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POETRY.

AN OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man of manners,
Who shall know him by his dress.
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings:
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and over grown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men;
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are fonts—embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills,
There are little inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to enjoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up his voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a unsay right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

THE WIFE.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
Her soft dimple upon my breast
Even reigns within it.
She who kisses off my lips
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary—
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy throne,
Still this breast shall be thy pillow;
Still these lips shall meet thine own
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep then on my happy heart,
Since thy love has won it—
Dream, then, on my loyal breast,
None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO GO TO HEAVEN.

If you wish to go to heaven
And are anxious to be good,
If you long for heavenly wisdom
As the hungry long for food;
You should tell your Heavenly Father,
You should ask him to impart
Such a blessing from his Spirit
As will sanctify your heart.

There is nothing you can tell him
That he will not understand;
He will lead you as a mother
Leads her infant by the hand;
With the Bible held before you,
And his Spirit for your guide,
You may learn to know and love him.

If your precious soul should perish
You will have yourself to blame
For the Lord will gladly save you
If you call upon his name.
He has charged us all to follow
In the footsteps that he trod,
That by looking at the Saviour
We may learn the mind of God.

A DAY OF SPRING.

Wild flowers, sweet friends of our youth and age,
Welcome as your haunts again,
Eager as birds that have burst the cage,
Or streams that have burst the rein.
Fill your bright cups in the balmy air:
We have thirsted long for the drought they bear.

We have languished all for the sunny day
That calls as back to the green-wood's shade,
Our dreams have been of the sequestered glade,
And starry showers of the fragrant May,
The fairy moth and the dark wild bee
Mingle together the gleaming wing;
And the squirrel skips from tree to tree,
And the sur-beams dance in the pebbly spring.

Sweet are thy waters, O rippling pool!
There do the first green grasses grow,
And the Meadow-queen on thy margin cool
Sheddeth perfume from her tuft of snow;
And there, on the sedgy bank beneath,
Love's twinkling flower, with surprising eye,
Is telling still of her true nights death,
Or looking above on her own blue sky.

Again the mossy wood and glen
We track our steps by the feathery fern,
Startling awhile from her happy nest
The thrush or the gentle wren.
A graceful lesson of life we learn;
Happy and free our footsteps roam,
Seeking and finding the violet's home:
But like the loved of our early day,
Fairest and first they have passed away.

From the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY MISS ANNIE E. JENKINS.

A beautiful form from the earth hath gone,
And a void is left in its room;
A beautiful star from the sky's withdrawn,
And twilight is wrapped in gloom.

A beautiful flower with the summer died—
Paled out with the last sweet ray;
Fairer than aught of the earth beside—
And fragile, it bloomed—but a day.

A musical note with the sunlight sped,
But its echo remaineth yet;
And thrills my soul and heart, though the singer *is dead*
The music I can not forget.

A clay-cold hand was unclasped from mine,
And folded upon a still breast;
As the tendrils are rifled from some cherished vine
By a rude, chilly, blast from the West.

As a leaf, by the autumn winds borne from my sight,
Far over wide plain and dark river;
So her beautiful form sped away one sad night,
And left me alone—Ah! forever!

Ah! no; not alone; in the "calm stilly night,"
Her sweet voice is heard by my pillow;
But it dies away from her lips so white,
Ere morn, by the waving willow.

The flowers have paled since her smile's withdrawn;
Each fair, sweet, summer blossom
Has chaped withered leaves, its bounties upon,
And sank to the earth's warm bosom,

The chilly, rude, winds around me are sighing,
And thrill my heart that is dreary;
While, like a true pilgrim, to where my love's lying
Speaketh memory back unweary.

WEST ELKTON, *Preble Co., Ohio.*

THE HARP OF MEMORY.

BY LINA LINET.

Memory's a harp with a thousand strings,
And a touch or a breath, wakes long sleeping twings;
Oh the sweet soft strains of long ago,
In strange old melody from its worn chords flow!

It sighs of our childhood: oh! the merry old plays!
And the "chasing of wild bees, through long summer days"—
I love dreams, that brightened the days of our youth
When the heart was all joyous, and free in its truth.

