## Poetry, Miscellaneous and Tales.

### What Flag Shall Wave.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

What flag shall wave when from on high
Disunion drags our ensign down,
And where its stars now deck our sky,
The clouds of hate shall darkly form?

What hand to rend that flag shall dare,
When all may claim the nation's sign?
And not a gleam of glory there,
But each proud State may say, "'Tis mine!"

'Tis mine! 'tis thine! 'tis theirs! 'tis ours,
We all have trusted in its might;
And in the nation's darkest hours
Our fathers bore it to the fight.

The memories of the past are there,
Fast clinging to each silken fold;
The pious hope, the vow, the prayer,
From hearts and lips now still and cold.

Our sires' strong faith, their war-worn years;
Their dying groans; their conquering cry;
Their orphan's wail; their widow's tears;
Their martyr-truth, that ne'er shall die.

Their sacred blood, in wild alarm,
Would call that traitor hand to stop:
As once God's angel stayed the arm
Of Abraham, on the mountain top.

And vale to vale, and crag to crag,
The deep-toned curse would echo far,
On him who rends the Union flag,
Or from the azure tore one star.

Then, patriots, since our flag alone
Belongs to all our father's land,
Still let that one that o'er them shone,
Shine on their sons—a brother land.

Yes! let it shine! Its hues shall be
A bow of promise to our eyes;
O'er arching wide, from sea to sea,
The noblest land beneath the skies.

### Song.—BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Round love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies
A joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round love's deserted bowers
Treacherous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornados rend the skies;
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!
The wily Syren shun:
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone.
When Beauty triumps, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

### Is it Come?—BY MISS FRANCES BROWN.

[The following is the poem that attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and induced him to make a present of £100 to the authoress]

Is it come? they said on the bank of the Nile
Who looked for the world's long promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,
With the desert's sands and the granite grey,
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrants dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
That built up Babylon's crown and creed,
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore,
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, Is it come? the Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame
In bondage its ancient splendor threw,
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true,
With dreams to the uttermost ages dear,
With human gods and god-like men,
No marvel the far off day seemed near,
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Roman's conquered and revelled, too,
'Till honor, and faith, and power were gone,
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As wave after wave the Goth came on,
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and Sear that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought
Through schools, and creeds which the earth forgets.
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come! they say.

The days of the nation bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And higher hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearths and altars the fires are dead,
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain:—
And this is all that our Watcher said.

### Mary Magdalene.—BY THE LATE F. S. KEY.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair:
She heard in the city that Jesus was there
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair on her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned in her cheek;
And so weak and so lowly she knelt in her shame,
It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfume she poured on his feet.

She heard but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
And she dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth with each heave of her breast,
While her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow—
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one; her sins are forgiven—
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

THE PRESS AND ITS INDEPENDENCE.—Some persons have a strange idea of the independence of the press. They appear to consider that it consists in indiscriminate abuse of everything and everybody. Nay, they submit annonymous communications, full of the vilest slanders, and then are astonished at the journalist who has the independence to refuse their insertion. Ask them to attach their names to their allegations, and thus to assume their responsibility, and they manifest the utmost indignation. Their independence consists in attacking others under a mask, and with an unwillingness to father their slanders, when called upon so to do. They must have everything their own way, or if not, they will charge a want of independence. An egregious error, and one that they will discover sooner or later. A journalist would indicate anything but indepdenence, who would permit his columns to be used or abused on all occasions, without regard to his judgment, or the feelings of others. True independence consists in acting in a firm and determined manner, and under a sense of right and propriety. On the other hand, the circumstance of having the control of a newspaper, should not induce the impression that no responsibility is involved, and that individuals may be assailed with impunity. On the contrary, the fact should only induce the more caution, inasmuch as the possession of power does not constitute a guarantee for its misuse on any and every occasion.—[Phila. Inquirer.

