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HENRY J. HYAMS,
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W. B. Rouge Feb. 23 1856

The Shadow in the Valley.

H. L. Pash, the author of these original verses, entitled "The Shadow in the Valley," (says the Home Journal) has drawn from a fount of delicate fancy and pure feeling :—

There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daises sleep in winter,
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin host that's fled,
Ting'd with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy length forever,
On a daisy covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her, too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble,
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead.
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote,
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave.
For the memory of the loved one,
From my soul will never part;
And those shadows in the valley,
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

Religious Parties in Russia.

"What is the Russian church? It is the Roman Catholic church, reduced to a state of petrification." These words embodying a proofless truth, were pronounced by Father Lacordaire from the pulpit of Notre Dame. A deserter of the Roman church, and an imitator of that of Constantinople, the Russian church appears, for the last three centuries especially, to have had no other object but that of gradually stuffing the principle of life which existed at first in its bosom, in order to become the dull and torpid thing which it is at the present day.

We meet with the first traces of Christianity in Russia in the year 867. At that period the Byzantine patriarch Ignatius, who lived in Perfect harmony with Pontiff of Rome, sent missionaries to Russia, in order to labor for its conversion. A hundred years later, the Archduchess Olga was baptised in Constantinople, in 980; Wladimer introduced the Greek faith into Russia. The latter, weary of his heathen belief, had the various religious systems of the world—the Jewish, Mahommedan, Roman Catholic and Greek—expounded in his presence, that he might choose between them. At first he was not disinclined towards Islamism, fascinated by the houris of the Turkish paradise; but in his opinion, circumcision was a most shocking practice, and the prohibition of the use of wine a privation to which the northern people could submit. "Wine," he remarked, "is the delight of the Russian, and we cannot do without it." Judaism he rejected, because the Jews have had no country. Catholicism pleased him no more than the others, and he according finally decided in favor of the Greek church. He now assembled his Boyars, and asked them for their opinion and advice, whereupon they made him the following sage reply: "Every man looks upon his own religion as the best, but, in order to know with certainty which is the wisest to select, men should be sent out to the various countries, that they might convince themselves by their own observation, which nation worships God in a manner most worthy of a Creator.' This counsel was followed by him. The external splendor of the Greek service had an imposing effect upon the Ambassadors, and they gave so flattering an account of it on their return that Wladimir and his subjects decided to become converts to the Greek faith. Since that time a large majority of the population of Russia has adopted this system.

On the occasion of two opposition boats starting from Pittsburg one employed a German band to attract passengers; the other, being minus the music, and not desiring to be outdone, started the steam whistle, which completely drowned the music of the band. The Mayor being called upon declined to interfere, saying that "one was a specimen of German music, and the other genuine American.

Anecdotes of Webster.

When Daniel Webster was a law student, he helped to support his brother Ezekiel, at College, by copying deeds, &c., while the latter occasionally recruited his finances by school teaching. Under date of Salisbury, N. H., Nov. 4, 1805, Daniel wrote to Ezekiel as follows: "I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I will send them, if they be all. They will buy a pipe—with a pipe you can smoke—smoking implies wisdom—wisdom is allied to fortune—from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps, my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

After having declined a comfortable office, in order to pursue his profession, Daniel wrote from Salisbury, (on the 10th of June 1804,) to his brother in this wise: "Zeke, I don't believe but what providence will do well for us yet. We shall live and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for Hillsborough county. Well, you will say, you are no better off than if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps I am—say nothing, but think a good deal, and do not 'disturb the gods.'"

