

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

While lying at anchor this day, two female Indians came off from the shore, in a beautiful bark canoe. It was so light and buoyant that it sat like a gull upon the water, and was truly a fine specimen of exquisite workmanship. The youngest of these females was a fine model of feminine simplicity and artless beauty; her long black hair was gracefully braided in front, it was parted sufficiently to show a light-brown forehead, with jet black eyes and regular features, that might serve as a model for a sculptor to imitate the perfection of the human form. Her dress was made close around the waist, and so arranged as to show a full bust; and that with close, ornamented pantaloons, and high-wrought moccasins, was gracefully seated, at her ease, this simple child of nature. We may call her a savage and sneer at her want of elegance and taste; but has she no charms to kindle the flame of love in the human bosom? A fine lady, it is true, may excel her in the gaudily decorated drawing room; but she can balance herself with perfect ease, confidence and grace in this exquisite boat, that two pound-weights would overturn in unskillful hands; can she manage the frail canoe, and force it through the water with an arrow's speed, and let it float like a swan on its peaceful bosom. To complete this picture and add a new charm to the scene, was their gentle deportment. When I invited them on board, they modestly declined, but spread out before them a variety of little articles of their own production, many of which were prettily made, and gracefully displayed—light little parti-colored baskets, slippers, and other ornamented trinkets, exquisitely wrought and tastefully exhibited. There was no opportunity on their part to induce me to purchase; they patiently waited my pleasure to take what I desired, and leave the rest. I was so captivated with these children of the forest, that I purchased their whole stock, asking but one simple question—"How much do the whole of these beautiful articles amount to?"—*Coggeshall's Second Series of Voyages.*

THE BLINDNESS OF WORLDLY GREAT MEN.

How the curious reader will see what were the opinions of one of the most powerful cardinals and men of that age, with respect to Protestantism and Luther. No man of that age, apart from kings, was more wealthy or exercised more power than Wolsey. He was cruel, arbitrary, ambitious, and persecuting. What he thought would curse England and ruin religious interests in the world, viz., Protestantism, has raised the one to the pinnacle of modern glory in freedom and science, and religion to its proper standard. Protestantism has done nearly all for modern civilization and liberty, while Catholicity has been its curse and drawback, its loathsome nightmare. Spain was in the time of Wolsey the most powerful of earthly nations, but priestcraft has dragged her to the dust of humiliation and misery. Italy, the centre of Popedom, whereon all its fancied light is shed, is the most ignorant and degraded of European nations. The bayonet and monkish rule keep down its people, who hate the Pope with the hatred of eternal blackness, and only lately drove him from his throne of Priestcraft. French troops had to reinstate him, not God's power. See the proud position of all protestant countries, and the superiority of their people.—*ERRON.*

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

[From the fifth volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.]

"On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! . . . No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to enquire about his health, Wolsey said to him, 'I shall not live long.' 'Be of good cheer, rejoined the Governor of the Tower. 'Alas! Master Kingston!' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs!' and then he added with downcast head, 'This is my just reward!' What a judgment upon his own life!

"On the very threshold of eternity, (for he had but a few moments to live,) the Cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. 'Master Kingston,' he said, 'attend to my last request: tell the King that I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy this new pernicious sect of Lutherans,' and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this, his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated: his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled, but Henry VIII., unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he, in conclusion, 'the King should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall have mischief upon mischief, barrenness, scarcity, and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm.'

"Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed, with a dying voice, 'Master Kingston, farewell: My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said, and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall perceive, understand my words better.' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter; his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1539.

"Thus died the man once so much feared. Power had been his idol; to obtain it in the State, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it, or to preserve it in the Church, he had fought against the Reformation. If he encouraged the nobility in the luxuries and pleasures of life, it was only to render them more subsile and more servile. If he supported learning, it was only that he might have a clergy fitted to keep the laity in their leading strings. Ambitious, intriguing, and impure of life, he had been as zealous for the sacerdotal prerogative as the austere Becket; and by a singular contrast, a shirt of hair was found on

the body of this voluptuous man. The aim of his life had been to raise the Papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down, and to take his seat on the pontifical throne with more than the authority of a Hildebrand. Wolsey, as Pope, would have been the man of his age; and in the political world, he would have done for the Roman primacy what the celebrated Loyola did for it soon after by his fanaticism. Obligated to renounce this idea, worthy only of the middle ages, he had a desire to save the Popedom in his own country; but here again he failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish Church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder, and yet, even in death, he did not lose his courage; the last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words from his failing lips, the last message to his master, his last testament had been persecution. This testament was to be only too faithfully executed."

