New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

Over the Way.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When cold Boreas rattles at my door,
And rime has of the world before,
Takes a glass from my hand, a coal from my fire,
And sets to dance my blood in manner attire,
I say, as I quaff the wine out of the day,
My way goes over the way.

I sport at my pleasant freedle,
Nor care a jot for what people say;
Nobody knows, and the rakes at her knee,
Nor my companions unrelished and free—
I have no fear to be called to stay,
For I dwell on the hither side of the way.

Frankly, but feeble; he's fitted, but old;
Is a scholarly, but a scold;
Fretful of children, ill pleased with himself,
Is only happy when he is pelting the pelf;
Yet he not dreams of the Tartarus, night or day,
That lies on the other side of the way.

Though poverty, freezing, keeps in at my door,
I'll neither be cowed nor cajoled;
I'll earn an honest, and work if I can,
And look to the bright side of the heart of a man;
Nor, letting at bay the joys that I may,
Forget my pay, who lives over the way.

[illegible] OXFORD.

Green [illegible] grass as bottle grass,
[illegible] and Orange pass
[illegible] Blue,
[illegible] clear tank that delights,
[illegible]

[illegible] inhabitants is white,
[illegible]

[illegible] Church, Natchez.

[illegible] gothic pile, now the architectural ornament [illegible] of Natchez, was rebuilt in the year 1839-40, [illegible] original church having been erected twenty [illegible] before. Jacobin being the chief architect. [illegible] the occasion were gathered by the Rev. James Pillsbury, a gentleman of profound learning and ardent piety, who may justly be considered the founder of Protestant Episcopacy in Natchez. He became Rector in year 1823; and continued to exercise the solemn duties of his vocation for the space of four years. In the southern wall of the transept, on the right hand of the chancel, a marble slab bears the following brief inscription:

Rector of this church
Rev. JAMES PILLSBURY,
Late Bishop Elect of Maryland.
He was a native of Scotland, and died Nov. 1, 1827,
Aged 38 years.

The second Rector of Trinity Church was the Rev. Albert Miller, whose term of Rectorship was about three years.

After him as third Rector, succeeded the Rev. John G. Porter, a young ecclesiast of high promise, but who in [illegible] of the Rectorship was terminated by a few months after his succession. A marble tablet in the southern wall of the transept, to the Rev. [illegible] has an inscription to his memory, [illegible] that he was born in Albany, New York, [illegible] in Woodville, Mississippi, Oct. 21st, 1[illegible].

The fourth Rector was the Rev. Pierce Connelly, whose term of Rectorship was four years. He resigned his sacred office, went to Rome, and gave in his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church; subsequently renounced and received absolution from his marriage vows, consequently was admitted to the Priesthood in that communion. His wife, having also adjured Protestantism, became the Lady Superior of a Convent in England. Rev. Mr. Connelly has since returned to the principles of the Reformation.

The fifth Rector was the Rev. David Cook Page, who occupied the sacred vocation a term of ten years, and preached his farewell sermon to a tearful and affectionate audience, whose blessings followed him in all his subsequent posts of duty.

The sixth Rector was the gifted and eloquent Rev. William Mason Giles, A. M., who had been educated for and admitted to the bar as a counsellor and advocate; but whose deep religious convictions determined him to relinquish the brilliant prospects of legal eminence for the sober duties but immortal aspirations of the altar. A marble tablet to his memory in the eastern end wall, directly to the left of the pulpit, has a brief record of his birth in Adams county, Miss., near Natchez, and of his death in Woodville, Miss., February 13, 1845. He was greatly lamented.

During the illness of Dr. Giles, the Sanctuary and the duties of the Rectorship were temporarily performed by such well-known clergymen as the Rev. [illegible] Lyon, the Rev. Wm. M. Green, D. D., now the [illegible] Bishop of Mississippi; the Rev. M. Leacock; the Rev. Mr. Babcock, who eloquently sustained the duties of the Rectorship for two years; the Rev. President Beaghy; and the Rev. Mr. Dowe, of Louisiana, who acceptably performed the duties of the Rectorship for one year, ending October 1, 1857.

At this time, after an absence of twelve years, the Rev. David Cook Page, D. D., was unanimously and joyfully recalled to the Rectorship, where every heart wishes he may remain until called home by the Saviour, whose cause he has so long pleaded in the great Valley of the Mississippi.

[illegible] Intelligencer, 23d inst.

