Yorkville Enquirer.

JOHN L. MILLER, SAM'L. W. MELTON, } Proprietors. An Independent Journal: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South. { LEWIS M. GRIST, Publisher.

VOL. 1. YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1855. NO. 13.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

THE STAR AND NOTE.

(Written after illness.)

BY J. WOOD DAVIDSON.

"The divine locality of dreams." *Festus.*

"A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts."
Spanish Student.

"So near—so bright—so glorious that I seem
To lie entranced as in some wondrous dream."
L'Incognito.

"Oh, fine issues were little worth
Could we not sometimes dream."
H. W. Scratton.

I did not fear the hand of Death,
And less the silence of the grave:
I could resign this anguished breath
Back to its ocean as a wave:
But onward *here* there seemed to lie
A star that lit my future sky.

Delirious hours as wild as night
Called not a terror to my side,
And less the lucid moment's light
When life seemed ebbing as a tide:
Yet o'er that scene a fairy note,
Like passion-music, seemed to float.

A star-ray o'er that night of pain?—
And soft-heart music with the beam?
Two voices, asking life again,
Could soothe the frant'c *fever-dream!*
The stars—ambition lit its flame;
The Note—'tis linked with Nea's name.

WINNSBORO', S. C.

Thrilling Sketches.

THE BROTHER HUNTERS.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where the rocky slopes extend far into the cultivated settlements, and at no great distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe winter threatened to imprison it, two white hunters walked, wrapped in their blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows, as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegantly fringed leggins, the closely-fitting and carefully soled mocasins showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods, and were not of those land lugters' who, especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State, in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

'Bill,' one of them at last said, as he stopped, 'our searching is of no use—you see I was right; the stream is here too wide for us to find a tree lying across it, and if I really went to work with my little tomahawk, and felled one of the nearest plane trees, it would not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm is gathering behind us, and I think we should not do wrong were we to make arrangements for passing this night better then the last; it will be bitterly cold.'

'It's very annoying, though,' Bill answered his brother, crossly, 'that we could not reach the ravine over there to-night, for, in the first place, we should find famous quarters in one of the numerous caves, and then, besides, I should have liked to look for bears; there are sure to be some there. The water's too cold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then to work; here are old trees enough lying about, and bark roof can be easily made.'

'There are almost too many trees lying about,' Tom replied, looking all around him, 'and those still standing seem rotten and ready to fall I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father once told us about such a place.'

'Nonsense!' Bill, said laughingly. 'Can we find a better camping-place? The little stream runs along at our feet, there's plenty of wood close and handy, the young trees will furnish famous poles, and the bark there is first rate for a roof.'

Tom made no further objections; the spot looked too inviting, and they were both soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night at least, which could afford there refuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof, watching the pieces of meat broiling on the fire.

'It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned,' Tom at length broke the silence; only look, the water in the tin pan is frozen quite hard, the wind has chopped round to the north-east; it blows confoundedly sharp too.'

'Let it blow,' Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; 'I am tired, and want to sleep, Tom. Lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must rouse the other.'

Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north wind that howled over the snow-clad hills into the valley, could not disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of clouds had, however, collected together from various quarters; darkly threatening they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless branches, as if in timid forebodings of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through the narrow mountain ravines.

'Bill!' cried Tom, springing up in horror—'Bill, get up; we dare not lie down; see how the old trees quiver; and do you hear, there's one of them cracking?'

'Hallo!' Bill replied, as he quickly threw off his blanket, 'has it caught us? Hi! Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confounded northwester won't take it along with it.'

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting-place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of night. A lighting flash again burst forth from the clouds, and the thunder deadened the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth were torn from its foundations; far, far away on it came; at first indistinctly with a hollow sound, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation around.

'Almighty God, a hurricane?' Tom cried, starting up in terror, for at the same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks, which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin twigs, and with one blow, that struck terror to the heart of the listeners, the whole forest was mown level with the earth by the hand of the Almighty.

The hurricane raged further and further with frightful velocity; for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like reeds to the ground, for miles around it marked its path with desolation and destruction; but silence, grave-like silence, followed in its track, and rested over the widely-scattered trees not a breath was stirring, and the calmness of death, after this horrying outbreak of the elements, affected the poor heart of a mortal with a more agonizing shudder than it had felt even in the most terrible fury of the storm.

