THE PROPHET ON HIS WAY.

The following from the N. Y. Evening Mirror, was furnished by Mr. Lester, U. S. Council at Genoa.

Having to deal with all sorts of characters, and being confined for many days to my office in the dullest details of business, it is a great relief sometimes to meet with an old genius who breaks up the monotony of life, and has his own story to tell. Not long ago I was favored with a call from two persons in one day, of a singular description, and they were the last two *I* ever expected to meet. The first was a Yankee from Worcester, Mass. He was a long, lean, shabbily-dressed fellow—but I'll stop and give you a more particular description. About three o'clock in the morning, I heard a thundering knocking at the door by which *I* knew a stranger was there, for all Italians ring a bell when there is one to ring. The servant opened the door, and ushered in the stranger. He seemed to be a young man, not more than eight and twenty—tall, lean, most *particularly* lantern jawed, and what the Yankees call *bony*. He had on a pair of cow hide shoes of an enormous size, into the soles of which not less than half a pound of horse nails had been driven, if I could judge by the clattering his feet made on the marble floor as he came in. Between his shoes and the bottom of his pantaloons, (no small distance,) were clearly visible a pair of Yankee knit, mixed wool socks, and still a little above the socks which had fallen down a little over said shoes, was visible quite a piece of lean and somewhat hairy leg. Since *I* have begun at the bottom to describe my hero, I will go up, and end where common historians begin—at the head. But really the feet were some of the most conspicuous things about his person. His pantaloons were of home made bottle green woolen, and cut by somebody who was not particularly lavish of cloth, for they set as tight to his skin as they could conveniently. His vest which did not come down quite to his pantaloons, was a "linsey woolsey" fabric, with a standing colar and large brass buttons, which had probably been used for a coat. He had on a cotton shirt, (unbleached,) and around his neck a high black patent leather stock and on his head a hair seal skin cap. If you will in addition to this description, picture to yourself a face unshaven for a month, of the most undescribable solemnity and sternness, you have the man.

As he entered, he came up to me with his cap still on his head, and pulled down over his ears, he said,

"*Be* you the United States *Counsel*?

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I'm a prophet of God, and my *worldly* name is———. I was born in Worcester, in old Massachusetts, twenty-eight years ago, or thereabouts. I lived in sin and iniquity, like all the rest of the folks in Worcester, till nigh three years ago, when the Almighty revealed to me his son as he did to Paul; *I* was struck dumb, and, like Paul, after his dark season, I [illegible] wonderful signs, sights, and visions, were brought out into great light. Right off I see that everybody else was wrong, and the priests was leading 'em all to perdition. I [illegible] in full voice, and like Noah, I warned [illegible] wrath; but like the Anti-Diluvians, they [illegible] their ears and kept on sinning. And it was revealed to me that it was revealed to me by the power of God, spoken of in Malachi and the rest of the prophets, that were to come before the way for the second coming of Christ; and that as he would appear at Jerusalem at such a time, I must go there and prepare things for his coming; so, I am here 'in the spirit and power of Elijah,' and I am bound for the holy city. If you wish to escape the last trial of wrath that is just a going to be poured out, help me on in journey.'

'Well, sir,' I replied, somewhat 'used up' I confess, by the prophet's communications, 'I am glad to see you. Won't you take a seat friend? You are on for Jerusalem, then, by the first boat?'

'O yes, sir. I must go quick, too.'

'All right. We can take you there by steam, and that's faster than the old prophets used to travel, I expect, except now and then, some of them, who took, like Jonah, the belly of a whale for a cabin. But I hope you are not in such great haste but you can pass a day or two with us here; we have a fine city, filled with palaces and works of art.'

'Oh! I care no more for these 'ere things than Paul did when he stood on Mars Hill, and saw the whole people given to idolatry, I must be on my way, *I* have yet to get to Jerusalem and keep a holy fast of forty days before Christ can come, and *I* don't want to delay the Lord Jesus, you see.'

'Oh no of course not; I should be very sorry to have you do that; I don't think we ought to do such things. But tell us a word about your mission.

I have a great interest in your mission I have not seen such a [illegible] for many a day.'