ONE OF THE SPEECHES.—Job Kolik was one of 'em on the stump. A double barreled throat, and lungs as large as two bushel baskets, enabled him to electrify his constituents up to a fighting point in less time than it would take a Susquehanna raft to go over Niagara Falls. His great speech in Bob Stubbs' ten acre lot was a crusher. For the sake of posterity we give an extract: "Fellow-citizens—You might just as well try to dry up the Atlantic Ocean with a broom straw, or draw this ere stump from under my feet with a harnessed gadfly, as convince me that I ain't gwine to be elected this heat. My opponent don't stand a chance; not a sniff. Why he ain't as intellectual as a common sized shad. Fellers, I am a hull team with two bulldogs under the wagon and a tar bucket—I am. If thar's anybody this side of whar the sun begins to blister the earth that can wallop me, let him show himself—I'm ready. Boys, I go in for the American eagle—claws, stars, stripes and all; and may I burst my everlastin' buttonholes, ef I don't knock down, drag out and gouge everybody as denies me."

WOMAN A BORN LEGISLATOR.—And, indeed, to tell the truth, women are the only born legislators, let them complain of their position as they will. Only a few hundred of us at the best can have a hand, though of the smallest, in affairs of State; but to every woman of them all, Paul himself, though not much given to compliment, gives the right and the injunction—Rule the house. Yes, the merest girl, eighteen years old, who, half in love and half in fun, dares to don the fatal orange blossom—there she is, a child half an hour ago, now a lawmaker, supreme and absolute; and yet most despotic and unconstitutional of monarchs, you hear them weeping over infringed rights and powers denied. Oh, inconsistent humanity!—as if those powers and rights were not seated, innate and indestructible, far away out of the reach of any secondary law. [Blackwood's Magazine.

The American Medical Association, which has been some days in session at Detroit, adjourned on the 9th instant, to meet at Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1857.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

### Kissing a Strange Girl in a Stage Coach.

When I speak of kissing, I don't include kissing mother, or sister, aunt or grandma, or the little people; that's all in the family, and a matter of course. I mean one's wife, sweetheart, and other feminines, that are not kin or blood connection. "That's the sort to call kissing," and that's the sort I am going to describe.

There is a beautiful village about twenty-four miles north of New Haven, called in the Indian tongue Pomperany. What it means in Indian I don't know. It was not taught us in the district school up there, where we learned our A, B, C's, and afterward progressed as far as B-A, BA, K-E-R, KER, BAKER; when I was allowed to graduate, and enter the "Youth's Seminary," under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Fuller. One of my schoolmates in the latter place was a bright an intelligent boy, of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him, so did everybody else in the old village love him. He grew up in manhood, but not *there*. No, New England boys don't grow up at home; before they reach manhood they are transplanted, and are flourishing in all parts and ports of the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been, or the stars and stripes.

Walter Marshall when he reached the age of fourteen, arrived in New York from his native village in the destitute situation that is frequent among New England boys; that is to say, he had only the usual accompaniments of these unfledged chips, who afterwards make the merchants and great men of this country, and not unfrequently of other lands. He had a little wooden trunk, pretty well stocked with "*hum mades*," a sixty-eight cent Bible that his mother packed in for him, fearful that he might forget it, a three dollar New Haven city bank bill, and any quantity of energy, patience, perseverance and ambition. He entered the counting room of a large mercantile house in South street. His honesty, activity and industry won him many friends.

Among them was an English merchant, who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm at Calcutta, and did his business for the firm Walter clerked for; and here the latter attracted his notice. He was sixteen years of age only; yet the Bombay gentleman fancied him, and made him a liberal offer to go to India with him; which after very little palaver among his friends, Walter accepted. New England boys don't often start off on their unusually long, wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days' preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from; and then, having taken a few good looks at the weather-beaten church, the high old steeple, which has wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first saw it, to notice it, in school-boy days; then they must hear the old bell ring once more, even if they have to take a spell at the rope; then take a turn among the white grave stones, see if there are any green mounds, fresh made, and if so, to ask who, among old friends, have gone to their last resting place; then to kiss mothers and sisters, shake hands with father—and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go "any where."

Walter went up to do, and did do, all this; but he did not get into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road, ahead of the coach, toward the old bridge, and told the stage driver to stop and let him get in at the minister's house—at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's only daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest little witch that ever wore long, loose tresses of auburn hair and had blue eyes. She was only twelve years old, and Walter was nearly seventeen. She *did* love him though; he was almost all in all to her; he had fought her battles all through her childish campaign; and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin, too—a sort of half first cousin; for her mother had been the half sister of Walter's mother. They were not too near related for purposes hereinafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried her eyes out on this occasion had it not been that Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ridiculous in motion; and she made a merry ten minutes as a wind-up to their parting scene.

