POETRY.

THE NIGHT OF THE NATIVITY.

A COMMEMORATION.

Silence, deep and solemn and unbroken,
Lay a death-hush fallen from the sky:
As of some dread mystery the token,
Seemed this silence, breathless and unbroken—
Pale and wan the stars looked out on high.

"Twas as though, unseen, some mighty spirit,
High dispenser of Heaven's minstrings,
Had come down a mission to inherit,
And that earth, in awe of that great spirit,
Struck to torpor all her vocal things.

"Tree" I said, "that standest ghostly, hushing
All thy thousand pulses, and thou stream,
Through the misty meadows mutely rushing,
Say, what means this ominous strange hushing?
Is earth trance-bound in some mystic dream?"

Then a sound, so low it was scarce spoken,
Blended voice of wind and stream and tree,
Answered, "Leave our quiet still unbroken;—
At this hallowed hour no word be spoken;
Silence suiteth best its sanctity.

For on night like this—O, love eternal!—
Wafted downward 'mid ecstatic strains,
Came the angels from their courts supernal,
Came to tell their tale of love eternal,
To the shepherds on the Syrian plains.

In the moonlight hovered the white legion,
Heaven revealing to the mortal ken,
And the echoes of the lonely region
Kept even yet the words of that bright legion—
'Peace on earth,' they said, 'good will to men!'

Ay, and not the Syrian echoes solely:
All earth holds that memory undefiled:
So each time it comes round, in advent holy,
This blest eve, we hear those accents solely,
Angel accents, murmuring meek and mild.

And the stars shine pale and wan with wonder,
For they hear afar such melody
Rising wave on wave, in rhythmic thunder,
Deep and deeper, sound of awe and wonder—
All God's seraphs shouting joyfully.

For this cause we keep mute watch, O mortal!
Do thou like wise—to our task incline;
Till straight shine heaven's unfolded portal,
Hush each clamoring utterance of Earth's Mortal,
Hearken only unto God's Divine!

Lusts of life, thy true vocation shaming,
Thrust them forth from consecrated ground!
Hear ye not the angels still proclaiming—
Hear their say, each angry passion shaming,
Peace on earth, good will!"—O, blessed sound!"

Ceased the voice. "Twas true—a mighty spirit,
High dispenser of God's gifts to men,
Had come down a mission to inherit,
And I bowed before that awful spirit,
And I wrestled with my nature then.

Wrestled, praying. God above the glory!
Still his tumult—let my soul take in
All the meaning of that old memory,
All the simple truth, and chastened glory,
Till the longest 'mid Bab l strife within.

And not this year only, but for ever,
Come to me to hold its memory fast,
Some spell to calm life's fever,
Till the restless flame dies out forever,
And the peace of heaven is won at last.

From Litte's Living Age.

Early Times in Indiana.

Said Major Oudesly, as he casually dropped in on us yesterday morning and commenced talking away in his usual quiet, chatty, and peculiar manner—

"I'm sick and tired of this artificial way of doing things in these latter days."

"Why so, major?"

"There is quite too much parade about everything that is going on.

"I was at a wedding last night, the daughter of an old and much-esteemed friend was to be married, and I was so urgently invited, that I couldn't help going; there was so much fuss and parade that I was perfectly disgusted. I couldn't help comparing the proceedings where a couple was married in Lawrenceburg many years ago when Indiana formed part of the great North-western Territory. At that time the settlements of the emigrants were mostly confined to the rich bottom lands of the water courses. Lawrenceburg was a small village of a few log cabins. My father was acting magistrate for the district, and very promptly attended to all the various duties of that office, in addition to which he was in the habit of doing a good deal of manual labor on his 'own hook.'"

"That was when you wasn't big enough to do much, major."

"Exactly, I was a two headed brat of some eight or ten years old when the incident I am about to relate occurred, but I remember all the particulars as well as if it occurred yesterday. You see it was about dinner time one day in the fall of the year, when the old man being engaged in laying in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up his ox team with a pretty solid load of fuel.

Just then a young and unsophisticated couple entered the village, hand in hand, inquired for the Squire, and were duly directed to the house. The youth was barefooted, and wore a coarse but clean tow linen shirt and pants, and rough straw hat of home manufacture. His fair companion was dressed in a blue cotton frock, pink cotton apron, fine bonnet, and coarse brogan shoes without stockings.

