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POETRY.

GIVE A TRIFLE.

BY COLESWORTHY.

It is a trifle—give a mill
To help the poor along;
'Tis not the amount—it is the will
That makes the virtue strong.

"I have but little," never say,
"Twill not avail to give;"
A penny if you give to-day
Will make the dying live.

It is the spirit—not the gold
Upon the waters cast—
That will return a hundred fold,
To cheer and bless at last.

Then give a trifle cheerfully,
From out thy little store,
With interest it will come to thee,
When thou wilt need it more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Poor Girl & the Angels.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on
And, waking, find thy labors done."
Charles Lamb.

We never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines by Charles Lamb; and yet, how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it has ever been since, and we verily believed that angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far off country place, the name of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl whom we shall call Alice, with an aged and bedrid mother dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—and when better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness; in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel, even as bright-eyed and glad hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that which is as a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil! engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet is not half long enough for all they have to do—breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams. Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine. And she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet prayerful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon the earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard—but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since!—thy trust in Providence, that for *her* sake it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope, that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that bro't thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor one of those stern men, who, without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime!—a baneful error which has done much to plunge its unhappy victims into their present fallen condition; and yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and get paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew that, in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared ask for no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behindhand in future," thought her stern landlord, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending her money on that pale colored hood she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion,) instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices, such as his, were hard—very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother; with God's blessing we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die—"

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother," exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No, no—a blessing rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet! And then kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel.—The cloud which had hung over her in the morning seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful lover, ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then rising noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers: the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy—thrice happy! are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills, and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds already up and at their orisons; and exchanged a kind good morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upwards on her pale calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts as tho' there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smiles that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, she marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes, yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love, to soothe and allay her fond anxiety, and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened, that about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks,—for of late she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, "It is ever thus with the poor, they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half relenting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her,—aye, even if it were but one single day! but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing that I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing,—unless, indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile; and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings, and Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscence of by-gone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings—the widow, falling asleep in the midst through weariness, for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on, awoke again half bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice!" asked the invalid, gently.

"Asleep, dear mother, I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, no! good night!"

"Good night, and God bless you, my child!" said the widow, and a few minutes afterwards Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage, if, indeed, she could be called so with her half-closed eyes, & wandering thoughts, although it is true the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual, low, plaintive and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length, and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed upon her so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad of stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her feeble hands involuntarily, and, although no words were uttered, *her heart prayed!* We have called her in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth.—But gradually as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down—the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erst while at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and raiment white and raidiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, and then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings again very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away at length upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel towards her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was not still dreaming; and then gazed around the the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it;—but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared even then not having time enough to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But after a little time, the girl ceasing to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour, the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again.—It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her dilligence and punctuality, or the stern landlord shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked-for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his yothful tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks beside, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it, there was a charm in that web woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such like miracles should have passed away. And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil!—only be gentle and pure-hearted as that poor girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and *be sure* that Heaven in its own good time will deliver you!

A Fancy Trade.

The following capital story is from a letter of a Western correspondent in a late number of the 'Spirit of the Times.'

One evening I was rallying my companion upon his low spirits, and attributing it to long absence from his wife, making as unfavorable a comparison as possible between his situation and my own, a bachelor, when our quondam friend, as usual, joined in. Matrimony, said he, is a fine thing when you're once in for it, and know what you've got, but it's rather ticklish to begin on,—you're as likely to make a fancy trade as any, and if I'm a goin' to make one I want it in horses, for if I'm married I shall have to stand perhaps when I don't want to.

"Yes, but, said I, what do you call a fancy trade?"

Why Captin, a fancy trade is where a man's fancy out jinerals his judgment, and runs away with his brains. I'll tell you a story now, where my fancy run right away with my gumption to the tune of a hundred.

The last time I was out West I went with the brown hoss I had of the stage agent, a purty good one, but a little rusty at times. Well, I got to Windham Cattle Show before I see a chance to swap, and for the matter of that, I could not see any chance there; there was a good many niceish kind of horses, but nobody seemed to hanker after a trade. Finally I see a countryman leading a black colt—wasn't he a burster! He had the greatest withers you ever see on a hoss, and a set of limbs that would bring tears into a man's eyes. I at's that chap.

