



MORNING.
How many thousands are awakening now!
To the songs of the forest lough,
As they rustle leaves at the lattice-fain,
To the chiming fall of the latter rain.
And some far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the tall ship's side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.
And some in the camp, at the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.
And some in the gloomy convent cell,
To the dull, deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

TAKE THE RUBY WINE AWAY.
Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chased by Druid hand of old,
Filled from yonder fountain's breast,
Where the waters are at rest;
This for me—in joyous hour,
This for me—in beauty's bower,
This for me—in manhood's prime,
This for me—in life's decline.
Bring me forth the humbler horn,
Filled by hunter's hand at morn,
From the crystal stream that flows,
Underneath the blooming rose,
Where the violet loves to sip,
And the lily cools her lip.
Bring me this, and I will say,
Take the ruby wine away!

MEMORY.
Yes, Memory! beautiful dream of the mind,
As in thy happy visions our fancy may stray;
The shades of dead flowers of bloom intertwined
With those that encircle our journey to-day.
And on those smiling shadows with lingering eye,
We gaze while the lovely delusion may last;
Oh! tell that we'er should awake with a sigh,
And reality tells us the vision is past!

Oregon—Lieutenant Fremont's Report.
The report of Lieut. Fremont, made by order of Congress, in relation to the country lying between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte rivers, is receiving considerable attention on the part of the newspaper press. The report abounds with many interesting passages. The following is a description of an Indian village:

"We left our camp at seven, journeying along the foot of the hill which border the Kansas valley, generally about three miles wide, and extremely rich. We halted for dinner, after a march of about thirteen miles, on the banks of one of the many little tributaries to the Kansas, which look like trenches in the prairies, and are usually well timbered. After crossing this stream, I rode off some miles to the left, attracted by the appearance of a cluster of huts near the mouth of the Vermilion. It was a large but deserted Kansas village, scattered in an open wood along the margin of the stream, on a spot chosen with the customary Indian fondness for beauty of scenery. The Pawnees had attacked it in the early spring. Some of the houses were burnt, and others blackened with smoke, and weeds were already getting possession of the cleared places."

On the subject of game he says, (p. 43.) they meet with frequent groves of oak, tenanted by wild turkeys; the elk were often seen on the hills, and that now and then an antelope bounded across our path, or a deer broke from the groves. Another item will go to prove that a herd of buffaloes, as frequently encountered in the great American desert, is a different spectacle from an agricultural cattle show: "As we were riding slowly this afternoon, clouds of dust in the ravines, among the hills to the right, suddenly attracted our attention; and in a few minutes, column after column of buffaloes came galloping down, making directly to the river. By the time the leading herds had reached the water, the prairie was darkened with the dense masses. Immediately before us, when the bands first came down into the valley, stretched an unbroken line, the head of which was lost among the river hills on the opposite side, and still they poured down from the ridge on our right. From hill to hill the prairie bottom was certainly not less than two miles wide, and, allowing the animals to be ten feet apart, and only ten in a line, there were 11,000 in view. Some idea may thus be formed of their number when they had occupied the whole plain. In a short time they surrounded us on every side, extending for several miles in the rear, and forward, as far as the eye could reach, leaving around us, as we advanced, an open space of only two or three hundred yards. This movement of the buffalo indicated to us the presence of Indians on the north fork."

And while we, of New York, were celebrating "the glorious fourth," in parading the dusty streets, rejuvenating in the oyster shops, or in drinking root-beer (that abominable compound) in the Park, Lieutenant Fremont gives this account of his observance of the day. "I halted earlier than usual, about forty miles from the junction, and all hands were soon busily engaged in preparing a feast to celebrate the day. The kindness of our friends at St. Louis had provided us with a large supply of excellent pre-

serves and rich fruit cake; and when these were added to a macaroni soup and variously prepared dishes of the choicest buffalo meat, crowned with a cup of coffee, and enjoyed with prairie appetite, we felt, as we sat in barbaric luxury around our smoking supper on the grass, a greater sensation of enjoyment than the Roman epicure at his perfumed feast. But most of all it seemed to please our Indian friends, who in the unrestrained enjoyment of the moment, demanded to know if our 'medicine days come often.'"

