

POETRY.

The following little poem, by N. P. Willis, is, perhaps, the richest gem that has ever fallen from his pen. It is truly beautiful.

"UNSEEN SPIRITS."

"The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride—
Alone walked she, yet viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And hush charmed the air,
And all as if looked kind on her
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"She kept with care her beauties rare,
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
Ah, honoured well are charms to sell,
When priests the selling dol

"Now, walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

"No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray—
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
And the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed away!"

BELIEVE NOT.

"In joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health,
In weal or woe—" *Marriage Service.*
Oh, believe not, love, that ever
I'll forget thy sunny smile;
Worship eases and sorrows never
Can my heart from thee beguile,
I will love thee when life's evening
Throws its shadow on my sight;
When youth's morn so brightly gleaming
Changes to the grave's still night.

True to thee in joy and sorrow,
While it beats this heart shall be;
Still unchanging when death's arrow
Sever earth's ties from me,
As I ponder o'er each token
Of the day I called thee mine
When the last farewell is spoken,
Still my heart shall cling to thine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Story of the Revolution.

[We believe the following anecdote of "the times that tried men's souls," was originally communicated to the Greenfield (Massachusetts) Gazette, several years ago. The writer says it "is a bona fide fact, taken without amendment from the life of a mother in Israel. It shows that there was an anti-British Spirit in the women as well as the men of 1776."]

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning, I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John* was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must suffer for winter garments. There were at this time no stores, and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantaloons.' Oh, if that is all, said I, I will spin and weave him a pair before he goes. But said mother, the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture. I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied, poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half. I have some small shears at the loom, said I. "But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time." I am certain we can, mother. "How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom." "No matter I can find an empty loom." By this time, the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her, while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece. * * * The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge, by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off; the web "got in" and wove the cloth prepared, cut and made, two or three hours before the brother's

er's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from commencement, without help from modern improvement.

"The good old lady closed by saying—'I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country, I was relieving my poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment was finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved. This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?"

*John Locke, a lineal descendant of the Philosopher.

NEW ORLEANS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

ADVENTURES OF A BRITISH OFFICER.

"Nota Bene," in his last letter to the Concordia Intelligencer, quotes a paragraph from the Boston Transcript about a gentleman who once narrowly escaped premature burial in this city during the yellow fever season, and then proceeds to tell the following story:

This reminds me of an incident that transpired a few weeks ago.—Having dined at the Planter's, a first rate family Hotel, kept by Murray, formerly of the Natchez Mansion House, and repaired to the balcony, overlooking Canal street, to enjoy the sea breeze, I fell into conversation with a gentleman registered on the books as Major H—t, late of the British army.—Like all others of his class he had seen much of the world and was courteous and communicative. He had served in India, in the Peninsula, in Belgium, in the war with this country, and subsequently was an aid-de-camp to Bolivar.

More than thirty years ago, said he, I was at this Hotel, then known as Beale's. It was in September, and the yellow fever was prevailing; but as I had long been quartered in the tropics, I felt no apprehensions. My vis a vis at dinner was Mr. Cameron, a young Scotchman in the prime of life, commercial agent of a Glasgow house. For three days we dined and spent our evenings together. On the fourth he did not appear. While sipping my sherry after dinner, I sent for the landlord, and inquired for Mr. Cameron.

"Major," said he, "your friend will never dine with you again, but whenever you please I will conduct you to him."

Struck with these words which, though uttered with a polite nonchalance, had something ominous in them, I rose from the table and in silence followed Mr. Beale. He threw open a small parlor, and there lay my young friend, with whom I had parted at two o'clock the previous evening, dead! Sir, I have had my comrade cut down by a cuirassier at my elbow: I have seen whole battalions swept away by artillery; I have seen a storming party torn to fragments by the explosion of a mine; I have seen brave men sink at sea, and hundreds perish in hospitals by the wasting ravages of wounds and disease; but never have I been so shocked and appalled as by the livid corpse of that young Scotchman! He had been seized with fever immediately after leaving my room, and expired at daylight; and so little impression had it made, and so much was such a death within the every day line of incidents, it had not disturbed the business of the house, nor had the landlord, who knew our intimacy, nor the waiter, who attended us at table, and served us with champagne the evening previous, thought it of sufficient importance to name it to me. In those days, resident gentlemen never appeared at breakfast. They took their coffee with a *cher amie*, some beautiful quadroon; but if they were absent at dinner, you might, without further enquiry, apply for letters of administration on their estates! My poor friend was already in his coffin, and even in my grief I could not avoid noticing its elaborate finish, solid mahogany, trimmed with velvet, with a silver plate, his name and escutcheon beautifully engraved. I expressed my surprise that these could be procured when the subject had only been dead only a few hours.