It breathes of our home, where the sunbeams played
At hide and-go seek in the cedar's still shade!
And our childish delight, when the daisies would rise
And the snow drop frail, ope'd its stormy eyes!

It rings of the old grey rocks, woods and rills,
The twitting of wild birds, the tinkling of rills;
Till each sound that was dear, each scene once so fair,
Awakes from the string, as though sleeping there!

But a song yet dearer hath mem'ry than this,
It tells of *friends* parted, of the farewell kiss,
Kind words and loving smiles, that blessed us then,
It's wetted tones bring back, all thrilling again!

All sorrow is chastened, and melted to tears,
When brought by its voice, from the mist of years!
But if *sin blot* thy life, 'twill *tarnish* this string,
And memory's harp thenceforth, but *discord* can bring.

ROSE HILL COTTAGE, SALEM, IND.

INTERESTING STORY.

GOING TO BE MARRIED.

The story is told by a young woman about to embark from a port in England for Australia. She was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's maid maid rather than an English one.—She looked as if she could put her hand and her well rounded arm to anything, and had been very good tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rathtriumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was a somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands, yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although perhaps in this country we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

If I had been better looking—she began her story with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting £400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: my late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing, for she told me so, to leave me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements; and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loath, remained there too.

Joseph and I kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of getting a letter more than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course, I was not a bird, that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.—

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the court-yard, there was nobody when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better, or at least nicer, to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious, full-length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked barages, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glace silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and falling vail fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little, to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame, who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned. I involuntarily remarked aloud:

"Well, we may be plain in the face, but we certainly are unexceptionable behind."

It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel drawers; this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them; but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond ear-rings, before I heard wheels in the court-yard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind [illegible] gentle in her manner that nigh[illegible] have since thought at least; [illegible]en she wished me her *bon soir*, [illegible]dded:

"I am sure we sh[illegible] both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself."

I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glace silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich me with? No; as I hope for heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's hear too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural, my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answes.—The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters, a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains, lay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood!—I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin, everywhere where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed; I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight; there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat.

They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me; nothing praiseworthy, nothing. [This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at his reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.] I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for sometime, and reading in the paper that an English lady's maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St. Honore, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of France but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old, (which, I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing.)

He stood by me in court; in the prisoner's place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber window too high to be climed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress's bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while; it made me shudder even then, amid that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress's departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead.—He had carried off all the jewels; those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the court-yard the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate porter; but it was so vague that he was put upon trial.

A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by the late mistress's family, nearly £400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquital, a collection for mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at the beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person with a foreign appearance, which I had reason enough for disliking, and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with, "Well we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind." I cried out "Murder" and "Police!" as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet-glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

MRS. FRY.

Many people have been accustomed to look on Mrs. Fry as a heroic spinster, who, unfettered by the cares of home, and the anxieties of a family, had nothing to do but to wander over the face of the earth in quest of affliction, in soothing which she sought relief to the tedium of opulent retirement. Hence it has been a thousand times over, not only thought, but said, "It is all very well for Mrs. Fry to visit jails and penitentiaries throughout the British Isles, and to prosecute her humane endeavors in foreign countries; but had she been circumstanced as we are, she would have found work enough at home." Now let all such know, that so far from this being the case, Mrs. Fry was actually the mother of a family of ten children! No maternal care, no domestic solicitude, no home duties, and home burdens! It was much otherwise; and this circumstance adds peculiarly to the worth of her invaluable life. As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother, as a mistress, she presented a shining pattern, which the opulent and the titled of her sex throughout the land may contemplate with exceeding great advantage. It may be truly said that she lived not to herself, but for mankind, or rather for womankind. She had a heart large enough to embrace the world, and, by economy of time and money, she to an extent all but incredible, found both leisure and resources to minister to the necessity of vast multitudes.

ON SIGHT AND ON DEMAND.—One of "Porter's" staff is responsible for this anecdote:

Judge C——, a well known, highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening by a miss of five and twenty, for not taking another wife: she urged that he was hale and hearty and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact; admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had been thus far very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out to him his heinous offence.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her, serious obstacle.

"Well," says the Judge, "Name it. My profession is to surmount such impedements." Ah! Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever marry a widower, he MUST have *ten* children."