Three days afterwards Walter was in New York, and just four months and twenty days farther on in Time's almanac he was making out invoices and acting as corresponding clerk to "the firm" in Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venomous-looking cobra de capellos biting Sepoys, just for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and how easy their bite was cured; how often he visited the farfamed Elephant caves; how many times he dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him, and what he said the very morning of the day the old scourge—the cholera—made the excellent Sir Robert his victim; all these things I shall leave to another time and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all these, and six years of time beside, and land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the city in a steamboat, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and there let him sleep all night, and take a good "shore rest," after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awaken him; make him get up, pay his bill, take a hack, and ride down to the New Haven steamboat, and go on board. It is seven o'clock, A. M. At one, P. M., the boat has reached the landing; his trunk and "traps" are on board the Litchfield stage; he has taken a seat inside; his destination is an intermediate village. He is alone in the stage; no, not alone—there is an old woman on the front seat, and a Presbyterian clergyman on the middle seat. The stage is up in the city, and slowly meandering about New Haven town, picking up passengers, who have sent their names to the stage office, as is still customary in that staid and sober city of mineralogy, theology, and other 'ologies in general. The stage Jehu pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel street to take up a passenger—a young lady of sweet seventeen or thereabout. Before she has fairly got inside, Walter has noticed her, and she has noticed him, too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect vision of loveliness before him; he hasn't seen anything of the kind for some years. There is not a particle of *copper* about her. She, on her part, half laughing, has regarded him *very* attentively; pushes back the golden ringlets that almost shut in her face, and takes another look, as if to be certain that she has made no mistake.

"Here is a seat, Miss, beside me," said the gospel preacher.

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer sitting on the back seat with *that* gentleman, if he will let me," said the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to in some time.

"Certainly, Miss," said the delighted Bombayite; and when she seated herself by him, she gazed into his face with a kind of mixed up delight and astonishment, that Walter actually took a look down upon himself, to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared to be so pleasing to the fair maiden; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled on towards Derby, at its usual rapid rate, of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cosy together as though they had known each other for years instead of minutes. The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself "nowhere." She had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else but Walter; and he had told her more about his travels, and Bombay scenery, than he ever told any bodyelse before or since.

At last they came to Derby. Their horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed and tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done had he never lived in Bombay, but always stopped in New York. They were alone now; the minister and the old woman had got out at Derby.

"Well, we are off once more; how far are you going?" said Walter, as the stage went off.

"Not quite as far as Litchfield. You say that your friends reside at Pomperany. How glad they will be to see you."

"Very probable, unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in seven years."

"Not a particle, I—"

The pretty maid forgot what she was going to say, but at last remembered, and continued—

"I should suppose you had not altered, for you said you were seventeen when you were last at your home, and now you are only twenty-three. You must have been grown nearly as large as you are now."

"Perhaps so; but still, I am somewhat tanned by exposure in an East India climate."

"Yet I think you will be recognized by everybody in the little village. Do you know a young lady in Pomperany of the name of Mary Fuller."

"What! little Mary? my 'little wife,' as I used to call her! Why, Lord love you, do you know her? Bless her heart! My trunk is filled with knick-knacks for her especial use. Do I know her? Why, I have thought of her ever since I went away. Young lady? Why, she is a little bit of a girl; she is only ten years old. No, she must be older than that now. I suppose I shall find her grown considerably. By the way, are you not cold? It's getting chilly."

The delighted young lady was trying to conceal her face, which had called forth Walter's exclamation.

"Yes, it is getting colder; it is nearly dark;" and so it was. Walter had a boat cloak, and after a very little trouble he was permitted to wrap it around her lovely form, and some how or other his arm went with it; and in the confusion he was very close to her, and his arm was around her waist, outside the cloak, though; then he had to put his face down to hear what she said, and some how those long ringlets of soft, silky hair, were playing across his cheek. Human nature could not and would not stand it any longer; and Walter, the modest Walter, drew his arm closer than ever, and pressed upon the warm, rosy lips of his beautiful fellow traveler a glowing, burning, regular East India, Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mischief he had done, and waited for the stage to upset, or something else to happen; but no, she had not made any resistance; on the contrary, he felt very distinctly that she had returned the kiss; the very first kiss, too, he had ever pressed upon a woman's lips since he gave a parting kiss to little Mary Fuller, and he would have sworn he heard her saying something (about the very moment he had given her that first long kiss of youth and love) that sounded like "Dear, dear Walter." He tried the experiment again, and before the stage had fairly reached the village, he had kissed and rekissed her, and she had paid them back kiss for kiss at least a hundred times.

