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SCOTT & SON,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE
Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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The Gazette will be published every Thursday, on the following terms:

One year in advance	$1 50
After the expiration of 6 months	2 00
For less time than one year, at the rate of.. per annum, but invariable in advance.	1 50

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Sit Down, Sad Soul.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure:
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream—do thou the same;
We love—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

LIFE'S PICTURES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY D. L. DALTON.

The Two White Roses.

Paris is a rich city, and proud of its riches. It has heaps of gold, and a great abundance of rubies and diamonds. Its treasures are countless, its luxuries boundless. Its wide spread mantle wants but one thing to complete its splendor, and that is—flowers. It would hardly be believed that there is a sarcity of flowers in Paris; but it is true, nevertheless. It has fewer flowers than precious stones. That queen of the world could more easily encircle her brow with brilliants and emeralds than with daisies and orange-blossoms. To be sure, there is a flower market in this opulent city, where the ladies of the nobility procure their elegant camelias. The botanist goes there for his rare tulip, and the grisette to pluck a sweet-scented gillyflower. But these flowers, like many other Parsian productions, have but a fictitious existence; they are temporarily supported by the artificial heat introduced into the pots, but soon droop and fade away. The purchaser, who thought he possessed a lively and healthy bloom, finds, upon his return home, that he is the owner of a sickly, faded flower—a fit emblem of the fleeting pleasures of the world. It should be added, for the credit of Paris, that there are also several magnificent temples dedicated to Flora. In some of the most magnificent streets of the city, may be seen splendid stores, kept by beautiful and bewitching young ladies, in which there are handsome minature alters erected to this goddess. There you will find the budding rose, whose tints resemble the first blush of a modest maiden; the lilly—emblem of purity—with its golden petals and alabaster cups; the moss rose, the favorite flower of the poets; in a word, a representative of the whole vegetable kingdom. There you will find a cloud of incense, from which the garlafid of the queen of flowers gathers its perfume. Still, the supply of flowers is greatly disproportionate to the other luxuries of the French metropolis. Winter flowers, especially, are very rare, and botanists alone know the great labor which their production cost. They require a pent-up heat, of even temperature, and the most unwearied watchfulness and attention.

M'lle Pascaline Benoit was one of the most renowned florists in Paris. She was an enthusiast in her profession. She was quite poor, but she cultivated her flowers with a poetic zeal which excited the admiration of all who knew her. Her little garden, situated at the outskirts of the city, always contained some prodigy of the vegetable kingdom

It was mid-winter. A fine equipage drew up and stopped in front of Pascaline's door. A fine looking matron and charming young lady alighted from the carriage. It was the Marchionese de Regenial and her daughter.

"Mademoiselle," said the Marchioness, "my daughter is to be married the day after to-morrow, and we wish a white rose for her wedding dress. I am told you have one."

"Yes, I have two," replied Pascaline.

"Can I see them?" said the noble lady.

"Certainly," was the response; and the two visitors were conducted to a beautiful rose bush, bearing two half-blown roses, which shed a most delicious perfume.

"Can't I have both of them?" inquired the Marchioness.

"No, madame," answered Pascaline, with a sigh; "one of them is already promised.

"Then I will take this one. What is the price?"

"Two louis."

"Here is the money. Send the rose to my hotel, Rue Saint Honore."

Pascaline bowed politely, and re-conducted her wealthy customers to the door of her humble abode.

"How fortunate!" thought she. "Forty frances! With this sum I can pay my rent, and save myself from b ing turned out. Oh, my dear mother!" she exclaimed, "from thy happy place in heaven, thou still guardest and protectest thy daughter!"

That night was one of sadness to Pascaline. It was the eve of the anniversary of the death of her mother, a good and pious woman, who had cultivated in her daughter two chaste affections—love of God and love of flowers. She wept as she reflected upon the last moments of that adored mother, whom God had called to Himself. It was a cold night. Death had already seized upon its victim. The weeping daughter sat by the bedside. The dying mother called in a faint, but sweet voice—

"Pascaline, are your white roses still living?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Then bring them to me, that I may enjoy them once more."

