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**Woman's Mission.**

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

What highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Beats city, field, or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Palaring saith;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her steam ships: her Macbeth!
Her thought-won victories!"

Wait, boastful man! Though worthy are
Thy deeds, when they are true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sisters yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honors her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as a growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven!
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!

**Clara Woodville.**

A STORY OF THE REGICIDES IN NEW ENGLAND.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER V.

Several furlongs from the foot of Mount Hope, there was a dreary and obscure marsh. From the long and coarse grass that fringed the muddy pond in its centre, the muskrat had built his peculiar house for ages. Dead, soggy timbers, covered with moss and the decayed grass of many years' growth, ran in irregular lines far away into the dark and slimy waters. On its eastern side, shutting out all sight of the bay and the hill of Mount Hope, rose a rough declivity, thickly wooded with hemlocks and pines, and the ground covered with dead cones and leaves. In the opposite direction, the eye could only penetrate farther and farther into the depths of the close and level forest; not even the limit of the dull marsh could be discovered. The thickly interwoven leaves overhead and the massive trunks around shut in the gloom that reigned here perpetually, and the world abroad was totally excluded.

In an obscure nook, near the margin of this marsh, stands one of the rudest of Indian lodges. Half a score of rough and irregular poles, centring at the top, and imperfectly covered with mats and skins of divers kinds and dimensions, are all that strike the vision from without. Just at the entrance, with a fixed and unmeaning look, sits an elderly Indian woman, with her hands folded in the blanket that is wrapped closely about her. She sits as if the days of her toil were almost over—as if her eye, turned so vacantly to the door of the lodge, were watching resignedly or stupidly for the Last Guest of Man. No doubt she has kept the same exact position for hours, and without a thought, beyond the vibrations of sense. Opposite, resting her head against the pole of the lodge, sits a young girl, the daughter of the other, whose body is motionless, and whose mind is straying in the land of dreams.

And there is one besides. In a corner of the space beyond, is a sort of low couch, built up from the grass and the reeds of the neighboring marsh, and covered with the coarse mattings of the Indians. In a posture indicating helpless uneasiness, and with a look of despairing composure, the form of a young man, of paler race than the two we have just described, is thrown upon a solitary couch. The first glance tells us truly that the unhappy youth is a captive. His hands and feet are bound, and his keepers have little labor in watching him: for he knows how vain would be any attempt to escape, even should he be able to steal away, unnoticed by his sentinels, from his miserable tent. The captive is Edward Stanley. The sun was near his nightly rest, and in this secluded spot the blaze of noonday made but an ordinary twilight. Now it was already dark. During all these gloomy hours the mind of Edward was in constant action; and these were some of his thoughts:

"When we parted, those dear lips uncontrollably trembled and quivered with foreboding. In my bosom, too, was whispered the same dismal prophecy. O, that I had embraced her, as if it were my last embrace! That I had gazed more earnestly on that image of loveliness and purity! That I had frugally treasured up every look and every motion in my remembrance! But, no! I have forgotten all. A dim, featureless, swimming conception is all that I have when I think of my Clara. Even that indescribable smile—I have tried and tried to recall it, but I shall never behold it or its image again! I can recall every countenance I have ever seen but hers. But of Clara I have forgotten all.

"What if she should, indeed, prove to be my *sister?* I have often thought of that within the last few hours, and at times ever since I saw MY FATHER. The good people of the village esteemed him an *angel*, he came so mysteriously to their deliverance. I trust that he is more than that to me. Parson Stanley will settle the whole matter when—— Can I have forgotten it? I die at midnight!

"O, Clara! can you bear to dream it? How long will your life be able to flow on when the certainty of my untold death freezes thicker and stronger over its current? Oh, my misery!

"How came I ever to think, 'What if Clara is my sister?' And the thought is ever returning. The hint my father gave of a daughter somewhere left behind in his many and joyless wanderings—could that be all that put the thought in my brain? The mystery in which her parentage is enveloped gives ample verge for the doubt that haunts me. But it is only a careless, groundless thought. It shall trouble me no more. There could not be a cruel deception like that. I will not think of it again.

"Now I understand why my father's name was kept a secret. That I have at length found him, there can hardly be a doubt, and more in this world I can never know! How utterly impossible it is to understand the words, I SHAT DIE!"

