its youthful elasticity and grace. Left a widow at an early age, Mrs Ballantyne for several years, secluded herself entirely from the gay world. All her thoughts—all her affections—centered in her only child, a lovely boy. Report had said the married life of Mrs. Ballantyne had been far from happy; but, if so, she certainly evinced all the grief of the most affectionate wife, for, even after her son was old enough to be placed at school, she still persisted in her seclusion, seeing none but her most intimate friends, and only relieving the monotony of her existence by daily habituating herself to the exercise of walking, in which however, she as constantly refused all participants. These solitary walks, so regular, and in all weathers, at last gave rise to many ill-natured and unfeeling remarks, tending in the end to sully the pure fame of the young widow. But even while the world whispered and wondered, Mrs. Ballantyne suddenly gave a new impetus to their tongues and conjectural organs, by as suddenly renouncing her former manner of life, and, casting aside her mourning weeds, stepped forth from her darkened chamber a radiant, beautiful woman—gay—enchanting—*spirituelle!*

With a taste as novel as it was exquisite, she furnished her splendid mansion; the elegance of her equipage was the topic of the day; while balls, suppers, and parties, followed each other in rapid succession.

It was now the dashing Mrs. Ballantyne!

Her saloon was thronged with the *elite* of learning and aristocracy. She patronized the fine arts, befriended the unfortunate, and gave liberally to every charitable purpose.

The same mystery to be sure, still attached itself to her private affairs; certain hours of every day she was invisible; but *now* the world deemed it only an *eccentricity*, and as such it passed. Nor was she without her admirers.—Statesmen and heroes would gladly have laid their laurels at her feet, and many a youthful lover worshipped at her shrine; but maternal love shielded her heart from other ties. Under all the apparent frivolity of her character, there was much, very much, that was truly excellent and noble. Her son was never forgotten—he was still the idol of her fondest hopes and affection. With talents of high order brought into development by judicious instruction, Eugene Ballantyne, at the age of seventeen, had nearly completed his collegiate course, and had already evinced a strong desire to enter the ministry.—His health, however, having suffered from close application to study, it was deemed advisable for him to make the tour to Europe ere he came to any definite determination.

Such then was the person who was to receive the humble *protege* of the Rag-gatherer. What a transition from the wretched dwelling of the latter, to the luxuriant abode of wealth and fashion, where the very air seemed oppressed with its own fragrance! Yet the mind of Violet, appeared fitted for this refined sphere—so strangely had old Nelly even in all her obscurity and poverty cultivated this lovely flower. She was like the sweet lily of the vale opening its delicate petals in the dark wild wood, yet when transplanted to the conservatory of rare and choice exotics, then only appearing to have found its proper sphere!

It was the afternoon upon which Violet had taken a last farewell of her childhood's home, with what sorrow has been shown, that Mrs. Ballantyne, seated in her private apartment, waited the arrival of her protege. It was the month of June, and it would seem Flora herself had showered this little retreat of the widow with her most beautiful offerings. Vases of the most tasteful designs were scattered around, filled with choice roses—wreaths of fresh flowers were suspended over the mirrors, and the transparent window curtains were looped with the same. The floor was covered with an India matting, and in the centre of the room stood a small Egyptian table bearing an urn, also of antique model, in which the rarest exotics united their fragrance with the less brilliant flowers of our clime. Upon this table were choice prints—rare medallions—etchings, and the walls were also decorated with gems from the first masters.—Silken hangings of a pale rose color drooped in graceful folds over a small recess, disclosing within the couch of the fair mistress of this apartment, around which fell curtains of snowy muslin, looped here and there with the same beautiful bands as confined those at the windows.

The dress of Mrs. Ballantyne was a pale green silk, ornamented with double rosettes of pink satin. The sleeves were of the finest lace, falling just below the elbow, disclosing the beautiful contour of her arm, clasped at the wrist by a rich bracelet of emeralds and rubies. Her glossy black hair was parted upon her forehead and gathered in one heavy mass upon the top of her head, where it was confined by a shell comb of exquisite workmanship. In her hand she held a miniature of her son, who had that morning returned to college. Upon this her eyes were fondly fixed, when a gentle rap at the door aroused her from her pleasing employment.