The stage was now entering the village. In a few moments he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her and he felt ashamed and downright guilty. What would Mary, his "little wife," that was to be, say if she knew he had been acting so? As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

"You go on in the stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still farther?"

"Oh, no! not me."

What could she mean? But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable parson and his good lady in the doorway; he with a lamp in his hand, all ready to receive—Walter, as he supposed.

"Where will you stop in the village? I will come and see you."

"I shall stop where you stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this last half hour, and now you want to run away and leave me. I am determined to expose you to that old clergyman and his wife in the doorway yonder. More than that, your 'darling little wife,' that is to be, as you called her, shall know all about it."

What a situation for a modest, moral man! It was awful. To be laughed at—exposed; and who was she? Could it be possible? He had heard of such characters. It must be; but she was very pretty; and he to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious old clergyman and his sweet old pet and playmate—his Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgment sent upon him. What business had he to be kissing a strange girl if she was pretty? His uncle and aunt had come clear down the stone-walk to the dooryard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had to get out.

"Don't, for God's sake expose me, young woman!"
"I will—get out!"

"Oh!" thought Walter, "it's all over with me!" and now he shakes hands with the clergyman, and flings his arms around the aunt.

"Mary!" exclaims the mother, "our Mary in the stage, as I live! So, so; you would come up with your cousin, eh?"

"Yes, mother; and what do you think the impudent East Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that isn't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on in the stage and not get out at all!"

"Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he hasn't seen you for some years. How glad you must have been when you met! But what is the matter with you, Walter? Let the driver stop and leave your trunk at your father's as he goes by, and do you come into the house. Why, what is the matter? Are you dumb?"

"Are'nt you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother, when she is talking to you?" chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice, and before he got fairly inside Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which she took very kindly. But as for Walter his mind was made up. He had turned over the subject during the last three minutes. He would marry that strange girl. He was grateful she had saved him from degradation, loss of character, and everything else; but would she forgive him for being so free with a strange girl in a stage-coach? Doubtful; but she should have the chance, at any rate.

The wanderer received a glad welcome from his family and friends in his own native village; and Mary Fuller was his traveling companion about the place; and together they crossed the door-sill of every old farm house within a circle of five miles round. Walter had seen enough of the outside of this great world. He had made some money, too, enough for his modest wants; he was old enough to marry—and so was Mary Fuller; and before three months more had rolled over their heads, the venerable old father made them one, in the front parlor of the old glebe. When the vows had been spoken, the last prayer made, and the blessing pronounced, Walter clasped Mary to his breast, and imprinted on her lips another first kiss; but now it was the first thrilling kiss of married love, and as he held her a moment in his ardent embrace, she whispered gently into his ear—"Walter, dear, it is understood in the vow, no more kissing strange girls in a stage coach!"

### Zeph. Hobkins's Experience.

When I was down to New Orleans, a makin' my etarnal fortin', who should turn up one day of all creation, but Deacon Brittle's darter Sal, a critter I used to be kind o' sweet on in Varmount. But, good gracious, along side of them are Creoles and French gals—wall, it's no use talking—caparisons are odorous—as Mrs. Mallaprop says in the play. Of course I wasn't over and above delighted to see her—didn't jump clean out o' my butes, or tare my dickey, or do anything o' that sort; but seein' as how I'd written the creeter some pooty strong letters when I was to hum and as verdant as a year old donkey, I put a pooty good face on the matter, and made believe I was dreadful glad to see her. The old deacon is pooty well to do, and in case nothin' breaks, thinks I—why, Sal is a pooty nice gal; and, all things considered, I might go farther and fare wuss. Ef I didn't go farther and fare wuss, may I be kicked to death by grasshoppers. But I'm gettin' ahead of my story. I shinned up agin' to Sal, and took her out to ride a few—treated her to ice creams, ABSSITTERY, once in a while. But what on airth put it into my head to take the creeter to a ball—'cept 'twas my ill luck—I never could diskiver.