The daughter brought them. They were two beautiful, full blown roses upon one branch.

The doctor said that the odor of these flowers might injure the patient.

"No, never mind," she said, "these roses, like my child, will live long after me. Pascaline, give me one of them.—Bury this one with me." A few minutes afterwards she breathed her last.

While she lay a corpse, the rose was placed by her hand; but, as the dead body was placed in the coffin, the leaves of the flower fell off. She was buried, and the grave had scarcely closed, when the daughter made a solem vow, as chaste and tender as the heart that inspired it.

The night was thus passed in prayer and filial remembrance. Next morning, she resumed her daily task in the garden. She recollected that she had engaged to send a rose to the Marchioness, and she went to pluck it, but, said to relate, one of the flowers had withered away. But a single rose now remained.

The proprietor came and demanded the payment of his rent.

"Sir," said Pascaline, "I am unable to pay you."

"How is that? You have money," said the landlord, reminding her the two louis which he had learned she had received from the Marchioness.

"That is no longer mine. The white rose has withered and died. The money is to be returned."

"But there is another rose remaining; why not send it?"

"That is already promised; all the gold in the world would not purchase it."

"Then," responded the irritated proprietor, "you must prepare to leave at once. I can't allow tenants to occupy my property for nothing."

"You shall be obeyed," answered the girl, calmly.

The Marchioness, upon receiving the money which she left with Pascaline's the day hastened to the garden for the purpose of learning why the rose had not been sent. She was informed that Mlle. Benoit had just gone out with a white rose in her hand. The Marchioness turned and saw her walking down the street Prompted curiosity to see where she was going to, she resolved to follow her.

Pascaline entered a cemetery. She knelt at the grave of her mother; and after planting the rose upon it, she exclaimed: "Oh, my mother! accept this pledge of my remembrance! Receive this flower which thou lovedst so much, and which my own hands have cultivated for thee. Intercede for thy poor child, who is this day without protection or hope?" And with her tears she bedewed the wooden cross, which was the only monument that marked the resting-place of that beloved mother.

The Marchioness, moved to tears, retired unperceived.

Next day, Pascaline was preparing to leave.

"Where are you going?" inquired he companions.

"I must leave you," was the reply.

"Why?"

"Because I can't pay my rent."

"But your rent is paid for two years."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes here is the receipt."

Pascaline was astounded; but she soon comprehended the pleasant truth. That evening, a well-dressed servant delivered her the following note, inclosing two hundred louis:

"Mademoiselle: I know all. I know you have given to your mother the flower with which I wished to adorn my wedding robe. I have a mother whom I adore, and can appreciate your maternal devotion. I therefore take this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with you in such heartfelt proof of filial affection. Please accept of the enclosed as a pledge of my remembrance. I hope you will not refuse me this privilege of commencing my married life by honoring filial.—Your sincere friend—AMENAIDE DE REGENIEL.—*Godey's Lady Book.*

FRESH FISH IN THE NORTH.—The Times says the shipments of the fresh fish from the dock of Toledo, Ohio, reached from thirty to forty tons daily. The yield never before was so large and the quality is in keeping with the enormous amount caught. Strange to stay, the demand is equal to the supply—insomuch that the quantity put in salt does not reach beyond one-eighth of the gross amount taken.

GEMS OF WIT AND ELOQUENCE.

From Mr. Corwin's Speech in the House of Representatives on Jan. 23 and 24.

I think that when the bondwoman Hagar left Abraham, with her master's consent, there being some disturbance in his domestic relations, [much laughter,] the boy Ishmael, not being the child of promise, and being in the habit of making impertinent remarks about the conduct of family affairs, [laughter] was sent off with his mother into the wilderness, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of water. We are told that Hagar, being exhausted and famished by hunger, laid the boy down to die, and that the Angel of the Lord came there. If I remember aright, it is so written in *the* Book. And what advice did he give to this bondwoman and her son? The Angel told this woman that she was in very bad circumstances, but not to be discouraged; to pick up the boy and hold him in her hands, for he would become a great filibuster. [Roars of laughter.]