"Ten children! Oh! that's nothing," says the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my *notes* on demand in instalments for the balance."

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilerating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found. We have. And we are pursuing that wondering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to the sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

☞ A physician in Buffalo recently pricked his finger with one of his instruments, while making a post mortem examination of the dead body of a child. On arriving at home the finger commenced swelling, and now the entire arm is black to the shoulder. Amputation of the arm may save him, and it may not. The mother of this physician came to her death from the same cause, and a brother nearly lost his life also in the same manner.

☞ A wealthy gentleman of New York offers to support, during a four years' course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry, fifty young men chosen for piety and intellectual promise. The estimated expense is $300 per year, making the sum of $15,000 a year for four years; or $60,000 in all contributed to the cause of ministerial education.

MISCELLANY.

A LETTER.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

Among the thousands of educated mute ladies in this country, I know of but few who have even a tolerable command of language. The paucity of ideas which characterizes the greatest part of this class of persons, is mainly ascribed to the influences which surround them. Shut out by nature from oral communication with their fellow creatures, they find great difficulty in translating their ideas into good English; and besides, in writing or reading, meet with a great many words, the meaning of which they are ignorant of. As to consulting the dictionary in such a case as this, still they sometimes find themselves in doubt as to the sense of this and that word. Too many parents of mute children, and I say it with shame, do not think it worth their while to continue their studies after they have left school by helping teach them, and thus contribute to their general intelligence. Well may these unfortunate children exclaim, Heaven save us from such parents. We must study on, ever and ever. Why not class the *mute woman's rights* with the isms of the day?

I have been led into these reflections from a perusal of a letter of a deaf lady, who "lang syne" studied with me in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, at Philadelphia. In spite of the outward surroundings unfavorable to mental culture, she has prosecuted her studies with a good degree of success, as will be shown by the following extract from her letter:

My Dear Sister:—I could not get time to answer your letter of the 28th ult., as I was engaged in making a shirt last week. I was very glad to hear from home. My brother-in-law, John is going to move from this place to Nineteenth St. below Green, some time this month. We will board there with his family. He intends keeping a grocery and provision store. We are not going to keep house this spring, as you intimated. My husband expects to buy a neat brick house soon, and will then let some family live therein. Probably we will go to housekeeping next year.—You spoke in your letter about Lucy Stone. I have heard a great deal about her; she is a very celebrated woman. Her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Blackwell, is a skilful physician, and lives in New York. Lucy's husband is said to have been the cause of inducing her to wear long dresses. My husband always approves of the Bloomer costumes, the naughty fellow! I was agreeably surprised to see the marriage of Mrs. B—— in the Free Democrat. Are you glad that she has been married to Mr. P—— instead of to Mr. C——? When you see her tell her that I wish her much happiness. My husband is much obliged to sister Sarah for sending him the California papers. I thought that the editors of the San Joaquin Republican had stopped sending mother papers. I do not think Judge W—— has been in town; I have not seen his name in the Daily News, which paper we take. You did not say anything about Mr. M——'s moving to the West with his family. The citizens of P. are much excited against the Irish Police, for they are a set of robbers. A good many persons here have been garroted. I am afraid to go out in the evenings in consequence."

Judged by the rules of criticism, the above letter would be thought nothing uncommon; but it, as it is, may be set down as better prepared than can be "got up" by the average of the mute community. There is nothing about the letter remarkable to note, as far as expression is concerned—the whole is common-place, in thought, sentiment and form of place, but it furnishes evidence of what can be done by a mute girl of mute capacity. The author never writes but in haste, a fast which may account for the easy and careless style of the letter quoted above.

Side by side with it, the following epistle, written by a mute *man*, sinks into nonsense of the most despicable nature:

"I got the news all right and I am very much obliged to you for them. I hope you found your mother better and living yet than you expected. I hope you and your wife are quite well and good comfortable. I am quite well but I felt dull this weather is not pleasant day. I have been to cut the picture of the locomotive for the company it is nearly finished. Please tell Miss W—— if she has had taken her likeness, to send it to me, as she promised she would have been expecting it for sometimes."

This is an exact fac-simile of the original. Laugh as you may at the *accentric*, for so they sound, blunders which it shews on its very face, I declare it is no laughing matter. Why? They show a two-fold misfortune up in its true light; the two-fold misfortunes of deaf-dumbness coupled with ignorance.

