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For the Easton Gazette.

THE OPENING SPRING.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS SALLY M.

BY NORMAN.

Pretty, pretty birds are singing,
Merry, merry hearts are gay;
And the opening spring is bringing
Flowers, bright flowers of May.

Roses, pinks, sweet jessamins,
Hyacinths, and moorland jems,
The dewy morn unfolding, wins,
Heart and soul, as diadems—

But all the flowers that bud,
Blossoming so sweet, and glowing,
With the warmth of spring-tide's flood,
With its genial nurture flowing—

None are half so beauteous fair,
As thyself, dear charming girl!
As thy suit of auburn hair,
Looped in many a graceful curl—

As thy eyes of heaven's rich blue,
Lips, like tempting cherries smiling,
Cheeks that vie, the peaches hue,
And that form, my soul beguiling—

Pretty, pretty birds are singing,
Merry, merry hearts are gay;
And the opening spring is bringing,
Flowers, bright flowers of May.

Easton, April 20th, 1857.

[From the N. Y. Dispatch.]

LUDULA;

A STORY OF EARLY VIRGINIA.

BY JOSEPH PROCTER.

The impression seems to be general that instances of heroism are of rare occurrence among the Indian tribes, and that the women of the forest are as cruel by nature and education as the sterner portion of their race. The rescue of Capt. John Smith from the power of the Indians is pointed out as a solitary case, and a halo of glory has been thrown around the name and character of the gentle Pocahontas by all writers, whether of history or fiction. Yet those who have lived in the forest, from boyhood to old age, and have studied every phase of Indian character, find many such instances of affection for the white race exhibited by the fairer portion of the inmates of the American forests. The early settlers remember many deeds of kindness rendered them by Indians, and recount such scenes with a pleasure that gives a glow to their cheeks and a sparkle to their eyes, even after a lapse of years. And, perhaps, no State of this Union is so replete with traditions of adventures with the dusky sons of this continent as is the Old Dominion. That State, so early settled, yet bears traces of many a bloody conflict between the two races, and the following story, simple but truthful, comes down to us, as an heirloom to one of the most respectable families, as an actual occurrence.

About the year 1690, the James river contained an island of considerable extent, that was rendered famous in the annals of Indian history. Standing out from the main land fifty yards or more, surrounded by overhanging trees, the ground covered by thick shrubbery, all combined with the natural wilderness of the place, rendered it an object of grandeur to the beholder. Upon either side of it a swift whirling current set upon its shores, washing over sunken and jagged rocks, that were a terror to the Indian when following his peaceful occupation of fishing. Many a brave had gone to his long home by being caught in this current, and was dashed to pieces ere help could reach him. This island is now only known by the records of the past; time and a little peninsula, jutting out from the main land, alone tells where this fearful place once was.

It was a pleasant day in the fall of the year. The river, reposing beneath the tall forests of fine trees upon either side, glistened and sparkled in the beams of the setting sun. That luminary was fast lowering behind the horizen, and a soft delightful air known only to those who have left its delicious effects, cheered the inhabitants of the Old Dominion. All nature was quiet, save the breath of air which moved the trees, when, from the southern shore of the river, nearly a quarter of a mile above the island just described, a light dug-out, or canoe, floated out into the stream its navigator, an Indian maiden of singular grace and beauty, who managed the light vessel with the ease and dexterity of a practical warrior upon the war chase. The youthful oarsman, with a full appreciation of the beauty of the scenery and the witchery of the hour, warbled forth an Indian tale of wooing, in a soft, plaintive voice that was borne along the waters, and its echoes reached either shore. The canoe floated on unheeded by its occupant, nearer and nearer to the shoals of the island, drawn by the current, and unguilded by the oar, until the maiden was startled by the rushing of the waters, and in surprise and fear seized his paddle, and swiftly turned the canoe towards the main land to avert, if possible, the impending fate of stranding upon the perilous rocks about the island. But she was too late to accomplish her purpose; for, although she put forth all her strength, and exerted her skill to direct her little bark, the current was too strong for her unaided arm. Resigning herself, therefore, to her fate, she suffered the canoe to drift on with furious speed, only directing its course with a stroke of the paddle, as occasion demanded.—Calm and observing, she swiftly neared the island, but not unobserved.