That very able man who was the father of that boy, had another family, and they, in a generation or two after this, were sold into Slavery, and so they remained, we are told, for four hundred and seventy years. At the end of that time, God abolished that servitude and repealed the Fugitive Slave Law, very much to the dismay and astonishment of the pursuing masters, and greatly to the gratification of those owing labor and service to them. Then he allowed them to go home—to their Africa, or to speak without figure, to the home of their fathers. The repeal of the Egyptian Fugitive Slave bill, on the shore of the Red Sea, with all its incidents, is worthy of some notice now and at all times. We hear much said of women taking part in politics now a-days.—Something very like it occurred on the occasion to which I refer. Just as the bubbling death-groan of the Egyptian host had risen to the surface of the sea, and was borne away upon the hot breath of the winds, a woman, a notable woman, then and there broke forth in a very remarkable triumphant song. Miriam, the sister of Aaron, with all the dark-eyed daughters of the Hebrew slaves, shouted out, "Sing ye to the Lord, for gloriously hath he t iumphed; the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea." That was their "Hail Columbia." Sir, that song of the prophetess has rung in my ears in day, and often in night time, too. In my dreams of the ultimate destiny of man, I have supposed it would ring in the ears and agitate the souls of men, till the words "kings and subjects, rulers and ruled," should be lost in two words, "brothers—sisters."

Mr. Clerk, I wish to look for one moment at some other facts found in the historical portion of the Bible, having a curious bearing, at least, on this question of negro Slavery. We are told in that same Book that the people of the globe, except eight, were destroyed in a deluge. Noah and his family only were preserved. That old patriarch seems to have been remarkable for nothing, so far as I can find out, except for his strong faith in the word of God, and his remarkable nautical adventure. Noah had three sons, from whom have sprung all the people now upon the face of the globe. We are told by sacred, and I think pretty fully too, by profane historians, that Japhet is the father of our race. We, then are all children of that man. We have, it is true, to go far back to get at it. He is our original *propositus*. Shem is the father of the migratory, wandering Assiatic family. Ham, it is said, was the father of the negroes. This, I think it will be found, is shown by our accredited historical books. Some have wondered how it happened that Japhet, born of the same mother, son of the same father, should be a gentleman with features and complexion like you and myself, Shem, a yellow fellow with high cheek bones; and Ham, a negro, with a black face, and crisp, curled hair. This difficulty is surmounted by one class of ethnologists, by attributing the difference to climatic influences, in which I think there is a great plausibility. Be this as it may, the relationship is the same Japhet, it is said, had large acquisitiveness, and hence his superiority, and it may be said with equal truth, that his children are not deficient in this capital virtue, for such it is held to be in our times by us in this model Republic. They also, it is said, have quick and powerful faculties for numerals; and regard, in theory as well as p r a c t i c e, the multiplication table as the *acme* of human knowledge. But let us look at this family imbroglio. We are the sons of Japhet, and the negro is the son of Ham; we are, the sons, respectively, of these two brothers, and consequently we, the sons of Japhet, are cousins to Cuffee, he being the son of our uncle Ham. I have often thought that if the negro, as seems from this account of us to be probable, had really that relationship to us, that we certainly had not treated our cousin like a gentleman!—[Renewed laughter.]

Now do they suppose that John Brown had not read Jefferson's notes on Virginia and all other things which Jefferson had written about slavery? Do they suppose he had not seen the declaration of Washington, that if there was any way by which Slavery could be abolished, he would render to its cordial co-operation? Do you suppose he had not seen that?—Do you suppose he had not seen the debates in the Convention, in which slavery is denounced as an enormous evil, leading step by step, as certainly and as steadily as the step of time, to a consummation as fatal as death? Do you suppose John Brown had not read all these things in his solitude among the mountains of New York, where, twenty years ago, he says, he first conceived the idea of invading one of the Southern S t a t e s, and carrying off its slaves? Do you suppose he had not pondered upon these things and prayed over them—for he was a praying man, as all enthusiasts are: he was a brave man as all stern enthusiasts are: and it was because he thought this enterprise, the offspring of his gloomy imagination, was consecrated by the approbation of Jefferson and Washington, that, as he sometimes said, he believed the arms of the Almighty would uphold him, he was encompassed about by the Angels of the Lord.