Midnight—the midnight appointed for the bloody sacrifice—was now come. In stillness and awe, silent as the evening wind when it stirs not a withered leaf, without even a whisper of sympathetic eagerness, the fierce troops of red men had gathered about the tent of the captive. Noiseless as the surrounding night, and hid in the dark folds of its garments, he knew not that one of the passionate throng was near. He knew not of their presence even long after, when the hellish flame itself was kindled. They stood afar off rapt in the wildest trance of superstitious terror! Edward had no means for marking the progress of the few bitter moments that were to await him on earth; yet making twofold allowance for the suspense and the anguish of his situation, it seemed to him impossible but that the destined hour was long since passed; when all at once he saw through the opening of the lodge, away he knew not how far, the faint kindling of fire. He knew that the fatal midnight was now fully come. He fixed his eyes on the feeble blaze, until it struggled on into a moderate flame—then shed a glare on the objects close at hand—then burned upward into a magnificent pyre. All this was only the work of a few rapid moments. He could now easily discern that the fire was on a little spot, either natural or built up for the occasion by human hands, in the midst of the slimy waters of the adjoining marsh.

He saw likewise—he knew but too well why they were there—two dark figures moving about in the yellow sphere of the fire-light. One was a tall, well-formed man, of a proud bearing, whose hands moved gracefully, yet imperiously, as he moved about the pile and labored in the impious work; the other was a perfect hag, in shape, in posture, and in gesture. Edward at once and truly conjectured that these were none other than Philip and the frenzied prophetess, Neloya, whose power over the chief was notorious.

Presently the hag was left alone. A little boat, hitherto unseen, shot out from the Altar island, with Philip at its oar, dashed on among the sluggishly coiling waves, combed through the dry reeds and rushes in its path, and vanished from his sight. But he knew that it disappeared in the direction of his prison. He now became again conscious of the presence of his hitherto motionless keepers. The elder was moving to rouse up her sleeping daughter, and he knew who was the guest they expected. But the chief crept softly along; all was still as the stillest midnight may be—not a sound of footsteps; yet there appeared a bold figure at the door—it came and stood over him.

"The pale face," it was said, in a grave tone of voice—"The pale face must go with me; the hour is come."

The thong that had kept the captive's ankles in painful constraint was now unfastened, and his arms, too, were set entirely free. As Edward stood up, the strong, confident hand of the chief held his left arm in a firm but gentle grasp, and he felt the other hand as firmly, yet as easily, laid upon his opposite shoulder. His flesh quivered, as though the touch had been galvanic.

They came to the Altar island. They stood before the half naked and withered shape of the sorceress. Her hollow cheeks were wrinkling thicker and deeper with emotions of fiendish delight. But even at this moment she thought—and even she dared not say that she thought—"Would it were Onina, the detested Onina, who once mocked at my art and reviled the great Philip for my sake!"

Edward saw, at a glance, a circular enclosure of stones piled above each other to more than his own height, and little more than a yard in diameter within. All around the inner side were placed tall, pitchy fagots, whose smoky flames had already blackened the walls and imparted to them a high degree of heat. Without were heaps of the same resinous wood, ready for use whenever they might be required. The ground inside had first been trodden into a firm and smooth level, then thickly set with long, sharp-pointed flint-stones, strongly implanted, and extending far downward below the surface. At any other time, the bare sight of these horrid preparations would have made Edward shudder; but now he saw and anticipated all, fearless and unmoved.

As Neloya went on in her cruel work, rending the garments of her victim with demoniac fury, and prolonging his suspense by slow movements and idle ceremonies, her hitherto measureless dance began to assume more and more a character of regularity, her ceaseless mummery more and more of singing, until she broke forth at length into a hurried incantatory chant, frightful and deafening.

CHANT OF SACRIFICE.

In the fire, in the fire, Hobamoc!
The flesh shall shiver, and quiver, and scream;
With blood, with blood, Hobamoc,
The ground shall be red like fagot coals—
Like fagot coals the ground shall be wet
With blood, with blood, Hobamoc.

Come, come and see!
Come, come and listen!
Come, come, O come and bless!
Thy offering curse and thy worshippers bless,
Thy worshippers bless and their victim curse!
Curse, curse the foe of the fearful face—
Curse, curse the white man, CURSE!

Poison the air and madden the wind,
And shatter the ground where the white man comes!
Curse, curse the foe of the fearful face—
Curse, curse the white man, CURSE!