"Mister," says I, that's a first rate colt, if it wan't for them are!"

"Them are what?" says he.

"Law! now, do be green," says I.

"Green," says he, "I don't know what you mean."

"Why there, man," says I, "that,ll do with some, but I've been there and staid a week."

"Why, friend," says he, "if there's any thing out of the way with my hoss, let's know it."

"Why, do you mean to say that you don't know that colt's got two bone spavins?"

"I deny it," says he; and his eyes stuck out so you could a hung your hat on 'em.

"Well friend," says I, "I'll prove it to you; lead your colt over this way, where there is a little the soundest horse I ever *did* see, and we'll compare their legs."

Now that colt was a dreadful made one; his hock jints was deeper than any hoss's I've seen, and the under pints inside the hind leg, stuck out clean and handsome, I tell you.

Well, old Brown's leg was a gummy round thing, like any other old Plug's—

"There," says I, "I mean to say that them bones sticken' out like a frog's elbow on your colt, ain't natural; but when you get him to work they are bound to lame him, for they are nothing more or less than bone spavins."

"O dear," says he, "what shall I do?" and he turned as blue as a whetstone.

"Well," says I, "there never was a nigger so black but there was a white in his eye, and your case has some bright spot yet. Let's find the chap what owns this hoss, I'll help you trade with him. We can put him through and make a good thing out of a bad one."

"Well," says he, "you start after him."

Off I goes to the tavern, for old Jim Dana, a dreadful critter for a trade.

"Jim," says I "do you want to make a V?"

"I don't want to do any thing else," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "throw away your cigar, put your hat square on your head, take that swagger out of your carcass, and come and swop my brown hoss for me; and I want you to look so much like an honest man that your wife would not know you."

Well, we got down where the chap was, "Here's the gentleman," says I, "that owns the brown hoss, and he is willing to make an exchange with you."

"Very well," says the fellow, "tell what you'll do."

On this, off goes old Jim at half cock. "I've owned this critter from a colt," says he, "I've used him in every way and shape, and he never failed. He aint used to high keepin', but it takes a man's horse to beat him. There he is—look for yourself—sound, kind, and good; eight years old next spring. I'll warrant him right in any harness, and you come to a hill he's there. I should feel bad to part with him;" and really the old fellow looked as if he'd cry.

"Well," said I, "how'll you trade?"

"I can't make up my mind," said old Jim, "I must see my son."

"Offer him $20," says I in my covey's ear.

"No," says he, "I can't trade him short of $20 myself."

"But," says I, "you *will* trade for twenty."

"Yes," says he.

I winked to old Jim, to close up.

"Well," says Jim, I shall trade."

We shifted purty quick, I guess; and I never felt safe till I saw his halter on Old Brown. Jist as he was going off he turned round and says to me, "when you put that colt in your wagon, *set well back, for he'll kick it all to pieces;*" and oh, how he laughed. I've hearn folks laugh, and I've hearn them cry, but I never hearn any thing before or since that come over me as that did. I felt as if I'd lived on raw barbaries for a week, and exercised myself whetting saws.—Old Jim laughed as though he'd split. "Where's the V?" says he, and then he'd laugh.

I hired a horse cart and put the colt in—he got to kickin—and there! he kicked it all to pieces in no time, his hind legs went like a mill race; them ere gambols wan't made for nothing, I tell you; he kicked the cart all to fritters, and I had to pay $37 for it.

Well, I thought I'd make the best of a bad job, so I bought an old cripple for ten dollars to draw my wagon, and tied the colt behind, and cuss him, he wod'nt go there, but went to pulling back, and broke my new wagon. Well thinks I, I'll put up and try again in the morning; but I hadn't seen the worst yet, for they would not put him up no how; they said he was glandered, so he was; the chap had blowed powdered allum up his nose so it didn't show, and I was so earnest to pick up a flat I hadn't looked to anything. And that was the end of my 'fancy trade.'