These were their wedding dresses; and their severe simplicity and the thorough independence they manifested, made an impression upon my mind that will never be effaced.

"'We come to get married,' said the young man to the old lady, my mother, who was properly busy among the pots and kettles."

"'That's very good business,' said she, smiling graciously, 'though you appear to look very young; but there's the Squire, just drove up; he'll splice you in less than no time.' So out she bolted, to give the fortunate functionary due notice of the business in hand.

"'I can't stop till I unload this wood,' said the old man; 'tell them to come out here.'

Out they came.

The old man was on top of the cart, and every time he threw off a stick he asked a question. Before he was fairly unloaded, he had the youth's whole story, having ascertained the names, ages, and residence of the parties, how long he had known the young woman, if he really loved her, and was willing to labor honestly to promote her happiness, &c.

The youngster gave simple and satisfactory answers to all the questions propounded.

In the mean time, the old lady, perfectly understanding Dad's way of doing things, had sent out to say to the people that a wedding was coming off at the house; and by the time the wood was unloaded, quite a crowd had collected to witness the ceremony.

The old fellow, having pitched out the last stick, and picked up his long goad, stood up in the cart and commended the performance.

"Jest jine hands," said he to the young couple. It was done accordingly.

"I am satisfied with both of ye," continued he, "you've a perfect right to get married;" and he united'em in short order.

"As the rafters on this house are joined together, so I jine you—you are man and wife—salute your bride. I don't charge you anything for the operation.

"Whoa haw, Buck; get along Bright, he started for another load of wood, leaving the newly wedded pair amid the villagers, kissing each other with a very distinct and particular evidence of satisfaction

"'That was a wedding worth having,' said Major Oudesley; 'I knew the couple afterwards, and know them yet, for they are both living in a high state of prosperity. And I know their children after them, too, and mighty fine children they are, for one of them is at this very time Governor of the State of Indiana.'—*Religious Herald.*

COMIC ESSAYS

Dangerous Fellow to be at Large.

There is a dangerous fellow somewhere Down East, or somewhere else, who ought out not to be allowed to run at large. He threatens to play the very deuce and break things, all in consequence of a faithless *gal* who hath broken her troth with him and married some one else. If he should put his threats into execution, the Lord have mercy on us. Hear him:—

I'll grasp the loud thunder,
And with lightning I'll play
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away!

Now, that's attempting considerable for one man; however, if he is willing to assume the responsibility, and pay damages, why, let him smash away, we're not afraid. He next says:—

The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon;
On the ocean I'll paddle,
In the bowl of a spoon.

Well, that won't hurt anybody. Go ahead old chap; we like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure:

I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow up the rill,
I'll eat up the mountain,
And be hungry still.

Good gracious! what a destructive and voracious animal he is! Is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach? Must we suffer this, just because his *gal* gave him the mitten, and took a notion to another? No, never. Down with him, we say, if he continues to conduct himself in this extravagant way.

The rain shall fall upward,
The smoke shall tumble down,
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown.

Here that! A pretty world this would be then! We might as well live in an old boot with a dirty sole for the earth beneath, and brown upper leather for the heavens above.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwind I'll play,
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away.

There is no doubt that if he cuts that caper, the sun will feel as much put out about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be trifled with or not. And as for his turning day into night, and sleeping it away, we would just as soon he would do that as not, that is, if he can. But hear him again;

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The weather I'll be-physic,
Volcanoes I'll s rangle,
Or choke them with pethisic.

Oh, ho! for shame now. He dare not clinch with the old earthquake, and so he threatens to flog a new one, and that of the neuter gender. Oh, you outrageous fellow, why don't you take one of your size? And then he says:

The moon I will smother
With nightmare and wo,
For sport, at each other,
The stars I will throw.

Serves'em right—they have no business to be out when they might be in bed.

The rocks shall be preachers,
The trees do the singing,
The clouds shall be teachers,
And the comets go spreeing.

Well, that's all right enough, except getting the comets on a spree—we don't like that pretty much. Our hero concludes as follows:

I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs
With a monstrous feather.

Oh, cracky! now he's done it. We did not think it in the gizzard of any man to do half so much. Really we think that such a desperate fellow ought to be caught and put in jail for half a week, and safely guarded by one flea, two musquitos, and a great wood-louse.

