

fully bends you branch, it will serve me for a bow. This limb, how beautiful how straight! I will have it for a handle to my spear. He then, utterly regardless of the injury he inflicts, covers them from my body, and so recompenses me for the service I have done him. I am thinking how I can best afford shelter, while he is meditating upon the readiest way to tear me up by the very roots."

"There now," exclaimed the serpent, "are the two witnesses you required; prepare instantly to meet your fate."

"Life," answered the youth, "is dear to all—give me one chance more, and if you produce yet another witness, I will resist no longer, but will then submit to the will of God."

It happened that a fox was standing near, and was listening with great attention to their dispute.

"We will ask the fox," said the serpent; "and when he pronounces judgment against thee, I will delay no longer."

Before the young man could put his question the fox shouted, "Man always returns evil for good; but pray sir, what service do you pretend to have rendered the snake, that you should have made yourself obnoxious to punishment?" The youth related all that had passed. "You appear an intelligent person," answered the fox, "why therefore, do you state what is so contrary to reason and common sense?—You know it ill becomes a wise man to advance any thing that is opposed to truth and justice."

The snake assured the fox that the words of the young man were true, and directed his attention to the bag hanging at the saddle bow; by means of which he had been drawn out of the flames. "Now," said the fox, "I know that thou speakest false; for how could a serpent of thy great size be contained in so small a compass?"

The deluded serpent bent on the destruction of the youth, was anxious to prove to the fox the truth of his assertion, and offered to convince him by again placing himself within the bag. The fox said that indeed if he should witness it with his own eyes, he could no longer doubt; and would then fairly and impartially decide between them.

Upon this the young man stretched open the mouth of the bag, and the serpent deceived by the words of the wily fox, coiled himself up in it as before.

The fox instantly called "O youth, thou hast now thy enemy in thy power; give him no quarter; he is in thy hand, spare him not."

The youth with all speed closed the mouth of the bag, and dashing it with violence to the ground, preserved himself and the rest of mankind from the fangs of the ungrateful serpent.

The wise say, dimly indeed must burn the lamp of that man's understanding, who suffers himself to be cajoled by his enemy.

JONATHANS.

"You are rather a crooked character Mr. Jones."

"Rather, sir; but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing near to it one day in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel on one of the topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch, about three feet above him, and the squirrel started. The lightning had to follow the grain, of course, and the squirrel went straight down. So confounded crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning."

"That's a lie, I swear!" exclaimed the landlord.

"A lie! true sir, true as ever a story was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down and made into rails for a hog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times in a day; and so thunderin' crooked were them ere rails, that every time the hogs got out, they found themselves back in the pasture again!"

OLD OAK TREE.—In Windsor Forest there are several celebrated oaks. One of these the King Oak, is said to have been a favorite tree of William the Conqueror, who made this a royal forest, and enacted laws for its preservation. This oak, which stands near the enclosure of Cranbourn, is 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. It is supposed to be the largest and oldest oak in Windsor Forest, being above a thousand years old. It is quite hollow; the space within is from seven to eight feet in diameter, and the entrance is about four feet and a half high, two feet wide. "We launched in it," says Professor Burnet, "September 2, 1829. It would accommodate at least twenty persons with standing room, and ten or twelve might sit down comfortably to dinner. I think at Willis' and in Guildhall I have danced a quadrille in a smaller space."

WIVES WANTED.—A Yankee who has wandered into Indiana, and squatted down upon a piece of land that is growing in value every hour, writes home to a friend to send on a hundred girls—he wants one, and will find husbands for "the other ninety and nine."

Now this is one of the coolest pieces of impudence that we have seen for a long time. "Bring on your potatoes," said the laborer to the minister, "and I will dig them for you." "Bring on your girls," says the Yankee Hoosier, "and I will marry them." And this to the fastidious girls of New England, that "Must be wooed, And not unsought be won."

But that is not all—he must, "the

Haberlye," have the best choice out of a hundred—and then he had husbands for the "poor rejected." Hard times and emigration may bring the New England girls to change some of their manners, but they have not come to that yet.—They are not going to look out for customers at a distance, and say with the city advertiser, "Send me from the country gratefully received."—N. Y. Gaz.

