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A Selected Cale.

THE DEATH COUNCIL OR THE SECOND POCAHONTAS.

[A true story of the early Settlements of N. York.] BY HENRY R. TRACY.

The first white settler of the town of Westmoreland, in Oneida county, New York, was James Dean, Esq., a native of New England, and a graduate, we believe, of Dartmouth, College. In his boyhood he had been sent among the Indians on the Susquehana river, to acquire their language, as it was the intention of his parents that he should become a missionary to carry the gospel among the dark skinned sons of the forest.

He became intimately acquainted with Indian character and customs, so that upon his appointment to the post of Indian Agent, with the rank of Major, after his studies were com pleted, and upon the breaking out of hostilities in 1775, he made himself a favorite with the Oneidas, in whose vicinity he was stationed during most of the war, and was adopted into the tribe according to Indian custom, and became a favorite son of the wife of a chief.

In 1787 he found himself settled upon a tract of land, two miles square, granted to him by the Oneidas at the close of the war and on which he had erected a small house, which afforded a comfortable shelter for his young wife and two rosy children, one two years old and the other an infant of a few months.

Major Dean was at this time happily situated, so far as himself or any human intellect could discover to the contrary. The war of the revolution was ended. His beloved country, although she had waded thro' seas of blood to achieve her independence, was now, thank God, free. Major Dean was far on the fron-tiers of civilization, almost in the bosom of a tribe of savages-the Queidas, who alone of the Six Nations had fought under the American standard, and he was an adopted son of the tribe. It is true that his young wife often sighed as she thought of the home she had left behind in a pleasant village in the valley of the Connecticut, now celebrated for its onions; but he reminded her of the advantages of their early location, in the section of the country whose fertility would soon attract the enterprising New Englanders to the neighborhoods which then seemed so lonely.

Although there were uo white residents within many miles, yet the red-skins were friendly. The wife of Skenaudoah, the great chief of the Oneidas, was his mother by Indian adoption, and she often visited the wigwam of her pale-faced son, with presents for his "white squaw and little pappooses."-They lacked not for soft moccasins, ornamented with beeds, and quills of the porcupine, dyed scarlet, blue, and yellow. And especially did the good Nankoah delight in adorning the person of the oldest pappoose, after the Indian fashion, with trinkets and guads which seemed to civilized eyes more grotesque than comely; and her black eyes sparkled with delight when she saw the little boy toddling about, a miniature brave, lacking only the tattooing and the scap-lock. She also bestowed upon the family presents, which in their circumstances were more valuable to them. Their larder never lacked for game, even when the Major's rifle and fowling piece failed to procure a supply, for Nankoah brought the choicest the forest afforded just when it was most needed, and most acceptable. If any member of the little household fell sick, Nankoah was at hand with healing roots and herbs. which had greater efficacy than the more expensive medicaments of the professional leech. Without prying into the affairs of his family after the civilized fashion, she was enabled by her native gift of intuition, to discover and anticipate many little wants, and thus she added materially to the sum of their happiness, seeluded as they were from intercourse with their

Thus did the dark countenance of the In dian woman become a light to Major Dean's cottage. She was beautiful, as those who in later years have seen favorable specimens of her noble tribe, will readily believe. Here was a wild and solemn beauty, so to speak, which seemed reflected from the dark evergreens of her native forest. Her form, which had never been improved in the modern fashion, was faultless; her raven hair was always arranged with a certain degree of taste, her black eyes were calm and loving in their ordinary expression, while it was manifest to a keen observer, that when passion stirred her heart, hatred and scorn would flash in lightning through them from its depths.