To make a long story short, I took Sal to a rampin,' tearin,' two-dollar ball. Fixin's elegant—American flags—bokays—the blackest kind of nigger fiddlers—chalked floors—ABSSITTERY. But five minits arter I'd been thar, I didn't see no gas-light, no flowers, no chalk, no niggers, no Sal, no nothin', except one of the most splendoriferous, angelliferous, onaccountable, bewitchin', facinatin', female critters, I ever set my eyes onto.

I ketched hold of a floor manager and made him introduce me to her. Gee-whitaker!—what a kurchy she made, and I bowed so low I nearly fell outer my dicky into the floor. We danced a good reel, and I was so delighted with the critter, I engaged her for the whole evening.

"Do you waltz, Mr. Hobkins?" said she.

"I don't do nothin' else," said I, bold as brass, and with that I ketched hold of her, like I seed the other fellers doin' to their gals, an' if I didn't sling her, then there's no snow on Killingly Peak. A few complimentary remarks, such as "go it boots," from the bystanders, encouraged me to do my best, and the way I flung them cowhides was perfictly awful—I say it with a realizin' sense of the moral responsibility of the asseration. Once in a while I ketched site of Sal, setten up against the wall, in solitary glory, but it only made me cut up harder.

Bime-by I got kind o' dizzy, and the next I know'd I was settin' on a sofy and that ere angel a-holein' soltz to my noze, and bendin' over me like a hen over a spavined chicken. I didn't see no more, nor think no more of Sal arter that. How she got home, I didn't inquire. I waited on my angel to her door, and when she telled me I might call on her, I went home chock full of glory and happiness, and dreamed all nite the strongest kinds of dreams about my being in the garden of Eden and playin' "high low Jack" with Gen. Washington and Mary Queen of Scotts.

Next day, perhaps I didn't call on my charmer—well I reckon I did though. I bust rite out, and told her I loved her better than maple sugar and new cider.

"Will you do me a favor?" says she.

"Anything in reason, or agin' reason," I replied.

"Well," says she, looking good enough to eat, "I want you to buy me a cowhide—here's a bit to pay for it."

"Darn the expense!" says I. "I'll make you a present of it."

Off I went, proud of the commission, and bought her a real nice stinger—cost me a shillin'—wonderin' who on airth she wanted to give a lickin' to. "I hev it," thought I, "some other fellow, she don't like, has been a persecutin' her, and now she's to gin him the sack and a lickin' into the bargin."

So says I, as I handed her the cowhide, "Miss Evelina (that was her name) I should like to know the name of the individual that ere cowhide is destined to astonish."

"He's about your size," says she, with a peculiar twinkle that I didn't somewhat exactly like. Then she telled me how Sal had been there, and told her how shameful I'd treated her—and then—my stars! if she didn't use that cowhide powerfully.

"Hold on!" says I, "it hurts."

"Glad of it," says she; "plenty more licks whar them comes from!" and she pelted away on my head, and ears, and limbs, and arms, until the air seemed full of licks and cowhides. I hollered enuff, but it want no kind of use. I hadn't had such a lickin' since I blowed up the old skule house stove with father's powder horn, and got ketched jest as I was teching off the train. I rid home in a carriage—that cost me a dollar—and I kept my bed for a fortnite. I was a site to be seen. My head swelled up bigger than a yeller pumpkin.

When I got well, I went to see Sal to explain matters and make up with her. But she didn't care to make my akwaintance. The ingratitude of women is unaccountable. And there was a feller with black whiskers settin' alongside of her, who said something about spilin' for a fite, which made me make tracks in double quick time. The story got into the newspapers, and darned if it didn't make New Orleans too hot to hold me. Sal, too, soon married the clerk of a steamboat. So I cum north, but I hain't called on any gals sence.

SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKES.—In this part of the Orinoco we repeatedly saw water snakes swimming from one island to another; and in some instances they passed over the boats, to the great alarm of the passengers, but without attempting to do any mischief. They are of a light, green color, six or eight feet long, and swim with about a third of their body out of the water; propelling themselves rapidly along by the undulating motion of their tail. We were informed by the boatmen that their prey consisted principally of water rats and young birds. The steersmen of the launches always endeavor to avoid sailing under the trees that overhang the river, lest the mast might detach some of the snakes from the branches.