"Well, just as soon as this revelation come, I sold out my earthly goods to get a little money, and left friends and home for you know what our Lord said, that if a man didn't "hate his father and mother," &c. *I* got to Boston, and found a steam-ship a-going to leave the next day for England, and *I* took passage, we was 13 days at sea. The same day we got to Liverpool I went to London in the cars, and the day after *I* got there I went aboard an English vessel, and we sailed here to Genoa in 18 days. So you see it's only 33 days since I left my father's house in Worcester; I've gone so fast, because God was on my side, and everything was overruled for me his servant and chosen prophet.'

'Yes, I see; well now which way do you go?'

"*I* want to go the quickest way to get to Jerusalem, only *I* must go by the way of *Rome*, for it has been revealed to me, as it was to Paul, that *I* must be persecuted and suffer at Rome; she is the mother of harlots, the beast, the false prophet, satan's seat, and no prophet of God can go there without persecution; I shall be there in prison twenty days as has been revealed to me, and suffer great torments and tortures, for which I am prepared, and then God will come to deliver me from prison, as he did Peter and Silas, and I shall go on my way to Jerusalem.'

'Why, my friend, it seems to me that if they are to handle you so roughly in Rome, I should give them the slip and go some other way.

"Oh no, I am commanded to go to *Rome* and proclaim to the pope that the day of God's judgement is come, and that in few weeks he will be cast into the bottomless pit.'

'And what do you think the holiness will say to this interesting piece of intelligence?'

'He will order me to great torments—but God will deliver me.'

"Well my friend, tell us something about the state of things in Jerusalem after you get there.'

'Well as *I* was saying, I don't want to detain the Lord Jesus, nor keep him waiting for me, so I shall get on the ground as quick as possible. Then I shall keep a holy fast of forty days. When this is done, the Lord Jesus will be revealed from heaven, and set up his kingdom in Jerusalem. Then the day of reckoning will come for all the world. All creeds will be burnt up, and judgement taken on all priests, churches and wicked men, and a little while given them to repent, and if they don't do it. Christ will destroy them all. The Jews will all be gathered to Jerusalem out of all nations to which they have been driven, and all the holy dead shall be raised to live and reign with Christ; *I* shall be his prime minister, and great prophet. This will last 365,000 years, and then the world will be burnt up, or *burnt over*, and a new world made out of the old one, and we shall live on it forever and ever, even to all eternity. Hell will be in the centre of the earth, which is nothing but fire and melted lava, and there they will be burned forever and ever, even to all eternity.'

'But do you really believe all this, my friend?"

'Believe it! Why I know it, for it's all been revealed to me, and I can't be mistaken.'

'But what if Jesus Christ don't come when you have finished your fast?'

'Why, he *will* come.'

'Well, but *if* so strange a thing *should* happen as that he should not come, what would you do!

'Why, you may just as well ask me what *if there was no Jesus Christ!* But *I* have stayed here too long already; I was going right away, but the captain told me I must have a passport, or the earthly powers would stop me; I want to go, make it out as quick as you can.'

'You shall have it in an hour friend.'

'And I'll pay for it now; what will it cost? I've got a little money left.'

'Oh *I* don't charge prophets anything for passports, and will get the governor and police, and papal consul to vise our passports gratis, and you can go on board the steamer Virgil this evening, and be off for Rome without delay.'

'Well then. I'll stay here till it comes.'

So the prophet took off his cap, and put it on the floor by his side, and taking out a pocket bible, turned to the prophecies, to read by himself.

All this scene, thus far, seemed to me at the time the most ridiculous I ever beheld: but when the first novelty had passed, and I saw the poor deluded man turn to his bible, the blessed revelation of God, and con its sacred page with that intense gaze with which no man looks but an honest man, it was by far the saddest sight I ever witnessed. I thought of his friends, and their entreaties that he would stay at his home, in the beautiful town of his birth, and pass his days peacefully; I thought of the care that had worn him thinner than a shadow, in pursuit of a shade, and of the disappointment that awaited him when he reached the holy spot, where the Saviour of men died, and on which I doubt no more than he, that he will stand again at his second coming, while *I* sat gazing at the poor victim of delusion before me, and heard the involuntary sigh that now and then came from his restless spirit, *I* felt a sadness which I cannot describe; I could have wept over the man, but *I* could not smile at him again. I made out his passport, sent it to be signed by the proper authorities, and then went with him to the steamboat office, saw him on board the steamer which was just weighing her anchor for old Rome. I have heard nothing from him since. He had money enough to take him to Jerusalem, as he was willing to undergo any privation. His health was declining evidently; he was wasting away like a man with the consumption; his life was being burnt out of his heart by a slow fire. Before now he has probably reached Jerusalem, and not unlikely he has died of hunger and disappointment, without the gate of the Holy City, where the dogs have eaten his flesh and the vulturers of heaven have picked his bones. —*Boston Mail.*

NATIVE ORNAMENTAL TREES.