Bewildered at the beautiful scene before her, so novel, so enchanting; confused, abashed at the presence of the elegant woman who now kindly greeted her, Violet stood trembling at the entrance, her cheeks suffused with blushes rivalling the tints of the roses around her. One hand rested on the polished moulding, the other was partly raised, as if to shield her eyes from so much splendor, and one little foot just poised upon the marble sill, hesitating to bear its lovely young mistress into a spot so strangely beautiful. Mrs. Ballantyne advanced, and gently taking the timid girl by the hand, led her into the apartment, and seated her upon the tabouret at her side. She then removed the little gipsy hat and the golden curls leaped gladly forth from their unwonted thraldom, and nestled again around their sweet resting-place.

At length Violet dared to raise her eyes; she met the encouraging smile, and heard the gentle voice of that lovely lady, and her agitation suddenly calmed, her fears subsided; she even smiled in return, and in a short time felt she was no longer a stranger. Thus affable and kind were the manners of Mrs. Ballantyne.

In simple language, and with artless grace, Violet related her little history.

It was an eventful one, nor had she tales of harshness to reveal, nor complaints of suffering; her path had been a lowly one but without thorns. The goodness of poor old Nelly was her theme, and when told she was no more to see her, and forbidden henceforth even to speak to her, the tears so lately repressed again burst forth until even those of her listener mingled with them. Suddenly her eye rested upon the miniature of Eugene. She started, blushed, and faltered forth:

"'Tis himself! Oh, madam, 'tis the same who tore me from the arms of that bad man!"

It was now Mrs. Ballantyne's turn to be surprised.

"Are you sure? Why, this is the miniature of my son, of Eugene!"

"Yes, madam, I am sure. Oh, I never can forget that face, never!"

Mrs. Ballantyne certainly evinced more feeling than there was any necessity for, and at length said:

"Well, Violet, it may be so; but you must never speak of it again. Should you meet my son, on no account betray your identity with the Rag-gatherer's child! True she is an excellent old person, but it is fitting now you should forget her; your station in life for the future must preclude all allusion to the past; you are now Miss Darling, my ward, my niece, or any other title I may claim for you!"

The next news in the fashionable world, was that the eccentric widow had adopted a young girl, lovely as Juliet, artless as Ophelia, but ere more than one tantalizing glance had been obtained of her fair young face, she was suddenly removed to a distance from the city and placed at school for the next three years, during which Mrs. Ballantyne partially withdrew from her gay career and devoted herself more to literary pursuits, awaiting with great anxiety the return of her son from Europe. At length the fond mother was made happy; she once more pressed her darling child to her bosom. He returned to her in perfect health, and the *beau-ideal* of manly beauty. She was not now to know for the first time that his heart and disposition were right. Violet also returned, and met the same kind welcome.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A CLERGYMAN WHOSE HONESTY EQUALS HIS INDUSTRY.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that in May last, a sojourner at the Spencer House, Rev. J. B., called the landlord aside and announced that he was "dead broke." He wanted the landlord to trust him for his bill *and* lend him $50. Being an entire stranger, the landlord was so pleased with his guest's assurance, not to say impudence, that he complied. The other day he received the following rather amusing letter, dated Columbus:

FRIEND PRATT:—Enclosed please find $65, the amount of your claim against me; and also, my thanks for the favor you granted. The Lord since my return, has blessed me with an abundance of business, all of which I trust I have disposed of to his entire satisfaction. On the 12th inst., I baptized two hundred and twenty-three converts, all blacks but three; and the ceremony, although performed with due deliberation, occupied only one hour and five minutes. You will see that this was nearly four a minute, and I consider it a demonstration that the three thousand converted on the day of Pentecost, could easily have been baptized by the twelve Apostles, each taking two hundred and fifty, in an hour and thirteen minutes. Please accept the money, and believe that I shall pray for your future salvation.

Yours in God, J—— B——.

Kansas, Minnesota and Oregon, will ask for admission into the Union at the approaching session of Congress.

Miscellaneous.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

Withered leaves are round us falling,
To the wintry blast they bend,
Whispering, in accents mournful,
"All things beautiful must end."

Nature, robbed of all her glory,
Bends unwillingly her head,
Like a broken-hearted mother,
Weeping o'er her cherished dead!

Ah! those leaves once green and lovely,
Oft I hailed them as my friends;
Now no pleasing thoughts they bring me,
To my heart no beauty lend.

Yes! they bring a sweet remembrance
Of the happy, happy past;
They are types to me, and shadows
Of eternal life at last!

Withered leaves are round us falling,
To the faintest breeze they bend;
Yet their falling is a token
That this life is not our end.

Yes! on every leaf is written,
In my mind a holy thought;
Yes! the hope of life upspringing
From the grave, by them is brought.

Though they're withered now, and falling
Down to earth, their native tomb,
Yet the parent stock will flourish,
And with fresh leaves bud and bloom.