The orange colored mantle of autumn had been thrown over the forests, and the crops, small, but valuable, which Major Dean had cultivated on his clearing, were already garnered. For some days he had noticed that the Oneidas, whose village was situated about three miles off, had apparently avoided him; and as he was on the most friendly terms with them as a tribe, and some among them had ever treated him with particular marks of esteem. he was unable to account for this sudden coldness. On several occasions when he had sauntered into the skirts of the woods in search of game, he had casually met with an Oneida. but before he could gain an opportunity to accost him, the wiley red-skin had disappeared in the depths of the underwood. These circumstances had begun to produce an impression on his mind, for he knew that they boded who was especially indebted to him for kindness, came suddenly upon him in the edge of fervently with her Heavenly Father to cause

facts and circumstances which explained the conduct of his dark-browed friends, in a manner which was calculated to produce great un-

An Indian of the Oneida tribe had been murdered by a white man, and according to the belief of the red man, there could be no rest for the departed spirit until his death was avenged. The Indian custom was, when one of a tribe was murdered, to kill the murderer, if possible, and if that was impracticable, one of his tribe must pay the renalty of his life to secure rest to the soul of the murdered brave. An Oneida had been slain by a white man, and as Major Dean was the only white within their solemn council, the propriety of putting their friend to death.

For several days the debate was prolonged, the friendly Indian giving a report each day to Major Dean of what had passed in the council. He hoped, fondly hoped, that the party op-posed to sacrificing him would prevail. He he knew that he was watched, and that the nearest white settlement was too far distant to be reached in safety. He dared not inform his his life, so dear to himself, for her sake and her children's. The suspense in which he lived to conceal the anxiety that was consuming

In the covert of the forest he prayed in agony of soul, that his wife and babes might not be left without a protector in the wilderness. A oice from Heaven seemed to assure him that his petition was granted, and he retired to his couch that night more cheerful than he had been for several days. His Indian friend had not visited him that afternoon, but he felt sure that the council had decided in his favor.

He slept soundly until near midnight, when he was awakened by a cry proceeding from the neighboring forest. His quick ear discovered that a band of the Oneidas were approaching, singing his death song. He aroused his wife, and in a few words informed her what had taken place, and what must now be his doom .-Imprinting one kiss on her pale brow, he left her bending over the little ones in silent prayer and went into the outer room to meet the Oneidas, who were already at the door.

In spite of his strongest efforts at self-possession, Major Dean's paleness betrayed the anxiety, the agony which gnawed his heart. But his lips were compressed, and the hand which waved a haughty invitation for the chiefs to enter, trembled not. He was brave, and feared not to die, but the thought of what might befall the little group he had left in his sleeping apartment, almost unnerved him for the task of dealing with his fierce guests, for he was determined to try the power of his eloquence and reasoning with them, feeling certain that no personal ill-will against him, but rather a sense of duty, had prompted them to seek his

The chiefs, six in number, sat down, and Major Dean, having placed a candle on a table which occupied one corner of the apartment, placed himself in an attitude of attention. Silence reigned for some moments, the countenances of the savages betraying no emotion thy of death. The white who killed an Oneida, and then to hint at an election of Commanderwhatever. At length a chief arose, and, in a he should fail under the hatchet-his life should in-Chief." brief but energetic address, explained to object of their visit. Their murdered brother, who slain. had been a brave man during his life, could have no rest in the hunting ground of spirits until his murder had been avenged by the death and his papooses? Let them rather hunt out of a white man. The Great Spirit himself was now angry with his red children for delaying to execute the sentence which some of their tribe had been willing to pronounce on him

Major Dean replied in a speech which he hoped would make an impression on the savages sufficiently powerful to cause a reversal of speak in Indian councils, versed in Indian lore and knew what arguments would be likely to have weight in the minds of the red sons of the forests. All those he urged with all the elomence of which he was master, dealing with the question mostly in the abstract, and hardly referring to himself and the personal interest which he had in his own life.

