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Poetry.

THE BIBLE.

BY E. D. BABBITT.

Golden Treasure; Book Divine!
Simple, beauteous, pure, sublime!
Eloquence and Poesy
Find their richest gems in thee:
Truth and love in flaming light
Burn upon thy pages bright.
Ages hidden in the past
Are upon thy mirror cast.
Oh! thou art a glorious guide
O'er life's dark and boisterous tide.
For when doubts and mysteries reign
In the troubled human brain,
And Eternity doth seem
Only as a wonderous dream—
Then thy spirit o'er the night
Gives the mandate, "Let be light!"
Then be mine thou priceless boon,
Light my pathway to the tomb,
And when life's short reign is done
Give me to a higher home.

[*Holden's Dollar Magazine.*

SYMPATHY.

How sweet it is for us to know
That there are hearts that burn
With love for us, were'er we go,
And sigh for our return.
Then, though the world is cold and drear,
And gives the bosom pain,
We've but to turn to sceans more dear,
And all is bright again.

Love is strong, but hate is stronger;
Love lasts long, but hate lasts longer:
Thus love and hate all mortals fear,
For each begets repentant tear.—LUTE.

Miscellaneous.

APPEARANCES.

Never trust to appearances, particularly in regard to dress; always recollect it is not the coat which makes the man.—Beneath the nicely fitting garment, cut in the latest and most approved style, may be a heart bare and false, while under the plain homespun, or the coarse woolsey, may beat a heart which is honest and sincere. Remember, it is the mind that makes the body rich, and that the poor author in his threadbare coat may be a far more fitting object for your esteem and regard than the rich coxcomb, dressed in his fine cloth. Remember! though the world may draw such false distinctions, we are all equal in the estimation of Heaven.

TRUTH—ERROR.

Truth courts investigation, but error shrinks from scrutiny. Truth fears no evil from the most rigid examination, but error always fears the consequences. Truth is immutible and will stand criticism. Truth, like its author, is eternal, & will exist amidst the wreck of matter the crush of worlds, while error will be swept away with the refuge of lies.—The more you examine truth, like gold, the brighter it shines. Truth is not tarnished by inspection, but discovers more splendor. Any system which shrinks from scrutiny, discovers corruption in its premises, and is unworthy the attention of an intelligent mind.

Adversities are blessings in disguise.

TRUTH STANGER THAN FICTION.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, relates the following:

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children were trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and children without food or shelter, and without means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city, they will recognise me, and you will get fifty frances for bringing me back. "No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listner, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof before them the fifty francs were paid & the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

THINGS THAT COST NOTHING.

Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glorious as they are. Colors that are only to be seen in the heavens, and bright ness beyond descriptson, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy. Rising and setting suns are commonplace exhibitions, when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed ie a century, multipled millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with raptvre.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam and the grateful shower; the gray of the morning, the twillight of evening, the broad blaze of noonday, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour! The poorest of the poor have these, and they have then for nothing!

People are too prone to condemn in others what they practice themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf, who, peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of muttom, exclaimed, "what a clamor would they have raised, if they had caught *me* at such a banquet!"

A WARNING.—A man was recently hanged in a neighboring State, who confessed upon the gallows that his first commencement in crime and villainy was stopping a newspaper.

To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortune is within the most limited power.

Miss Andre's Dream.

[illegible] visit to Miss An- [illegible] mate with the [illegible] One night she [illegible] violent sobs of [illegible] entreating to [illegible] "I have seen [illegible] has been taken [illegible] necessary to [illegible] jor Andre was [illegible] ay, during the [illegible] Mis B. soothed her friend, and [illegible] fell asleep, when Miss Andre, once [illegible] started up, ex- [illegible] him as a spy! and she described the nature of the court the proceedings of the judge and prisoner, with the greates minuteness. Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations but a third time she awoke, screaming that they were hanging him as a spy, on a tree, and in his regimentals, with many other circumstances! There was no sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror striken sister, with the dates, & both agreed to keep the source of their own presentments and fears from the poor mother, fondly hoping that they were indeed built on the "baselass fabric of a vision." But alas! as soon as news in those days could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came; and, to the deep awe as well as grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imported to them as had been shown forth in the fond sister's dream, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream. The writer thinks this anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major Andre.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and teached it to his daughter. It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eudalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it happened, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handing coals," said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