Bill had miraculously escaped, without even the slightest injury; clinging tightly to an immense tree that had previously fallen; another oak that fell across it only served to save him, as it guarded him the other continually falling branches and smaller trees; but now, as soon as the first most pressing danger was passed, he jumped up and cried, filled with terror, to his brother:

'Tom—brother Tom—do answer, Tom.—Great God! has such a terrible end fallen to your share!'

'No! it would have been well for him if that had been his lot; he still lived, and his weak voice, at no great distance, struck the hunter's attentive ear.

'All-merciful Heavens!' the latter cried, when he had quickly leaped over a couple of trees lying in the way, and, with a blazing pine-torch in his hand, stood before him he sought.

'All-merciful Heavens!' he repeated in almost maddening agony, and covered his face with his hands, for close to him, pale as a corpse, with both his thighs buried beneath an immense oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother, the playmate of his youth, the darling of his heart.

'It's very cold,' the unhappy man whispered, and looked up imploringly to the hunter, who, apparently incapable of any further movement, stood near him at if hewn out of stone—'it's very cold, Bill; can you bring me a little fire?'

These words broke the charm which seemed to possess his half unconscious brother.

'Tom, Tom!' he cried, as he threw himself with groans on the mutilated body of his dearest companion.

'You hurt me Bill,' the latter entreated; my arm pains me, and it is so cold.'

'Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds,' Bill now cried, as he sprang hastily up, 'lie there a minute longer, and I'll fetch some ashes, and then help you up—only a moment's patience;' and in haste he flew back to the still burning camp fire. Ah! he did not notice the weak, painful smile which stole over the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him to have patience.' He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—the flames scorched his hunting-shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side; plenty of driftwood lay around, in a few moments a bright, cheering fire flared by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and maddly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

'Bill!' Tom gently begged him, 'come here, come—give me your hand—that right. And now, Bill—do you really love me?'

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered this question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty, suffocated every sound.

'Will you do me a service?' Tom implored, drawing the unresising man closer to him.

'A service!' Bill whispered—'a service!' What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?'

'You promise to do it?'

'What is it?' the hunter asked, in terror.

'Take your rifle,' Tom begged, 'and put an end to my sufferings.'

'Tom!' the brother cried, as he sprung up in horror.

'Put an end to my sufferings,' the unhappy man entreated. Bill! brother! if you ever loved me, prove it now. Do not let me perish here, slowly and horribly.

'I will save you if it cost my own life,' Bill cried. 'I will return to you with assitance this very night.'

'That is not possible,' the poor fellow replied, sorrowfully shaking his head. The next settlement is, by the nearest road, at least fifteen miles from here; but the road you would have to take to go round the rocks and ravines, is twenty; and if you came back, if you brought fifty people with you, what help could they give me? Both my thighs are shattered, and the nearest Doctor lives in Little Rock, hundreds of miles from here, and whither we scarce know the direction. Bill, will you let me lie here for days, and afterwards see me perish miserably?'

'Ask my own life, and you shall have it with pleasure; but don't require such a terrible thing from me; it must be possible to save you—I have my tomahawk—I can cut this tree—I can——'

'Can you cure wounds like these?' Tom interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and the brother fell upon his knees, with a groan.

'I cannot murder you,' he gently said.

'And do you call that murder? Oh, Bill! he continued, 'could you only fancy the pain I am now suffering, you would take compassion—would not let me beg in vain.'

'I will give you the rifle—don't make me my brother's murderer,' Bill groaned.

'My right arm is also broken; I cannot, even if I would.''

'Tom!' the powerful man sobbed, as he threw himself by his brother's side, 'what is it you want of me?'

'What did you lately do to Nestor when the deer had torn him so terribly?

'I shot him.'

'He was your favorite dog.'

Bill only answered with sobs.

'And you loved him more than me?' Tom now asked, almost reproachfully.

'Oh! why did I not heed your warning when we last night reached this unhappy spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees that threatened us on all sides? why—

'Bill?' the unhappy man interrupted him, 'do you mean to free me from my torture?'

'I will!' the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck. They held one another in cold embrace for a long while, but when Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother only held him the tighter. Day at length broke in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly scattered trees around.

'Let us part,' Tom whispered, 'be a man.'

He quietly pushed his brother back, and he at length stood up.

'Well, then, be it so! I see you are right—it is impossible to save you. I know, too, that I should have asked the same of you in a similar case, and you would not have refused me. Pray to God for the last time, and pray too for me, that he may forgive me the murder of my brother.'

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but he returned in a few moments with a firm and certain step. With his gun in his left hand, he swung himself with his right over the scattered trunks, and soon stood again by the side of his brother, who looked affectionately in his face.