The fagots are blazing,
The victim is quivering,
The fagots are blazing,
The victim is prepared,
Thy priestess is over him,
And the clutches of torture,
And the clutches of torture—

The wild strains were broken off in their midst. As the stately hand of the priestess stretched forth to grasp the instruments wherewith her fiendish work was to begin, swift and sudden as lightning another fig ure came over the sluggish water, and fell breathless, almost lifeless, at the feet of King Philip.

"Stay, stay the murdering hand—stay the hand of Neloya—it is Edward!—Touch him not in harm!"

Despite his nature, Philip was for an instant astonished and overcome. His niece—how came she here? What does she mean?

But the sorceress at once recognized the intruder, and so excessive and uncontrollable was her wrath—treasured venom of old and bursting rage at the present interruption—that she even forgot the presence of Philip. She clutched her trembling fingers in the flowing hair of Onina, drew from her scanty dress a sharp tomahawk, put forth all her strength as she raised it hastily above the head of the kneeling girl; but sudden and inevitable as she meant it to be, the sachem was quicker than Neloya! With one thrust of his war-knife, he pierced the witch to the heart. The uplifted and already descending tomahawk just grazed the shoulder of Onina and fell bloodless to the ground.

"Philip will have no more sorceries," said the chief, in a firm, hearty tone—"Philip has seen enough of sorcery!—HAG! Day after day I have waited on your words with a religious awe; but thy brutal spirit has been my curse, and if I perish, and with me all my race withers and rots to its last root, *to you I owe it all!* Philip, too, will have a sacrifice to his wrath. Then shalt smoulder into white ashes on thine own altar!"

The morning was not far advanced, when the eyes of Onina opened from the deepest and wildest sleep in which they had ever been closed. But the strange and confused dreams that had crowded in thick groups through the chambers of her spirit, had stolen not one of the treasures of her memory. She saw clearly all that she had done, where she now lay, who stood at her side.

"Oh Edward," she exclaimed, "you are indeed here—you still live! Heaven be praised that I do not find it all a dream! I am strong now. That deep sleep has taken away all my weariness.

"Onina," said Edward, "you have been my good angel; you have saved my life, and I can never thank you as I would!—Heaven alone is able to reward you."

"I fear I shall break your heart," continued Onina, "but I must tell you all. I must accomplish the end for which I ventured forth to seek you. Clara desired me to come; and you, too, will only be the more miserable, should the secret be longer kept, should you not hear it now."

Edward turned pale, and whispered breathlessly—

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean! Already she is dead!"

"No, not that. Mrs. Woodville is no more, but Clara lives—she waits to see you—she would meet you at the earliest possible moment. I must tell you more. The dying woman revealed a strange secret. She whispered it in the ear of Clara in her last hour, and the maiden has seen no happy moment since. You cannot have dreamed it—nobody ever thought it."

"Yes," said Edward—"Yes, Clara Woodville is MY SISTER!"

Onina started to be interrupted with such a cool tone of despair, in what she trembled to speak plainly. With a melancholy cadence, she simply added—

"True, that is ALL."

"That is enough. She desires to see me once more, and she shall; but rather would I have died than live to hear what you have spoken!"

To a mind constituted like Edward's such a shock is not as to one that dwells solely among actual things. The former feels more intensely, but endures, *domesticates* its griefs, and retains still on every side thereof many nooks and corners of repose, that the latter mind has no resource but madness—no room for its anguish, until reason is forced out and despair takes up her watches at the door.

Those few words told Edward all—all that he could hope for the future—all that Clara had suffered—all that behooved to be done. His purpose was taken—his course soon determined on. At noon he desired Onina to set out with him on his return. But she consented not. The great hour of life or death for her nation she knew was just on the point of tolling forth. She thought of Attamoset—indeed, now that the purpose of her journey was accomplished, and Philip had granted full liberty to Edward, she almost forgot all else. She was again the Indian girl of other days. She could not now return; she must stay and behold the end. And the two separated.

It was the morning after Edward's departure homeward. The sun had looked forth from his accustomed hill toward the heights of Mount Hope—had witnessed and recorded in the hidden book of Time the last battle of the stern, unconquerable Philip. The conflict was now over. The race Pokanokets was extinct. The blood on the battle-field was still fresh. The bodies of the dead had just reposed from the final quiver of life. The noise of the retreating victors still lingered about the gloomy ground.