The Lieutenant thus tells of one of those virgin landscapes in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains: "Here again a view of the most romantic beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with a dark green of the balsam pine, relieved at the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicate with each other, and the green of the water (common to mountain lakes of great depth) showed that it would be impossible to cross them. The surprise of our guides when this impassable obstacle suddenly barred our progress, proved that they were among the hidden treasures of the place unknown even to the wandering trappers of that region."

And thus, of a night encampment in one of those green dells, with which we are constrained to close our quotations:

"Our table service was rather scant, and we held the meat in our hands; and clean rocks made good plate, on which we spread our macaroni. Among all the strange places we had occasion to encamp during our long journey, none have left so vivid an impression on my mind as the camp of this evening. The disorder of the masses which surrounded us; the little hole through which we saw the stars over-head; the dark pines where we slept; and the rocks lit up with the glow of our fires, made a night picture of very wild beauty."

"Great country this—great country." And great is the change destined soon to come over it. The bees, which herald the advance of civilization, are living away in the crags of the Western Alps, nay, the evening hymn of the white stork rises from the banks of the Wallamette, and the echo is caught and repeated from the advancing bands in the mountain passes. And when Mr. Savier, the indomitable Senator of Arkansas, shall have succeeded in establishing a railroad communication across the prairies, (only 700 miles in a direct line,) thus opening a way for the cancelling of his State's bonds in the sale of the railroad stocks, a new empire will be at once erected on the shores of the Pacific, the twin sister of our glorious Union, a new field of the enterprise of starving thousands, a new step to the advancement of the human race, a new era in its history.

From the Dover Enquirer.
"NANCY'S HILL."

During a recent visit to the White Mountains, while passing leisurely up the valley of the Saco, a little eminence was pointed out to the writer, memorable for its connection with an incident that occurred many years ago, and which from that day has borne the title of *Nancy's Hill*, from the name of the devoted heroine who perished upon it amid the snows of an alpine winter. The story may have been told before, but it will bear repeating.—In the hands of some skillful tale writer, it would form the groundwork for a very respectable novel.

The little eminence alluded to, which is a few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, was formerly covered with a thick growth of trees, a little cluster of which is yet suffered to remain, probably from the sad story connected with the spot. The pass through the notch of the mountains was discovered by one Nash, a famous hunter, an early pioneer in those regions, who, with others in their hunting excursions long before the settlement of that part of the country, used to make this hill a resting place—an object for which it was admirably calculated, as they could draw together the thick boughs and tops of the smaller trees, with which it was covered, so as to provide a temporary but comfortable shelter. For many years after the inhabitants began to settle upon the rich intervals along the river, this hill was a common halting place, it being in the direct route of the traveler from the lower country to the region above.

Among the early settlers of the township of Dartmouth, (now Jefferson) was a gentleman from Portsmouth, of the name of W., in whose family as a do-

mestic, was a girl whose name was NANCY, a young woman of respectable parentage and no small share of personal charms. In the same family, was a young man of a similar station in life, between whom, and Nancy, a mutual attachment existed, real and sincere on her part, but on his, there is too much reason to suppose, nothing more than passing fancy. After a few years' service in the family of Mr. W., they had agreed, at the close of autumn, to go down to Portsmouth where they were to be married. Confiding in the sincerity and honor of her lover, Nancy placed in his keeping her little stock of money, the saving of several years of industrious and faithful service. Taking advantage of her absence to a neighboring town, the young man clandestinely left Dartmouth, carrying with him her little all.—Learning on her return what had happened, and that her faithful lover had been seen by some travellers journeying towards Portsmouth, Nancy, with a woman's love and a woman's resolution, determined to follow him; nothing doubting that she could persuade him to fulfil his vows and requite her own faithful affection. Winter set in with more than its usual vigor. Deep snows had fallen, rendering the way through the forest, which in those days was little more than a foot-path, almost impassable. From Dartmouth to Bartlett, a distance of more than thirty miles, there was not a habitation or any source from whence any human succor could be obtained by the weary or perishing traveler. Yet, nothing daunted, and against the remonstrances and entreaties of her friends, Nancy determined to set out on her perilous journey. She would listen to no persuasions and give no heed to the representations of the dangers of the way. Providing herself with a few necessities for the journey, and wrapping herself in her long cloak, she bade adieu to her friends.—She had been gone but a few hours, when the sky, before serene, became overcast, and a violent storm set in—one of those fearful tempests which are the peculiarity of our northern climate. Snow after snow succeeded for several days, and all communication between the scattered habitations of the settlers was cut off. The adjacent mountains reared their white peaks in fearful sublimity to the heavens, deep forests in every direction were loaded down with snow, and the very atmosphere seemed to glisten with frost. Several weeks after, some travelers succeeded in forcing their way upwards from Bartlett. They arrived at the hill at nightfall and prepared as usual to encamp. Gathering some dry branches, they kindled a fire, to protect themselves in a measure from the inclemency of the weather. As the light streamed up from the burning wood, and illuminated the wintry landscape around, an unearthly figure stood before them beneath the bending branches of a large tree. It was wrapped in a robe of ice, rigid and motionless, and reclining its head as if asleep against the trunk of a tree. It was the lifeless form of Nancy! Overtaken by the storm, she had stopped at this place for rest and shelter, and while endeavoring to protect herself from the fury of the tempest by the trunk of the tree, had fallen asleep, and perished from the intense cold; her last thoughts directed, probably, to the faithless lover who had abandoned her, and for whom she had thus laid down her life.