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

[ORIGINAL.]

FROM COUSIN R. TO COUSIN C., ON BEING TOLD THAT THE POETRY OF THE DAY WAS CONFINED TO THE GERMANS.

"Come Coz, never trouble your innocent wit
About poetry, metres, and such;
For intelligent thoughts, and poetical flut,
Are confined to the prose-talking Dutch.

I believe it—'tis true as your living—last night,
I was writing a sonnet for thee,
But an hour spent in turning my brains turned me white,
For on counting my lines, they were—Three!

And in fact I am candid when now I declare,
That *Muerva* must favour a few,
For it with all sent 's her knowledge she'd share,
Her own stock, tho' large, might fall through.

Yet, oh! how it deadens the hopes that I've nursed,
To see poetry locked from my eye;
Me barred from the paths which I thought from the first,
Would have led me in time to the sky.

But Coz even I must to destiny yield,
And bow to the black God of fate;
Believe me I'll sigh not when quitting the field,
That in stanzas I never can prate.

Yet in reading old authors I own I've felt it,
When some bonum idea I'd see,
And twice cursed my stars that the saying of it,
Was left not in toto to me.

But in this bright age of the world you must know,
Tho' learning a bright lamp blazes o'er you,
You can't hatch a sonnet on love, hate, or woe,
But what some one hatch'd it before you.

Last week an idea which I fondly had thought
Had its rise in my fanciful brain,
Was after some trouble to proof in metre brought,
And mailed to "The Courier" of Maine.

But you cannot conceive how sadly I vexed,
Can't think of the pain that I knew,
When this glaring notice appeared in its next,
"We think Byron's the author, not you."

So the muse I'll renounce, bid Apollo good by,
Seek the goddess of fame in bold prose;
Yes, muses believe me, I swear I shall fly,
Your pleasures your numberless woes.

PERIN, Sept. 6, 1853.

EXCAS.

Impudent pettifoggers, as our readers have often seen, sometimes get their fingers bitten in their own traps by their insolent brow-beating of witnesses. Here is a new instance:

In a Justice's Court, "Down East," a trial was under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus:

"Mr. —, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he know anything?"

"Very little."

"How even does he know?"

"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do!"

The witness was allowed to retire without further questions, amidst the most uproarious "skreems of laughter."—*Knickerbocker.*

When Pat Hogan first arrived in America, he was told by some Yankee that many things in this country were larger than in Ireland—the river, lakes, &c. Soon after Pat came near a field where a jackass was feeding, and seeing the animal cock up a pair of long ears, Pat exclaimed to his companion,

"O, Teddy, my boy—look, look! O, Jabers, what a rabbit!"

An accepted suitor, one day walking with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affections, said, "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported, and the other hanging!"

"Harnet Beecher's toe (Siow)—Harnet Beecher's toe!" exclaimed an old darkey, with a puzzled expression "oh de countenance," as he passed his sable digits slowly and thoughtfully through the woolly covering of his occiput. "I hear all de white people talking 'bout Misars Harnet Beecher's toe, but dey nebber say nut 'bout her heel, or any edder part ob her foot.—Wonder what de 'viter wid dat toe! 'Pears to me it's a long time a trubblin' her," and with a sympathizing shake of the head, the old man continued his occupation.

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE DEPARTED

BY MRS F. A. HENRY

Away in the grave there are cherished forms sleeping,
And memory above them, her vigils is keeping,
And we dream of the days when beside us they wandered,
And the ties of affection seem'd ever unsever'd

And yet they have gone and have left us in sadness,
Though nature spreads o'er them a mantle of gladness,
And sunshine and shade, and soft dews and show'rs,
Awaken above them an Eden of flow'rs

But the lov'd come not back from where they are sleeping,
Though bright eyes above them may grow dim with weeping,
Nor dew-drops of grief, nor anguish's wild showers,
Awaken again the hearts-stricken flower.