A party of bronzed and hardy looking men were standing upon the island, concealed by the trees and shrubbery. They were evidently accustomed to the hardships of life, as they were dressed in the garb of settlers. One of the party, however, appeared by his dress, look, and manner, to be of a different caste than the other. A man apparently forty years of age, though sunburnt as all were, he had an air of refinement and command, compared with the others which denominated him as the leader of that band of men. Who they were, and their purpose upon that lone spot, will be presently explained.

All were viewing with anxious countenances and fearful gaze, the perilous situation of the canoe and its fair occupant.—They knew too well the terrors of the place, and even their brave hearts, inured to danger as they were, beat rapidly with fear and trembling. With quick and discerning glance the commander of the settlers watched every motion of the Indian maid and her endeavors to keep the canoe in the direction of the current. At last, in a sympathizing, but admiring tone of voice, he exclaimed:

"She bears herself bravely, by Heaven!" Then, after a moment's pause, continued, addressing one who stood near him; "aye Mark, look! how she directs the bark without a fear or tremor. If she but keeps the dug-out strait, so as not to swamp her, she's safe yet, and 'tis a pity so brave a girl should die thus. Gods! see!" he exclaimed nervously and quickly, as the maiden with a swift, dexterous blow of her paddle, laid the canoe alongside a huge rock that reared its head from the waters, and caught in the whirling eddy, was overturned in a moment. With a shrill, piercing shriek, she grasped the rock and held upon it with the hold of death. Instantly the one who had spoken, divested himself of his outer garments, and with a firm lip and determined look of the eye, plunged into the waters, and with rapid and powerful strokes, sought to reach the place where the terrified girl was still clinging, although nearly five hundred yards intervened between the island and the rock. It seemed to be a hopeless task to attempt such a feat with human strength; but desperation lent giant power to the swimming man. Choosing a position in the wake of the rock, where the waters were divided and abated in their force, by slow and steady strokes he advanced towards the object of his anxiety. Fortune aided him in his attempt; for, when but twenty yards distant from her, exhausted with fear and fatigue, she relinquished her hold, and was swept unconscious down the stream. She had watched with anxious eyes the efforts made to save her, but failing in strength from her previous efforts, and now benumbed by the coldness of the water, she resigned herself to her fate. As she was drawn by the current within the reach of her rescuer, he grasped her with a firm hold, and raising her as far as possibly above the water, turned towards the island again. To return was a task not difficult of accomplishment, as the force of the stream carried him safely and swiftly to the shore, amid the shouts of his fellow settlers. Seized by ready hands, the unconscious maiden and her exhausted rescuer, were borne from the water through the thick shrubbery and huge trees, to a building standing in a lone, deserted place, where human foot had seldom pressed. This building was large and unsightly in appearance. Constructed in the usual form of log cabins, it yet did not look either cheerful or peaceful in itself or its surroundings. Of a square form, built of logs almost unhewn, with small apertures at equal distance, and entirely surrounded at a distance of twenty feet with branches of trees, crossed and recrossed, it declared itself at once to an observing eye, to be a fort hastily constructed in an hour of danger. And such in truth it was. Hither the Indian maiden was borne, and by the perseverance of those within the fort, of her own sex, entirely resuscitated. A little explanation is now necessary to the full understanding of our story.

Almost from the discovery of America a bitter enmity has existed between the white and copper-colored races. The insolence and cruelty of the former, coming in conflict with the native pride and haughtiness of the other, caused a war that has never been ended, except with the extermination of the Indians. Virginia, so far from being exempted from the evils of these feuds between the two races, has suffered more than any other State. Such a state of warfare existed at the period mentioned in our story. The Anglo Saxons, driven from England by the oppression of their own race, found a home upon the shores of the New World. A precarious existence awaited them here, it is true; harrassed by Indians and savage beasts, an invincible will kept up their spirits amid those dangers, and a remembrance of past oppression at home aided them in acquiring lands and cabins in another continent.