After Daniel had taken up his residence at Portsmouth, and commenced practicing as a young lawyer, he also soon commenced practicing as a young lover, by visiting Miss Grace Fletcher. At one of these visits, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, he had been holding skeins of silk thread for Miss Fletcher, when he suddenly stopped, saying, "Grace, we have thus been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot—one which will not untie for a life time." He then took a piece of tape, and, after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement.—And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "precious documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

[The subjoined anecdotes are related by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript:]

Soon after Mr. Webster came to the bar, he was retained in a suit between two neighbors. It seems that they had got to loggerheads about a disputed line, out of which had grown trespass suits and all corts of controversies, and and that the more malicious and artful of the two had so plied the other with law in one shape and another, that he had nearly ruined him. The latter at last became aroused, and brought an action against the other for malicious prosecution, and retained Mr. Webster to manage it. On the trial, proof of malice was clear and convincing, and it was evident that the day of reckoning had at last come. In summing up for plaintiff Mr. Webster, after making a strong argument against the defendant, showing that he had again and again instituted suits against his client, merely to perplex and annoy him, closed as follows: "In a word, gentlemen, I do not see how I can better conclude than in the words of the good old psalm." Then, looking at the jury but pointing at the defendant, he repeated from his favorite authors, Strekhold and Hopkins:

He digged a pit, and digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
By his great sin he did fall in
The pitt he digged for 'tother.

And so it proved. The verdict was heavy against the "digger."

In 1852, when the Whig Convention was in session, first came news that Gen Scott, who was suposed to be a little too prone to display, particularly in plumage, was nominated for the presidency. Then came news that William A. Graham, of North Carolina, the land of tar pitch and turpentine, was nominated to the vice presidency. When the latter piece of intelligence was conveyed to Mr. W., he was engaged in shaving himself. He stopped, and, having heard the news, remarked in his slow, emphatic manner, as he deliberately wiped his razor: "Well, I do not see, then, but that the Whig party have tarred and feathered themselves."

It is related of Mr. Webster and Mr. Mason that they was once riding the circuit together in the winter season. The snow was deep and the weather cold, and both were well muffled in buffaloes. Mr. Mason was an uncommonly tall man, and Mr. Webster, it is well known, had a very deep voice, amounting at times almost to a growl. On the road, where it was not very easy turning out, they met a bluff countryman, with his ox team, who shook his goad at them and sang out "turn out there—turn out!" They gave him half the track, but he insisted on the whole, and began to threaten, when Mr. Mason began to rise, and rise, until he had got up six feet and more, and to the astonished view of the teamster, seemed to be going higher, when Mr. Webster growled out, in his most beatish manner, "Turn out yourself, sir!" "Gee, gee," cried the teamster, "why don't you goef" putting the lead into his oxen as he cleared the track for what, to his astonished vision, appeared a brace of giants.

This latter anecdote reminds me of the case of the gentleman who was riding with a span new turnout, when he was saluted by a teamster he was about meeting with an imperative order—"turn out, there! turn out! or I will serve you as I did the man the other day." Our owner of the gay equipage, not caring to risk his carriage in an encounter with an ox cart, took up a position on the extreme right, and waited patiently for the horrid despoiler of vehicles to pass. He could not, however, resist his curiosity to know what dreadful thing the carman did do; and, so, leaning his head out of the carriage, he accosted him with the inquiry, "How did you serve the man the other day?" "How did I serve him?" replied the teamster, "why, he wouldn't turn out, so I turned out myself."

A Rich Passage from "Little Dorrit."

Harpers Magazine for June contains four chapters of Dickens' new novel—"Little Dorrit." In order to give an understanding of the annexed passage, we place explain a little. Be it understood, that Mrs. Chivery's son John is in love with Little Dorrit, and has recently been rejected by that slight female peronage, who we suspect has a slight affection for Mr. Clennam whose presence has been begged by Mrs. Chivery in the hope that in his wisdom would be found aid and comfort for her son John, who in the first words of the dialogue following she proposes to point out to her visitor:

"You may see him now," said she, "if you'll condescend to take a peep."

With these mysterious words, she preceded the visitor into a little parlor behind the shop, with a little window in it commanding a very little dull back-yard. In this yard, a wash of sheets and table cloths tried (in vain for want of air) to get itself dried on a line or two; and among those flapping articles was sitting in a chair, like the last mariner left alive on the deck of a damp ship without the power of furling the sails, a little woebegone young man.