The spirit for ornamenting public grounds, roadsides, and dwellings with shade trees is rapidly increasing, and it is a laudable spirit and when restrained within proper limits with a judicious arrangement of the trees, it adds much beauty to the rural landscape. What can be more grateful to the traveller under the burning sun of summer, than to enter a long avenue of shade, afforded by the spreading elm or beautiful maple which his ancestors have planted by the sides of the highway; and how can we better acknowledge our gratitude than by planting others for posterity.

It should be the first object with every one who builds a house, to plant shade as well as fruit trees, if he has land sufficient for the purpose.—We often hear people lament the want of these things, which they might now have been in the full enjoyment of, had they planted at the proper time.

We are under no necessity of sending to Europe, or any other quarter of the globe, for ornamental trees. Although the European mountain ash, hores-chesnut, and some others are very beautiful, yet the American forest contains a much greater variety of species, many of them beautiful, and some magnificent the magnolia and liriodendron for instance. The elm and sycamore or buttonwood are well adapted to lawns and public roads' where there is ample room for their gigantic and spreading growth they are among our most majestic and stately trees. We have five species of the maple in Worcester county and they are all found within six miles of where *I* am now writing. The rock or sugar maple is a fine variety; it makes a deep shade, and the dying leaf in autumn exhibits a splendid variety of colors. The red flowering is very showy in April, when it is loaded with brilliant scarlet flowers. The white is of large growth and is a fine ornamental variety; the leaves are white underneath, and when agitated by the wind have a singular appearance, this species is found on the Nashua river. The striped maple is of small size the bark finely striped with black and green. The mountain maple is found at the base of Wachusett and other places in this vicinity, and is among the smallest class of trees. The cornus florida or dogwood as it is called in the Western States is a species, the flowers, which appear in May, resemble single white roses, and are very numerous; it grows from thiry to forty feet high.

The liriodendron or tulip tree is most magnificent when in blossom; the flowers resemble tulips, and are hung in profusion on the branches. The red bud is a small fine flowering tree, being covered with flowers of a red color before the leaves appear. The ash is remarkable for the beauty and symmetry of its growth but is among the last to put forth its leaves in the spring, and the first to shed them in autumn. The mountain ash is fine for ornament, its clusters of scarlet berries remaining after the fall of the leaf, and often times through the winter.

Among the evergreens are the silver fir, which is extensively used for ornamental purposes.—The arbor vitæ is very fine and singular in the flat growth of its branches. The black or double spruce is of very regular growth, of a pyramidal shape and worthy of cultivation. The white pine is much employed at present for ornament; it is a graceful and stately tree. The hemlock may be ranked among our most beautiful evergreens, and bears a near resemblance to the European yew. Evergreens should be planted the first of June, when they will succeed as well as deciduous trees which are planted at the regular time.

I might mention many other varieties, but these will suffice, as almost any tree becomes ornamental when set in a proper place.

Much additional beauty may be imparted to shade trees, by selecting such varieties as are of rich colors when changing in autumn—for instance, the red flowering maple, whose leaf is changed to a brilliant scarlet—the hickory to a golden yellow—some of the oaks to crimson—the ash brown—and many other varieties, constituting every shade of color, all intermingled like the tints of the rainbow a scene which no pencil can paint, and no one can contemplate but with admiration.

Boston Cultivator.

Important from the Rio Grande.—General Taylor at Point Isabel—Attack on his camp Repulse of the Mexicans, and destructon of Matamoras!

The steam-ship New York, Capt. Windle, arrived in port on Sunday evening, having left Brazos Santiago the afternoon of Wednesday, the 6th instant. Her news is important, and of the most gratifying description.

Our last previous accounts came down to wednesday, the 29th ult. Capt. Walker of the Texas Rangers, having come into Point Isabel on the evening of the 28th ult., from his desperate encounter with the Mexicans, had volunteered to carry despatches to Gen. Taylor. We now learn by the New York, that, in that desperate attempt—so desperate as to be thought fool-hardy—he fully succeeded. Gen. Taylor learned from him the critical situation in which Point Isabel was placed, and the imminent danger of its being carried by an overpowering force of the Mexicans. He promptly determined upon a movement which should protect Point Isabel and re-establish his communication with his supplies. Accordingly the evening of Friday the 1st instant, he left his camp opposite Matamoras with the main body of his forces, determined to cut his way through, leaving behind him, for the defence of the works opposite Matamoras, between 700 and 800 troops.