In a forest, near the line dividing Sumner and Kenawab Districts, an old Woodman and his son, (names not mentioned) were in the wood hewing timber, when the clouds began to thicken and whirl in the element, in a short time, the tempest arose to the highest pitch, the sun was shut in behind the sooty cloud, and the face of the earth looked desolate and dreary, the clouds burst, and the rain fell in torrents, when the father and son sought shelter beside two trees, which stood a few paces apart, when a stroke of lightning flashed down the tree where the boy was standing and felled him to the ground. The old Woodman, in a few bounds reached the spot, and found his boy lifeless. He now became somewhat exasperated—and cried out in a loud voice, "Now try me," he drew his cap from his head, and then to his stand, the lightning (he said) took nine fair strokes on his naked head and did not break the skin!

The old man tells this for a fact, and we of course, doubt it not.

Miscellaneous.

FABLE.—An aged roaring lion who had reigned several years king of the quadrupeds and bided, and crowned not for any regal qualifications which he possessed, but to serve the purposes of the wolves, foxes and jackals, who knew they could use the old beast in any way that might suit best, to put a streak of fat on their own ribs.

After wearing the crown a considerable time, or that he saw certain preparations that a well bred dog is supposed to understand, he called the Fox to him and addressed him thus: "I am growing old, I am in bad health. I am going to abdicate the throne and appoint you my successor. But mind, you must tread exactly in my footsteps, or by the eternal, I will soon have your tail in a trap." The Fox whisked round his tail, and was in high glee. "Stop whisking your tail," said the aged monarch, "and listen to what I have to say. I have been feared and revered by all the animals of the forest, particularly by the Asses. But there is one Monster roaming in my domains, who has given me more trouble than all the beasts of the field. In my waking hours I have thought of nothing but him. When sleeping I have dreamed of nothing but the Monster. I commenced laying traps for him as soon as I gained the sceptre. I set my wolves, dogs and jackals on him. I succeeded in killing him. He would not stay killed. I tried every experiment to get rid of him. I made him carry burdens from one end of the country to the other. I gave him a bad name I said he was lame, and wind-broken, not safe to be trusted; and drove him from the imperial coibs. He flirited his tail in my face, and said, THAT for you!"

"I then took into favor a large number of smaller monsters, which I have made perfect pets of. I have fed them with pap until they are as sleek as a mole. They agreed to bark and kick at the big Monster, and do all they could to slay him. I farther ordered my Jackals to place all the property in their hands for safe keeping—so that you and I may divide it at our leisure. I had some trouble with the Frogs, but I showed my teeth, and they gave in."

"I have only one thing farther to say, and that is of more importance than all the rest. Go on and kill the Monster!" This said, the old Lion departed to his lair in the western woods. The Fox, clothed with the imperial purple, called a council of the Wolves and the Jackals which he had left behind to devise the best plan to destroy the Monster. The result of their deliberations was to dig a pit in the path they knew the Monster would tread. The work was completed. The pit was dug. The Monster was caught. But unfortunately, all the little pet monsters had to travel the same road, and they all tumbled pelle-melle into the same well, with all the old Lion's plunder on their backs.

Here was an elegant pot of chowder. The Fox could not touch a hair of the old Monster's tail without killing some of the little pet monsters. The Fox was in a complete dilemma. The old Lion has heard of it. He leaps round and round his den, and roars like all nature. He swears that the little pets are a set of fools, and swindlers, and rascals for daring to fall into the pit. He insists upon it that the Fox shall slaughter the whole of them, so that he, and the Wolves and the Jackals may have a blow out over their carcasses.

MORAL.—Recollect when you do a bad action to injure your neighbor, it is ten to one that it reacts, and falls on your own head.—Patriot.—N. Y. Gaz.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.—A singular exhibition of frantic passion took place recently in the Superior Court of Yancy county, North Carolina, the particulars of which, and the history of its origin are thus related in the Rutherford Gazette.

About two years since, a man by the

name of John Wilson, married Elizabeth Rey of that county. They lived together about seven weeks, when some disturbances took place, which caused their separation. Six months ago the husband filed a petition for divorce, setting forth various causes, declaring that he was young and inexperienced when he married her and was not acquainted with her true character; that her conduct, during the time they lived together, was insupportable, and by him could not be endured. She answered that they were raised in the same neighborhood, and had known each other from their infancy up; that he knew her character and circumstances in life perfectly well, when he married her, and had taken her with his eyes open to all her frailties; she positively denied ever having been guilty of any misconduct during the time they lived together, but that she acted towards him the part of an affectionate wife. She further asserted that when he was about to leave her, he made no charges against her, but gave as his reason for separation, that he did not, nor had he ever loved her; that his friends had induced him to marry her merely for her property, and that he had ascertained he could not enjoy life with a woman he did not love.

At the last court an issue was made up and submitted to a jury. The petition and answer having been read, evidence was then introduced, which proved decidedly in favor of the petitioner. On the part of the plaintiff, the cause was submitted without any argument; but the counsel for the defendant resisted the divorce, by a long and feeling speech, in which he alluded to the solemnity of the marriage vow, the mutual duties it imposed on the parties, and the want of sufficient cause, in that case, to dissolve the bonds of matrimony.

During this investigation the parties were both in court. The husband was apparently young and simple, and in fact, a mere boy, and there was nothing in the least prepossessing in his appearance.—The wife seemed somewhat and altogether the superior. She is a fine looking woman, with dark hair, black eyes, and very expressive face. She manifested great interest in the trial.

The Jury, after retiring a few minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The parties were still in their seats behind the bar some six or eight feet distant from each other; the wife asked a gentleman by whom she was sitting, for his knife, as if to trim her finger nails; she felt of the edge, rose to her feet, paused a moment, turned pale, her eyes flashed fire, and then suddenly sprang forward with the drawn knife, and aimed at her husband a deadly blow. But fortunately, a lady, who was standing by, saw her get the knife, and perceived from her countenance that she was meditating something of a desperate character, watched her until she saw the blow aimed at the throat of her unsuspecting husband, and instantly seized the arm of the infuriated wife, and diverted the weapon from the object at which it was aimed; but determined on her hellish purpose, she threw the knife with great violence at her husband, and turning, made a furious attack on her whose hand had arrested the blow, and thwarted the wicked design. The court ordered her into custody; she was arrested and borne out of court, making the most wild and frantic exclamations—calling on her husband in the most tender and passionate language, and seemed to be entirely deranged.

Her conduct was strange and unaccountable, but all who witnessed the scene agree that she must have loved her husband. She had listened attentively to the investigation of the whole matter, heard the pathetic speech of her counsel, and then the verdict of the jury, pronouncing their final separation; she felt that she loved him above all others, and the idea that he was then at liberty to marry again (for that was said to be his object,) was more than she could endure. Her heart was devoted to him, and sooner than see him pledged to another, she would see him die, and that, too, by her own hand, in the presence of the court, and the multitude that surrounded her. Of the consequences to herself she never thought, nor for them cared; they could not have been greater than death, and no doubt she felt, at that moment, that she would gladly take refuge in the arms of death. She remained in jail until the next morning, when she was brought before the court, and after being severely reprimanded, was sentenced to five days' imprisonment, for contempt of the court, and required to give bond and security for her good behavior for the next twelve months.

THE LOVE-LETTER—A FRAGMENT.—The beautiful Herogenia was reclining in her gorgeous arm-chair, her head rested softly on the velvet palm of her left hand, her feet were adjusted carelessly on the rounds of a neighboring chair—a splendid mirror was suspended opposite her seat, and while her long snowy fingers played thro' the jet black ringlets of her hair, she surveyed herself in the glass, and smiled at the proud consciousness of her own beauty.

"Ah!" said she, smiling prettily, and forcing one happy peal of laughter: "Tis thus I've often done, but of what avail, of what avail! Surely he must have a heart of steel. I've tried all a woman's ways; and yet he is the same. 'Tis true, he is kind and generous and courteous and obliging, but yet, he loves me not! Would that I told him to leave me and—" But the emotions of her heart checked the utterance of her words, and she sob-

bed and mourned for a while. "No," said she, catching her breath for a moment: "I will not speak of him thus. Oh Frank! would to heaven you knew how I love you—my brain is on fire when you are away—my nights are sleepless, and my day slumbers are peopled with your form forever! Oh God, is it not a sin that woman should love so truly; so deeply; and, and, not have the virtuous passion of her soul requited? But it will teach me how to love again!"

And deep with emotion, the troubled Herogenia rose hastily from her seat and paced her room to and fro. "Alas! why do I love! And cannot my charms; my beauty, captivate his cold heart? Ah Frank!" said Herogenia, as she seated herself again, you are a cruel, cruel, lover! Here Betty," said she, calling to her servant maid who was in the room: "Here, take these keys, unlock that escritoire, and bring me those letters within. Let me look at it again. Yes, yes—this is the one I first received from him—the one that first elicited the pure affections of my heart for that poor and despoiled boy—who, after having won the heart he besieged, is now laying it waste! Yes—this is the letter which breathed of hope, of love and of constancy. Oh delusive scrawl! perfidious Frank—May your sorrows equal mine—and may the pangs which now rend my heart, be no stranger to yours!"

"And why should I talk thus?" said Herogenia, after a pause. "Did he ever harm me! Did he ever show aught of unkindness toward me? Did he ever displease me? No! no!" said she desponding, "never! And yet, I let the frail utterance of speech, belie the emotions of my heart. Shame upon my fickle nature. But I'll be still in future. And though Frank's cruel conduct dims these weary eyes of mine, and breaks this forlorn heart, yet never will I say aught against him! I love him, and he knows it, and I pray to heaven that he may not coldly pass my affections by! Oh Frank! Frank!" cried she in an impassioned strain, "you are breaking this poor heart of mine! But let it be: 'twill tell of woman's unalterable love!"

A soft tap was now heard at her room door: she flew from her seat, adjusted her hair—said it was Frank, and ordered Betty to open the door. She did so, but no person appeared. The night was dark and boisterous, and Herogenia thought she might have been deceived by the rattling wind. The door was shut, and she again threw herself in her arm-chair.—"Again am I deceived! No Frank yet.—Oh what a delusion am I laboring under. How long will it last? There Betty, take that cursed letter from my sight! Let me never see it more. It has caused me all my unhappiness! But it shall cause me no more!" and the beautiful Herogenia resigned herself to tears and sobs, and buried her face in her lap.

A soft step was heard at the door—the brass knob quickly turned, and Frank rushed in the room, and knelt at the feet of his mistress. He picked the fragments of his love-letter from the floor, and while he looked up sorrowfully in the face of his beloved, said: "Cease your repinings, my dear, and let the contents of these fragments, never trouble you more! Dry up your tears and listen to me. Herogenia," said he, rising from his posture and standing erect—"I am sorry that I have ever caused you one painful feeling. I am the same Frank you knew me at first: what I have done I deemed to be right; and one day you'll acknowledge it. I prize you above earth! I have tried your constancy, and find you true! What more do I want—but—but—your hand, Herogenia." "Is that all, Frank," said the beautiful girl, brushing away her tresses and smiling through her tears, while she looked the look of innocence itself: "Is that all, Frank! then you shall have it, and welcome too." Frank clasped her to his heart, and in the outpouring of their young hearts, they both mutually breathed oaths of eternal fidelity. And in one month after, they were joined in the closest of bonds.

"Oh these men—these men!" said the beautiful Herogenia, one day after marriage—"they tease us poor creatures nearly to death—and yet, we love them still!" Thus ends the adventure of the "Love-letter."

The Native American Silk Worm—New plan for the Worms to wind the Cocoons.

MR. EDITOR.—Since the receipt of your paper yesterday I received the Nantucket Inquirer of 15th inst. in which Mr. Jenks asks for further intelligence in relation to the articles on the Silk Worm, published in the Star of the 3d inst. As the words "six different plans for the worm to wind the cocoon," were verbatim as I expressed them in conversation with you, the call seems to require some explanation on my part. I will give it briefly, thus: "It is so many contrivances to accommodate the insect in its preparation for "winding up," or so many different contrivances on which (not round which) the larva may suspend and wind the cocoon. One of the plans may be described thus: nine laths 1-4 inch thick, 11-4 inch wide and 40 inches long, placed on edge, horizontal, parallel to each other, and 1 inch apart in the clear: these are connected by laths, 11-4 inches long, fastened across the ends; the whole forming a grate of 9 bars 11-4 by 40 inches. Five of these grates, placed parallel to and above each other, 3-4 inch apart in the clear, connected by a single nail at each corner, with laths 9-1-4 inches long, standing vertically on end, forms

one plan, which is probably the best of the six, and in the opinion of some good judges is superior to all other plans (not excepting the European plan of bushes and branches of trees) for economy, both in the space which it occupies to accommodate an equal number of worms, and the expense of construction. The 46 laths required for its construction are worth 6 cents, and can be made with the labor of one hour, worth 12 cents—making in all 18 cents. The worm winds the cocoons between the bars and between the grates, when by removing the 4 vertical laths at the corners the cocoon can be cleared out in a few minutes, certainly in less time, and in better condition, than the same number can be removed from among bushes and leaves.