"Our John," said Mrs. Chivery.

Not to be deficient in interest, Clennam asked what he might be doing there.

"It's the change he takes," said Mrs. Chivery, shaken her head afresh. "He won't go out, even in the back yard, when there's no linen; but when ther's men to keep the neighbor's eyes off, he'll sit there hours. Hours, he will.—Says he feels as if it was groves?" Mrs. Chivery shook her head again, put her apron in a motherly way to her eyes, and reconducted her visitor into the regions of the business.

"Please to take a seat, sir," said Mrs. Chivery. "Miss Dorrit is the matter with Our John, sir he's a-breaking his heart for her, and I would wish to take the liberty to ask how it's to be made good to his parents when bust?"

Mrs Chivery, who was a comfortable looking woman, much respected about Horse Monger Lane for her feelings and her conversation, uttered this speech with full composure, and immediately afterwards began again to shake her head and dry her eyes

"Sir," said she, in continuation, 'you are acquainted with the family, and have interested yourself with the family and are influential with the family. If you can promote views calculated to make two young people happy, let me, for Our John's sake, and both their sakes, implore you so to do."

"I have been so habituated," returned Arthur, at a loss, "during the short time I have known her, to consider Little—I have been so habituated to consider Miss Dorrit in a light altogether removed from that in which you present her to me, that you quite take me by surpise.—Does she know your son?"

"Brought up together, sir," said Mrs. C. "Played together!"

"Does she know your son as her admirer?"

"Oh! bless you sir," said Mrs. C, with a sort of triumphant shiver, "*she never could have seen him on Sunday with out knowing that. His cane alone would have told it long ago if nothing else had. Young man like John don't take to wory hands a pinting, for nothing.* How did I firt know it myself? Similarly.*"

"Perhaps Miss Dorrit may not be so ready as you, see."

"Then she knows it, sir," said Mrs. C., "by word of mouth."

"Are you sure?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Chivery, "sure and certain as in this house I am. I see my son with my own eyes when in this house I was and I know he done it?"—Mrs. Chivery derived a surprising force of emphasis from the foregoing circumstantiality and repetition.

"May I ask you how he came to fall into the despondling state which causes you so much uneasiness?"

"That," said Mrs. Chivery, "took place on that same day when to this house I see John with these return.—Never beer himself in this house since, not from the hour when to this house seven years ago me and his father, as tenants by the quarter, came!" An effect in the nature of an affidavit was gained for this speech by Mrs. Chivery's peculiar power of construction.

"May I venture to inquire what is his account of the matter?"

"His account!" repeated Mrs. Chivery "Our John's? No, sir, no, you little know him. To ask him for his account would not be, I think, to make it over pleasant to the next customer that might want a shillings worth of Cuba, Bengal, and Havana, and pick 'em out himself. He's much two honorable besides."

"May I ask, then, what is your account of it?"

"You may," said Mrs. C., "and I will give it you in honor and in word as true as in this shop I stand. Our John has every one's good word and every one's good wish. He played with her as a child when in that yard a child she played. He has known her ever since. He went out upon the Sunday afternoon when in this very parlor he had dined, and her, with appointment or without appointment, which I do not, pretend to say. He made his offer to her. Her brother and sister is high in their views, and against Our John. Her father is all for himself in his views, and against sharing her with any one. Under which circumstances she has answered Our John, "No, John, I cannot have you I cannot have any husband, it is my intention to be always a sacrifice; farewell find another worthy of you, and forget me!" This is the way in which she is doomed to be a constant slave to them that are not worthy that a constant slave she unto them should be. This is the way in which Our John has come to find no pleasure but in taking cold among the linen, and in showing in that yard, as in that yard I have myself shown you, a broken down ruin that goes home to his mother's heart." Here the good woman pointed to the little window, whence her son might be seen sitting disconsolating in the tuneless groves.

*John had invested some of his earnings in a fancy cane—the feature of which was an ivory hand.