The Indian orator rejoined, and again Maor Dean replied to him, and thus the debate went on between the two, the remainder of the party preserving silence, and seeming perfecty indifferent, or as if the matter was prejudgi, and the doom of the white man was already fixed. It became evident to him that all the arguments which he was capable of adducing had already been adduced and overthrown in the protracted debate held at the council of

And as the debate went on, hope waxed fainter and fainter in the heart of Major Dean. He felt that no personal enmity was entertained for him, but the Indian spirit of revenge ta king high ground, operating like the white man's sense of religious duty, was harder to deal with, more difficult to allay or satisfy, than any mere personal animosity. It was the old Jewish code, an eye for an eye, tooth for tooth-blood for blood, and life for life. But the motive of those poor savages was more comprehensive in design than this bloody part of the Jewish code-it was not merely to prevent murder, but to secure eternal rest to the soul of a slain brother.

The annals of mankind furnish but few scenes like that in the white man's cabin in the frontier wilderness at midnight, where he was pleading alone for his life. No, not pleading for life, for he knew when he became a mere suppliant for existence, he would incur the contempt of the savages, and peril his last chance of saving it. He was, rather, engaged in an attempt to prove, logically, his right to live.

and that they had no right to slay him. He had for a long time maintained this high position, but his hopes, as we have said, were growing fainter and fainter as the debate proceeded. The listening chiefs were beginning to manifest slightly, their impatience at the protracted nature of the conference, when, during a brief pause, Maj. Dean caught the tones no good to him; when at length, an Indian of his wife's voice in the other apartment conferring not with flesh and blood, but pleading

the forest one day, and revealed to him some the life of her husband to be spared. This was ed toward the Oneidas' village, and departed too much for him to bear without betraying with them from the cottage. the weakness incident to the nature of civilized, refined men. For the moment he forgot the group of terrible war-chiefs before him come to take him away to execution. He saw only that other group in which his heart was bound up, and for them he trembled with emotion, for them he condescended to beg his life at the

hands of the stern warriors. Urged by an impulse which he could not resist, he poured forth a vehement appeal, couched in language such as he would have addressed to a band of white men in like circumstances. When he had ended, he detected instant-

ly a smile of exultation on more than one of reach, the chiefs of the tribe were debating in the dark countenances before him-a smile which seemed to say "he, like all white men, is weak-hearted." The orator bounded to his feet to reply, but during that instant of silence, a noise from another quarter arrested the attention of the whole party.

A pattering of soft moccasined feet was heard on the threshold of the outer door and across could not fly with his wife and little ones, for the bare floor as Nankoah entered the apartment, followed by five other Indian women, the wives of the first chiefs of the tribe. With a soft step, but with determination stamped on wife of the uncertain tenure on which he held their brows, they entered and ranged themselves on one side of the room. The chiefs, inexpressibly surprised as they were, by this was fearful, and it required all his self-command unheard-of breach of Indian etiquette, which forbids unconditionally, any woman to enter their councils, let fall some ejaculations expressive of their astonishment, but Skenandoah signed to the orator to proceed. He did so in a vein of irony mingled with invective, ending in a strain like the following:

"Our brother's heart has grown soft since the wars are over, and he is afraid to die. We thought our white brother brave, and not like women; but all white men fear death. Is the white man's God less kind to his children than our Great Father is to us, that he should fear to go to the land of spirits? Why should not the white man die, when one of his nation hath slain an Oneida? The chiefs and the great Skenandoah have spoken it, and he shall die! Our knives are sharp, and his blood shall run fast, for we would not torment our brotherbut he must die!"

When he had ceased, Skenandoah made a sign as if he would adjourn the council; but at this moment his wife, Nankoah, the beautiful Indian woman, stepped forward two paces, and the clear music of her voice was heard throughout the the apartment, contrasting strangely with the powerful tones of the speaker who had just ended. And while her auditors were paralized with astonishment, she spoke, timidly at first but more energetically as she proceeded. She used no gesture, as deeming it improper that a woman should attempt to play toe orator, but with her hands folded on her bosom, she pressed out from her full heart words which produced a thrilling and startling effect on all present. To Major Dean she seemed at that moment, in her dark beauty, like an angel sent to save him from death, and those whom he loved better than life, from orphanage and widowhood.