A settlement had been early formed upon the James river, and at the period mentioned above had grown to quite a village. The natural beauties of the place, and the richness of the soil, tempted the settlers to make a permanent home upon the banks of this noble stream. Fields were cleared, log cabins erected, and a promise of golden crops and safety from oppression encouraged them to extra labor and exposure.—But this idea was as transitory as it was sweet. A darker day soon came, for the Indians could little accustom themselves to the sight of the settlers engaged in the peaceful occupation of husbandry. The arts of peace continually meeting their view, and the encroachment upon their hunting grounds, soon led to an outbreak between the two races. The war, occasioned by an act of a settler in retaliating upon a brave for a part of treachery, ended in the abandonment of the village so lately built by the whites, and the construction of the fort upon the island which we have described. This they had built in a hasty and imperfect manner, and moved their families into for safety. At the time of the occurrence above narrated the contest was about to be terminated, and the fate of the whites forever settled. Happily, the inhabitants of the fort had sufficient provisions to withstand a long siege. The Indians were encamped upon the banks of the river, nearly half a mile from the island, and waiting a favorable opportunity for an attack; but, with a force far superior in number, they still hesitated to commence the contest.—The known ability of the commandant of the fort, Col. William Richards, as an Indian fighter, and the hardy character of the settlers, nerved to great efforts by desperation, deterred the natives from immediate attack. Affairs were in this situation, when the fair Ludula, whose escape from death we have narrated, stole from the tent of the stern chief, Oscoma, and sought the cool and delightful breeze of the river. Forgetful of the danger, not only from the whites but of the rapids around the island, she was unconsciously borne into the dangers of the latter, and the power of the former.

The startling shriek of the fair Ludula when the overturned canoe left her at the mercy of the waters, and the shouts of the settlers as she was rescued by Col. Richards, rang out upon the still air, far and near. Nor was it lost upon the breeze; but reaching the camp of the Indians upon the bank of the river, all was instantly in commotion. A running to and fro of the braves disclosed a state of anxiety not usually manifested by the stern denizens of the forest. The tent of Oscoma was searched for the missing Ludula, in the vain hope of finding her. The startling cry that aroused them, then told the story of their quick apprehensions. Oscoma, stern and unbending, directed the warriors to prepare for an instant attack of the fort, each nerved himself for a victory or death. No hesitation was now manifested as to an attack, but, maddened by a sense of their loss, and the dishonor brought upon them, they hastened upon their march. The stream was crossed in their war canoes, at a quiet part of the waters, about midway of the island, and in Indian file they proceeded to a position from whence a view of the fort might be obtained. A scout was sent out to obtain a nearer view of the building, and the best means of assailment, and from a council of war that was assembled, it was determined to attack upon one side with a portion of the warriors, and thus draw all the settlers upon them there, while the others cast burning faggots upon the other side, and burned their foes from their shelter. But the energetic Col. Richards, skilled in the arts of Indian warfare, was not to be thus put off his guard. The first terrible assault of his foes was met upon all sides with such a terrible volley of rifle balls, sent with deadly aim, as to disperse the braves, and howling with rage, they returned to their shelter, leaving numbers of their dead upon the field. But fortune seemed to favor the native race. It was now so dark that the settlers within the fort could scarce distingush their dusky foes from the surrounding underbrush. To add to their danger, a high wind arose, and favored the plan of firing the building.—Faggots of the lightest materials were collected by the Indians, now more than ever incensed at their fearful repulse. Amid a storm of bullets from the brave defenders of the fort, they rushed from the thickets, and piled the blazing substance against the palings, outside the building. With the fiendish screams of triumph, the Indians retreated to the forest, while the flames, snapping and cracking, rose above the palings, casting a lured glare upon the heavens, until at last, rising higher and higher, they enveloped the end of the fort itself.—The dense smoke, and the heat of the flames, drove the inmates to the extreme end of their building. The women and children, huddled together, shrank in fear from the devouring element, and cowered in anticipation of death by the tomahawk.

The Indians, however, waited only for a favorable opportunity to leave their retreat, and burst into the fort. They, too, had a fearful anxiety as to the result, for if the whole was consumed before they could find entrance, the frail Ludula would perish with their foes. Col. Richards and his men, with stern but resolute look, awaited their fate in silence. No hope of escape offered itself, and they were determined to die with their weapons in their hands.

Ludula had been kindly cared for after her providential escape from death, and she was not forgetful of their kindness. While all parties now waited the termination of the fearful scene, a sweet voice was heard above the cracking of the flames. Ludula had gained a position where she might see her dusky friends without, and she called alond:

"Uscoma! Uscoma! let Ludula entreat you!"