We frequently saw numbers of them, exhibiting the most brilliant colors while basking in the sun on the trees. An European traveler who visited these parts in 1838, lay down to sleep upon the banks of the Orinoco, and was presently awakened by cries of alarm and horror. What was his dismay when he found himself encircled in the folds of innumerable snakes? The native boatmen, whose cries had aroused him, proceeded to deliver him from the hideous coils in which he was enmeshed; but the traveler never completely recovered the shock which he had received. His nerves were completely unstrung, and he died delirious about four years afterwards at Porto Rico. [Venezuela.

Men live best on moderate means. Nature has dispensed to all men werewithal to be happy, if mankind did but understand how to use her gifts.

### The Play at Venice.

Some years since, a German prince, making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women were in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that, in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and departure of the finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records of antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta of the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed. But as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up these stately festivals. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German; some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offense softened by its humor. It must be obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous.

At length the Prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all the Venetian; acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon the country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lord," said he, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost, even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of Venetian villas to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theater produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theaters. However, it was only so much more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have seldom been betrayed into anything beyond a smile, for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story—they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, German. The street was solitary. At length a traveler, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came pacing along. He knocked at several doors, but could obtain no admission.

He wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized. "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care; campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us; hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads are not very formidable after what we have had to work through, father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Read, that's true: come out Zimmerman." He took a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to the decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure, with a kind of visionary movement, from behind the monument, surveyed the traveler with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned, they were lifted to heaven with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary, his head drooped over his study, and he closed the book. "What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it near day? He took out his repeater, touched the pendant, it struck four. His mysterious attendant watched him narrowly, the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with wonder that had till then filled its pale, intelligent countenance.

"Four o'clock," said the German. "In my country half the world would be thinking of going to their day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well, then, I'll do you a service you nations of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and shot it. The attendant form still hovered behind him, and looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveler turn, "Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder. "I will not hurt you," was the answer. "Who cares about that?" was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol. "My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now—but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers." "Well then," said the German in a gentler voice, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information, it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love to learn." The former sighed deeply and mourned, "and you are a Teuton; that you were just reading in a little case of strange, and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?" "No, it was a printed book?"

"Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing." "It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness and beauty; one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal."

Admirable, glorious art, said the enquirer, who was its illustrious inventor?

"A German."

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness; and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of the day?"

"That was a repeater."

"How, when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to a higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than man."

"He was a German!"

"What, still a barbarian? I remember his nation, I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those Northern warriors, but we looked on them only as savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand with a small truncheon on it; in a moment something rushed out that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upwards in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon, resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood or field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, for either good or ill," said the former. How much it must change the nature of war. How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge, its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence. "Stranger," said it, pointing to the Appenines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoveries of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still mistress of the mind? She was then first of the first, has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back; "Who, what are you?"

"I am a spirit. I was Cicero—show me by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed—but in a moment after he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train; Cicero uttered a sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, raree show against the wall! Fine Madama Catarina dance upon de ground! Who come for de galantee show!" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven. "These the men of my country! these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind. What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes, the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone!

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The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged [illegible] the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. [illegible]

### Circassian Girls.

[illegible]

### Mr. Capron Becomes Smitten.

[illegible]

[State Police Tribune.

CUTTING DOWN.—[illegible]

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—[illegible]

[illegible]

When a gentleman makes an inquiry, you are bound by etiquette to give him a reply; whether you give him an answer is optional, and a matter of discretion.

### In Love or Not in Love?

BY E. W. DEWEES.

[illegible]

### The Deformity of Sin.

[illegible]

## I. O. O. F.

### Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

[illegible]

### Subordinate Lodges.

[illegible]

### Interior Lodges.

[illegible]

### Odd Fellows' Hall Association.

[illegible]

### Grand Encampment.

[illegible]

### Subordinate Encampments.

[illegible]

### Interior Encampments.

[illegible]

JAMES FURNEAUX, G. Scribe.

### "Odd Fellows' Rest."

[illegible]

JAMES FURNEAUX, Secretary O. F. Rest.

### General Relief Committee.

[illegible]

JAMES FURNEAUX, Secretary.

ABITA WATER.—[illegible]

H. MACHIAN.

ORDERS FOR THE MANUFACTURES OF THE LOUISIANA PENITENTIARY [illegible]