"Oneidas," she said, "the white brother must not die. The Cneidas must not make inno-cent blood flow. He hath done nothing wor-

"Have the brave Oneidas come to the wigwam of our brother to frighten his white squaw the murderer. He is alive, he is guilty; he has a bad heart; but our friend, he has not a bad heart; he has always been our friend, and he is not the friend of the bad man who slew an Oneida. Will you kill your friend who has lived in your wigwams, and let the enemy of the Oneidas live? Have the eyes of your braves grown dim, that they cannot find the their sentence. He had been accustomed to track of the murderer? Have their limbs grown weak that they cannot pursue him ?--Will you make the Great Spirit angry, by killing an innocent man, and letting a murderer by appointing a Southern chief over this force,

> "Your white brother is my son. He has grown into my heart, and if the Oneidas pluck him out, blood will flow. Nankoah and her sisters love him, and he shall not die alone!

> "Look!" she continued, as she drew a glittering knife from beneath her blanket, while each of the Indian women imitated her example, "you said your knives are sharp-ours are sharp too; we have sworn to the Great Spirit, that when Nankoah's son dies, they shall find their way quick to our hearts!"

> Had the gleam of the threatening knives, and the flashings of the dark eyes of the excited women been real lightnings corruscating through the apartment, the assembled chiefs could hardly have been struck with more profound amazement than they were by this speech and the dramatic movement which at-

tended it close. There was a brief pause in the white man's cabin, during which nothing could be heard except the beating of hearts and the tones husky with agony, from the adjoining room, where the wife and mother was kneeling in prayer. Just at that moment, too, the oldest bate it passed. child awoke, and mingled its prattle with the ascending petition. Maj. Dean's head dropped on his breast, and tears ran in currents down his cheek at the sound of that small voice .-Nankoah started forward involuntarily, as if

her voice in the councils of the Oneidas! Our wams, lest the Great Spirit be angry with his

The chiefs arose, and after consulting together a moment, left the cottage, singing a absorbed by his emotions, almost to heed their movements.

Nankoah approached him, and taking his hand, said:

"My son is safe! Let him go in and comfort his white squaw and her little papooses." Then, turning to her companions, she point-

As their pattering feet crossed the outer threshold, Major Dean clasped his wife and children in his arms, and returned thanks to God for his unexpected deliverance from death,

The records of Westmoreland and of Oneida County show that he subsequently lived many years, and when the whites had occupied the rich lands of that region in great numbers, he was ranked as one of the leading men of his county, and held many offices of trust, to universal acceptance. And from that hour of extreme peril was he bound with the chords of affection and gratitude to NANKOAH, THE SE-COND POCHAHONTAS.

Miscellaneons.

Appointment of General Washington as Commander-in-Chief.

The following account of the appointment of Vashington to the supreme command of the American Army on the 17th of June, 1775, is from the memoirs of John Adams, the elder, now in course of publication.

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under Gen. Ward, and Congress was sitting in Philadelphia. Every day new applications in behalf of the army arrived. The country was urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army, as they were what must be considered a mob, a band of rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of a peculiar difficulty and danger. The struggle had be-gun, and yet everything was without order. The great trial now seemed to be this question: Who shall be commander-in-chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us. The Southern and middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal for the most part, were jealous of New England, because they felt that the real physical force was here-what then was to be done? All New England adored Gen. Ward, he had been in the French war and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a states-

Every qualification seemed to cluster in him; and it was confidently believed that the army would not receive any appointment over him. What then was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union all was lost. The country, and the whole country must come in.—One pulsation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one, and the army must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered and guessed, and vet the decisive step had not been taken. At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of resolving it were somewhat singular, and nearly as follows:

He was walking one morning before Congress Hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin Samuel Adams, came up to him and said : "What is the topic with you this morning?"