But as buds spring again where so late they have perish'd,
New objects of love by our fond hearts are cherish'd,
Yet memory sheds like the rose wither'd flower,
A sorrowful sweetness o'er life's after hours.

As the buds of affection around us are closing,
And we're drawing near to the hour of reposing,
We wish that the ties that enchain us were riven,
As we hasten to clasp our lost jewels in Heaven.

Port Oshawa, August 8th, 1853

RARE FUN.

The Cambridge city folks had a bit of fun last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. C., whose husband is a printer, and was given to drink, waited dinner for Mr. C., until after 2 o'clock; but as he delayed much longer than common, she started in pursuit of him. She sought in the printing office, when she learned to her grief that Mr. C. was at the grocery. She started quick for the place, with a bit of clap-board, and entering it, found Mr. C. highly intoxicated. She downed C., and then fell on the grocery keeper, and run him out of the store at the street door. The wife of the keeper entered in his defence, but Mrs. C. quickly put her to flight, and having cleared the tan-yard, fell to smashing and pounding the jugs, bottles, kegs and barrels, until every thing containing spirituous liquors was demolished. The keeper ruined, but received no sympathy from the public. A large sum of money was made up by the citizens of Cambridge and sent Mrs. C., and the grocery keeper was informed, that if he did not wish to leave town, on that time-honored, old-fashioned, much-talked-of, but less used, FEN RAIL, clad in soft tar and the red feather of the babbling goose, he would make himself scarce without redress in any shape or form. May the Lord send a more Mrs. C.'s.

Right glad will we be, when enough such women can be found to demolish every grocery throughout the length and breadth of our land.—*Centerville (Ind.) Press.*

SLAVE MARRIAGES.—A correspondent of the New York Times gives the annexed glimpse of the relation of slaves each other:

A slave, who was tired (not owned) by a friend of mine's Savannah, called upon him one morning while I was there, and say that he wished to marry a woman in the evening, and was a ticket from him to authorize the ceremony.

"I thought you were married," said my friend.

"Yes, master, but that woman has leave me, and go 'long nudder man."

"Indeed! Why, you had several children by her, had you not?"

"Yes, master, we had thirteen, but now she gone 'long nudder man."

"But will the church permit you to marry another so soon?"

"Yes, master; I tell 'em the woman I had leave me 'long nudder man, and she say she don't mean to come back and I can't be speeted to lib without a woman at all, so dey get me de divorce."

On the plantation the ceremony of marriage varies very much sometimes there is none at all, the parties merely asking leave of their master, and as soon as a cabin is provided for them to live together; sometimes it is performed by their master generally by the negro preacher, often by a white clergyman.

I was standing with my friend Mr. A. looking at a group of negroes engaged in living a cotton field, when he said to a girl who was vigorously plying the hoe near us—

"Is that Lucy? Ah, Lucy, what's that I hear about you?"

The girl sniggered, but did not answer or discontinue her work.

"What is this I hear about you and Sam, eh?" The girl grinned and whispered, "Yes, sir."

"Sam came to see me this morning."

"If the master pleases."

"Very well; you may come up to the house Saturday and your mistress will have something for you."

There is no law on this plantation that the negroes shall marry off the place, but intercourse with other plantations is discouraged, and they seldom do so.

Mrs. Phebe Patterson, a practical printer, proposes establishing an office in New York, for the purpose of teaching women set types.

MARRIAGE OF TWO DEAF AND DUMB COUPLES.—July 11th marriages were celebrated at Kirkheaton Church, all the parties being deaf and dumb. The persons married were Mr. R. Roxby, of Kirkheaton, to Miss Halliwell, Longwood; and Nathn Gill to Miss Swallow, of Halifax. The church was crowded by curious spectators. The parties were educated at the institutions of London, Manchester and Doncaster. Services were explained to them by Mr. Samuel Kaye, who conversant with the language of the deaf and dumb, and services were explained in natural signs by Mr. Roxby to Miss Gill, who was uneducated in a written language, but intelligent in natural signs.