

## LIE UP, NEARER, BROTHER.

The *New England Diadem*, gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain CHASE, giving an account of the death and of his Brother-in-law, Mr BROWN OWEN, who died on his passage to California.—

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,  
For my limbs are growing cold,  
And thy presence seemeth dearer,  
When thy arms around me fold;  
I am dying, brother, dying,  
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,  
For my form will soon be lying,  
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,  
I have something I would say,  
Ere the veil my vision darken  
And I go from hence away.  
I am going, surely going,  
But my hope in God is strong,  
I am willing, brother, knowing  
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,  
That in death I prayed for him,  
Prayed that I may one day meet him,  
In a world that's free from sin,  
Tell my mother, (God assist her),  
Now that she is growing old,  
Tell her child would glad have kissed her,  
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,  
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,  
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her  
When the fever burned my brow,  
Tell her—brother, closely listen,  
Don't forget a single word—  
That in death my eyes did glisten  
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,  
Like the kiss I last impressed,  
Hold them as when last I held them,  
Folded closely to my breast;  
Give them each to my Maker,  
Fasting sit her trust in God,  
And He never will forsake her,  
For He said so in His word.

Oh my children, heaven bless them!  
They were all my life to me,  
Would I could once more embrace them,  
Ere I sink beneath the sea,  
Tears for them I crossed the ocean,  
What my hopes were I'll not tell,  
But I have gained an orphan's portion,  
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember  
Every kindly parting word,  
And my heart has been kept tender,  
As the thoughts the memory stirred;  
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven  
Where I sought the precious "dust,"  
But I have gained a port called Heaven,  
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,  
For they'll find their brother there,  
Faith in Jesus, and repentance,  
Will secure for each a share,  
Hark I hear my Saviour speaking,  
'Tis I know his voice so well,  
When I'm gone ah don't be weeping,  
Brother, here's my last FAREWELL.

**Paris suicide**—The frequenters of the Hippodrome at Paris, which is directly opposite the celebrated de Triumphe, were recently the witnesses of a horrid spectacle just as they were leaving the former establishment. As the crowd emerged, the attention of a suddenly drawn to a man who was standing on the cornice of the Arc de Triumphe, looking down from a dizzy height. Suddenly he made the sign of the cross and leaped off! He fell upon his feet, and with a terrible force that his legs were driven into his chest. Life was of course quite extinct when he was picked up. A letter in his pocket, addressed to his brother, gave infidelity of his wife as the cause of his sui-

**Tree in Oregon**—Some of the spruce and fir trees in Oregon shoot up to the height of 300 feet without sending out any lateral branches. A drawing of a tree 12 feet in diameter at the base and 430 feet high was sent for a London pictorial paper. They are found on the ground near the coast three hundred feet long. The trunk of the Lot Whitcomb is made of the trunk of a single tree 160 feet in length. To fell the spruce timber holes are bored in the trunk so that they meet in the centre. A fire is then kindled, which is kept up by draught of air, and in a few hours the tree is cut so that it falls. So says a western paper.

## THE WAY WITH SOME PEOPLE.

Deacon S—once employed a cobbler to take a few stitches in a boot, for which service he was asked half a dollar. The demand was considered exorbitant, but the deacon was not a man to have trouble with his neighbor on a trifling matter, so without a word of objection it was cancelled. "All will come round right in the end," he said to himself.

Next morning, the deacon, who was a farmer, was on his way to his field with oxen and plough, when the cobbler came out of his shop and accosted him.

"Good morning, deacon. You're just the man I hoped to see. The case is, I've hired the field yonder, and am going to sow it with wheat, but being no farmer myself, I wish you would stop and give me a little insight into the business."

The other was about to excuse himself, for he felt particularly anxious to finish a piece of ploughing that day, which he could not do if detained at all, when remembering the boot-mending, thought he, "the affair is coming right, so soon. Here is an opportunity for illustrating the Golden Rule, and returning good for evil—I will render the assistance he needs, and when asked what's to pay, will answer, nothing, sir, nothing. I never make account of these little neighborly kindnesses. That will remind him of yesterday."

So the deacon readily consented to do as requested, and going over the field, commenced and finished sowing a bushel of grain, scarcely thinking, meanwhile, of how his team was standing idle in the cool of the day; but glorying in the anticipating of the smart his neighbor would suffer from the living coals about to be heaped upon his head. The employer, who, seated on a pile of stones in the centre of the field, had watched the process in silence, now rose to his feet, and very deliberately advanced towards the obliging farmer.

"Now for my revenge," thought the latter, seeing him about to speak, but the other only carelessly remarked, "It isn't much to do a thing when one knows how."

The deacon made no reply, but stood awaiting the question, "How much do you ask for your labor?" He waited in vain, however, the question was not asked.—The other began to speak on indifferent topics, and the farmer, unwilling to lose more time, turned and hurried away to where he had left his team. He had gone some distance along the road, when a voice was heard calling,

"Hallo, deacon. Hold on there a minute."

The deacon turned his head, and his neighbor, the cobbler, beckoned him back.

"He's just thought of it," said the deacon to himself, half impatient at being again stopped. "My triumph is likely to cost about as much as 'us worth, but I'll have it after all. Urge as he may, I won't take a single dime."