'I am ready;' the latter said, with a smile; 'do not tremble, and God reward you for your kindness—good-by.' He offered him his sound hand as he turned his face away.

'Brother!' the tortured hunter cried, in agony, and threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a close embrace, till Tom entered gently, 'I do not delay any longer.' With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconscious by the brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe now he awoke and piled branch upon branch on his brother's corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away, and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends? No! enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering Creeks, a compassionate ballet put an end to his life, and friends buried him where he fell! But his memory has been still retained in that neighborhood and when a hunter camps at night, and turns an inquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer parts the lips of even the roughest and wildest of the band, and whispers, 'God preserve me from poor Tom's fate.''

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The following thrilling adventure is from an English Magazine:

"Father will have done the great chimney to night, won't he mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of these great chimneys; it's so risky, thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all day in the woods.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand, and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of these lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty.—This chimney was of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sank within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that every thing was right, and then waiving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, long cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above.

"The rope! the rope!" The men looked around and, coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed should have been fastened to the top of the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough or skillfully enough to reach the top of the chimney; or, if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously and as swiftly as usual, with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life when Tom ran in. His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out—"Mother! Mother! He cannot get down!"

"Who lad? Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down" exclaimed they, as Mrs Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that lad!" cried the wife with clear, hopeful voice; "thee munna do that. Waita bit. Tak' off thy stockings, lad and unravel it, and let down the thread wi' a bit of mortar. Doest hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense wondering what Tom's mother could be doing, and why she sent him in such haste to the carpenter's hall of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last reached the eager stretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up it stopped, the string had reached her husband. "Now, hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them?—Would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety?—She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised upon him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O, my soul? and why art thou disquieted with me? Hope thou in God. She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother, he's safe," cried little Tom. "Thou'st saved me Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her.

"Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it has been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them into God. And the holiday next day—was it not, indeed, a thanksgiving day.

AS FAR UP AS THEY OWN.—We have just heard a good 'un. Not long ago, a distinguished divine of this city, was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished Divine is the spiritual Shephard.

Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, (which was very tall and not yet completed,) "How much higher is that going to be?"

"Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in *that direction!*"

Distinguished divines, liked Dickens' beadles are, after all, but human.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AHASUERUS.

Every one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the particulars of the legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans, reports one which was current in the last during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—"This year (1229) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the Pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. Having repaired to St. Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto-martyr, he was received with honor by the abbot and the convent. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rites and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioned, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who yet exists as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, a native of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord abbot's servants—replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the pretorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkeepers, pushed him sharply behind, saying in a contemptuous voice: "Walk faster, Jesus, why lost thou tarry?" Then answered the Christ with a severe and powerful look: "I walk as it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming." At the time of the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. Whenever he attains his fiftieth year, he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he wakes restored again to youth. He was converted to the Christian faith, and baptised by Ananias, the same who baptised Paul, receiving in baptism the name of Joseph. He resides generally in Armenia. His conversation is pious and edifying. The bishops are his chief associates. He talks but little, and only when his society is sought by high dignitaries of the church, and by holy persons; then he gives curious details respecting the Passion and resurrection of Christ," &c.

The Western tradition is somewhat different from the above, and it is supposed by some to be more ancient, although we know not upon what grounds. This version supposes the Jew to have been a shoemaker at Jerusalem, named Ahasuerus, and that after his baptism he received the name of Puttadeus. Here is the veritable legend, as contained in a letter written in 1618, by Chrysostomus Dulukeus, of Neophilia, to one of his friends at Revel:—"In the year 1547, M. Paulus von Eitzen, Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and Bishop of Schleswig, was attending service in a church at Hardlarg, one Sunday during winter, when he saw, most miserably clad, that old Jew who has wandered through the world ever since the Passion of Christ. He appeared about fifty years old, tall in stature, with long hair hanging over his shoulders. He remained during the sermon, and listened thereto with much devotion. On leaving the church, the doctor entered into conversation with him. The Jew informed him modestly that he was born at Jerusalem, where he exercised the trade of a shoemaker; that his name was Ahasuerus; and that he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ. Afterwards he talked of the Apostles. Then he added, that Christ, wishing to rest against the wall of his house, in account of the heavy weight of the cross, he had repulsed Him rudely, and bade Him go His way, when our Lord made the reply which is so well known. This Jew was very quiet and discreet in his manner. If he happened to hear say one blasphemy, he exclaimed, with a sigh, and in a deep anguish: 'Oh, unhappy man, why dost thou thus abuse the name of God, and of His cruel martyrdom? If thou hadst seen, as I did, how heavy and how bitter was the agony of Christ, for thine own sake and for mine, thou wouldst rather suffer the greatest evils than blaspheme His holy name!' When money was offered to him, he never took more than two shillings, and of that even he gave a part to the poor, declaring that his own wants were ever well supplied by God. He was never known to laugh. Whenever he journeyed, he always spoke the language of the country; thus at this time he expressed himself in very good Saxon. There are many people of quality who have seen this Jew in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries; as also in Germany, at Rostock, Wismer, Dantzig, and Konigsberg. In the year 1575, two ambassadors of Holstien, and particularly the secretary, Christopher Kraus, met him at Madrid, ever the same in figure, age, manners, and costume. In the year 1599, he was at Vienna, and in 1691 at Lubeck. Many persons also saw and conversed with him in the year 1616, in Livonia at Cracow, and at Moscow."