Both parties paused in surprise and astonishment. Vain was the entreaty, it but added fire to the wrath of Uscoma. He beheld the pride of his lodge there, with clasped hands, entreating him, but was fearfully mistaken as to the import of her words. He thought she but entreated for herself—that she called to him—her father—whom man never had dared to combat, to save her from the flames and her captors.

With a fierce, unrelenting yell of mingled desperation and rage, he sprang from the thick copse, and, followed by an hundred warriors, dashed through the outer flames of the palings, and in a moment was at the unburned portion of the building, and thundering at the door with his heavy tomahawk. Full twenty of his braves bit the dust, before the accumulated strength of all could burst the barred door. Soon, too soon, it fell with a clash, and nought intervened between him and his victims.

Oh, God! What a scene then offered itself to the eye. That little band of settlers placing themselves as guards over their wives and children, made a stand with their clubbed rifles, and many an Indian warrior lost his life in that deadly affray. But they could not stand long beneath the strokes of so many combatants; one by one fell, covered with wounds. Then came a fearful massacre. The shrieks of women and children ascended to the heavens, high above the roaring of the flames. With fiendish triumph, the Indians proceeded in their work of scalping and slaughtering, until of that body of settlers one alone remained.—That one was the brave Col. Richards.—When the savages burst into the fort, he had used his great strength to fearful advantage among them, and many a Brave fell beneath the prowess of his arm. Felled at last by a blow from the tomahawk of the fierce Oscoma, who, thirsting for his blood, had been seeking him to glut his vengeance, he was about to be scalped, when Ludula with a cry of warning that deterred the chief from his purpose for a moment, sprang upon his almost senseless body, and covering it with her arms, entreated her chief to spare him. With quick and hurried accents was her tale told—of her sale in the canoe the danger of the rapids—the overturning of the vessel—her struggle for life—and her rescue by Col. Richards. The stern warrior paused amid that scene of death, and hesitated between conflicting emotions. His mind traced back to ancient deeds of his enemy; now helpless before him, of the hatred he bore him, and the number of his warriors, now lying beside him, slain by the hand of his foe. But love for his child overcame all, and he spared him.

We have little more to add to perfect our story, at present. Col. Richards was borne from the burning building and taken with the Indians to their camp, and soon recovered under the care of the kind and beautiful Ludula. The Chief Oscoma granted him his life and liberty, and ere another moon had waned he took his departure, a silent but determind man. He had lost his wife and children with the others in the fort, and though he said nothing, he had a deep and resolute purpose to accomplish. He thanked Ludula again and again for her kind deed, and went upon his errand that he had sworn within his heart to do or die, a stranger to the whole world.

Here we pause, and our story may seem incomplete, but we have endeavored to show one act of kindness in the Indian character, by Ludula saving the Colonel even when the unrelenting chief had doomed him to death.

TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

The following advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness, are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager:

If you have blue eyes, languish.

If black eyes, effect a spirit.

If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.

If you are the least doubtful to that point, wear them long.

If you have good teeth, don't forget to laugh now and then.

If you have bad ones you must only simper.

While you are young sit with your face to the light.

When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.

If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone.

If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice never speak in a high tone.

If you dance well, dance seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well make no peurile excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of the desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman, never show it, but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really posseses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular young man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog, or your cat, or your servant, than on your frind.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would *obtain* power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—During his remarks at a meeting recently held in Augusta county, in honor of the late S. W. Harris, member of Congress from Alabama, Hon. Wm. L. Yancy, as reported by the Prattsville Statesman, described with much feeling an interesting and effecting scene which occurred in the sick chamber of the lamented deceased a few days before he breathed his last. It will be remembered that Mr. Harris died in Washington. He was fully sensible of his situation at the time referred to, and his bedside was surrounded by his wife and family, when, we are told that Mr. Harris observed upon a table near him an accordeon, which he requested should be given him. He reached forth his scrawny hands and felt for the keys of the instrument, and lifting his eyes to heaven, his form emaciated and his countenance pale, began to play that solemn and eloquent hymn "Old Hundred." Having finished, his countenance having grown radiant as he proceeded, with a smile upon his face and with a look of love, he gently, yet confidently, exclaimed, "Ah! it will not be many days ere I shall sing that hymn in heaven." Thus it is, says the Statesman, the dying testimony of another great man is added to strengthen our faith in the efficacy of the Christian religion.