☞ President Pierce, soon after his inauguration, set one example which President Buchanan, we think, would have done exceedingly well to imitate. The former, finding himself miserably beset by the office-seekers, proclaimed through his organ that the claims of no applicant would be considered who should be found in Washington after a named day. The effect was magical. The dispersion was most marvellous. Railroads and turnpikes were thronged by the broken and flying army, and, before the rise of the sun on the morning of the designated day, there was not within the limits of the District of Columbia a single applicant for office. Thus Mr. Pierce saved what may or may not have been worth saving—his life. It seems a pity that Mr. Buchanan should not have sense enough to profit by the only smart thing Frank Pierce ever did.

[From the St. Louis Evening News, April8.

THE ORIGINAL DRED SCOTT A RESIDENT OF ST. LOUIS—SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY.

The distinguished colored individual who has made such a noise in the world in the case of Scott vs Sanford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott—is a resident, not a citizen of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third Street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years ago.

Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged to Capt. Peter Blow, the father of Henry T. Blow and Taylor Blow, of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years ago, and in the course of time became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rhode Island and Fort Snelling, on the ground of which he based his claim to freedom. The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss. Sanford, and is now Mrs. Chaffee, wife of Hon. Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has had four children by his present wife, two boys both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a "good man."

On his return from Mexico he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred being informed that he was entitled to his freedom by the operation of the laws regulating the Northwest Territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred $500 in cash, besides labor to a nearly equal amount. it has given him a 'heap o' trouble,' he says, and if he had known that it was "gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, as executor of Mr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear to be at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of so much importance. He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartily when talking of "de fuss dey made dare in Washington, bout de ole nigger."

He is about 55 years old we should think, though he does not know his own age. He is unmixed African bleod, and as black as a peice of charcoal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint upon his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt, he could gain his freedom at a much less cost than even one tenth of the expense of the famous suit, he will not do so however, insisting on abiding by the principles involved in the decision of the suit.—He declares he will stick to his mistress as long as he lives. His daughters, Eliza and Lizzy less conscious about the matter, took advantage of the absence of the restraint on their movements, a year or two since, to disappear, and their whereabouts remain a mistery.

Dred, though illiterate, is not ignorant. He has traveled considerably, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his journeyings. He is anxious to know who owns him, being ignorant whether he is the property of Mr. Chaffee, or Mrs. Sanford, though we presume there is no doubt that the former is his real legal owner. He seems tired of running about with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says grinningly, that he could make thousands of dollars, if allowed, by traveling over the country and telling who he is.

A RECIPE WORTH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Make one pound of sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are well wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered over with water, add one teaspoonful of the washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse well through waters, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable recipe, and I do want every poor tired woman to try it. I think with a patent wash tub to do the little rubbing, the wash woman might take the last novel and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself. The woman who can keep a secret has known this a year or two, but her husband told it while on an electioneering tour.—So says the Ohio Cultivator.

☞ The Albany Statesman says: Col. Fremont has acted like a very sensible man since his recent political defeat. He has to all appearance dismissed the affair from his mind, and has sat quietly down to earn a literary reputation, by writing a report of his "Exploring Expeditions." The work is nearly complete, and will be published by Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia. The book will be gotten up in fine style, illustrated by the same artists who were engaged on Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," and will form a fit companion of that admirable work.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

A splendid wedding came off last week, in which over two thousand persons participated, the bride being the daughter of one of our opulent merchants. The reception took place in the day time and finished with a ball in the evening. During the day the mansion was closed up on the outside, and brilliantly illuminated, in order to give more effect to the display of costly presents. The included a complete set of diamonds, a real India shell, price $1,500; a superb gold tea set, a dress of Honiton lace, valued at $1,500; a choice diamond set, each piece containing a seperate design, and which had been ordered from Canton expressly for this occasion; and among the small articles a magnificent box containing six pocket handkerchiefs at $400, 850 and $25 each. The last and most valuable gift was from the bride's mother. It was an exquisite portmonnaie, embroidered with her own hands, filled with twenty-five bright, half guineas, for spending money for the petted daughter.—*New York Letter.*

REMARKS IN THE SIBYL.