"Oh the army," he replied. "I'm determined to go into the Hall this morning, and cuter on a full detail of the colonies, in order to show the absolute need of taking some decisive step. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint the day for adopting the army as the legal army of these united colonies of North America,

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that commander?" "I will tell you-George Washington,

Virginia, a member of this House." "Oh," replied Samuel Adams quickly, "that will never do-never!"

"It must do, it shall do," said John, " and for these reasons, the Southern and Middle States are both to enter heartily in the cause, and their arguments are potent! they say that New England commander, with New England perseverence, all united, appal them. For this cause they hang back. Now the only course is to allay their fears and give them nothing to complain of: and this can be done in no other way but

and then all will rush to the standard. This

policy will blend us in one mass-will be resist-

At this Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They tilked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second the motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, and put all his strength in the delineations he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army. He was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business. After his speech had been finished, some doubted, some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations

he replied: "Gentlemen, if Congress will not adopt the army, before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone-yes, with a strong arm, a clear conscience, she will front the foe single-handed."

- This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing nor to be played with. They agreed to appoint a day. A day was fixed. It came. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, urged the measure, and after some de-

The next thing was to get a commander for this army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on the occasion, and he was ready. He took the floor and went into a delineation of the character of Gen. Ward, bestowing upon him about to rush into the sleeping apartment, the encomiums which then belonged to no one when Skenandoah, the chief of the Oneidas, else. At the end of the eulogy, he said-"But this is not the man I have chosen." He then sprang to his feet.
"It is enough," said he, "the Great Spirit went into the character of a commander-in-chief, went into the chief of the chi hath spoken! Never did woman before lift up such as was required by the peculiar situation of the colonists at this juncture. And after he had Father wills that our white brother must not presented the qualifications in his strongest landie! Let us leave him and return to our wig- guage and given reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said :

"Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be farewell to Major Dean, who was too much obtained in this country? In reply, I have to say they are: they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate, George Washington of Virginia."

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adam's right hand, was looking him intently in the face to watch the name he was about to announce, and not expecting it would be his, sprang from his

seat the minute he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had told his brother Samuel to ask for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

A Thrilling Scene. BY CHAS. RAND.

The following narrative-a true one-describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of

One evening in the month of December, 1834, number of townsmen had assembled in the store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over 'matters and things'-smoke-drink-and, in short, to do anything to 'kill time.'

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally, so that about the usual hours of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first rate.

'Come,' said Charles Hatch -- one of the company-'let's all liquor, and then have a game of high, low, Jack!

'So I say,' exclaimed another, 'who's got the cards ? 'Fetch on your keerds,' drawled out a third,

nis eyes half closed through the effects of the liquor he had drank. After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fireplace, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which

would snap and crackle-throwing large live ands out upon the hearth.

All drew round the table, seating themselves

on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which, from their weight, were supposed to contain nails.
'Now,' said Hatch, 'how shall we play, every

one for himself? 'No-have partners,' growled one man. 'I say every one for himself,' exclaimed anoth-

'No, hang'd if I'll play so,' shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another up-

'Come, come,' said Hatch, 'no quarreling-al who say for having partners, stand up.' Three arose.

'Now all who say each one for himself, stand

The remaining four immediately got up.
'You see, Barclay,' said Hatch, 'the majority
are against you. Come, will you play?'

'Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play,' answered Barclay, somewhat cool-

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evenng, and the clerks, who were busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to his store and see that every thing was safe. As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards .-There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described-and four of them scated on kegs of

Barclay, who was a very heavy man, had he could but come back to his fond embrace." pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, "Then waste no time in ascless grief," said ersting the top hoop and pressing the powder the sage; "but if thou hast frien out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two

feet all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was towards the door, but, recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire. Should either of them attempt to rise-he thought-and scatter a frew grains a little further into the fireplace where lav a quantity of live coals !