The Mighty Dead.

What a scene would be presented to our eyes could we congregate beneath some vast and shadowy dome the spirits of the illustrious dead! The spectacle would be imposing beyond all earth can display, all that imagination can embody. Even were we to select the mental and moral princes from amongst the nations of contemporary men, and bring them together, while yet in their existence, it would be such a meeting as the world has never beheld. But what if we could command the spell of Endor's sorceress to evoke from their silent dwellings and gather in ghostly convention all the noble souls which have quickened these frames of clay for nine score generations. What a general assembly of earth's first born children would be there!

A spiritual congress of what unparalleled magnificence and power! How would the man who has imbued his soul with the spirit of the past, and paid his intellectual worship at the universal shrine, stand fixed and rooted in overmastering awe before the grand oecumenical council; this senate of nations; this parliament of ages! From all climes they come; all tribes, all dynasties—unsexed, unbodied; divested of their temporal distinctions, and preserving only the original worth and energy of their natures. They come—the imperishable essences of those who lived and walked and suffered among their fellows; who labored for the welfare of hu-

Despise not Small Beginnings.

It is related in the Gentleman's Magazine, of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick of wood with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; when, with great simplicity of manner, but with great courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the school-master of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave the youth a sixpence. And this may be reckoned the first money Chantry ever received for the production of his art.

This anecdote is but one in a thousand that might be cited as many different men who from small beginnings rise to station and influence; and shows the importance of not despising the day of small things, in any condition or circumstance of life. All nature, in fact, is full of instructive lessons on this point, which it would be well for us more thoroughly to study and appreciate.

The river rolling onward its accumulated waters to the ocean, was in its small beginning but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss-covered rock, and winding like a silver thread between the green banks to which it imparted verdure. The tree that swept the air with its hundred branches, and mocks at the howling of the tempest, was in its small beginning but a little seed trodden under foot, unnoticed; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have forever crushed.

Every thing around us tells us not to despise small beginnings; for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reaches to great results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher. Despise not small beginnings of wealth. The Rothschilds, Girard, Astor, and most of the richest men, began with small means. From cents they proceeded to dollars; from hundreds to thousands; and from thousands to millions. Had they neglected these first earnings, had they said within themselves, what is the use of these few cents? they are not of much value, and I will just spend them and enjoy myself as I go—they would never have risen to be the wealthiest among their fellows. It is only by this economical husbanding of small means that they increase to large sums. It is the hardest part of success to gain a little; this little once gained, more will easily follow.

ter, will never secure the esteem and renown of a state or a kingdom. Despise not the small beginnings of error. The walls of a castle have been undermined by the burrowings of small and despised animals, and the beginning of error, though at first unheeded, will soon, if not checked, sap the foundations of truth, and build up its own wretched dogmas on its ruins. All first errors are small; despise them not; they will soon increase to great ones, and, perhaps, devastate society.

The Ocean.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse lay before us! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity, and incessant change of aspect from the endless variety of forest, vale and mountain, the same effect should be produced on the ocean, by an absence of all irregularity, and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud-piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder! This was the ocean in calm, but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives and rules—penetrating to its depth, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of kingdoms from each other, yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea? While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation. Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of waters! Its depth unfathomable, its mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pastures and plains on which man shall never look! What herds by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover from time to time in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power of capacity and enjoyment may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean and spreads round the globe.