VIRTUES OF SMART WEED.—It is almost a sure remedy in case of cholic. Steep and drink the same as in any other herb tea. In the next place it is worth five dollars per hundred for astock of cattle, if cut & well cured when in full bloom. Give an ox, cow, or horse one pound per weak dnring tha time they are up to hay, and it will keep their powels and hide loose. It is an excellent physic. if a hoarse has one pound per week there is no danger of his having bots or worms of any kind, and they will ert it sooner han they will the best of hay

When Judge Parsons, of Pennsylvania, was Speeker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet, and fell down. The house burst into laughter; while the Judge, with the utmost gravity, cried,—"Order, order, gentlemen—a member is *on the floor!*"

☞ Cherish a love for Justice, truth, self-control, benevolence. Be governed by them in all things. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man is in unflinching rectitude.

☞ George Washington died on the evening of December 17, 1799. Among his last words were—'I die hard but I am not afraid to go.'

WHISTLE WHEN YOU HEAR A LIE.

Mr. Snibs' son was engaged in breaking up a piece of new land with a team of unruly oxen. Junior Snibs becoming vexed at the ill usage he was receiving from the plow handle, set up such a vociferation of protracted oaths as astonished the Rev.——, who expected to see a bolt launch poor Snibs into eternity. Feeling it his duty to chastise uncalled for wickedness, he stopped and lectured the infuriated youth for some time, warning him of the punishment that awaited such plasphemy.

"Why, sir, I'll bet my head that such cattle—such plowing—would make a minister swear."

"I think not, my young friend," said he; "I am a minister, and it would not make me swear."

I'll bet my dinner on it." was the sanguine urchin's reply, "and take the bet if you dare, sir."

"To make a bet would be equally wrong, but I'll go one bout and prove to you that your swearing is useless."

The boy consented, at the same time applying his whip heartily upon the oxen, while turning them into the furrow. The parson took a firm held of the handles and started the team.—Rip—tear—slap—jerk—went the plow, giving him an occasional rap in the side or on the shins. The oxen feeling the smart of the castigation, were all but abidable—we back gee haw, go along Buck and Bright, exclaimed the preacher, becoming excited. The like of this I never did see—gee Buck haw Bright g'lang—slap came the plow-tail against his side, knocking him some ten feet.—The boy stopped the team. The moralist was on hand, saying, "I never saw the like; no man ever did; it beats all," &c., &c. Thus he continued until his bout was accomplished, when he triumphantly said to the lad, "there, I've gone a bout without swearing."

"Yes," replyed the boy, "but you have told a great many stories.

"What—do you mean to say I have lied?"

"Yes, sir, because a great many have seen this same land, and some worse."

"But you must never tell anyone they tell lies—you should whistle—remember that."

After admonishing the youth soundly on swearing, he made him promise to be at church the next Sabbath, where he was to preach.

When Sabbath came, the boy agreeable to promise, went, and took a front seat in the gallery. During the sermon, the divine observed that "of all the bird creation the bite of the goose was the most severe." A shrill whistle was given by the boy. The divine's attention was drawn to the gallery, where he saw his hopeful youth. Again he repeated the same sentence, and again the boy gave a shrill whistle, which echoed throughout the church.

As soon as the services ended, the minister attacked him for improper conduct in church.

"Didn't you tell me to whistle whenever I heard any one tell a lie?" replied the boy.

"Did I tell any lie to-day?"

"Yes, sir—you said a goose bite was the most severe of any of the feathered tribe."