Among the dead was found the body of an Indian maiden, of lovely proportions, of an angelic countenance.

When the war-whoop—the last war-whoop of the Pokanokets—was sounded, the voice of Attamoset was the first and boldest of all. Most nimble and fearless moved his steps to the conflict. His arm sent the most sudden and certain destruction on the enclosing bands of the foe.

His farewell of Onina had already been taken. He went to battle knowing that he should return no more. Death or disgrace was an alternative he knew not, and he foresaw the result but too clearly. He had besought Onina to save herself. On her no such necessity was imposed. She might still live, and die at last a more peaceful death. He pointed out the way. He spoke kindly of Clara, though burning with rage against her nation. He besought his love to return and dwell with her while the waters of mortality should separate their spirits. There was nothing for him but one black certainty. But, O that Onina might live—that she might come to him in the Spirit land by a gentler path than that which his own feet must tread. And he embraced her for the last time.

But Onina hearkened not to his words. She could not go. She followed him afar off—by tree, and bush, and rock—as the stern and cruel fight went on. She saw her lover fall. She was near. She clasped her arms about him as he fell. She whispered words of womanly love in his ear. She caught the last words of his blessing as his spirit vanished. And she, too, while she performed her angelic ministry, received a mortal wound. Death had compassion on the spirits that had been one in life, and suffered them not to be widely separated. Calmly as a cloud-shadow disappears, that lovely life passed away from the earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Can it be other,
But I your daughter, be least be my brother?
PARAPHRASED.

For many days after Onina had turned her face forever from the room of Clara, the sufferer lingered on, fainter and fainter at heart, bankrupt in hope, until she had come to the brink of the gulf where waves of death rolled dark and dismal below. Colonel Woodville was now never seen but with a look of deep and melancholy anxiety on his countenance. His afflictions had made him, at least temporarily, another man. Since the death of his wife, he had been more thoughtful; and especially, when his mind had regained enough of its former tranquility to admit of such reflection, he mused much on the disclosure which had wrought this fearful change in Clara.

As he considered the matter, with all the attending circumstances, the communication of his wife seemed to him far from incredible. Yet, might it not, after all, be mere conjecture on her part? He understood her nature well enough to know that her imagination was ever restless—that she constantly mistook some haunting fancy, after it had many times returned, for an actual affair, a serious, indisputable fact. Many instances of such a delusion were easily recollected, and all these instances had the same dark hue of foreboding and wretchedness. Might not this strange *secret*, since it had every outward appearance of these deceptive fancies, be also entirely of the same nature—from the same source? In a word, might it not all be a *delusion?*

The more he reflected on this last question, the more was he disposed to an affirmative answer; for, indeed, how *could* his wife know positively? What could the mother of Clara say that should discover Edward Stanley at once as the son of whom both parents had spoken, while as yet his history was unknown? Of course, such a thing could not be. When Colonel Woodville had tolerably settled these matters in his own mind, he hastened to communicate the result of his meditations to Clara. But weeks were gone by since the fatal words entered her spirit—days since the departure of Onina—and hourly had her sorrow eaten deeper and deeper. She now heard all these doubts and inferences, unmoved and hopless. Her mind was not for a moment shaken from its position.

"Only tell me," was her reply—"Only tell me if Edward is dead. Do not deceive me longer. You cannot much longer. My life is just at its close. There will come a calm, silent evening, and I shall depart with it very soon. I know he must be dead, or he would have come long ago. *Is* he not?"

The kind old man hesitated to answer. He had last heard of Edward as disappearing under circumstances that left little doubt that he had fallen into hostile hands, a miserable captive. Indeed, he had but too good reason to believe him dead. But could Clara bear to hear even a hint of his fears? Or might he not be justified, at this critical moment, in saying what was positively untrue? The latter he could not do, (*falsehood*, thought he, never yet did *good*;) the former he dreaded to do; and he still hesitated.

"I see it all," said Clara, "in your countenance. You dare not speak it. You need not. I understand all now. Do you not see you might as well tell me the whole at once—let me know the worst? But I know it now. You are silent. Then I must—whose step—who—"

Edward Stanley was at her door.

With a wild scream she rose to meet him, involuntarily clasped her hands about his neck, and the first time for weeks her eyes flowed with hot tears.

"You are come—you are come! Thank Heaven I am alive to see you!"