Is all this to be attributed to a declaration of Mr. Seward, in reference to a conflict between Slave and Free labor? I appeal to gentlemen, if they could trace back Brown's conduct at Harper's Ferry to any source out of his own solitary meditations, whatever others might have stated of their opinions, whether it is not more rational to trace the germ of that conduct to those writings, speeches, and letters of your own great men of the South? They were great men; they were heroes. They were the great men of the United States, and the great men of the world; add, notwithstanding you have changed your opinion on the subject of Slavery, and made it contrary to theirs, yet their names, and their fame, and their opinions will be engraved upon the pages of history when those of us of the present date shall be buried in profound oblivion. [Applause upon the floor and in the galleries.] It is wonderful that the talent, ingenuity, and eloquence of this discussion should have come to such conclusions. Shall our minds be fastened upon these flimsy pretenses, when we know there was matter enough in the writings and speeches of the formest men of the world to stimulate a mind like John Brown's into frantic fanaticism?

I want all men to be happy, all people to be happy—men, women and children, see that they are happy. For instance, if the gentlemen from Georgia (Mr. Crawford) were to get into a loving mood with the Democracy of the North, he might murmur in the ear of my colleague (Mr. Vallandigham) a verse from the elegies of Shenstone:

"Dear regions of silence and shade,"

In reference to the Democratic party [laughter]: and then Mr. Vallandigham, in his softest notes of affection, would take up the strain:

"Soft scenes of contentment and ease,
Where I have so happily strayed,
Since naught in thy absence could please."

Now, it is pleasant to see them thus dwelling together; for it is impossi le for such a man as I am, much as I am opposed to their doctrines, to fail to sympathize with men, when I see they are perfectly happy. Long may they live; long may they live; for if they were to die suddenly they might die in their sins.—[Great laughter.]

A very curious question is this thing of life, and what a man may do in a lifetime. In 1848, the Democratic party, with their eyeballs bloodshot and the perspiration dropping off their noses, like one of our sugar-trees in February on the south side of a hill [loud laughter], with their resolution in one hand and the torch of abolition philosophy in the other, marched through the country, proclaiming universal liberty and the final advent of that day when Slavery should be no longer recognized in the land. That is what they did in eight short years, between 1848 and 1856. That is but a short time in the annals of our country. Suppose any man had been gifted as it was supposed the Wandering Jew was—suppose Adam had been cursed with a continual existence up to this day, and had started off with this doctine in the beginning, and had changed every eight years, how many times would he have changed? [Laughter.] Threescore and ten years seem to be the allotted period of man, in this age of the world, and in that time he might change seven or eight times. Now, my Republican friends, do not be discouraged. My Democratic friends on the other side of the house, do not let me make you unhappy. This is the year before the Presidential election. Do not flatter yourselves that your church is well founded, and that you can go through another Presidential election as you went through the last. Besides, man is given to change; mutability is stamped on all things. "Man is of few days and full of sorrow [laughter] he cometh forth like a flower, is cut down, and fleeth away a shadow"—every eight years. Roars of laughter.

A gentleman upon the other side of the House, called out to us the other day: "Disband your Republican party; disband it you threaten the peace of the Union." Sir, I am not afraid of this Union. I see plainly enough that I can save it in the last extremity, just by letting a Democrat be elected President. [Great laughter.] Ever since I found that out, I have cared little what you say about the danger of the Union. The gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Barksdale] declared, also, that his State would go right out of the Union, in the event of the election of Mr. Seward. The people of the State of Mississippi may walk out, but the State never will. Why, Sir, I have heard of this thing ever since I have heard anything in public affairs. In 1833, South Carolina was determined to go out of the Union, because of what she deemed an excessive duty on foreign goods. Pennsylvania was going out because we taxed her whiskey in 1794; and Massachusetts thought that the Union was endangered when Louisiana was purchased. Each and all of these State yet remain, and are, I trust, loyal to the Union. I have lived through three dissolutions of the Union myself, [great laughter,] and the Union is stronger to-day than when its dissolution was first threatened—stronger than it was in the beginning. The State of Mississippi is a glorious little State, covered all over with cotton; and, in my judgment, she will be "cotton to" the Union to the last. [Laughter.]