"Major," said Mr. Beale, "that is easily explained. We have an undertaker attached to this house.—Cameron's coffin has been ready twelve months."

What, sir, had he a presentiment of death?

"No, Major, not at all. But in this city the march of disease is rapid; our fevers kill in a few hours; mortification immediately ensues, and it is the rule of my house, from July to October, to measure every man for his coffin the moment he registers his name. The chances are ten to one he will be dead in a fortnight."

As I looked incredulous at this statement, Mr. Beale continued, "I perceive you do not credit this, Major, but follow me, if you please, and you shall be convinced."

He led the attic of the house, and there, ranged around in grim array, stood sixty coffins of different dimensions, one for each boarder, with my own conspicuous among them, my name and coat of arms blazoned upon it!

"Major," said the landlord, "your measure was taken the moment of your arrival. You announced your intention to stay three months, and while registering your name, my undertaker, who watches the arrivals, and is very adroit, applied his tape to you. I hope, sir, you are pleased. Inspect the heraldry. It is all right. We consult the best authorities on the British peerage."

I was too much shocked to reply, but immediately retreated to my room, packed my baggage, and rang for my bill, determined not to sleep another night in a city where coffins were made, and probably graves dug, beforehand. My bill was as follows: Major H—t, to Beale's Hotel, Dr.—Four days' board, at \$3, \$12, lights, \$1 50; cigars, \$1; paper, 25 cents; wine, \$20; coffin, \$150; E. E., \$180 75.

I descended to the bar in no amiable mood; threw down thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, but refused to pay for the coffin. I had never ordered such a thing; on the contrary, it was a liberty I should not excuse. "Very well, Major," said Mr. Beale, with a low bow and one of his blandest smiles, "just as you please; it makes no difference. The coffin was made in pursuance of a rule of my house. Had you remained a week, you would most probably, have needed it, and as we bury strangers before they are quite dead, had this coffin not been made, in the event of your death, your aristocratic body would have been sent to the trench in a pine box! Do not pay, Major. It is quite unnecessary. But your coat of arms—the escutcheon of the noble house of H—t, is on that coffin, and the first pauper that dies shall be buried in it."

This was too much for my ancestral pride. I threw down the sovereigns, made a bonfire of the coffin, and the same evening hired a barge to carry me from the city where such dreadful customs prevailed. Imperative business, continued the Major, brought me to New Orleans a few days ago. By a singular sort of fascination, I was drawn to the same hotel from which I fled thirty years ago; and, by a strange coincidence, my stay is of the same duration, (I leave this evening,) and my bill is about the same.

"How, Major," I exclaimed, "has Murray charged you for a coffin?"

No, sir, not exactly that—it occurred in this way. While registering my name, I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, as I felt it thirty years before. Indignant that the same trick should be played upon me a second time, I wheeled, and at one blow knocked the man down, and placed my foot upon his breast. The mistake was promptly explained. It was an attendant of the hotel in the act of brushing the dust off my coat. I felt much chagrined, and the least I could do was to ask the poor fellow's pardon, and insist on his accepting the same amount that I had paid for my coffin on a former occasion.

Saying this the servant shook my hand and departed. Curiosity led me to visit the attic, but the rule of the house had been changed, and, instead of coffins, I found long rows of Sherry, Madeira, Port, Cogniac, Holland, old Jamaica, and Irish Whiskey, in bottles and demijohns covered with cobwebs, like old monks in their dark gowns, which Murray here hoards for his guests.

The Major went up to Louisville on the last trip of the Magnolia, and our friend, Commodore Gyles, tells the following story, if it be not true Charlie is responsible. The Major put up at one of the best boarding houses, and was delighted with the table, but at night found himself crowded into a room with two others. His English prejudices were shocked, but finding there was no redress, submitted like a soldier, and resolved to make the most of his situation. He took it for granted that his room mates were Yankees, and soon began to rally them on the reputed cunning and trickery of the breed. He even insisted that they should play him a Yankee trick.—They begged off, professed to be drowsy, but promised to perform one before they parted. When the Major awoke one of the gentlemen was off, and his patent lever, broadcloth, and portmanteau had disappeared likewise. He roused the other who was or affected to be, in a deep snooze. "Stranger," said the man, rubbing his eyes, "our room mate has robbed us. I am a ruined man. My gold dust is gone. Let us pursue the villain." The Major assented with the alacrity of one who had lost his wardrobe and \$1500 in sovereigns. After some delay they traced the fugitive to Shippenport, and ascertained that a man of his description had left at daylight, passenger on a flat boat for New Orleans.

They chartered a skiff, and pulled into the current. About midnight they overhauled the flat, and perceived their man on the deck. He immediately hailed the Major, and invited him on board. "Here," he cried, "is your watch and portmanteau—all safe—it was only a Yankee trick!" Delighted at his success, the Major's good humor was restored. He leaped into the flat, even took the hand of the Yankee, and accepted his offer to go and take a drink. But just as he stooped to enter the low cabin, the other jumped into the skiff, and with his comrade rowed up stream! leaving the Major to get off as he might! It need scarcely be added that neither the portmanteau nor the rogues were heard of afterwards.

N. O. True Delta.

A SCENE IN NEW ORLEANS.—Last week one of those extraordinary occurrences took place in the vicinity of New Orleans, that sometimes come off in the purlieus of our large cities—a dance, in which the females appear in a state of entire nudity.—The dance alluded to, with other ceremonies, enchantments, &c., was held at a house in the woods, near St. Bernard's canal. The police rushed upon them, and captured nineteen of the Cyprians, both fair and sooty, though the company numbered a hundred at least. They took as many as they were capable of managing, however, and conveyed them to the guard house, where they were left to the agreeable exercise of brushing off the mosquitoes and gallinippers till morning. The last scene of all in the eventful drama, came off at the Recorder's office after sun-rise, when the party were paraded just as they were taken, without so much as a fig leaf to cover their nakedness, before a crowd of two or three thousand spectators. After a lecture from his honor, that fell on the ears of the frail one like pouring water into a sieve, they were each fined \$10, the greater part of which was made up on the spot, and the enchanting scene was broken. Other cities can get up these sylvan amusements, but it takes our sister city to carry them through with their comeliness and their consistency unmarred—to preserve the subject of them in all their classical nudity, to the denouement.—Delta.

THE EFFICACY OF A TEAR.—In Miss Bremer's 'life in Dalecarlia,' we find the following touching illustration of the power of a tear. In the dreadful year of famine here, 1838, there came to me one day a Dalmatian from another parish, and said to me: 'Sell me a few tons of straw.' The man was one of those great stalwart figures, which you can seldom see, except here; yet he had evidently suffered for want of food. He had drawn his hat with its broad brim deep over his face. 'I cannot sell the straw,' said I, at his entreaty; 'I have not more than I shall need myself, and the poor of my own parish.'—'Sell but one ton,' implored he. 'Not even that can I,' I replied: 'that which I have left I must carefully preserve for myself and my people.' 'Half a ton, then,' persisted the Dalmatian, pressing. 'It grieves me,' said I, 'but not a single half ton can I spare thee.' The huge fellow took a step nearer to me, said not a word, but lifted his hat above his brow, and gazed fixedly upon me; he let me see that he wept. The sight of this anguish I could not sustain. 'Come with me,' said I, 'thou shalt have what thou wilt.' He followed me, and got the straw he wanted. 'If this were for myself,' said he, 'I should have not probably been here; for, if we men suffer and endure want, it is no more than our sins deserve, and we can and ought to bear it; but the poor animals—what can they have done amiss?'

FREAK OF NATURE.—The St. Louis Organ says that the wife of a mechanic living in Morgan street, in that city, on the night of the 4th instant gave birth to a child with two heads, and weighing eighteen pounds.

Lenz has ascertained by actual experiment that electricity is as capable of producing cold as heat, to the degree of freezing water rapidly.

When the sun shines bright, take a looking-glass, hold it nearly perpendicular over the well, so that it will reflect on the water, and you may see a straw or a pin, or any small object, at the bottom of any depth.

A machine has been invented at Chicago which promises to supercede the use of spades. By the assistance of two yoke of oxen and two men, it will cut a ditch two feet by three feet at the top, and eighteen inches wide at the bottom, at the rate of 20 rods per day.

The Minnesota Pioneer says that a large colony of Norwegians (some 2000) are soon expected to that territory.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S TEXAS VIEWS.—The Washington Union of Saturday evening, says it is asserted that President Fillmore will not pursue the course of the last administration relative to Texas, and adds:

"In reply to an application made on Wednesday by the Texas delegation, he is reported to have declared that he should decide what was best to be done as soon as he had organized his cabinet, and that a reply would then be given to Governor Bell's letter. The impression seems to be that the President will avoid any thing that is calculated to annoy Texas, or bring on a collision between her and New Mexico."

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.—The Schuylkill Haven Map nominates the following ticket for 1852: "For President, Gen. Winfield Scott, of New Jersey. For Vice President, William B. Johnston, of Pennsylvania. Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention."

Carolinian.

OUR COMMERCE.—The London correspondent of the New York Herald states that the commercial tonnage of the United States is 20,000 tons more than that of England—the former being 3,150,000 tons, and the latter 3,130,000 tons. If this be true, we are of course the first commercial nation of the world.

DOING GOOD.—There used to be a class of men in this world who made it a point to score up a credit for themselves in the great book of accounts, by performing some good deed every day of their lives. Should there be any of that class now on earth, and haply at a loss what act to perform that shall be accounted good, let them set out a tree.—Now is the season for the work. Set out a tree, every day, shade tree or fruit, and the generations will come that will rise up and call the clever man that does it blessed.

CAUSES OF RAIN.—Heat and water are the fruitful parents of winds and clouds. When aqueous vapor is precipitated in rain or snow, heat that was latent becomes again sensible, and by increasing the capacity of the air to hold water in the form of vapor, prevents a disastrous deluge of this element in nature. The laws which restrain the precipitation of water from the clouds are no less curious than those which cause it to rain at all. The atmosphere must approach saturation before it can rain, and it usually happens that the quantities which will fall on a given area, one hundred feet above the ground, and on the earth are unequal.—Large drops, in falling through many feet of dry air, become smaller by constant evaporation, and may be wholly dissipated before they reach the earth. On the other hand, quite small drops formed in could regions, high in the air, constantly condense more vapor in falling through a saturated atmosphere, and will be many times larger when they reach ground than at their starting point.

To illustrate the production of rain, let us suppose that a current of air of 70 deg. temperature, saturated with moisture, meets and mingles with another current, also saturated, but having a heat of 50 deg. Now, if the atmosphere at the mean temperature of 60 deg. had the capacity to hold water as an invisible vapor, equal to the mean of 70 deg. and 50 deg., it is obvious that no precipitation would take place. But such is not the fact. The quantity of water held in the air heated from 60 deg. to 70 deg. cannot be contained in that heated from 50 deg. to 60 deg. In other words whatever cools air saturated with moisture, causes a cloud, dew, mist, or rain.

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.—A very amusing writer, who contributing a series of letters to the American Courier, under the sharp title of 'Needles from my Needle book,' and over the sweet little non de plume of 'Miss Kate Cunyngnam,' has in the last number, a very interesting communication, relative to the Nashville Convention, which she attended in the character of a 'looker on in Vienna.' We clip some of her remarks about our home people.

The most exciting speech was made by the Hon. Mr. Colquitt, of Georgia. He is built like an athlete—short, compact, and iron-looking, with a large intellectual head, thick, wiry gray hair growing erect all over his jutting, black brow, and a firm mouth, the whole man and whole face being stamped with a rough, fiery energy. He rose to reply to some moderate member, against the compromise, I believe, and growing excited, he jumped from his pew into the broad aisle, to have more space. Here he spoke with perfect abandon! His voice rung like a bugle! He would rapidly advance sometimes five or six steps as if about to leap the chancel railing at a bound, and then stop full, terribly stamp his right foot and discharge his artillery-like thought, which seemed bursting

for more vehemence than he could give it, (and never man had more) at another time he would retreat step by step, speaking slowly in whispering irony, half down the aisle, when suddenly leaping into the air, he would explode like a shell, and electrify us all! Now he would turn round and appeal to this delegate—now face an opposite one; now he would advance like a skirmisher, and utter hoarse denunciatory whispers to the President in the chair, as if for his especial ear. In a word he made a most extraordinary speech, in which the manner of all best orators of the land was mixed up with some of the worst. It was in oratory, what melody would be in song! It was wild, fierce, terrible, dreadful, mad—yet most wonderful to listen to. It was eloquence tied to the back of a wild horse, Mazeppa-like.

The handsome Mayor of Charleston won greatly upon Miss Kate's admiration, and, judging from her description, made her come near 'losing her heart.' Hear what she says of him:

Carolina truly sent her jewels here, and their talents have won them golden opinions. Be assured, Mr. McMakin, that the sentiments of this State have been misrepresented.—Throughout the Convention, her sons were models of conservatism and healthy patriotism. Seated near them, was the Mayor of Charleston, called 'the handsome Mayor.' Mr. J—, a worthy descendant of Colonel Huch'n-on, of Cromwell's time, and of the Mrs. Hutchinson whose memories are so well known. He was pointed out to me with 'Don't you think he is the handsomest man in the house.'

Mr. Wm. H. Polk is a brother of the late President, and, if we mistake not, at present a resident of Nashville. Her description of his eloquence is amusing.

Maj. Wm. H. Polk spoke two or three times during the session. He has a remarkable voice, deep as a volcano. He is a handsome man, but is bearded like an Gtoman chief. His manner of delivery is striking, from his emphatic enunciation. With every word he makes an energetic nod forward, and the vowels are all enunciated with the precision of an elocutionist; in particular, the terminations *ion*, which he pronounces round and full in two distinct syllables, like a Spaniard speaking his own sonorous tongue. He always spoke to the purpose, and with great boldness.

The whole city, all the time of the session, was in delightful excitement; and fair widows and beautiful girls reigned in all their splendor and power. Many a heart was lost—and some of the most firm disunionist brought over to the opinion that one kind of union is at least very desirable. Probably Nashville has never seen so gay a fortnight as that during the sitting of this brilliant Convention.

The most talented and active of the Mississippi delegation was a Mr. M'Rea, a young man, who has made himself a man of work by the display of his talents for debate on this occasion.

ANECDOTES.

"Did thee receive the remittance, Nathaniel, my dear son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat? Thy person is rather fragile."

"Why—the fact is; that—I left my money—in a bank at New Orleans."

"Ah, thy economy is certainly commendable. In what bank?"

"I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was very good one, as it had a Scripture name. It was—um! let me see, it was the *Pharaoh Bank, I think.*"

"I would advise you to put your head into a dye-tub—it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-haired girl. I would advise you to put yours in an oven—it's rather soft," said Nancy.

A lot of fellow went on a deer hunt the other day, in Arkansas, and in less than four hours captured five girls and a woman.

There is an old lady in the up town range, so nice about every thing, that she puts her pigs tails up in brown paper to make them curl well.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gobenor of de State—he come in wild berry little opposition—he go out wid none at all."

An old Jew being in an out of the way ale-house, treated himself to some ham and eggs, but just as he was about to raise his fork to his mouth, a clap of thunder startled him. He dropped the fork, saying:

"Main Gott! all dis fuss shust because old Moses is eating a little pit of pecon!"