The Swan and Man.
I was looking, one spring morning upon the swan at his morning bath. In light, and graceful movements, he threw the water about him, which, fresh and clear, playing and foaming, danced on, making his white feathers still more resplendent, yielding, and forming themselves around his graceful figure, and reflecting in every drop their beautiful ruler, who sometimes struck them with his wings, sometimes lovingly caressing dipped his neck in their bosom. Sometimes he plunged entirely in the water, and let it play over his head; then he appeared again, shook the silvery spray from his wings, and swam away proudly with the air of a conqueror, whilst the waves obediently separated, and in their clear depths, gave back the proud and glorious image.

I was looking at this beautiful picture one spring morning, while the birds were singing, and the young leaves of the forest were whispering. I looked at it with deep-felt pleasure, and yet was oppressed at the same time with a peculiarly sad and tender emotion. "The bird," said I, "moves like a ruler in his element, which surrounds him, only to hold him up on its breast, and to reflect back again his beauty. In the relation between this living being and the world in which he moves, what harmony, what freedom, what beauty! The creature—and man. Man, in perpetual struggle with the world around him, all his motions constrained; oppressed by the very air which he breathes—Man, the lord of nature—and her slave."

I thought, and mourned, I felt myself bound—knew myself a slave. Ah! I understood not then the doctrine of recon-

Indian Mode of Nursing Children.

The invariable custom was for the squaw to place the papoose or infant in an upright cradle, which was suspended from her back and which she carried about with her throughout all her arduous toils from morning till night. The infant was tied with deer skin straps to a board which rested against the back of the mother, and as they were back to back they looked of course in contrary directions. The feet rested on a band, and from the roof of the cradle were suspended ingenious and beautiful toys and rattles with which the little Indian amused itself in its waking moments. The position was considered one eminently conducive to the full development of the limbs and chest, and the growth of a healthy frame. The mother in the course of operation in cutting wood, cooking or dressing skins, was continually stooping and rising, by which the papoose enjoyed an almost perpetual rocking motion. If it was cross and cried the mother only worked the harder and upon no consideration did she take it down for the purpose of soothing or coaxing it to good nature. There it swung up and down till it fell asleep at its own convenience; but when the mother heard that the child had awakened and was good humoredly playing with its rattles, she took it in her arms and fondled and fed it, though on the first symptom of a frown it was again suspended back to back in its cradle. Might not civilized mothers take a leaf from the book of the squaw, as to the utility of over-fondling cross infants which are determined to give noisy proofs of their presence in the world.—*Callin's Lecture.*

Copal.—This resin is found upon the coast of Africa. There are no trees in the vicinity nor any thing to indicate that there ever were any. It is found a few inches below the surface of the ground in beds resembling lava. The natives who gather it can give no account of its origin. When taken from the bed the gum is covered with a black earthy substance which nothing can remove but the strongest lie. As the only establishment known to exist for cleansing it is at Salem, Mass., all the gum brought to this country is sent there. It is placed into vast vats, into which strong lie is poured, and after remaining there some days, it is removed, spread upon boards and dried in the sun. The action of a stiff brush then removes the coating and renders it fit for use; it is then assorted, the clear (which is the first quality) separated from the spotted; and it is then packed in boxes and sent to all parts of the world.

By removing the native coating the gum is left with a pale gold color. But by cutting with a knife through the second coating, a brilliant surface is presented that nearly equals the brilliancy of precious stones. In many pieces of gum insects are found, large, perfect and beautiful; also birds, some transparent, some colored.—*Silliman's Journal of Science.*
At this time, when the general complaint is "That money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may re-inforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money catching—the certain way to fill empty purses—and how to keep them always full! Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business: First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions. And second, spend one penny less than thy clear gain. Then shall thy hide-bound-pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with empty belly-necks; neither will creditors insult thee, nor wants oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee; the whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy hearth.—*Ben. Franklin.*
"Why, Jonathan, what are you going to do with that load of bran down on York?" asked a pretty country girl of her sweetheart, as she saw him driving his team down to the sloop.
"Well, I guess, I shouldn't like to tell."
"Well now, do tell," said the curious girl.
"Well, it is to make women things of."
"Women things of," said Sally, blushing a little.
"Well, I guess so; that's what I call 'em." The ladies down in York have got a crazy notion of looking fat, and bran's riz in consequence.
Sally bustled away, thinking bran was a strange article for women to get fat on.