This movement of Gen. Taylor upon Point Isabel was effected without encountering a single Mexican. In place of molesting him, they concentrated their troops about the camp which he had just left.

On the morning of the 3d Gen. Taylor despatched Capt. Walker back to the camp for intelligence the gallant ranger executed his commission with success, returning to Point Isabel the afternoon of the 5th. He reported that the Mexicans taking advantage of the supposed weakness of the camp commenced an attack upon it in front the morning of Sunday, the 3d, with all their batteries from the opposite side of the river, and simultaneously with a detachment of their forces on this side the Rio Grande, in the rear. The Americans hotly returned the fire. The attack in the rear was immediately repulsed, and in less than thirty minutes the Mexican batteries were silenced and the city of Matamoras battered down. The loss to the Mexicans in the action variously set down. While no account makes it less than 200 the latest report in regard to it, which we find in the Galveston News, carries it as high as 700. The Americans lost but a single man, it is said, who was killed by a shell. None were wounded so admirable was the state of the works before Gen. Taylor left them. The town of Matamoras is a complete ruin; there are scarcely houses enough left standing to serve as hospitals for the wounded.

This attack and repulse' however, is considered but the opening of the campaign. Cannonading was distinctly heard at times, down to the hour of the departure of the New York. Gen. Taylor set forth on the 6th instant to return to his camp with ample supplies. The Galveston News states that when he left Point Isabel, there was not the slightest doubt entertained that he would have to cut his way to his entrenchments through vastly superior numbers of the enemy, who were known to be posted in large forces among the almost impassable thickets of chaparral on the road with a determination to cut him off, if possible, in his attempt to regain his other forces. The number of the Mexicans is entirely vague and uncertain, though all the statements agree in estimating them at not less than ten thousand, while many accounts put their numbers at 15 or 20 thousand. All accounts agree also in stating that the Mexican forces were rapidly flocking in from all quarters. How many crossed the river could not be told, though the News thinks it would be reasonable to presume that a large part of their forces would be brought into requisition to dispute the march of Gen. Taylor. They could not but see the importance of cutting him off, and would doubtless employ all their advantages of local knowledge, skill in horsemanship and all their acknowledged resources in stratagem to accomplish their object. Gen. Taylor anticipated a formidable and desperate oppition to his march, but determined to accomplish it or perish.

Thus reasons the News, and accordingly anticipates intelligence of a decisive general action. We are greatly inclined to doubt whether the Mexicans would venture to attack General Taylor's whole force, although they so out-number him; but should they do so we are confident that we shall have a glorious victory to recount. One account before us states, however, that General Taylor had not left Point Isabel, and probably would not leave there before the arrival of further reinforcements— he having full confidence in the ability of the troops left in camp to maintain their position against any odds.

The arrival of the New York at Point Isabel was most opportune. It will be recollected that she had nearly 200 regular troops on board under Lieut. McPhail, as well as several field pieces these were all safely landed. Even without the arrival of further reinforcements, the post at Point Isabel must have been so strengthened as to place its safety beyond reasonable doubt. Martial law has been proclaimed there and at Santiago, and every man pressed into the service. But ere this further support has reached Point Isabel from this city and Pensacola.

The accounts from Texas in regard to volunteers are by no means satisfactory. The greatest apathy seems to prevail throughout the country.

Col. Hays of the Rangers, with his force of about 400 men, stationed in the San Antonio country, determined to march at once for General Taylor's camp, as soon as he learned that it was in a critical situation; nor would it surprise us to hear that Col. Harney, with his dragoons, had done the same thing.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

During the late festive season,—when those who thought at all, reflected that, eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigor of the religion of form,—a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the step of a door opposite to her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backwards and forwards, more like an ailing old woman than a melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterwards it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wishfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, opened, the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange, eager expression in the child's eyes; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice and manner soon reassured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought that she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugarcandy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went, down into the area; but, as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady, who was near, said, "*I* see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

"This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out what that child wants."

"Madam," said the servant, bursting into tears, "it is *my* child."

"Your child!—But go, bring her in. Where does she live!"

"With my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing

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