So our mortal frames will perish,
Like the falling leaves and sere;
Yet again will bloom and flourish,
In a bright, etherial sphere.

MILES GREENWOOD AND WESLEY SMEAD.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette relates the following of two well-known citizens of that place:

"By the by, an anecdote of the noted Independent Banker of your city, Dr. Wesley Smead, of the Citizens' Bank:

Years ago, he was a man of humble effort, compounding drugs and retailing herbs and powders at a drug store on Fifth Street. His capital was small, but he was hopeful and generous. At that time a poor boy, striving to succeed, was going round in your city, with his basket of apples and pea-nuts, vending them at market and the old Theatre on Third Street, when Smead took him into his pill-shop, and inspired him with ambition to rise in the world.

Smead is now a rich banker, and the poor peanut boy is now the enterprising and successful mechanic and manufacturer—Miles Greenwood.

A few days since, after the crash of the colossal Life and Trust Co. Bank, Greenwood enters the Citizens' Bank, and boldly and sternly said, "Smead, I want $6,000." Smead answered, "Greenwood, who would have thought, when I took you into my establishment, a ragged, barefoot boy, that I would lend you $6,000?" Greenwood promptly replied, "Who would have thought you would ever have had that much to lend?"

It is needless to say that the ex-Chief of the Cincinnati Fire Department got all the money he wanted."

WHEELBARROW MAP MAN.—The Baltimore American gives an account of a new method of surveying:

The "Wheelbarrow man" is a surveyor, busily employed in measuring the length and taking the course of roads, location of buildings, boundary lines of farms, &c., preparatory to getting up a map of the County. Dispensing with a chain, his wheel measures, in a certain number of revolutions, exactly one rod on the surface of the ground. To the wheel is attached a clock-work arrangement and hands, and by inspection, the distance from point to point is noted as he rolls his barrow along. To the barrow is affixed a compass staff, and at every crossing, and change of direction in the road, he sets his compass and notes the course. Then this solitary individual, dispensing with the usual paraphernalia of chainmen, flagmen, axemen, chains, pins and stakes, by trundling his little machine around, will, in due time, present an accurate map of the country, showing all the roads, streams, mills, churches, school houses, dwellings, farms, with their owner's name, and also plats of our towns and villages, and this, too, at a moderate cost to the purchaser of the map.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE PREDICAMENT.—A few mornings since, a young gentleman went to bathe in the East River, at a secluded spot above Green Point. The water being rather cooler than he expected, after swimming about four minutes, he returned to the bank, and was proceeding to dress himself, when a Durham bull moved in stately form towards him, pawing the ground, tossing his head, and switching his tail. The bather, perceiving the acquaintance becoming rather close, shook his coat at the animal, to deter him; but this appeared to have been taken as an invitation to advance, and the animal came on at an accelerated pace, when the poor wight was compelled to save himself by jumping into the river. He was no sooner submerged, than the bull took his clothes on his horns, and pitched them one after the other into the water. The gentleman caught his clothes and hung by the bank, trying occasionally to escape, but the bull guarded the bank so as to prevent a retreat. He was thus kept in the water for three hours, until discoverd by some persons passing, who drove away the Durham, and released the benumbed bather from his unpleasant position.

Pump Carpenter thus describes the habits of the late Minnesota Legislature. He says:

"This body is composed of thirty-nine members. Thirty of the members use tobacco; six smoke during the sessions; thirty-eight like good liquor; fifteen put their feet on the desks; all spit on the carpet; five play billiards; ten bet on Faro; twenty-five are land speculators; eighteen are aspirants for the office of Governor; thirty-six would like to go to Congress; fifteen wouldn't hesitate to be U. S. Senators; twenty own large cities (in embryo); six are tolerably "good looking;" two perfectly "handsome;" one decidedly "pretty;" and thirty-nine good livers."

SERVING EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.—It may be interesting to our readers, says a correspondent of the Washington Star, to know who of those that have occupied executive offices in our Government, are now among us. For this purpose we subjoin a list below:

Of the ex-Presidents, there are four still living, viz: Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Franklin Pierce.

Of the Vice Presidents, also four—Van Buren, Tyler, Dallas, and Fillmore; and four Secretaries of State—Van Buren, McLane, Buchanan, and Everett. Eleven Secretaries of the Treasury—Rush, Ingham, McLane, (L.) Duane, Taney, Ewing, Bibb, R. J. Walker, Meredith, Corwin, and Guthrie. Seven Secretaries of War—Cass, Bell, Porter, Wilkins, Crawford, Conrad, and J. Davis.