☞An extreme riger is sure to arm everything against it.—[Burke.

To the Redbreast.

BY WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care
Well pleased with delight which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays sweet, smiling flowers,
To rocks, to springs, to rills from beauty bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense to sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To aire of sphere—yes, and to angels lays.

Insect Transformations.

There is much that is extremely interesting in the habits of the thousand tiny forms of life that flit through the air, or ramble among the grass and weeds during the sunny summer time; those gorgeously dressed kings and queens, whose thrones are the wild rose and lily cup, and with whom the richest dressed of the monarchs of men cannot vie. Who would think, at the first glance, that the little moth, fluttering among the branches of that apple tree, has its wings covered with scales of gold, silver and pearl, and humble as it appears to be, an All-wise Providence has seen fit to thus clothe it in garments so splendid. See that caterpillar, crawling upon the leaves of a carrot, on whose blossoms it feeds. In a short time it will change its form, and from an active voracious being, it will become dormant, wrapped up in a mummy-like covering, soon after to burst its bonds and emerge an active thing of life, whose broad expanded wings, studded with precious metals and painted with rainbow colors, enables it to float on the ambient air, or wheel in rapid chase in pursuit of its mate or rival. Instead of powerful jaws, fitted to masticate the leaves of plants, it now has a long, flexible tube, coiled like a watch-spring beneath its head, with which it can sip the nectar of flowers.

The plow that broke up yonder meadow, has thrown upon the surface of the soil a mulitude of grubs; some with soft, white bodies, and dark dipped abdomen curled up, and brown head and legs, have fed on the roots of grasses and other plants, until they have become fat and lazy. Should they succeed in burrowing beneath the surface again, they will soon change into brownish, almost motionless beings, with legs laid flat on the body, and apparently glued there. They will cast off this envelope, and emerge clad in glittering mail—some with that of sable blackness, and others with armor of gold.

Over the pond darts the splendid dragon-fly, with wings of fine lace, and body of burnished metal. He seems to move without an effort in every direction, straight forward or lateral, is all the same. He dashes on some unsuspecting insect that has but newly alighted on the reeds, and tears in pieces and devours it without remorse. Yet a few days ago, the bright dragon fly was a crawling thing at the bottom of the very pond over which it now skims, and its rapine was confined to the denizens of the water. The fluttering moth that burnt its wings at the candle, was a short time ago, the nasty, greasy cutworm that destroyed your nice, young cribbage plants; with its change of form, has come also that of its manner of life; it can no longer eat cabbages, but passes its nights in search of a mate, and its days in sleep. The great, green tomato worm will next year be admired as the humming bird moth During the winter it remains deep buried in the ground, a mahogany colored pupa with its tongue case bent down to its abdomen, giving it the appearance of a jug with a handle. If you irritate it, the rings of the abdomen will be jerked violently. You may trace the wings and legs still wrapped up—the former are spread down the sides; the latter folded on the breast. The grape-vine caterpillar will undergo like changes, but the tongue case is not large.

If people would pay more attention to the examination of these works of the Creator, they would find much that is both interesting and instructive. The smallness of the objects is no reason why they should be despised, for it is often by the most apparently insignificant being, that the greatest results are brought about.—The little polypi have covered the great Pacific ocean with islands and reefs, where the boasted might of man is impotent a gainst inroads of the surging waves. The little wheat fly of our own country, is one of the greatest evils with which the farmer has to contend. The locusts or grass-hoppers, desolate the most fertile lands, and eating up every green thing, leave the land blackened as if with fire. Yet the polypi is soft and delicate, without strong arms with which to build up mighty walls against the inroads of the ocean. The wheat fly was first an egg, too small to be seen with the naked eye, and even when fully grown, it would take a great many flies to make a body as large as that of the common house fly. And the dreaded locusts were last winter a cluster of eggs, deposited in the ground by their parent. The heat of the sun hatched them out, and they began to hop about and eat the delicate leaves. Nothing is beneath our notice, that exists in nature, and they are wisest who prove all things.