Such is the legend of "Der Ewige Judge"—*the Everlasting Jew.* Like the story of St. Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the commencement of the fourth century—and it must have profoundly impressed the heart of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melancthon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communions. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of wo, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none; and more wretched in the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

The power to die disproves the right to grieve!

He has passed, "like a shadow, from land to land," with the "pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul." His memory stretches far back, "down the long generations," embracing every thing of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whose last reproachful look still haunts his agonised soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can soothe. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, pass over into the "silent land;" but still the Everlasting Jew shall pursue his "pilgrimage of wo," until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chaunt the deathsong of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in unpretended ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as *L'Histoire veritable du Juif errant, qui depuis l'an 33 jusqu'd l'heure presente ne fait que marcher*; and, lastly, men of genius were fascinated by its mystic grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his Memoirs, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the "shoemaker of Jerusalem" with the careless *enjoue* humor of old Hans Sachs. In so doing, he would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which attaches to the history of the Wandering Jew, as the prey of an eternal sorrow.

"IT WAS RUM THAT DID IT."

Such was the text from which was preached a most impressing sermon on Friday last in our city, Buffalo; and the text was the sermon also, and text and sermon were the last words of one of God's erring creatures.

There was no organ with its swelling notes dying away in lengthened aisles to open the services, there were no anthems of joy and praise with which to continue the worship of God, there was no benediction sweetly breaking upon the ear of devout worshippers as they rose from cushioned seats to leave the house of prayer; but the services was imposingly solemn, and it sank deem into the hearts of an awe-stricken assembly.

It was the "Court of Death." There stood justice, stern justice, in the person of the executive of the law, and in his hand the warrant which commanded him to revenge the injury done to the peace and dignity of society; there were men of God devoutly asking offended Heaven to purify the blood-stained soul of the trembling victim, there was the platform, the gallows, the rope, the drop, and, observed of all, there stood the cringing, shivering outcast who was to expiate his crime by yielding up his miserable life as the last lesson he could read to evil-doers. That criminal was the preacher, robed in a frock of white, girt by a black sash, and on his brow the fatal cap. During this dressing for the grave the distracted man cried out:

"Great God! Oh! my God! what an end I have come to! Merciful God, look down on me! Oh! Lord have mercy on my soul! *It was rum that did it!*"

To his dying moment did that terrified man proclaim that his murdered wife did not offend him in any thing, that he loved her, and yet under the infernal spell of rum had he imbrued his hand in her blood; that hand with which, three short months before, he had pledged her his love and protection.

We have never read of a more harrowing scene than the death of Darry. He shricked with terror and his cries for mercy were piteous. But he had been guilty of one of the foulest murders on record, and he must die; the safety of society demanded his life. He could not escape his fate, and he stood with the halter about his neck and the hatchet was raised to sever the cord which should launch him with his sins full-blown into eternity, and there looking upon the terrible past and the dreadful future did he raise his voice and utter the fearful warning against the use of intoxicating drink.

Will the world hear and heed the words of this despairing man? "Oh that I should come to such an end! It was rum that did it." Will those who daily put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains listen to this voice from a murderer's grave? "Tell them to leave liquor alone; it has been the death of me!" Weeping and groaning as the grave opened beneath his feet he screamed, "God help me!" "God forgive me!" "Christ assist me to pass through this struggle!"

This is no fancy picture, but drawn, word for word, from the scene in the prison. "It was rum that did it."—*Cleveland Herald.*

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN.