"And thank Heaven," said Edward—"Thank Heaven, I can call you mine—*my own Clara!* I have heard all. Onina found me—she saved my life. It is all false! It was all a delusion! You are not my sister! You are MY OWN CLARA!"

He could not say another word. She, too, was dumb.

Colonel Woodville stood in silent astonishment, yet stood not long before he grasped the hand and fell upon the neck of Clara's father. The Regicide, now far down the declivity of life, and seeing death just before him, had come with Parson Stanley and Edward to partake again the hospitality of his last surviving transatlantic friend, to look once more on the face of his daughter, and to visit the grave of his wife.

The course of Edward, after he parted from Onina, shall be set forth in a few words. He had not proceeded many miles, when he fell in with the army of his friends, who hailed his return with gladness. He told Parson Stanley (who followed the army as chaplain) of the wretchedness into which he was fallen, and the latter at once pronounced the declaration of Mrs. Woodville ungrounded.

On the following day, a meeting was effected between these two and the Regicide whom Edward had lately sought out in his concealment, and who was very readily found to be the father of Clara. The sad days of his sojourn with the friendly Colonel had worn deep traces in his memory. There was the birth of his only daughter—there the death and burial of his devoted wife.

All the circumstances of Edward's history were then gathered in, and all that Parson Stanley knew on the subject was fully disclosed. After such faithful investigation, the result was soon clear and indubitable.

"This, then," said the Regicide, "is not my child. But I know all now. His father was my friend—my best earthly friend—ah, *earthly* friend now no more! I have looked upon the tombstones placed over his corruptible body—the incorruptible spirit is long since in her rest. He died a righteous and peaceful death, having come to a good old age, and the partner of his afflictions and toils was soon laid at his side, where sin troubleth not, and where tyranny hath no power. Like myself, he was styled by the enemies of God's Anointed a Regicide. He, too, lived in the utmost secrecy to escape from the hand of evil men—of those that lieth wait to shed innocent blood. Oh, my son! Would that I might once more behold the face of my son! But doubtless these fleshly eyes shall behold him not again. The child of my friend shall be mine. Young Edward, (that was thy father's name, boy,) let me still call you my son." O, promise that you will," said Edward "promise it. Your daughter is dearer to me than any thing else on earth, and she returns my unworthy love. Repeat that I shall be your son!"

Not many days after the sacred promise was made—two young spirits took on them a solemn, yet delightful vow, and in the records of Heaven they were written as one.

Clara's health and spirits were soon restored. Edward's nature had indeed come forth from all its trials refined and ennobled, better worthy of himself and of her whom he loved.

No sorrow like theirs ever came upon two youthful hearts; but the deeper their anguish had corroded the cup of life, the fuller now was it foaming and overflowing with gladness.

**A Novel Suspension Bridge.**

"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see."

The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadrejah* or ring-tailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the comadrejahs—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and 20 or 30 of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the string, and rested his paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lower-most monkey striking his hand violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d' appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or *soused* into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!—*Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.*

**Texas.**

The late accounts from Texas state that the whole of the west of Texas is infested with savages. The whole country is being laid waste. The farmers are forced to leave their crops, and they go to waste and ruin. The Western Texian says speaking of Wild Cat, the Seminole Chief:—

We learn from reliable authority that this celebrated chief has removed, with six or seven hundred of his people, to the other side of the Rio Grande, about forty or fifty miles above Eagle Pass, and there formed a colony. While the main for El Paso was encamped at Las Moras, they were alarmed by a sentinel rushing in and informing Major Sprague, who was in command, that there were Indians in the the vicinity. About the same time a white flag was displayed by about seventy Indians, and upon examination it was found to be Wild Cat, with seventy of his warriors, who said he "wanted to talk" with the commanding officer of the train. On learning this, Major Sprague, who is an old acquaintance of Wild Cat, having, the last time they met, knocked off the chains in which he was to be taken to Arkansas from Florida, went out to see who it was, and what he wanted. As may be supposed, Wild Cat was very glad to meet him. He informed Major Sprague that he wished to go to Eagle Pass, and the Major gave him a pass. On the arrival there he told the commanding officer that he wished to go over to the other side of the river, and settle there with his tribe. The officer refused to give his permission, notwithstanding which he crossed over, and soon after returned and stated that he had had been over, seen the Mexican authorities and got permission from them to come over and settle on a piece of land forty miles above Eagle Pass, on condition that he would protect the Mexicans from the Camanches, which he agreed to do. He has since been on the other side of the river with the whole of his tribe, and is very peaceable.