We would not be afraid to wager our reputation on the assertion that that bride, with all her fancy gewgaws is a worthless piece of furniture, save where money is to be spent, and shallow deeds executed. If that petted daughter of a silly mother should ever be thrown upon her own resources, what, suppose you, would they be?—Just nothing at all; the real of life to her is unknown. Spoiled and petted with every indulgence that money could purchase, she has never thought of relying on self. But she is a fair specimen of those who have no resource but to fall to the lowest depths of degradation, if the props of gold fail, that sustain them in position.—Blessed be the land purged from such mothers and daughters, and thrice blessed the hands which dispense of their abundance to nobler objects than loading their perishable bodies with every simple folly that the inventive genius of art forms into web or ornament.

This is the type of women who are horrified at the mere mention of reform; and well may they be, for they have not souls or minds enlarged enough to comprehend so great and noble a plan of elevation for the sex, though much we fear a woman who would lend herself to such a ridiculous show of fancy goods, is past all redemption, though too often sad and evil is the fate of such, needing more our pity than our curse.

The Mother Moulds the Man.

That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a setiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:

When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life, and, among other things, he informed me that, at their first start, they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the result was, that their children were all like their mothers. Thus the father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children, "And now," said he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for, when they become mothers, they would educate their sons." This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened when the mothers are not, in a full degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

☞ The health of Gen. Cass is failing, so the letter writers say. The severe application to busines demanded by his position uses him up. He has not been accustomed to hard work for some time, being as Senator, relieved from the drudgery of the committees in consideration of his great age, and only employed in cosily writing out his enormous speeches. The presumption is that he will not be a permanent feature in Mr. Buchanan's administration, having been appointed to meet a temporary exigency, with the expectation that he would give out physically and be forced to resign, or presently die.

☞ We have some camels in Texas to whom the naturalization laws would not apply—three having been born under the stars and stripes. The Washington Star says they are thriving, and five or six more births are expected. From the reports of the condition of the animals at present, and through the eleven months that the first importation have been on this continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a fixed fact. The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock produced. For this, time will be required.

☞ In Keokuk Iowa, thers are ten Protestant Churches. Of these, four Presbyterian, of as many different orders, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Congregationalist, one Episcopalian, and one Unitarian. There are, also, two Romanist congregations, German and Irish. The first church organised was by the Methodists, in 1844, consisting of only seven or eight members, and these mostly females.

Mrs. John Chase, of Kensigton, N. H, was leading a horse into the stable, when the coor swung to, leaving the animal on the outside and she within, with the halter tied around her thumb in such a way that when the horse started her thumb was torn from her hand, and the cords were drawn from her arm up to the elbow.

☞ The Canadian Parliament have passed an act, providing that after the 31st of December next, pounds, shillings asd pence will be superseded by dollars and cents—all public accounts, from the above date, having to be rendered in that form. This is an excellent amendment, and will give general satisfaction.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

A truer article than the following, which we take from the Springfield Republican, We commend it to the serious consideration of fathers, husbands and brothers, and ask them to remedy the evil complained of just as far as in them lies. The evil is radical. So long as farmers consent to be illiterate and ignorant, they and their families will be mere beasts of burden. Give us Agricultural Schools, and give farmers sense enough to appreciate and patronize them—and farming will not be all drudgery.—Their hearts and brains will be of see, as well as mere animal muscle:

"The life of the farmer is so often made the subject of complimentary remark, so often praised for its peacefulness and independence, that the farmer's wife might very rationally be supposed to be the happiest woman in the world. From her relation to the "lords of the soil, a peaceful, independent woman. That the reverse of this is the general fact, will be universally conceded by the wives of the farmers.

A young farmer arrives at the age when he thinks it time for him to get married and "settle down. He has a respectable position, and wants a woman who is his equal. He looks about him, and makes his choice. She is a girl bred beside him in the country, has been well educated, reared by careful parents, and is, in the truest sense, a lady. She loves books, possesses skill and taste in music, and is, in all points, fitted to reign the queen of a happy home. She becomes the wife of the farmer, is ambitious to do as much as her neighbors, and her husband is soon avaricious enough to allow the woman of his love to become his most devoted drudge. From thenceforth, her life is one of the most unremitting toil. It is nothing but mend and patch, cook and bake, wash and iron, churn and make cheese, pick up chips and draw water, bear children and nurse them. The family enlarges, the husband grows wealthy, becomes important in the community, rides to town every day, takes his ease when he chooses; but the cares of his faded and broken down wife, know no relaxation. She may outlive her husband, but rarely does; and, not unfrequently a second wife comes in to share in the money that should have been enjoyed by her predecessor, through a quiet old age of rest.