I gave the colt away after two days, for he wouldn't have fetched me a pint of cider. It was a good deal for me in the end though, for my school master used to say, that hour's work bred me circumspection. And from that day to this, I've never took a sudden shine to anything, without its bringing that colt right afore my eyes. I've never been married, and a gal must manage purty cute, and look purty well, to make me; for the black cows' horns show dreadful quick to me on account of the color.

And now, captin,' let's have our hot whiskey punch, and go to roost, and it's your treat, for you are gettin' your experience mighty fast, and *without payin' for it.*

A little boy after listening to a sermon on the necessity of being born again, returned home much afflicted, and said to his mother: "I did not like the sermon; and ma, I don't want to be born over again, for who knows but I might then be a gal."

An Arithmetical Prodigy.—We clip the following account of an astonishing slave arithmetician from an exchange paper. There is in this city a young man who is equally singular in the possession of this faculty. He can solve the most difficult sum, in an inconceivable short space of time, and by an entirely different process from any we have ever met with:—

A few months since, an account of a negro of an extraordinary faculty for numbers, belonging to Mr. P. McLemore of Madison County, Ala., was put in the papers. Mr. McLemore was in town on Monday, and we had an opportunity of witnessing the powers of calculation of this anomaly in mind.

He is an idiot to every thing else, and for that reason has never performed any labor; though of stout person, weighing nearly two hundred. To the question, "how many are 153 multiplied by 359?" he answered "fifty-six thousand, four hundred and fifty-seven," almost without hesitation. So also 976 by 836? answer, 816,912; 521 by 351? answer, 182,871. He also solved questions in division, with a facility that beggars all counting-room calculation; such as how many seventeens in 576? how many nineteens in 783?&c. To test his comprehension of numbers over a million, he was asked how many were 1362 multiplied by 1257? During the pause of three or four minutes, we were not able to detect any evidences of mental effort in his countenance, and doubted whether he was thinking at all. But to the astonishment of all, he answered, "seventeen hundred and twelve thousand, thirty-four."

The negro does not know a letter or figure, or any other representation of numbers, or ideas. He speaks to no one, except when spoken to. His forehead is long and covered with hair, within an inch and a half above the eyebrow. But the volume from temple to temple is deep beyond comparison. He is nineteen years old, but has the appearance of thirty. He has never been taught understand, (perhaps has never heard) he has never before been from home where no one could teach him,) forms of mathematical questions or problems, other than those of simple addition, multiplication and division. Superior even to Sir Isaac Newton in single faculty, he is destitute of every other that is necessary to render him capable for any practicable purpose.

He is unable to communicate his process to others. The basis of his reckoning must be decimal, or some other even number, for questions involving odd numbers require a longer time for the solution. When solving such, he has a mysterious *mnemotechnic* by placing his left fore finger in the corner of his left eye, and then drawing it down across his mouth. Such is the "scientific nigger" from Alabama—a being of original idea.—*Columbus (Tenn.) Observer.*

The municipal election took place in the city of Wheeling on Monday last. Heretofore party politics have not been introduced into the elections in this city, but in consequence of the prominent part taken by several of the locofoco officeholders during the late presidential canvass, the Whigs determined to take the management of the city into their own hands; and they have done so effectually. On Monday last they made a clean sweep, *electing the Mayor and every member of the Council.*

Thrifty and Unthrifty Farming.—The grand difference between a thriving farmer, and one who does not thrive, is, the one looks out for the *pennies*, the other does not. In farming, nothing should be lost; nothing should be neglected; every thing done at the proper time; every thing should be put in its proper place; every thing should be performed by its proper implement. When these rules are observed, the farmer will surely prosper—though his gains may be slow, they will be certain and sure.

A Hint to Wives.—When a woman seeks to guide her husband, it should not be like one who breaks a horse, using bit and spur, now checking and now goading his career, but like the mariner who steers the ship, directs it by a single touch, while none can see the power that rules its motions.

A printing office a place to loaf at!—Ha! What an idea! It is something like making a hen-roost of a candy shop, or a pig pen of a handsomely furnished parlor.

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none. "Yes," said the husband with a sigh, "but it's very long since."