A True Love Match.—Is a true love match, but when you know they are proverbially unfortunate, and always encounter the opposition of friends and relatives. Miss Catherine R——— and Mr. Charles M——— were well known to be tenderly attached to each other, but her mother did her utmost to prevent the consummation of their mutual regard in marriage. [illegible], however, that her opposition was of no avail, that the suitor was really a deserving young man, she gave her reluctant consent to the match, in order to prevent an elopement. If her daughter was not to be married rich, she was determined that she should be married in style, and consequently made great preparations for their nuptials. They were nearly completed and the company was already invited, when Miss Kate, who had appeared exceedingly uneasy while witnessing the trouble and outlay to which her parents were going, said, abruptly:

"All this expense and fuss is wasted. It is of no use—it is all nonsense."

"Nonsense—no use!" repeated her mother; "what do you mean? Have you altered your mind? Don't you intend to marry Mr. M——— after all?"

"Well, yes; to tell you the truth, ma, I am married to him already, and have been for these six months past."

Mrs. R——— looked aghast.

"What shall I do? Cards have been sent to every friend I have, and we shall all look like as many fools, or worse."

"I can't help it," said the precocious young lady; "you sought to have my consent before, for you knew I would have him. You can let the party come off, however; but to perform the ceremony would be perfectly absurd, as a few months will demonstrate to the most positive and palpable manner."

"You are a little too fast for me, Miss Kate," exclaimed Mrs. R——, out of breath. "But it must be as you say, for, to use your own words, there is no help for it."

Shocking Human Nature.—The Buffalo Republic tells a story which we don't believe, but it is so good that it is worth repeating simply as a joke:

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, dressed in very common clothes, was studying human nature as exhibited in the highways and bye ways of New York. In the course of his philosophic perigrinations he went into a truck auction shop. He stood awhile on entering, and reflected, doubtless, how any one could be so lost to a sense of truth and honesty as the auctioneer in question, endeavoring to palm off his worthless trash to the inexperienced in city ways as good and valuable, and finally the auctioneer called out, "Mr. Beecher, why don't you bid?" He was greatly astonished, as we can well imagine, at finding himself known in the place, and, as he had supposed, in his purposely careless dress. He immediately left and started for the residence of one of the members of the church in the neighborhood, and requested him, as an act of kindness, to go down and inquire of that person who had sold himself to Satan for the love of gain, how it was that he knew him in his disguise. The neighbor kindly consented, and on entering the "Peter Funk" shop he addressed the auctioneer:

"How is it that you know Henry Ward Beecher so well as to be able to recognize him in his disguise?"

"How do I know him? Why, I have been a prominent member of his congregation for the last five years, and own the fifth pew from the front!"

The Chase.—Yesterday, everybody we met, when we opened his mouth, said "banks!" "failures!" "specie payment!" "financial embarrassments!" We got tired of it and fled. After running about a mile, we met a negro on Clark street. He accosted us, and proceeded to hear "banks," "specie," etc., we were tired to hear him exclaim:

"Massa, [illegible] what do you say?"

"Why, boss! hain't you not got no stove to be blacked?"

We put our arm around his neck and started for home. Five minutes afterwards his brush and polish were busy on the stove, and the "crisis" was forgotten.—[Auburn paper.

We think the fellow ought to have tried "his brush and polish" on the editor first. A man who puts his arm around a negro's neck, and walks the street in this linked intimacy, needs "blacking" a good deal more than the foriest of stoves. [Louisville Journal.

Resemblance.—A recent number of the New York Evening Post says:

The work of re-shipping British goods that have lain in the bonded warehouse for some weeks without a market, has now commenced, and the importers are obliged to return them to pay their coat.

For this purpose, freight has been engaged for several steamers ahead, and the market will be soon bare of many descriptions of foreign fabrics.

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the Power that created it is able to stop it.

Tracks in the Bush.

A stockman in my employ was, not many years ago, missing from a cattle station distant from Sydney about 120 miles. The man had gone one afternoon in search of a horse that had strayed. Not having returned at night or the next morning, the natural conclusion was that he had been lost in the bush. I at once called in the aid of the blacks, and, attended by two European servants, (stockmen,) headed the expedition. The chief difficulty lay in getting on the man's track; and several hours were spent before this important object was accomplished. The savages exhibited some ingenuity even in this. They described large circles round the hut whence the man had taken his departure, and kept on extending them until they were satisfied they had the proper footprints. The track once found, half a dozen of the blacks went off like a pack of hounds. Now and then, in the dense forest through which we wandered in our search, there was a check in consequence of the extreme dryness of the ground; or the wind had blown about the fallen leaves of the gigantic gum trees which abound in those regions; but, for the most part, the course was straight on end.