The people of Texas are much excited about the Santa Fe affair, and seem determined to take armed possession at once. Governor Bell has issued commissions for the raising of troops to persons in almost every county. The following from a letter of Col. Thomas M. Likes, to Governor Henderson, is a specimen:—

"I shall, by virtue of a commission which I hold from Gov. Bell, enrol and organize a company of one hundred men for the Santa Fe expedition, on the 24th instant. Should ten or twelve clever fellows, well mounted on mules, from your county, meet me on that day, they shall not be disappointed in getting situations—please let me know."

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A case has recently been decided in the Supreme Court of the third judicial district of New York, that an action lies against a railroad company in favor of a church corporation for a nuisance in running cars and engines, ringing bells, blowing off steam, and making other noises in the neighborhood of a church or meeting house, on the Sabbath and during public worship, which so annoy and molest the congregation worshipping there, as greatly to depreciate the value of the house, and render it unfit for a place of public worship.

**Character of the Arab.**

It is difficult to imagine any contrast more striking than that presented by the Bedouin in a town, and the same man when breathing the air of the desert. In the latter case, although indifferent to the beauties of nature, his spirits become elevated, the indolence and silence which characterizes him in a town is exchanged for the highest degree of animation; and he indulges his lively imagination in inventing or relating tales, and at intervals, on a journey, screaming out some wild song, which, however agreeable to himself and encouraging to his camel, is anything but harmonious to a stranger. His cheerful disposition, his frugal repast, and an active, hardy life, are well calculated to secure the best possible state of health, with unimpaired faculties, till an advanced age; his quickness of sight and hearing are scarcely exceeded by those of the North American Indians, and the habits of an erratic life have taught him to trace the footsteps of any particular individual or animal. This singular power is called kiafat, or kath, according to Burckhardt, and is said to be more particularly possessed by the tribe of Moodlij. An Arab has been known to trace the footsteps of his camel for six days along a sandy valley which has been crossed in every direction by thousands of other footsteps, and also to name every individual who had passed. He is accustomed, also, by placing the mark of his foot at a certain spot, in a particular direction, to make known to his friends that he has been there, and also the route he has taken. His tact enables him to find his way across the desert, independently of the compass, which is rarely used by him on land.

WEBSTER A WAG.—A Washington correspondent relates the following anecdote of Webster at a party at Senator Ewing's:

"You remember the derisive name of 'Solitude' which Ewing got in former days. When the company was in high glee, Black Dan came slowly and solemnly up to Ewing where he stood conspicuous to everybody, and addressed him most earnestly in these lines:

"O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

☞ Our Jeems came out the other day with rather a tall shirt collar, which "loomed up" all the more from his wearing a narrow cravat. "Seems to me," said a punning friend, "you show a great deal of *collar* for a good-natured man." "Well I do," said Jeems, "you see," he continued, (making a personal application of the retort,) "my case is very much like that of a subscriber to the —— railroad—my *choler* is up because my stock is so low." The *other* man "mizzled."—*Post.*

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—Dickens, in his Household Words, gives the following as a literal transcript of an inscription on a tombstone in a church-yard in Dorsetshire, viz:

Here Lies
The body of Lady O'Looney,
Great Niece of Burk,
Commonly called the Sublime.
She was Bland,
Passionate and deeply Religious;
Also
She Painted in Water Colors,
And sent several Pictures to the Exhibition
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A SPUNKER.—In Schoharie county there lives a man whose abhorrence to profanity is such that his name has become a by-word and a reproach; but by some internal thermometer he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the greater the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent the adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox cart. Upon a recent occasion, having by dint of great labor succeeded in filling the vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands upon the brow of a steep hill; and it was not till he reached the door that he noticed, winding its tortuous way down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a peck remained in the cart. The dwellers by the wayside and those that tarried there, had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual anathema display. Turning, however, to the crowd, the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked:

"Neighbors, it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject."

The man who once becomes a journalist, must almost bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfills his duties faithfully, his attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the instant examination, and discussion, and record of current events. He has little time for literary idleness, with such literary labors on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy, discursive, researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote to the exhaustion of any one theme. What he has to deal with must be taken up at a moment's notice; be examined, tested, and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour.