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## ORIGINAL.

*"Written for the "American Eagle."*

### Sketches of the Bahama Islands.

By Rev. James H. Lightbourn.

### NO 5.

The island of New Providence is situated in the 23° of North Latitude. It is about 35 miles in length, and 4 in breadth. Its figure is that of a parallelogram with acuteangles, projecting east and west; and its diagonal is about 30 miles. The island intrinsically is worthless. The agriculturist, and horticulturist, receive but a poor remuneration for their labor, the land being rocky, and sterile. The almost only product is fruit. The writer in his late visit to New Providence, saw a very promising orange-grove,—the property of James Jarrett, Esq. Mr. Jarret is a gentleman of great enterprise and energy. He has expended a considerable amount of money, and devoted his persoual, and almost exclusive attention to this grove. It comprises about 10,000 trees, but whether he will ever receive an adequate return for his patient, and perseverring labors, is exceedingly problematical. The sweep of one hurricane, may, in a few hours, annihilate all his hopes. The most valuable horticultural island, of the Bahama archipelago is *Eluthera*. This Island is very crooked, is about 100 miles in length, and of the disproportion average breadth, of about 2½ miles. It is thought to be the Island which Columbus saw on the 15th October 1492, and which he named "St. Mary of the Conception." It was known very early in Europe, from the medicinal virtue of a shrub, by the name of *Cathera* (Cotton) which it produced, and which was exported to Europe. This shrub has been prefered in the practice of *materia medica*, to the Peruvian bark, because of its possessing less astringency.

Eluthera abounds with extensive pineries. The pineapple-tree is from 18 inches, to 2 feet in height, and can only be profitably cultivated where the *red soil* prevails. There are portions of this island that are worth from $75, to $100 per acre. The soil consists chiefly of calcareous substances, and is soon exhausted. There are many interesting natural phenomena on Eluthera, which may be ranked among the most interesting curiosities of the grand Museum of nature. The *Meeting-of-the-waters*, the *Cow and the Bull*, and the *Glass Window*, are three of the most prominent natural curiosities. New Providence [illegible] a great variety of fruit than any of the surrounding islands. There is the greatest profusion of Coconuts, Cappadillas, Guavas, Tamarinds, Oranges, Mangroves, Soursops, Water and Musk Mellons, Grape-fruit, Sugar apples, PlantainsAnanas, &c.

The city of Nassau is situated on the north side of New Providence, and is in close proximity with the sea. It is one of the most beautiful little cities of the world. Its streets are laid out at right-angles, are always clean and white, and in some parts, remarkable for their unparalled smoothness. The residence of the governor of the Bahamas, is situated on a ridge of hills which runs east and west of the city. It is a substantial stone building, with double verandas, and has a commanding view of the whole city, a few contiguous islands, and the more distant sea. Directly south to the governmen' house, may be seen in the distance a chain of hills, called the *Blue Hills*, runing parallel with that, on which the governor's residence is situated. In the intervening space, are scattered cottages, and negro huts; rocks and gardens; lesser hills and vales; abounding in the wildness and sterility of nature, and mingled together in graceful confusion. The harbour is one of the best in the world. It is enclosed, and rendered inaccessible to the unbroken violence of the ocean, by a small neck of land, called *Hog Island*. On the extreme west-end of this Island is a light house. The harbour is about one mile in breadth the water of which, is beautifully transparent.—Viewed from the mouth of the harbour westward Nassau is extremely beautiful, possessing something in its general aspect fresh and lively. The population of New Providence is about 10,000, not more than 2000 of which are whites. On the 1st August 1834, 10,200 slaves on these islands, were emancipated. The English Parliament awarded to the slave holders, as a compensation for their loss the sum of £128340, 7s, 6d, which gave to the slave holders an average of $31, and a fraction, per head.

The government of the Bahamas like all provincial chartered colonies, is framed upon the constitutional law of England, having a governor, a council, and House of Assembly. The Executive is the first branch of the Legislature, and is styled by way of eminence "His Excellency." He is commander-in-chief of the colonial militia, Chancellor, Vice Admiral, and Ordinary; and is in receipt of $9,600. He is invested with the prerogative of approving or annulling the acts of the other branches of the Legislature; and of convening and prorogueing, or dissolving them. He also has the disposal of all civil offices; and of those appointments usually made in England he has the right of nomination. The *Legislative council* consists of 12 members who are appointed by writs of mandamus from the crown under the Royal signet. This is the second branch of the Colonial Parliament, and its consent is required to the acts of the other branches. The *House of Assembly* is the third, and lower division of the General Assembly, and like each of the other branches, it possesses a *veto* on their proceedings. This body now consists of 31 members, who are returned by the people to represent the various Islands, and election districts of the government. The qualification of a member of the House of Assembly is, that the candidate be a British subject, *de fateo* or *de jure*; and that he possess property, real or personal, to the amount of $2500, or 50 acres of land in actual cultivation, within the colony. The elective franchise is limited to males of 21 years, British subjects by birth, or naturalization; and freeholders, or housekeepers. The *Executive Council* is composed of 12 members, appointed in like manner as the other council. They are to give advice to the Governor, and stand in the same relation to him, as the Lords of the Privy Council in England, do to the Queen, or the Cabinet of the United States, to his Honor the President.

Cambridge, Md.

A Bloody Year.—There were seventy-three battles fought during the year 1855, with average loss of a thousand men each; more than 300,000 soldiers are estimated to have perished by disease and battles; the battles average one a week. It is one of the bloodiest years in modern history.


## AMERICAN EAGLE

Wednesday Morning, May 14, 1856.


## POETRY.

### I have no Mother now.

I hear the soft wind sighing,
Through every bush and tree;
Where now dear mother's lying
Away from love and me,
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Oh! weary was our parting—
I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white head-stone;
The rose bush round it twining,
Is here, like me—alone.
And just like me are weeping
Those dew-drops from the bough;
Long time has she been sleeping—
I have no mother now!

My heart is ever lonely,
My life is drear and sad;
'Twas her dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow;
She's gone from me to heaven—
I have no mother now.

## MISCELLANY.

### Wife in Extacy—Husband in Fidgets.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content, and the evening papers, and the big cigars that make ambition virtue—oh, farewell!—And oh! ye immortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dead clamors counterfeit,—but stop, I can't bid them farewell, for one of them has just arrived. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, shines like a mirror, and has carved Cupids climbing up its limbs. And such lungs—whew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine, I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chests. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend upon the back fence, demolishing a six shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he didn't do it. It beat him. A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run-away-and-never-come-back again-by. He played an extract de opera the other night. He ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then he cocked his eyes up at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies, then down came one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cockroach dancing upon the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through a knot hole in a hen coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought I was in an orchard listening to the distant praying of a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then down came both fists, and oh, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought a hurricane had struck the house, and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling upon my head. I thought the machine had burst, when the infernal noise stopped, and I heard my wife ejaculate—'Exquisite?' 'What the deuce is the matter?' The answer was, 'Why, dear, that's La Somnambula?' 'D——n Somnambula,' thought I; and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper. He calls it music; but for the life of me, I can't make it look like anything else than a rail fence with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over it. Before that instrument of torture came into the house, I could enjoy myself, but now every darned woman in the neighborhood must be invited to hear the new piano, and every time the blasted thing shrieks out, like a locomotive with the bronchitis, I have to praise its tone, and when the invited guests are playing I have to say, 'Exquisite!' 'Delightful!' 'Heavenly!' and all such trash, while at the same time, I know just as much about music as a blind codfish. There are more turning hammers than comforts in our house, and—and I wish the inventor of the piano was troubled with a perpetual nightmare, and obliged to sleep in one of his instruments all his life. As for myself, I had rather put my head under a tin pan and be drummed to sleep with a pair of shooting irons than hear, 'La Somnambula,' or any other La thumped out of a piano. Scatter pennies in front of my house, and draw together all the wandering minstrels in the city—hand organs, banjos, fiddles, tamborines, rattling bones and fish horns. Let juvenile monkeys crawl in at my windows in search of three cent pieces—let me be awakened at midnight by the cry of 'murder!'—ring the fire bells and have a devil of a time generally—do all this, and I will not complain; but banish the pianos! Mine has got to go. I am going to launch the infernal machine out of the window the first dark night, and, my friends, I advise you to sleep with cotton in your ears, for when she gives her dying grunt you'll think you've fallen out of bed or a fallen star has gone to roost upon your housetop. For the information of 'Young America,' I will state that all the pieces of brass wire and ivory keys, they are welcome to, but the skeleton I want for a refrigerator.

### Young Men Who Drink.

There is not a small number of young men in this community who drink ardent spirits habitually—drink whenever they get an opportunity and manage to make opportunities to meet the demands of an incipient appetite. There are fathers and mothers, too, strange as it may appear, who look on with complacency or only utter feeble words of protest. These young men are growing in a habit that is becoming strong with their strength, and already there are some of them whose stuffed looking skins and alcoholic breath prophecy of the drunkards who are rapidly coming. This habit of drinking is accompanied by a strange infatuation. *They* have no idea they are becoming drunkards, bringing ruin upon themselves, grieving the hearts of their friends, and laying up bitter food for repentance. *They* are strong. Poor fools! There is not a man of you but stands in the most imminent danger of dicing a drunkards death. Look around you—see that man—this man—your neighbors—men who you meet every day—men who you know are going just as straight to perdition as they can go; men whose business reputation is wanning, or entirely lost, and who seem to be given up to delusion, delirium tremens and the devil remember that they trod the path that you walk in, and with the same feelings of security. Let the vile stuff alone before men begin to lose their confidence in you, and point at you.

There is not a more pitiable sight under heaven than men whom we have loved and respected; men who have been held in good repute and who had the fairest prospects, walking voluntarily into a cloud which will entrap them and their's with sorrow, and which evermore hangs over an early grave, and too often an ignominious one. The path which leads away from all this mischief and misery is a plain and unmistakeable one; and the one to which we allude is the only one safe to those who have an appetite formed or forming. As for those who insist on keeping along in their downward track, let them go. The sooner they use themselves up—if they are bound to do it—the better for the community. It will, at least, stop them from putting the cup to the lips of their neighbors, and that is positive good.—*Springfield Repub.*

### British and American Ladies.

Mr. Colden, in his speech at the lord mayor's dinner, given in honor of Mr. Buchanan, said the greatest difference between England and America consisted in this, that a great deal more care was taken of the ladies in America than in England, and a great deal less care of the men.—He said—

"If the respect shown to the fair sex was a true criterion for estimating the chivalry of any country, certainly in the present age the palm must be conceded to America in regard to that amiable quality. (Hear, and a laugh.) In illustration of the American characteristic, he might mention that when in Boston, United States, on the anniversary of the American declaration of independence, he was anxious to gain admission to a church where one of their most distinguished orators was to deliver a political address appropriate to the occasion. The beadle who guarded the door steadfastly refused him access until the corporation had arrived; and on his (Mr Colden's) remarking, after waiting some time, that other persons were being admitted while he was excluded, the beadle naively replied, 'Oh! but these gentlemen have ladies with them and you have none; if you bring a lady with you I will let you in also.' (Laughter.) After adducing further examples of the same national trait, and likewise illustrating the carelessness evinced on American railways and elsewhere as to the safety of the sterner sex, the Hon. gentleman concluded by compairing the occasional quarrels between England and the United States to the internal disputes of a private family, which might, indeed, produce slight temporary estrangements, but were sure to end in increased friendliness and warmer endearments. The two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon family, in this respect, were like Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The Doctor would abuse poor "Goldie" himself whenever he pleased, but he would not allow any one else to do so.—(Laughter.)

### Managing a Husband.

'How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith!'

'Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make. Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room that my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things the while.

'Now, Croaker has a way of tugging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of the sugar I'm using.

'Well, you see, it drives me frantic! and when I woke up this morning and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death such weather; that if he wasn't capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days—and that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out; and I hid his umbrella and Indian rubbers. Well of course, he was right end up; (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was strutting down street at the rate of ten knots an hour.

'You see there is nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married unless she is thoroughly posted in this branch of her education.'—*Fanny Fern.*

☞ 'It is a curious fact,' says some etymologists, 'that it is the female mosquito that torments us.' A bachelor friend says it is not at all curious.

### The Wanderer's Return.

BY WILLIAM H. TOLDRIDGE.

He stood upon the brow of the hill, and the departing sun threw its last mellow beams upon his ashy cheek. He was gazing down into the peaceful little village, which he had left eight long, weary years before, and a hot, gushing tear fell from his eye, his head bent till his chin touched his breast, and a low moan of despair came from his lips, and died away. He thought of his mother—of the prayers she had taught him as he was wont to kneel before her ere he closed his eyes in sleep. Again he saw her loving words of kindness—again he saw her mild blue eyes bent upon him, beaming with love.

And then he thought of the evening when he retired to his room for the last time, when his mother, little thinking her boy was going to flee that night from the humble cottage, pressed a kiss upon his guilty brow; and as he returned wanderer looked from his native hills upon his village home, that kiss seemed to blister there, and eat into his throbbing brain. He saw the smoke curling up from the chimneys of the humble cots; and his eyes were strained in the direction of his beloved but deserted homestead. Alas! he saw there no smoke rising from the small chimney, which would have told of life within, and a gloomy thought crept into his heart.

'Oh, mother,' he wildly exclaimed, 'I have returned after years of misery to see thee once again. Thou art my old friend: every one scoffs at the unknown wanderer; but you, I know, will gather your erring son again to your bosom, and tears of joy will fall from those eyes, that have so long been watching for his return!' And tears rained down the cheeks of the unhappy man.

Wrapping his cloak more closely round his thin form, the wanderer wended his way down the hill, and sauntered up the village road. No one knew him, and soon he reached his cottage home. But his cheek grew pale, for there were no signs of life around the humble cot; the palings were broken down, and the door hung loosely on its rusty hinges. With a groan of agony he tottered on till he reached the village church yard. The white tombstones glistened in the rays of the setting sun, as he entered; but he noticed not anything, for the "vampire of despair had banquetted on his heart."

Tired and heart-broken, he at length sunk before a raw made grave, and pressed his burning brow to the cold marble, when his mother's name caught his eye written on the stone.

'Oh, God, this is too much!' groaned he; 'my darling mother dead, and I was not here to sooth her last moments!'

He sank upon the ground, and the red blood flowed from his mouth, and dyed his mother's grave. In his anguish he had burst a blood-vessel.

The sun disappeared, and the moon rose slowly from the blue hills far away, and threw its silver rays upon the cold, lifeless form of the wanderer.

The Fair Sex in Turkey.—The Turk's wives are so muffled up that they cannot see where they are walking; and they roll about like barrels, from the length of their dresses and the largeness of their shoes. He veils and imprisons; yet allows them to go where they please unaccompanied. Turks are never seen in public with their wives. On the one hand they appear to consider ladies as Nature's choicest handiwork; for they can imagine no present so grateful to the Sultan, on the great festical of the Bairam, than a young maiden. On the other hand, they deny women any place or influence in society; and, while they refuse them a soul, insist that they shall be transported bodily to paradise. In Turkey a girl seldom brings a portion to her husband; but the husband pays a sum of money to her parents. Turkish women are lively, gossiping, restless; the men are taciturn, calm, and apathetic. A Turk considers it shameful to look at a lady passing him. He never suffers the name of a wife to pass his lips, and would consider it an insult if you asked after her health. Yet he is a polygamist, and has children by his slaves.

Good Doctrine.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they blockade your path walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark 'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandle of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be but a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you, and acknowledge their error.

The Mount Vernon Estate.—John A. Washington writes to the National Intelligencer that he was willing to sell Mount Vernon to either Virginia or the United States, but both declining to purchase, the property is not now for sale.

When you see gossamer flying, be sure the air is drying.