"Well, did I lie then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"Because, sir, the gander can bite just as severe as the goose."

The parson left for dinner.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S ADVICE.

"Never get in debt!" said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, and she raised her teaspoon with an emphatic air and held it thus, as if from it were suspended the threads of a fine argument on economy, discernable to her eye alone, and she were watching an opportunity to make it tangible. "Never get in debt, no matter whether you are creditable or not; it is better to have a crust of bread and water and a herrin or two than the stolled ox cut up into rum steaks and owe for it.—Think of our neighbor, Mr. Smith, what a failin' he had and he had all his goods and impertiences taken on a mean process—mean enough, heaven knows—and his poor wife reduced to starvation, shuson tea, and a calico ground, and he gone to California."

A CALIFORNIA YARN.

We have heard a good story of an old North Carolinian, who was, besides magistrate, sheriff and wreck-master, the proprietor of a country store. Like all such stores, it was the rendezvous of all loafers in the village. These fellows used to be there every night, playing poker, generally with the old man's clerk, and, besides drinking the old man's liquor, spent his money furnished by the confidential clerk. Old Billy suspected what was going on, and came down suddenly one night; and before they could hide themselves, Nemiah got "Jesse," but was forgiven, promising to sin no more.

"Nemiah," said Billy, "never let a soul in after 8 o'clock." Nemiah promised obedience. Next night the crowd was at work as usual, and Billey thought he would go down and see how things went on. Accordingly down he went, and knocked at the door!

"Who's there?" cried Nemiah.

"It's me, Mr.——, open the door."

No, Billy told me never to let any one in after 8 o'clock, and I aint going to do it."

"But Nemiah, it's me, open the door in one moment."

"No, none of your gammon; you sound mighily like him; but it wont go down, so travel, or dod rot your head if I dont give you a shot with this old blunderbuss, you old humbug."

Billy waited to hear no more, but started off like the wind, confident that Nemiah was a reformed man, and the next day doubled his salary.—*Pittsburg Post.*

A FAST WIFE.

One of our citizens, intending to make a journey to the East last week, packed up his duds, and started for the cars just in season to get a seat, leaving his wife (whom he much regretted could not accompany him) in the yard, hanging out a washing of clothes. No sooner had he turned the corner, than his wife threw on her go-to-meetin's, went to the cars, and took her seat before her lord entered. For eighty miles or so this happy couple travelled in the same car, without the better half discovering his indefatigable lady Arrived at W., while the husband was inquiring the location of his friends, his wife made for the house and had become happily domicilated before he arrived. Stepping into the parlor, his friends, after the congratulations had passed, expresse! their regret that he had not brought his wife. 'O!' said he, 'she is so busy that she cannot possibly leave. Very sorry, very sory, I could not bring her along. Well, said his hostess, so are we. But there is a lady staying with us that looks so much like your wife, that you could hardly tell them apart. Wait, and I will introduce you So, without more ado, in she ushers the fast wife, and threw the poor man, who left his wife in Portland hanging out clothes, into a perfect stagnation of astonishment, at finding that she had got there before him. This is the *fastest case* on record. It will take a balloon to beat it. —*Eastern Argus.*

☞ "Jack,' said a gentleman to an old negro who was rather lazily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises, "Jack, my old boy, you don't get along with this job very fast."

"Why, master," replied Jack, scratching his wool, "pretty considerable for an old man I guess, and I conceit myself, that I can clear more snow away in dese here short days than the spryest negga in this city could do in the longest summer day as ever was."

☞ A member of a Legislature, who indulged himself in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the lumber act came on. He omitted it by forgetfulness, but accidentally gave him a jog as the house was discussing a bill to prevent fraud. Old sleepy-head started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, a word or two upon that bill, for more than one half of my constitutents get their living in no other way!"

'Here, you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself; where have you been?

'After the gals, father.'

'Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?'

'No, sir—but mother did.'