Taking a narrow path, I passed though a dense underwood, and all at once I stood on the banks of Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water 100 yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads beneath the unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff, and pushed off. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were. I answered, "about four feet."—He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me; and so it was. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in water forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged grayish limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes.—Through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moves slowly on, and now we hang trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far, far below it, lies a dark, yawning, unfathomed abyss. From its gorge comes pouring forth with immense velocity a living river.

Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is then one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and I saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water must possess a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece of money could not be so plainly seen from the top of a tower one hundred and ninety feet in height. We rowed on towards the north side and suddenly we perceived the water, the fish, which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide luxuriant grasses on the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death like stillness reigned around and a more fairy-scene I never beheld.

So great is the quantity of water here poured forth that it forms a river of itself, large enough to float flat boats laden with cotton.—The planter who lives here has just transported his cotton to St. Marks. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon which has been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side.

The Indian name for the fountain is beautifully significant. Wakulla means. "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers plunged into it with an almost frantic joy, supposing that they had discovered the long sought "Fons Javentutis," or "Fountain of Youth," which should rejuvenate them after all their exhausting marches and battles.

WHY DON'T HE DO IT?

When the farmer *knows* that a gate is better, and, as a time and labor-saving fixture cheaper than a set of bars, and without calling on a carpenter he can himself make one; *Why don't he do it?*

When he has no other fastenings to his gates and barn doors than a stone rolled against them, and in a single evening, after supper, is able to make a better one; *Why don't he do it*

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about his premises, and need only nailing on again; *Why don't he do it*

Or if he is afraid of the expense of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr Franklin, to "save pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," and he knows that the same Dr. Franklin also said that many men are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is not careful to think of the precept contained in the latter; *Why don't he do it?*

If it is a saving of nearly half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yards, instead of running at large through most of the winter; *Why don't he do it?*

If he knows that many of his fields would be greatly improved by ditching, and by the removal of large stumps and stones; *Why don't he do it?*

And when he knows that his pastures would yield nearly double the feed if the bushes were all cut and subdued; *Why don't he do it?*

And if he can add fifty per cent to the product of his clover fields, and even his pastures by the use of gypsum; *Why don't he do it?*

And if a farmer of fifty acres (as he should) have use for a good corn sheller, and one of the many improved fanning mills, and has not already obtained both; *Why don't he do it?*

And if it is cheaper, actually cheaper, to burn dry wood than green, and to use a stove instead of an open fire place; *Why don't he do it?*

BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY.

So say we. There's no use in rubbing one's eyes and blubbering over all ills that flesh is heir to. The best way is to stand up to the rack, and take the good things and the evil as they come along, without repining, always cheering yourself with that philosophical, "better luck next time."

Is dame fortune shy as a weasel? Tell her to go to Jericho, and laugh in her face. The happiest fellow we ever saw, worked hard, slept upon a plank, and hadn't a shilling in his pocket, nor even a coat upon his back.

Do you find disappointment lurking in many a place? Then throw it away, and laugh at your own folly for so long pursuing it.

Does fame elude your grasp? then laugh at the fools that are so often her favorites. She's of no consequence, and never buttered a piece of bread, or furnished a man a suit of cloths. Is your heart broken by some maiden fair? Then thank God that you escaped with your neck, and make the welkin ring with a hearty laugh. It lessens the weight of one's heart amazingly.

Take the advice under all circumstances "laugh dull care away." Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world; it's a very good world considering the creatures who inhabit it, and is about as full of fun as it can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face; it's a grand preventive of suicide. There's philosophy and good sense, too, in laughing—it shows a clear conscience and a sincere gratitude for the things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation. So let goes for good humor, and we put in for a share while the ball is rolling.

☞ Old Cuffey of Stonington, Conn., a retired preacher in his day; after three or four years of widowhood, determined to marry. He found a maid ready, and inviting a great party, asked Squire Trumbull to tie the knot. That worthy expatiated for an hour on the contract, when the dusky couple dressed up within an inch of their lives, and the sweat pouring from their faces in torrents, during the unusual and lengthy address, grew restive; old Cuffy finding no end near, at last roared out, "Massa Trumbull, it 'pears to me you have more too much perangulation! De company can't waite all night for de good things—I neider!"

The ceremony was quickly finished after the outburst—and tradition saith, that more champaign, was uncorked on that occasion than at any wedding in the town before, or since.

☞ The reason why our aristocracy puts its servants in livery is because it fears that the footman or coachman may be mistaken for the master, there is so little difference between them, either in looks, manners or speech!

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.