### The Dying Man's Reverie.

Adieu, adieu, thou treach'rous world,
Not with sad regret I leave thee;
Hope's bright banner above, unfurled,
Flaunts in gladness to receive me;
The struggling spirit which now rebels
Within thy earthly frame of clay,
To cast away the fulsome spells
That long have lured it to decay,
Soon on pinions wide and bright,
Will hail a glorious, endless light.

Adieu, oh world! thy barbed darts,
Unaimed, can pierce the purest breast,
Divide the truly doting hearts,
And rob them of their earthly rest,
No anodyne can heal the wounds
Thy malice opes, to gape and bleed!
The herb thou'dst give no more abounds,
But long ago has grown to seed;
Then flee my soul, and glad my sight
With one fond gleam of heavenly light.

Adieu, thou world of endless pain,
Where every puny-shallow mind,
Unbidden, seeks the goal of fame;
But, as the calmest summer wind
At Jove's dread voice affrighted roars
O'er ocean's vast and mighty deep,
Even, so the vain aspirant soars,
But falls at proud ambition's feet;
Then welcome, death—I'll stay thy strife,
And take my leave of this frail life.

## POLITICAL.

### Abolitionism and Democracy.

Let those who charge the American party with abolitionism, read the following Democratic authority. On the one side is the testimony of the Charleston Mercury, an ultra Southern Democratic journal friendly to the present administration, and on the other, that of a Free Soil member of Congress. If such evidence be not conclusive as to the fact that the strength of the Democratic party at the North and West, has consisted in its affiliation with Abolitionism, and all other sorts of fanaticism, we know not what is. The Democrats say that at present there is no such union. Grant it, and it only accounts for the present entire prostration of that party. These factions haue, they say, undertaken to do business on their own hooks, and in doing so they have left their poor old mother so weak that she is scarcely able to stand upon her legs.—Causes produce effects.

The Northern Democracy.—The Charleston Mercury is in favor of Pierce's re-nomination.—But it does not like the Democracy. It says:

"The Democratic party has been overwhelmed at the North by Abolitionism, and is powerless, either for its own national ends or the protection of the South. The party is *abolitioned, disorganized, and prostrate!*"

Mr. Cumback, of Indiana, a Democratic Free Soiler, made a speech in the House of Representatives on the 7th ult., on the Kansas contested election case, in which he declared that "*He stood by the old Democracy doctrine, affirming the right and duty of slavery inhibition in the territories by Congress, the doctrine proclaimed by Northern Democrats before the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, was that the act was intended not only to make those territories free, but to establish a cordon of free States to the Pacific.*" This country is becoming acquainted with the real slavery sentiments of the Northern Democracy.

Citizens of Chicago! these are your chief officers, appointed by the United States, the State of Illinois, and elected by the city and county,

☞ **All Irishmen!** ☜

The revenue of the United States, the entire taxes of the city and county, the whole State tax of Chicago, are placed in the hands of Irishmen!

The public prosecutor of the United States, the State prosecuting Attorney, six Justices of the Peace, and the Marshal who has the entire charge of the peace and order of the city, all are Irishmen!

We call this 'squatter sovereignty with a vengeance,' and we fear that before long you will find it to be such! Americans! does your blood boil at such an outrage—such an utter, open, and unparalleled disgrace? Are you now satisfied as to the aims of Douglas. Can you read his plans and purposes? Do you feel that he is vile among the vile? If's to him we owe our thanks for such an exhibition of regard—this is the testimonial of esteem which we have from his hands, and it is with this splendid exhibition of his power, his magnanimity and his nationality that he presents himself as a candidate for the Presidency. But, Americans, this is not all, these are merely the prominent features in the picture—Douglas's chosen friends—he has many more such, who *would* occupy these positions, but failing in this, consent to be policemen. Four-fifths of the whole police force are Irishmen—the other fifth divided between the Dutch and the Americans, the latter to be dismissed as soon as their services can be possibly dispensed with. Shall we call your attention to the Board of Aldermen—ah no! you are well acquainted with them now!