THE TRUE STRUGGLE.—Oh ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading ye to eminence and renown. Follow resolutely the one straight path before you; it is that of your good angel. Let neither obstacles nor temptation induce you to leave it.—Bound along, if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it; perish in it, if needful. But ye need not fear that. No one ever yet died in the true path of calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and, for a momentary advantage or gratification, ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.

CHINESE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.—A gentleman writing from China gives the following description of Chinese implements of war:

The Regular Cannon.—Of these they have some very large as well as smaller. These are placed on frames capable of elevation or depression, and fired with a match.—They appeared nearest like our war instruments of anything I have seen them use of their own make.

Second rate Cannon.—These, called by foreigners "jingalls," are carried one by one by two men, and are eight or ten feet long, with a ball from one ounce to one pound weight, and fired with a match by one of the carriers off the other's shoulder.

Small Arms or Guns.—These are rather of the musket kind, smooth bored, and discharged with a match lock as the others.—No fire locks, caps, or such modern improvements here. They are very crude in appearance, loaded with a ramrod, the powder dropped in and the ball on top of it, and of course discharged with little precision.

Bows and Arrows.—These the most primitive instruments of warfare thousands of years ago, are still used here as one of the principal parts of their armory in hostile combat. The bows are made of bamboo spliced with horn, the strings of sinews, and the arrows of light wood, feathered and steeled.

Short Guns with Barrels.—The short gun is loaded in the hand, let into the long barrel, which being on a pivot directs the course and is fired with a match. We have nothing like this.

Spears and Swords.—Spears, with one, two and three prongs, placed on long poles or bamboos, are much used by them, also swords for closer combat, some with two edges, some in pairs. A sword in each hand they much admire and desire.

Bamboo Guns.—We have nothing like these even in child play. They are simply a thick strong bamboo bound with rattan, loaded with powder and some kind of combustible, with touch hole at the lower end. They are about three feet long and only capable of one discharge, and then, I presume, of little execution.

Stink pot and Fire Balls.—These are generally used in boarding a vessel. The species of warfare, I presume, is carried on on the pole cat principle; adding fire balls to a strong smell, thereby scorching the feet as well as the nose and causing the opponent to make himself scarce.

Their Defence.—They have a bamboo hat to ward off the sword and spear, and a bamboo shield for their arm and body, from two to three feet in diameter.

Stratagem.—They are much more inclined to stratagem than to open, fair field fighting. They endeavor to fire a fleet by floating down a fire raft among them. By flourishing their flags they endeavor to intimidate. But their great stratagem consists in catching the chaps unawares, condemning them with little or no trial, tying their hands behind them, and cutting off their heads with a broad heavy knife, made for the purpose. The mandarins are best pleased with this kind of warfare, provided they be the judges and the masters of the ceremony.

But upon the whole, a Chinese army and battle, taking their appearance, equipage, manœuvering, fighting and running, altogether compared with modern warriors and warefare among American and European nations, are superlatively ridiculous. And in these respects, having great room for improvement much may be expected in the new government anticipated.

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."—The above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessing God is giving us.—Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its light as well as its shades, and it is neither wise nor graceful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better, happier man than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

THE XENIA ELOPEMENT.—The guardian of Miss Martin, who recently eloped in Ohio with a gambler named Boyd, has determined to enter suit against the latter. It now appears the parties were married in Springfield, Wednesday last. By the laws of Ohio, license is absolutely required to give validity to a marriage. And it is rendered a penitentiary offence for a person to marry a minor without the requisite papers. The officiating clergyman or legally qualified officiel who solemnizes such a marriage, is liable to some penalty. It is understood that Boyd did not take out a license in the Probate Court. His chances of a dismal honeymoon in the Penitentiary, it is stated, are two to one, if the matter is prosecuted.

A blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; unwilling to offend him, told him he should be careful of his diet and not eat anything heavy or windy.

The blacksmith went off satisfied: but in revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, he returned to the doctor, who, having lost his temper with his patient, said:

"Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Why then, I'll tell you," says the doctor; "your anvil is heavy, and your bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."

DON'T DESTROY THE BIRDS.