The native American Silk Worm feeds on elder, which is its principal food, and from it spins a cocoon of good silk, strong soft and lustrous, though coarser than that of the Asiatic worm. The smallest cocoon in my possession, from the native American worm; is 70 per cent heavier than the heaviest of the Asiatic. A fair average of the native cocoons are nearly 300 per cent heavier than most of the Asiatic. I weighed to-day a fair average of the native American cocoons with 4 different kinds of Asiatic, from my own raising this year—the weights show the quantity of silk, without the chrysalis, as follows:

	Grains:
Native American Cocoon,	17
Asiatic large white Cocoon,	6
" bright white Cocoon,	4
" Montidi Brianza, a pale yellow	3
" Golden yellow,	2

The ova of the two last named were imported by Mr. Tinelli the present year. They are much cultivated in Italy and Spain, and produce the finest silks in Europe. The Montidi Brianzi is particularly famed for receiving and retaining the most beautiful dye. By the above you will perceive that the Native American furnishes 850 per cent more silk than the Golden Yellow Asiatic.

A description of the Native American Silk Worm may enable Mr. Jenks to recognize an old and familiar acquaintance, which he has often frightened from its resting place with the exclamation "Oh! what a beautiful butterfly," pronounced in a tone too loud and too harsh for such sensitive antennae.

It ranks in Linne's System of Nature in the Animal Kingdom, Class 5, Insects Order III. Lepidoptera, Genus, Phalaena. The mouth of perfect insect is without proboscis, and therefore cannot eat; it has Antennae 2 pectinate and black, head white, eyes 2 black, thorax red, abdomen entirely surrounded with alternate red and white bands, wings 4 brownish grey, lighter in the male, interior of 2 upper wing red, with one large ocellate spot near each exterior and 2 smaller and less distinct in the margin; from the interior to the posterior is a band of 2 distinct white and red lines, between this band and the interior is a large white lunate macula surrounded with red and black; the last described band and lunate macula are the same in lower wings; across the exterior and margin is a band of 4 distinct lines ashy gray, black, cream, and ashy gray; lower wings the same. The Larva is greenish, without hair except a few on 2 protuberances, and feeds mostly on elder. The ova is cream color clouded with reddish gum, with which they are fastened to the leaf or bark. The Pupa or Chrysalis is dark brown enclosed in a cocoon of strong, soft and lustrous silk. It is a native of the North American States, and is found in no other country. I have eleven of the cocoons in my possession, four of which I found on Manhattan Island, near Harlem, N. Y.; and seven in the forest of Bergen county, N. J.

I intend this summer to manufacture some sewing silk from the native American Cocoons, and hereby promise to send Mr. Jenks one skein of it, provided he will "contrive" some better name than "contrivance" for the plan of lath described in this communication.

Yours, &c.
C. F. DURANT.
Jersey City, 1837.

From the N. Y. Gazette.
HE FIRED AT DUCKS AND SHOT A PLOVER.—The tiger which has for a long time been playing the deuce with the sheep and chickens of the people about Sandwich, Mass. has at last been shot by a teamster, who met him on the road and happening to have a loaded gun with him, stopped the rascal's career of mischief on the spot. It so happened, however, he was no more a tiger than the dam that bore him; but a wolf, and as the Sandwich boys themselves say, no great shakes, neither; for he only weighed seventy-five pounds. The teamster made a capital "hit" however, for he is entitled to receive a bounty from the State and town, of one hundred dollars; besides which he sold the carcass to a speculator for \$20.

DEFINITION OF SUCKERS.—The term Sucker, in the West, means nothing more nor less than an inhabitant of Illinois, and arose from the circumstance of the hunters and travellers carrying a hollow reed, and when in want of water, on the prairies, they had nothing to do but seek the burrowing hole of the land crab, at the bottom of which there is always water. Into this hole the reed is thrust, and the thirsty traveller, applying his mouth to the end of the tube, sucks up a present supply of the indispensable element—sometimes neither clear nor savory, but always welcome. In our good old Pennsylvania, sucker is a different species of