You have seen a drunken Irishman *stagger* in his seat!

Look for a moment at your representatives in the Board of County Supervisors—who are they? Red-mouthed Irishmen!

Citizens of Chicago, you know the workings of squatter sovereignty—how do you like it? Shall it spread abroad over and around the land, or will you check it in its course? You see the indignity which has been placed upon you; rise, then, to a man, and utter your opinion. Let your voice go forth, even to the Senate Chamber, where he holds you up to derision and scorn! 'your Senator!' the embodiment of your sentiments! and let it brand him as the traitor that he is! false to America itself.

### Anybody Like Me.

'Anybody like me I aint anybody—I'm married aint a bachelor any longer. This isn't my home; tisn't my carriage, my horses, my opera box; nor they're Smith's. I'm not John K. Smith the richest broker on Montgomery street, but that fashionable Mrs. Smith's husband!

Nelly came down to the office yesterday morning, 'Sweet Nelly! She almost consols papa for all his cares—clustering curls, blue eyes—dear Nelly!

'Whose lovely child is that?'

'Mrs. Smith's' Of course she is! There it is? She don't belong to me, oh, certainly not! I wish I felt a little more clear on that point.

That expensive plate just going home is Mrs. Smith's. What if I did pay for it?—Don't I belong to Mrs. Smith? Poor, oppressed woman! They have only all their own property and half of their husband's, by law, and the rest by possession. But they need more *rights!* Where rights are *wrong*. I wonder what word the petitioners would use?'

And then the idea of calling me 'anybody!' I'm an animalcula; I'm absorbed, swallowed up, extinct!'

### Caught Counterfeiting.

Two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar; Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury was in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before the parties interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about 4 o'clock, an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the court house—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison. Mr. Bartlett the younger *gun*, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney general was examining two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By and by Mr. Barlet opened his eyes, cast a glance at the grey hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the attorney general, said audibly, 'I'll defend this man.' He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes—but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony, which appeared as clear as noon-day, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord and harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement, and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats, the jury declared the prisoner 'Not Guilty!'

The weeping man, with clasped hands, leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender. 'Let him out, constable,' said Mr. Bartlett, "and now you old rascall, go about your business, and never let me catch you counterfeiting money again." The jury started in wonder, and we left the court house laughing yet sorrowful.

### Weather Proverbs.

The following cutting from one of the Glasgow "Penny Almanacs" for this year, will be found generally so true and useful in its observations, as not unworthy of being copied:

A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning. That is if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer.

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight. This is also a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away.

Evening red, and next morning gray, are certain signs of a beautiful day.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp, the air is always damp.

If the cock goes crowing to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head.

When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture bath.

When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When ducks are driving thro' the burn, that night the weather takes a turn.

If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field.

But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

When rooks fly sporting high in air, it shows that windy storms are near.

If at the sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

Mistakes.—On no occasion do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following incident actually happened in a neighboring town: In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hands to implore the blessing of Heaven on the union. At this point, the groomsman seeing the open hands reached out supposed it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer he felt the pressure of two sweet half-dollars upon his palms. The good man for a moment hesitated, oppalled at the ludicrousness of his situation, but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions.

Thus is Life.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly, to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. Is he dead? will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work, but no one will miss us but our immediate connexions, and in a short time they will forget us and laugh as merily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, 'I remember him.' We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes.

☞ We heard some veteran story-tellers talking about the great 'September gale' of 1815. Its violence and extent were without parallel, reaching from Europe to America. One spokesman swore he was in Holland at the time, and came half across the ocean in three days, and saw the whales blown right out of the water. The other was in Massachusetts. 'Pooh! pooh! that's—that's nothing!' he shouted and drowned the other's voice, lest he should tell the more wonderful story. 'Nothing to what I saw! I knew a man who was out in the fields, a hundred miles away, (he didn't say from where,) and he saw things blowing all around him, and fust thing he knew—*down came a four dollar hat on his head—wore it for years.*' It was put to vote and decided that the hat beat the whales.—*Boston Post.*

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