We had provided ourselves with flour, salt, beef, tea, sugar, blankets, and other personal comforts. These were carried on a horse which a small black boy, of about 14 years of age, rode in our rear. On the first day we continued our search until the sun had gone down, and then pitched our camp and waited for daylight. With their tomahawks the blacks stripped off large sheets of bark from the gum trees, and cut down a few saplings. With these we made a hut, at the opening of which we lighted a fire, partly for boiling the water for tea, and partly for the purpose of keeping off the musquitoes. During the night, we had a very heavy shower, a storm of lightning and thunder, accompanied by torrents of rain. This, I fancied, would render the tracking even more difficult, as the rain was sufficiently heavy to wash out the footprints of a man, had any such footprints been previously perceptible. When the sun arose, however, the blacks, seemingly without difficulty, took up the track, and followed it at the rate of two and a half miles an hour until noon, when we halted to take some rest. The foot of civilized man had never before trodden in that wild region, which was peopled only with the kangaroo, the emu, the opossum, and wildcat. The stillness was awful; and, ever and anon, the blacks would cooey, (a hail peculiar to the savages of New Holland, which may be heard several miles off,) but—and we listened each time with intense anxiety—there was no response.

At about half-past 3 in the afternoon of the second day we came to the spot where the blacks expressed, by gestures, that the missing stockman had sat down; and, in confirmation of their statement, they pointed to a stone, which had evidently been lately removed from its original place. I inquired, by gestures, whether we were near the lost man; but the blacks shook their heads and held up two fingers, from which I gleaned that two days had elapsed since the man had been there. At 5 we came to another spot where the missing stockman had laid down, and here we found his short pipe broken. It would be difficult to describe the satisfaction with which I eyed this piece of mute workmanship. It refreshed my confidence in the native power of tracking, and made me the more eager to pursue the search with rapidity. By promises of large rewards, I quickened their movements, and we traveled at the rate of four miles an hour. We now came upon a soil covered with immense boulders. This, I fancied, would impede, if not destroy, the track; but this was not the case. It is true, we could not travel so fast over these large round stones; but the blacks never once halted, except when they came to a spot where they satisfied me the stockman himself had rested. None but those who have been in search of a fellow-creature under similar circumstances can conceive the anxiety which such a search creates. I could not help placing myself in the position of the unhappy man, who was roaming about as one blindfolded, and probably hoping on, even in the face of despair. Again we came to a forest of lofty gum trees.

At times, the gestures of the blacks, while following the footprints of the stockman, indicated to me that he had been running. At other times they imitated the languid movements of a weary and footsore traveler. They knew exactly the pace at which the poor fellow had wandered about in those untrodden wilds; and now and then, while following in his track and imitating him, they stopped to pick merrily. They were not a little amused that I should be angry at and rebuke such a demonstration.

The sun went down, and our second day's search was ended. Again we pitched our camp and lighted fires. We had now traveled about thirty miles from the station, and the blacks, who had now got beyond the precincts of their district, became fearful of meeting with some strange tribe, who might destroy them and myself. Indeed, if I and my European companions had not been armed with a gun each, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, my sable guides would have refused to proceed any further.

All night long I lay awake, imagining, hoping, fearing, and praying for daylight; which at last dawned. Onward we went through a magnificent country, beautifully wooded and well watered by streams, and covered with luxuriant pasture—all waste land, in the strictest sense of the term. At about 10 we came to a valley in which grew a number of wattle-trees. From these trees a gum, resembling gum Arabic in all its properties, exudes in the warm season. The blacks pointed to the branches, from which this gum had recently been stripped, and indicated that the man had eaten of a pink grub, as large as a silk worm, which lives in the bark of the wattle tree. Luckily he had with him a clasp-knife, with which he had contrived to dig out these grubs, which the blacks assured me were a dainty; but I was not tempted to try them.

On again putting the question to the blacks, whether we were near the man of whom we were in search, they shook their heads and held up two fingers. We now came to a clear, shallow stream, in which the blacks informed me by gestures that the missing man had bathed; but he had not crossed the stream, as his track lay on the bank we had approached.

After traveling along this bank for about three miles, we came to a huge swamp, into which the stream flowed and ended. Here the footprints were plainly discernible, even by myself and my European companions. I examined them carefully, and was pained to find that they confirmed the opinion of the blacks—namely, that they were not fresh. Presently we found the man's boots. These had become too heavy for him to walk in, and too inconvenient to carry, and he had cast them off. Not far from the boots was a red cotton handkerchief, which he had worn round his neck on leaving the station. This, too, he had found too hot to wear in that oppressive weather, and had therefore discarded it.