This is no fancy sketch; it is drawn from life, and, in every country town and neighborhood, its truthfulness will be recognized.

Now, we despise the good-for-nothings of fashionable life, as much as any one, and have no affection for drones in any hive.—We are aware that circumstances sometimes demand extreme labor of the farmer's wife, but in New England, these circumstances do not prevail. And while we would leave no woman to eat the bread of idleness, we would see the class of which we are speaking, released from that circle of everlasting drudgery, which deprives them of the privilege of relaxation for a day, and the time which they would gladly devote to the maternal education of their children.

From this life the girls of our day are learning to shrink, not because they are lazy, but because they know they are to be sacrificed. Not because the calling of the farmer is not respectable, but because they do not wish to become his mistress—maid-of-all-work, nurse and boot-jack. Now the foundation of all this wrong, is in that avaricious spirit handed down from father to son, which makes the dollar the standard of respectability, and land the only fountain of happiness. We hope to see the day when the farmer's wife shall share in the peacefulness and independence of the farmer's lot, and we call upon the ladies to engage in the reform themselves, and to teach the lords of the soil, that there is something to live for besides potatoes; and that life can be enjoyed more truly by a proper preservation of the health, beauty, accomplishments and good spirits of their companions.

WHAT A YOUNG LADY SHOULD LEARN.

In the first place, a young lady should learn to depend upon herself for happiness which can only be attained by a judicious, well-directed cultivation of mind and heart, with the exercise of all the noble and generous affections, and it is for want of this cultivation that we see at the present time so much frivality in dress, and so much thought given to outside show, pleasures and amusements. Sadly deficient are many of the young ladies of the present generation, in everything that pertains to the happiness and well-being of the family; but generally mothers are greatly to blame in this matter, for it is their duty to instill into the minds of their daughters as well as sons, while young, habits of industry and usefulness, for

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

And it is not at all likely that girls who have not been taught this important lesson when young, will incline to the practical duties of life when grown to womanhood. They will much prefer lounging on the sofa, reading novels, or chattering nonsense to their beaux, while their worn out mammas drudge in the kitchen, or sweat over the wash tub and ironing table, preparing their laces, flounces and fineries.

It is of equal importance that a young lady should know how to preside with greefulness at the table, as to figure elegantly in the parlor and drawing-room; and vastly more important that she understand how to prepare a good meal, and dispense home comforts, than to be a proficient on the harp or piano. Both are rare accomplishments, and the usefulness of the one need not detract or interfere with the beauty or enjoyment of the other.

Girls should learn habits of independence—independence of thought and action, to be useful to themselves and others—some object in life besides looking forward to marriage as the Alpha and Omega of their existence.

This looking forward to marriage for a home, establishment or position in life, is a sad perversion of a union which should only be entered into from motives of purest affection—the blending of two souls in a mutual and holy tie of spiritual affinity. Such only can be productive of happiness.

The wisdom of a Lacedemonian King was extolled because to the question what it was best for boys to learn? he replied, "what they ought to do when they came to be men." So with girls—they should learn what the ought to do when they came to take an active part in life's duties and responsibilities, for they will find after all their nonsensical dreaming about love in a cottage embowered with roses and honey suckles, it generally turns out nothing mory than poverty in a cabin surrounded he thorns and thistles; hence girls should learn to look at life as a sober earnest reality, in which they must endure many trials; ann also that there is much happiness in stord for them if they meet them bravely. The world is teeming with joy and happinesse full, rich and bountiful, if the heart only, knows how to seek it, and appreciate it when found. In our own hearts are well springs of happiness which bubble up from the fountain ever and ever more.—*Broad Axe.*

☞ We should consider integrity as of more weight than oaths; or observe the purport of what thou promised, more strictly than an oath.