At this moment Hatch looked up, and, seeing Mr. Putnam with his face deadly pale, gazing

into the fire, exclaimed-'Why, Putnam, what ails you,' and at the

ame time made a motion to rise. 'For heeren's sake, gentlemen, do not rise, said Mr. Putnam. 'Four of you sit on kegs of powder, it is scattered all around you-one movement might send you all to eternity .--There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But, keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved-move, and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered, not a limb moved-each seemed paralyzed. In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken!

ABSENCE OF MIND .- The foreman of a Grand Jury in Missouri, after administering the oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face and said, "Now kiss the book. madam!" He didn't discover his mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN. - The celebrated Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member in the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, " Hear hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political cotemporary that wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to act the fool. "Where," exclamed he, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or more knavish fool than this?" "Hear! hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for his prompt reply sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

LEGAL WIT.-Counsellor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erksine was at the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous temperament; and usually prefaced his plea with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied the witty, but relentless barrister, "every one knows that the older a Lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes."

Faith is the foundation of justice, and justice the stay of a State.

THE BIHLE. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying, and while other books may annuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the pe-culiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart, which no other topic of create light. topic of consolation ear reach; while guilt, despair and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and dictation of the Bible, which & found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentiments, combined with the lofty spirit of poetry-its familiar aflusions to the scenes of nature and the transac-tions of common life—the delightful intermix-ture of narration with the doctrinal and perceptive parts-and the profusion of miraculous facts; which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground-its constant advertence of the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible -unite it bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invest it with much of the charm of novelty; like the, orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with imabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year

with attention that never tries and an interest that never cloys? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard. a thousand times, a universal stillness encues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is a wake and attentive. Select, if you can any other compo-sition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this WHAT IS HAPPINESS !- Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable if he has a grovelling, undevoted mind. Let him have his garden, his fields, his woods, his lawns;

for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratulicahis thoughts, and let another have neither field nor garden, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in all his works—can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdam, his goodness and truth; this man is greater as well as happier in his povert, than the other in his riches—the one a little higher than a beast—the other a little lower than an angel.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears left fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried:

" My brother ! oh, my brother !" A sage passed that way, and said-

" For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he, " whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but for whose thestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?"

The mourier replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word; but he would take every occasion to show his friendship; if

cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also."

THE PRECIOUS PEARL.-Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures esteem, and a dignity and worth indescribable to all her deeds. How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place? When about to leave her a widow, how consoling if her character is such, that she can lean on the widow's God and put her children under the guardianship of Him, who is the father to the fatherless. Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope that he shall meet them all in heaven.

THE MECHANIC,-If there is any man in society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration it is the honest and industrious mechanic, who by his maided exertion has established for himself a respectable situation in society; who, commencing in poverty by his skill and assiduity surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice and succeeds in establishing himself a reputation, whose value is enhanced for those that come after him, -such a man we prize as the noblest work of which human nature is capable, 'the highest production she can boast. And let it ever be borne in mind, by the young mechanic just entering into the stage of active life, let it ever live at the foundation, and be the moving spring of all his efforts, that this situation he must strive to attain. It can be obtained by all. Untiring industry and a virtuous ambition never fail of their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be, while honesty and justice are left in the human heart. It was well remarked by an eloquent writer, that the mechanic who had no inheritance but health-no riches but industry, and no ambition but virtue, is the sole king among men, the sole man among kings.

Louis Napoleon. - "Louis Bonaparte," says Victor Hugo, "is a man or middle height, cold pale slow in his movements, having the air of person not quite awake. He has published as we mentioned before, a tolerable treatise on artillery, and is brought to be acquainted with the manenving of cannon. He is a good horseman. He speaks drawlingly, with a derman accent. His histrionic power was shown at the Englington tournament. He has a thick moustache, covering his smile, like that of the Duke p'Arrors, and a dull eye, like that of Charles IX."

APPROPRIATE. - Marmontel, a French author,

was once applied to for an inscription to be placed over the door of a gambling house in Par-is. He wrote the following: "To this den, there are three doors

Hope, Infamy, and Death! . We enter by the first, and make Our exit by the other two."