☞Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller division of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second-handed one.

☞To keep your friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

☞Why is a cat like a Swan's bosom? Because it grows down.

☞Courage is as contagious as fear.—[Friends in Council.

☞The Steubenville Herald says putrid sore throat is very prevalent there, children dying in a few hours after attack.

The Arkansas Traveler.

There are few of our readers who have not heard the 'Arkansas Traveler' on the violin. Its composer, or rather its improvisatrice, is Col. S. C Faulkner, of Little Rock, who relates the following story as the foundation of his burlesque inspiration:

In the early days of the territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from the old states, while travers ng the swamps of that portion of country, got lost on a cold and rainy day in the autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, strikes a trail which seems to lead somewhere, and also hears the sound of a fiddle in that direction. Accordingly he takes the trail, and soon discovers ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter.

As he approaches, he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high and about ten feet square—one side being roofed and the other only half covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whiskey barrel, near the door, sheltered by a few boards which projected from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather the first snatches of a tune, on an old fiddle.

Traveler—'Good evening, sir.'

Squatter—'How d'ye do, sir.'

T—'Can I get to stay all night with you?'

S—'No, sir.'

T—'Can't you give me a glass of something to drink? I'm very wet and cold.'

S—'I drank the last d op this morning.'

'I'm very hungry. I ain't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?'

S—'Haven't a durn'd thing in the house.'

T—'Then can't you give my horse something?'

S.—'Got nothing to feed him.'

—'How far is it to the next house?'

S—'Stanger, I don't know—I have never been thar.'

T—'Well, where does this road go?'

S—'It's never been anywhere since I've been here. It's always here when I git up in the morning.'

T—'As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in your's, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink?'

S—'My house leaks—there's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal lay on that?'

T—'Why don't you finish covering your house?'

S—'It's raining.'

T—'Well, why don't you do it when it's not raining?'

S—'It don't leak then.'

T—Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing alive in your house but children, how do you do here anyhow?'

S—'Putty well, I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?'

T—(After trying in vain all sorts of ways to extract some satisfactory information from him) 'My friend, why don't you play the whole of that tune?'

S—'Stops playing and looks up for the first time.) 'I did not know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?'

T—'I play a little sometimes.'

S—'You don't look much like a fiddler, (handing him the fiddle.) Will you play the balance of that tune?'

The traveller gets down and plays a tune.

S—'Stranger come in. Take half a dozen chairs and sit down. Sal, you go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces, and fetch and cook it for me and this gentleman directly. Raise up the board under the head of the b d before you go, and get the jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whiskey; I know there's some left yet. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse around to the shed, and you'll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry, old woman. If you can't find the butcher knife, take the cob-handle or granny's knife. Play away, stanger. You shall sleep on the dry spot to-night.'

After about two hours fiddling and conversation in which the squatter shows his characteristics, the stranger retires to the 'dry spot.'

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.—It is an excellent thing, for all who are engaged in giving instructions to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves, when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expections. At one period in my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened, about this time, to look over the contents of an old copy book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick upstrokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joining of letters, and the blots in the book made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could, at the moment, have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

☞It takes four things to make a whole gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tast e, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners. No man who does not combine these qualities can be justly termed a gentleman.

The Value of a Wife.