Also seven Secretaries of the Navy—Paulding, Badger, Mason, Bancroft, Preston, Graham, and Kennedy. Eight Postmasters General—John McLean, Kendall, Granger, Wickliffe, Johnson, Collamer, Hall, and Campbell. Eleven Attorneys General—Richard Rush, Taney, Butler, Gilpin, Crittenden, Nelson, Mason, (J. Y.) Clifford, Toucey, Johnson, and Cushing. And all the Secretaries of the interior, viz: Ewing, McKennon, Stuart, and McClelland, are all living.

There are also seven gentlemen who have served as Speakers of the National House of Representatives, now living, viz: John Bell, R. M. T. Hunter, John W. Davis, R. C. Winthrop, Howell Cobb, Lynn Boyd, and N. P. Banks.

HOW THE CABINET WAS MADE UP.—The Hon. Jesse D. Bright, Senator from Indiana, in a recent speech, made the following statement:

"Just here," said Mr. B., "it is proper for me to tell you one thing which I have never told before. Buchanan *did offer* me a place in his Cabinet. I declined it. Said I to Mr. Buchanan, 'I have been re-elected to the Senate; the office is one of doubtful tenure, and it will not do for me to leave it under present circumstances, and take a higher and better place. My enemies shall not say of me, "Bright is very patriotic indeed! He gladly leaves a $3,000 office, held illegally, for one worth $8,000." * * * Mr. Bright remarked that the question might be asked, why he did not secure the Cabinet seat for some other citizen of Indiana, after declining it himself? He did recommend four or five of our citizens, and urged them separately with all his might, but Mr. Buchanan's programme was so marked out, that if he (Bright) did not take the appointment, it was then to be offered to Michigan. It was accordingly so offered, and accepted."

WHAT MORMONS HAVE DONE.—The fact that Utah Territory has been organized nine years, and has an estimated population of from 60,000 to 72,000, and that in that time not an acre of land has been bought from the Government, and in Minnesota, organized at the same time, millions of dollars have been paid into the Treasury by the settlers, for the lands which comprise their farms and homesteads, speaks volumes. Civilization reigns in the one Territory, and barbarism reigns in the other. While the people of Minnesota have entered their homesteads on the public lands properly, the Mormons have ignored the United States' surveys, and bought and sold the soil, precisely as if they held the same by original right of the proprietorship. Judge Douglas, in his speech upon the Mormons, at Springfield, Ill., states that nine-tenths of them are aliens, who have refused to be naturalized. With such a population, the result of events in such a colony is natural enough.—*N. Y. Express.*

A GOOD ROAD-BREAKER.—On a visit yesterday to the Eastern Penitentiary, in this city, we saw a curiosity. The Superintendent was packing up an order for 750 pairs of boots, just made for a plantation in Mississippi. There were a due proportion of sizes, but with one exception. For this pair a paper diagram of the sole was sent as a guide to the maker. The boots, when finished, were 19¾ inches long, 6¾ across the sole, and 4½ inches wide at the heel. The pair weighed just eight pounds! The boots were made for a negro slave of gigantic proportions, a sort of deputy overseer on the plantation, for whom the boots were ordered. Beside them, the other foot gear, although by no means small, appeared fairy-like in comparison.—*Philadelphia North American.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A copper kettle has been found seventeen feet below the surface, near Ottowa, Ill., imbedded in a vein of coal. It was found on Buffalo Rock, on the Illinois river. Some of the citizens think it was brought there by some of the early French Missionaries, over 200 years ago; others give it a much earlier date. All ask, how could it come into a solid bed of coal? This question none can answer.

THE SAFEST.—In travelling in a railroad car, which is the safest seat in the train? Many an anxious mother has pondered the point. The American Engineer, as the result of scientific calculations, and protracted experience, says the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one. There are some chances of danger which are the same everywhere in the train, but others are least at the above named place.

ANTI-TOBACCO.—One of the clergymen at a recent camp meeting in Tolland county, Ct., was opposed to the use of tobacco as incompatible with true piety! Speaking of the raising of tobacco in the Connecticut River valley, as connected with the worship of Mammon, he "wished that Almighty God would send a hail-storm and destroy the whole crop on the river!"

GEN. SAM HOUSTON.—The San Augustine Eastern Texan, of the 29th ult., has the following:

We have heard it stated privately that Gen. Houston intends handing in his resignation, to take effect on the 1st of March next. It is not known whether he will return to the Senate during the winter.

"Kansas is a great country. Thermometer over 100; excitement over 10,000; justice—below zero."