So saying, he secured his oxen to a post by the roadside, and ran back as far as the wall, against the opposite side of which the cobbler was carelessly leaning.

"Why how you puff, deacon, there's no special haste called for. I merely thought to ask whether you don't imagine we shall have rain soon. You farmers pay more attention to these things than we mechanics do."

The deacon coughed a full minute, and then answered that he "really couldn't say, but it seemed pretty near cool enough for snow," and having given his opinion, he once more set his face farmward, missing as he went, whether it might not have been well to have attached to the Golden Rule a modifying clause, suited to dealing with such people as his neighbor of the awl and last.

The deacon loves to this day to tell the story; and laugh over it; but he never fails to add, "Well, well, it ended just as it should; inasmuch as I was wickedly calculating on rejoicing over my neighbor's humiliation.—*Am. Union.*

**A NEW RACE OF MEN**—Naim-Niams, or men with tails; described in a letter from M. E. de Castelnau, member of a Geographical Society of Paris, to M. de la Roquette, Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Society.

My Dear Colleague:—I am so over-burdened with occupations that it is impossible for me to comply entirely with your wishes; however I will do as well as I can. Finding myself at Bahia, amidst an immense slave population obtained from all parts of Africa, I thought that among so many persons I would find some adequately informed to give me some information about unknown parts of this vast continent. I soon perceived that the Mahometan inhabitants of Soudan were

generally more advanced in knowledge than the idolatrous population of the coasts. Several blacks from the countries of Haoursa and of Adamawah informed me that they had been in expeditions against the Naim-Niams who had tails. It took them thirteen days on leaving Kano and crossing Brooche and Gourzoum, to reach a wooded region called Lanchaudon, and which is filled with tigers, giraffes, elephants, and wild camels. They were nine days in passing through this immense forest. They climbed high mountains, upon the level parts of which they traveled several days more, when they encountered a numerous people completely like themselves, but having tails of greater or less length, (from 30 to 40 long)—a meter is about 3 ft. 3 inch. of our measure, the tails must, therefore, have been from one foot to sixteen inches long. This organ is represented to be smooth and void of motion. The Haoursas killed several of these unfortunate beings: among the bodies found were several females, who had similar appendages. They were all entirely naked. The Haoursas remained six months in the country, which was covered with rocks of great elevation, and the greater part of the Naim-Niams lived in holes; some however make for themselves huts of straw. They sharpen their teeth by flung, and used the bow, the gagaic, and the club, and yelled in war. They were good looking men, with curly hair. They cultivated rice, maize, and other grains unknown in the country of Haoursas. The only piece of furniture observed with them was a wooden bench, pierced with a hole to admit the tail. This region is situated to the south-east of Lake Tchad. I have had opportunities of seeing several blacks who assure me that they had been on similar expeditions, had seen their tails and had cut them off, &c. I state these facts as given to me by these blacks, without guarantee of their correctness. My intention is to publish, among other things, the actual interrogatories; also maps, portraits of different nations, vocabularies, &c.—(Translated from the July number of the Bulletin of the Geographical Society, of Paris.) Richardson, in his travels in Africa, went to lake Tchad, and in the sketch of his travels, he marks a region south-east of Lake Tchad as inhabited by the Yem-Yems, no doubt the Naim-Niams of Count Castelnau; but he does not speak of this people as having tails.

The police of Cologne lately stopped the caravan of a wretch who had hired 19 children from their parents in various parts of Germany, under various false pretences, to be sent on the streets of London to beg, the profits of their mendacity being given to their masters. The case is a clear illustration of the manner in which the streets of London are supplied with juvenile beggars. What is given them in charity merely supports in idleness the gang of worthless vagabonds who are their taskmasters. The number imported for this purpose is probably still greater from Italy than from Germany.

**French Girls in Southern Factories**—For some reason it appears that the service of slaves is not considered as desirable by the managers of some of the Southern manufactories as labour of another description. A Mobile paper says the ship Seine is now daily expected to arrive at that port with forty young women from France, to be employed at the Dog River Factory.

**Tonnage of the United States**—The total tonnage of the United States is 3,772,439 tons. A few years ago the total tonnage of Great Britain was 3,000,000 tons. It does not much exceed that amount at present. Of the tonnage of this country, 1,726,000 tons is registered—the balance is enrolled and uncessed.

The Tonnage of the port of New York is 931,193; Boston, 342,936; New Orleans, 251,900; Philadelphia, 222,428; Baltimore, 160,511; New Bedford, 131,409; Bath, 103,594; Walsboro, 103,593; Portland, 97,571; Buffalo, 43,603; Oswego, 26,323; Sakett's Harbor, 7,105; Cleveland, 36,070; Detroit, 40,319; Chicago, 24,103; San Francisco, 58,663.

**PRINTERS' FEARS**—Two Printers in the Plymouth Rock office, tired of taking impressions on the forms of that paper, tried it on the hearts of two fair damsels. After several settings up they succeeded in taking such fair proofs of the matter, that this week the minister of the place was called in and worked off the whole fair forms in two folio editions, leaving them packed up for life. Now let them "circulate the documents."