THE FIDDLE.—No man who is not a fiddler can be fully aware of the virtues that reside in a fiddle. To the majority of mankind, the thing is but a vibratory machine of thin wood, furnished with tightened stings for the production of musical sounds; and the non-fiddling portion of the community are apt to entertain a derogatory notion both of fiddles and fiddlers, as though there were something unaccordant with the dignity of human nature in the production of melody by shaking the elbow and twiddling the fingers. Not that they by any means object to the result produced, or refused to listen to the harmonious combination of sounds which horsehair and rosin elicit, or refrain at all times from responding to the invitation of the music by tripping through the mazes of the delightful dance; but they would not be seen to operate themselves: they could not submit to be themselves the fiddlers. A small section of society—a dismal dozen and drab hearted community—go still further. With them, the terms "to play the fiddle" and "to play fool" are synonymous; the notes of a fiddle-string sounds irreligiously in their ears, and they look upon fiddlers as persons in a equivocal, not to say dangerous, position.

A. M. AND P. M.—"Please can you tell me when the a. m. train starts?" says a yokel to the station clerk. "A M. train, what do you mean?" "Why the ha'penny a mile to be sure; cause as how I can't afford to go by the p. m.—and that, I 'spose, is a penny a mile."

CONS.—Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty. Which is the best way to make a coat last? Why make the vest and trousers first.

Minne-ha-ha.

This name, signifying Laughing water, is given by the Dacotah Indians to a beautiful water-fall between Fort Snelling and St. Anthony's Falls, in Minnesota Territory. It is a favorite custom with the citizens of St. Paul, the flourishing capital of Minnesota, and of strangers visiting that locality, to drive to Fort Snelling, and from thence to St. Anthony's Falls, taken Minne-ha-ha in their way, and to retun home by a shorter and more direct route.

Fort Snelling is situated upon a bluff at the point where the Minnesota river empties into the Mississippi, about seven miles distant from St. Paul. Having crossed the Mississippi in a ferry boat and wound around the base of the bluff, you ascend to the plateau, on which stands the fort. Here you see stretching out before you an extensive prairie, with some rolling ground lying on the right hand, toward the upper Mississippi. In the course of a pleasant drive across the prairie, the excursionist comes suddenly upon a stream, about three rods wide which glides quietly but rather swiftly along the banks of which are skirted by a few bushes and small trees.

The stranger would proceed on his route and cross the stream without suspecting the proximity of the falls of Minne ha ha, but those acquainted with the locality seek a point below the crossing, tie up their teams to one of the small trees, and after a walk of a few rods into the sparse timber, find themselves upon the banks of a deep ravine, into which the miniature river enters by a downright plunge of fifty feet, and then runs away in a quiet manner, as if stunned by the fall from the prairies above. Clambering down the banks by the aid of projecting roots and shrubs, you apporch the fall of the Laughing Water, which whitens into foam as they descend, and drive up a cloud of spray from the pool below. The water is pour over a shelf of rock in semi circular form, as regular shaped as if fashioned by a Yankee mechanic, and under this shelf visitors pass behind the fall around to the opposite side dry shod. A neater water fall than this could not be whittled out with the jack knife, and this is the Minne-ha-ha—Laughing Water—after which Mr. Longfellow has named the interesting Squaw described in his story of Hiawatha.

A KING OUTWITTING A SPY.—After the French restoration of 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon who were the most anxious to obtain employ at the court of Louis XVIII, none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouche, the celebrated Minister of Police. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service.

Louis replied:

"You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures and who were the men that you employed in those days to obtain your information.—I do not allude to my stay at Verona or at Mittau—I was then surrounded by numerous adherents—but at Hartwell, for instance. Were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?"

"Yes, sir; every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me."

"Eh! what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately."

"Sire, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart."

"Speak, sir; kings are but too subject to be deceived."

"If you command it, sire, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aument."

"What! De Pienne, who possesed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, Monsieur Fouche, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 out of the 48,000 francs which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

These words terminated the audience, and the minister retired in confusion.

Hot as it is over this way, and the river is still rising.