Quite an amusing episode took place at the house of one of our prominent clergymen a few days since. A couple presented themselves as candidates for matrimony, but the gentleman had neglected to procure the customary certificate, being possessed with the idea that the minister could fill out one. After some delay, the necessary document was procured from the town clerk, and the bands were consummated. The happy bride in orange wreath and blushes, turned to the glass to adjust her bonnet, while the newly-made husband drew forth his wallet to liquidate the clergyman's fee. "What's to pay?" quoth the bridegroom. "We leave those matters to the discretion of the parties," replied the clergyman. "But what do you usually get?" was the next query. "That depends upon the circumstances of the parties married," he replied. "Well, there," said the happy bridegroom, in a tone of satisfaction, depositing a one dollar bill on the table. "How much did you give him, John?" asked the bride turning from the glass. "A dollar." "ONE DOLLAR! well, if I had thought it wasn't worth more than a dollar to get married, I wouldn't have come. "Let me see your wallet," she continued. The new husband very obediently passed his treasure over to his better-half, when she proceeded to draw a bill of a larger denomination, and laid it with the other. "There," she continued, if it isn't worth that it isn't worth anything," and passed back the wallet and proceeded to finish her toilet. But John was not disposed to sanction such wholesale extravagance on the part of his new spouse, and no sooner had she turned to the glass than he hastily snatched the bill and placed it in his wallet again.—The newly married pair took leave of the clergyman, the one gratified that she had repressed her husband's niggardness, and the other chuckling that he had not been forced into prodigality. That bridegroom may be set down as a fine specimen of a *rara avis.—Cape Ann Advertiser.*

A Gallant Young Lady.

A beautiful young lady, of Mobile, had quite an adventure in one of the St. Charles street omnibusses. It appears, that in company with a young lady friend, she had been paying a visit up in the city, and was coming down Canal street again.—Just as she had pulled the string, and was in the act of getting out of the 'bus, a man sitting near the door, snatched her purse and run off with it.

The young lady with great presence of mind, sprang out of the 'bus and ran after him. The thief in attemping to dodge into the crowd, slipped and fell, when the young lady, stooping down gracefully, caught hold of him by the collar, and said, in the sweetest excited tone imaginable; Ah! you bad man; aint you ashamed to take my purse; give it back to me directly.'

The thief was perfectly subdued, and handed over the purse to the young lady, who not until then released her tiny, jewel-d hand from his collar. The rascal was probably actuated to the hasty deliverance by the approach of a crowd of gentlemen attracted by the singular scene, and was glad enough to skulk away without being arrested.

The young lady blushed considerably after the excitement of the chase, and the gaze of the young gentlemen who came too late, rejoining her companion, and walked away as if nothing had occurred.

General Jackson and the Bully.

On his return from legislating, Jackson was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and his conduct in that capacity gave rise to various myths, know apparently in the State as the "Russel Bean anecdote," [under the name of the hero,] has assumed after many variations, the following shape, which is amusing enough to deserve to be authentic:

One day during court, a great bulky looking fellow, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to parade before the shanty court house, and cursed the judge, jury, and all there assembled, in set terms. "Sheriff," sang out the judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court and confine him." Sheriff found it impossible. "Summon a posse," said the judge. The posse did not like the job, as the fellow threatened to "soak the first skunk that came within ten feet of him." "Mr. Sheriff," cried the judge, "summon me." "Very well, judge," said the sheriff, "I suppose I must" Jackson walked up with his pistols, and said, "Now surrender you infernal villain this, very instant, or I'll blow you thro'."

The man put up his pistols, with the words, "There, judge, it's no use, I give in." A few days afterwards, being asked his reason, he said, "Why, when he came up, I looked him in the eye, and I saw shoot, and there wasn't shoot in nary other eye in the crowd; and so I says to myself, says I hoss, it's about time to sing small, and so I did."—*Parton's Life of Jackson.*

The N. Y. Post publishes the following which we give for what it is worth:

A passenger on the Vanderbilt, who witnessed the fight, gives the following account of the closing scenes:

"On the last call of time, Heenan came promptly, and the referee left. Sayers was not up to time, but was sitting on the knee of his second. Heenan, after waiting for him, walked up to him, with his second behind him, and said: "Give me this fight!' To this there was no reply.—'Give me this fight, I say repeated Heenan; but still there was no reply, and the sponge was not thrown up. Heenan then drew back and slapped Sayers in the face with the palm of his hand, knocking him down, when outsiders rushed in and ended the fight."

☞The Chillicothe Gazette says: "At present the prospect is excellent for a good wheat crop."