CURE FOR EXCITEMENT.

A young friend once told me, that among other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harrassed for the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if in the course of the day any occasion led him to his bed-chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless hours he had passed upon it. In this case it was recommended to him to endeavor, when he lay down at night, to fix his thoughts upon something at the same time vast and simple, such as the wide expanse of ocean, or, the cloudless vault of heaven, that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away, or hushed to rest; by the calming influence of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man at the time, the advice suggested to his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected, none could serve the purpose so well as that of God. He resolved then to make the trial, and to think of him. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations; in thinking of God he fell asleep. Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful, so much so that he used to long for the usual hour of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it, in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew by imperceptible degrees into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose at night was in all his thoughts by day. At the same time this person spoke to me, God, as revealed in the gospel of his Son, was "all his salvation," so inscrutable are the ways by which God can "fetch home his banished."—*The True Union.*

A BIRD SEEKING LODGING.—During the cold storm of Monday night, at the late hour, a small bird knock for admittance at a window of a hotel which happened to be illuminated by the light within. The occupant, supposing the noise to be the pattering of hail against the pane gave it no attention. Presently the rapping commenced again, when the window was opened & in flew the little creature, apparently delighted to get into comfortable quaters, and confident of shelter and safety. After cruising about the room as if to bathe itself in the warm air, it quietly selected its place, and deposited its head under its wing, went to sleep. It is difficult to say which of the occupants of the same apartment felt better satisfied with themselves, or slept more peacefully through the night. As the day broke, out broke the bird's grateful acknowledgments to the Protector of us all in a song which, for so tiny a body and a stranger, was remakably loud and ecstatic. It was nearly famished and ate and drank with an enviable appetite, its breakfast. Being able to take care of itself, and not choosing to be dependent longer on charity, the little fellow insisted on being released; the window was opened, and out he went, to share his fortune with his tribe, thanking his friends as well as he could for his hospitality.—*The New Orleans Weekly True Delta.*

Wisdom and understanding are synonymous words; they consist of two propositions, which are not distinct in sense, but one and the same thing variously expressed.

Mice may be expelled from drawers and cup boards, most effectually by placeing fresh twigs of the elder bush within. The odor of the elder is intolerable to the animal.

ABOLITIONISM AND NULLIFICATION.—Both of these patent humbugs tend in the same directions to-wit: to a disturbance of the public peace, weakening the bonds of the Union, and the winding up of sectional parties and local prejudices. We recommend to their respective advocates, the following dialogue between a travellar and a country boy:

"Which of these roads lead to Waterford?"

"Any one on 'em."

"Which of those roads is the best, boy?"

"Aint nary one on 'em best?"

"Which is the nearest?"

"Aint much difference."

"Which do you think I had better take?"

"You may take any one on 'em' before you get half way thar yo'll wish you had taken tother one."

☞ The person who leased the right to sell refreshments in the Crystal Palace, is said to have realized the sung little bit of pocket money, of $500,000 by the operation. Encouraged, probably by the prosperity of this venture, a new speculator offers $25,000 for the right to pick up such lost articles as fell through the crevices of the floor upon the ground beneath.' The planks, it will be remembered, left with a space between them, and, doubtless some valuable waifs sunk into the abyss. Several who have lost matters of considerable value, will station agents on the ground when the boards are removed to reclaim them.

OUR COUNTRY.

In 1792, the corner stone of the present capitol at Washington was laid. At that time, General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of Government was named, officiated. Fifty eight years afterwards, viz. on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty-three

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 136,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 409,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000

Then our imports were 31,000,000, now they are 178,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 6,500 miles of it.

Then we had no telegraph, now we have 12,000 miles of it.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was $100,000 now it is $5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.—*The True Union.*

SCOLDING CHILDREN.—I will tell you what good it does to scold at your children for doing what you told them not to do, just as much good as to scold an unruly ox for jumping over the fence and eating green corn contrary to orders previously given him. Children are governed by two motives; the hope of reward, and the fear of unpleasant consequences. A stream of scolding as long as from sun to sun, never yet had any other effect upon children than to render them wholly regardless of what is said to them. If you wish to make your children troublesome, scold them occasionally. If you wish to make them bad, scold them a little harder, louder, and more frequently. If you wish to ruin them, and relinquish all hopes of conquering them, scold continually; you will be sure to gain your object.

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