How often have we uttered the injunction to our readers, and especially to our agricultural ones, that they should not kill the birds. They are the farmer's best friends; in killing them he is injuring himself. And still, though this has been pressed upon their attention, too often do we see heartless individuals putting them out of the way by wholesale. Again we would request the farmers, in the language of a well-informed writer to "spare the birds." "Summer is close at hand, and with its pleasures will come the daily nuisance to those who dwell amid rural scenes of hearing the soft notes of the shot gun." Every one who has paid attention to the matter knows that even crows and blackbirds are productive of more good than harm, and that the vast increase of late years of destructive insects is owing almost entirely to the wanton destruction of birds which are not even legitimate game. A thousand plans have been suggested for the destruction of the circulio, all of which have proved worthless. We have one which we know to be infallible—"protect the birds."

"The swallows are the natural enemies of the swarming insects, living almost entirely upon them, taking their food upon the wing. The common martins devour great quantities of wasps, beetles, and goldsmiths. A single bird will devour five thousand butterflies in a week. The moral of this is, that the husbandman should cultivate the society of swallows and martins about his land and building. The sparrows and even wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage, and flowers of plants. The wrens are pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry tree will soon be appropriated by them, and they will drive away other birds that feed upon the fruit, a hint that cherry-growers should remember this spring and act upon. The thrushes, blue-birds, jays, and crows, rely upon butterflies, grasshoppers, crickets, locusts, and the larger beetles. A single family of jays will consume twenty thousand of these in a season of three months. The wood-peckers are armed with stout long bills to penetrate the wood of trees, where the borers deposite their larvæ. They live almost entirely upon these worms. For the insects that come abroad only during the night nature has provided a check in the noctle barn owl, which take their food upon the wing. How wonderful is this provision of Providence for the restraint of depredators that live upon the labors of man, and how careful we should be not to dispute that beneficial law of compensation by which all things are established in their just relations and proportion!"—*Lancaster (Pa.) Whig.*

ANECDOTE OF SENATOR TOOMBS.—The following anecdote is told of Senator Toombs while he was an old line Whig Representative in Congress. Meeting Rev. George Pierce, now Bishop, with whom he was on familiar terms, he remarked, "Friend George, it strikes me that you and I are engaged in pretty much the same calling."

"How is that?" inquired the Bishop.

"Why," replied Toombs, "you are fighting the Devil, and I am fighting the Democrats, and I don't see much difference in the warfare."

This is said to have occured several years ago, and we presume were these old friends to meet now, George might say, "Bob, I'm still fighting the Devil, what are you doing."

"Well, George, I *now* fully understand the truth of the following verse from Pope:

"Democracy is a monster of so frightful mein,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity; then embrace,"

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The American Bible Society—which is the first of the religious associations making report of its condition this Spring—has had a most prosperous year. For the year ending 31st of March, its receipts were $441,805, which exceeds by nearly $49,000 the receipts of the previous year; and it has distributed 740,000 copies of the Scriptures, an excess of 198,000 over the previous year. Contributions have come in from every State and Territory in the Union. New York has contributed nearly one-third of the entire funds—namely, $140, 778; Massachusetts furnished $48,220; and next on the list we find Illinois, $37,815; Pennsylvania, $30,171; Ohio, $28,331; Connecticut, $18,405; Maryland, $15,291; New Jersey; $14,611; and Virginia, $10,857.

WOMEN'S NOTES.—The Superior Court of New York has decided, in full bench, that the note of hand of a married woman, however wealthy she may be, it is utterly valueless unless her husband is able and willing to pay it. In the case before the court the woman was sued for value of a note of $500, given for board and lent money. A decision of the court below was reversed, and it was ruled that the wife could not be a witness against the husband. So that all notes of married women are worthless except "notes of invitation."

MEDITATION ON THE WORD OF GOD.—By continual meditation on the sacred writings, a man as naturally improves and advances in holiness as a tree thrives and flourishes in a kindly and well watered soil. All the fruits of righteousness show themselves at the proper season, as opportunity calls from them; and his words, which are to his actions what the leaves are to the fruit, fall not on the ground, but are profitable as well as ornamental. Every thing *in* him and *about* him serves the purpose for which it was intended.—*Horne.*

By a recent legislative enactment, the estate of habitual drunkards passes into the hands of trustees in like manner as that of idiots and lunatics.

In Patrick county, Va., the tobacco plants are nearly all killed by the cold, and the wheat looks very unpromising.

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