Following the track, we came to a forest of white gum trees. The bark of these trees is the color of cream, and the surface is as smooth as glass. On the rind of one of these trees, the man had carved with his knife the following words:

"Oh God, have mercy upon me!—T. B."

How fervent and sincere must have been this prayer in the heart, to admit of the hand carving it upon that tree!

Towards evening we came to a tract of country as barren as the [illegible] the soil was not sandy, and it was covered with stones of unequal size. Here the miraculous power of the black man's eye astonished us more than ever. The reader must bear in mind that the lost man was now walking barefooted and tenderfooted, and would naturally pick his way as lightly and as cautiously as possible. Nevertheless, the savages tracked his course with scarcely a halt.

Again the sun went down, and again we formed our little camp on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which lay a lagoon, literally covered with wild ducks and black swans. Some of these birds we shot for food, as it was now a matter of prudence, if not of necessity, to husband the flour and meat we had brought with us.

Another sunrise, and we pursued our journey. Towards noon we came to a belt of small mountains, composed chiefly of black limestone. Here the blacks faltered; and, after a long and animated discussion amongst themselves—not one word of which I understood—they signified to me that they had lost the track, and could proceed no further. This I was not disposed to believe, and imperatively signaled them to go on. They refused. I then had recourse to promises, kind words, smiles and encouraging gestures. They were still recusant. I then loaded my gun with ball, and requested the stockmen to do the like. I threatened the blacks that I would shoot them, if they did not take up the track and pursue it. This alarmed them; and, after another discussion amongst themselves, they obeyed me, but reluctantly and sullenly.

One of the stockmen, with much foresight, suggested that we ought to make sure of two out of the six black fellows; for, if they had a chance, they would probably escape, and leave us to perish in the wilds; and, without their aid, we could never retrace our steps to the station. I at once acted on this suggestion, and bound two of the best of them together by the arms, and carried the end of the cord in my right hand.

At four in the afternoon we had crossed this belt of low mountains, and came upon a tract of country which resembled a well-kept park in England. We were all so greatly fatigued that we were compelled to halt for the night. Great as was my longing to proceed—a longing not a little whetted by the fact that the blacks now held up only one finger, in order to express that the object of our search was only one day in advance of us.

At midnight the four blacks, who were not bound, and who were in a rude hut a few yards distant, came to the opening of my tenement, and bade me listen. I did listen, and heard a sound resembling the beating of the waves against the seashore. I explained to them, as well as I possibly could, that the noise was that of the wind coming through the leaves of the trees. This, however, they refused to believe, for there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

"Can it be that we are near the sea-coast?" I asked myself; and the noise, which every moment became more distinctly audible, seemed to reply "yes."

The morning dawned, and, to my intense disappointment, I discovered that the four unbound blacks had decamped. They had no doubt retraced their steps by the road they had come. The remaining two were now put upon the track, and not for a single moment did I relinquish my hold of the cord. To a certainty they would have escaped, had we not kept a tight hand upon them. Any attempt to reason with them would have been absurd. Fortunately, the boy who had charge of the horse had been faithful and had remained.

As the day advanced and we proceeded onward, the sound of the waves beating against the shore became more and more distinct, and the terror of the guides increased proportionately. We were, however, some miles from the ocean, and did not see it until 4 in the afternoon. The faces of the blacks when they gazed on the great water, of which they had never formed even the most remote conception, presented a scene which would have been worthy of some great painter's observation.

It was a clear day, not a cloud to be seen in the firmament; but the wind was high, and the dark blue billows were crested with a milk-white foam. It was from an eminence of some three hundred feet that we looked upon them. With their keen black eyes protruding from their sockets, their nostrils distended, their huge mouths wide open, their long matted hair in disorder, their hands held aloft, their bodies half-crouching and half-struggling to maintain an erect position, the perspiration streaming from every pore of their unclothed skin; speechless, motionless, amazed and terrified, the two inland savages stood paralyzed at what they saw. The boy, although astounded, was not afraid.

Precious as was time, I would not disturb their reverie. For ten minutes, their eyes were riveted on the sea. By slow degrees, their countenances exhibited that the original terror was receding from their hearts; and then they breathed hard, as men do after some violent exertion. They then looked at each other, and at us; and, as though reconciled to the miraculous appearance of the deep, they again contemplated the billows with a smile, which gradually grew in a loud and meaningless laugh.

In the rocky spot on which we were standing, one of the blacks pointed to his own knees, and placed his forefinger on two spots close to each other. Here I concluded that the lost man had knelt down there in prayer. I invariably carried about with me, in the bush of Australia, a pocket magnifying-glass, for the purpose of keeping off the musquitoes. During the night, we had a very heavy shower