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"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

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[For the New York Mercury.]

YOUNG AGAIN.

BY CELIA.

[An aged woman, in a poor-house, being asked if she had a husband living, replied: "Yes; he's with me on my journey." On being asked where she was going, she said, dreamily:—"Down to Raspberry Meadow."]

Old and feeble, weak and weary,
Trembling with the weight of years,
All a lone she tottered slowly
Down all through the Vale of Tears.

Friends and husband all had left her—
Even Reason's glimmering light
Shown but faintly from its socket—
That must soon go out in night.

She was feeble, weak, and wandering,
But she now was growing young;
Close her heart, forgetting injuries
To her youthful memories clung.

She was living o'er her spring-time,
When her hopes and loves were true—
When her heart was in its meadows,
And her feet bathed in its dew.

Hand-in-hand they walked together
Barefoot, through the waving grass;
He, a noble, blooming laddie—
She, a blushing, loving lass.

Times are changed. Now her pleasure
Lies in dreamings—imaginings;
And her heart's own tuneful childhood,
Still as happy, sweetly sings.

Courage! weary, hopeful spirit,
There are springs for thee above;
Hand-in-hand, with friends and husband,
Thou shalt tread the fields of love.

THE SERPENT'S DEN.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

In the year 1792, a man by the name of Job Slocum, together with his family, consisting of his wife and two sons, settled in the northwestern portion of Virginia. His rough cabin was built upon the banks of a beautiful and romantic stream, that, after meandering in the valleys, and through the dense forest, at length emptied its waters into the Ohio.

One day, in the spring of 1799, Job's two sons, Jesse and Thomas, in company with several of the neighboring settlers, had made up a hunting party, intending to be gone some days. They took up their line of march into a dense piece of woods to the northward, and after making their exit from this, commenced the ascent of a steep and rocky acclivity. They had reached about half way up, when, all at once, the foremost of them startled back, with surprise and horror, as the well known sound of the rattlesnake fell upon their ears. Immediately following the alarm, they beheld numbers of these venomous reptiles directly in their path, some of them of huge size, and all having their heads raised and thrown back in a threatening manner. But the early pioneers were not men easily frightened off by such a foe; and our heroes after procuring good, stout, hickory cudgels, pressed on to the encounter.

As they approached, the serpents—which, while the party were cutting their staves, had become passive—again roused up, and assumed the defensive, darting out their tongues and sounding their rattles fiercely in defiance. The battle now commenced in real earnest—the snakes striking with great anger at the men, and they, in turn, avoiding the danger of being bitten, and showering heavy and desperate blows upon the reptiles. The latter, after a prolonged and savage contest, finally fled, or rather retreated, down into a crevice of some rocks near the brow of the hill.

The attacking party advanced with great caution to this opening, expecting to see the enemy again start up to renew the fight. Hearing no rattle, however, the boldest of the men, going down upon their knees, peered into the fissure; but nothing was to be seen of the serpents.

On counting the number that had been killed, the hunters found that there were between fifty and sixty, some of them being nearly five feet in length, and, in the largest part of the body, were as thick as a man's leg below the calf.

None of the party having received any injury, they all proceeded on their way to the place where they intended to hunt. After prolonging the excursion for some three or four days, the company returned in high spirits. Jesse and Thomas mentioned the incident of encountering the rattle-snakes to their father; who, after questioning them as to the natural peculiarities of the spot, rejoined: "Well, lads, we will go over there to-morrow, and I'll warrant you we'll have a fine time of it."

Accordingly, early the next morning, together with his two sons and several of his neighbors, Job proceeded to the scene of previous encounter. And there, piled in a heap, he saw the dead serpents just as they had been left by the victors. But the most thorough search of the locality failed to discover the whereabouts of a single living one. This very much astonished all present, with the exception of old Job, who, turning to Jesse, said: "Lend me that pole, lad, and I'll see if I can't find them."

Having obtained the instrument referred to, which was nothing more than a large and heavy plane-iron lashed to the extremity of a long, ashen pole, he proceeded to the crevice where the reptiles had disappeared after their previous defeat. Parting some thick underbush that covered it partially over, he thrust his weapon as far as practicable, though the jagged nature of the sides of the fissure prevented him from pushing it farther than half the length of the pole.

"There must be some sort of a hiding-place where the rattling eels have crept into, and sneaked themselves snug away!" exclaimed Job, determinedly and angrily, as he rose to his feet and drove the keen-edged weapon into the trunk of an old tree that had been blown down by a storm.

As he did so, a sharp rattle was heard in a dense, almost impenetrable thicket, some ten or twelve feet behind where he stood.

"Look out, lads! there's the ugly varmints! and we'll have them all around us in the shake of a buck's tail!" cried old Job, turning in the direction in which the ominous warning had come.

In a few moments, two sturdy fellows, by Job's order, were clearing away the entangled growth of bushes; and after working hard for half an hour, they succeeded in solving the mystery, in the discovery of the hiding place of the reptiles.

It was an irregular cavern, or rather natural pit, whose sides were almost perpendicular, and about thirteen or fourteen feet deep. On the western edge of this natural well, a large tree had been growing, and had fallen across the top in such a manner that the roots resting on one side and the branches on the other, it formed a complete bridge across.—The bottom of the pit was litterally swarming with the loathsome serpents, which no sooner perceived the hunters than they set up a hideous noise, rattling and hissing violentiy.

The only entrance to the retreat was an opening in the side, some twelve feet below the ground; and in order that none of the reptiles should escape through this, the hunters, obtaining water from a neighboring spring, made a tough paste of a quantity of the rich mould laying about, and dropping it down, rammed it very tightly into the opening, thus plugging it entirely up.

And now the slaughter commenced. A volley, that did much execution, was fired down into the midst of the serpents, which redoubled their previous angry manifestations.—Round upon round was hurled upon the entrapped rattlesnakes, which, finding no way of getting out of the fatal confinement, moved round and round their prison with astonishing celerity

Jesse Slocum, Job's oldest son, at last becoming tired of firing, seized his rudely constructed lance, and, creeping midway out upon the trunk of the fallen tree, commenced to drive the sharp edge of the plane-iron into the bodies and heads of the writhing; wriggling snakes, which now presented a horrid appearance. Covered with their own blood, the furious reptiles, leaping and almost flying around their den, rendered the sides thereof, to the height of six or eight feet, red and gory.

For some time, Jesse Slocum occupied his position, dealing death below; when one of his companions, noticing a peculiar swaying motion of the tree, called to him to come off of it, or there might be an accident. At this he burst into a hearty laugh, and, renewing his work with increased vigor, exclaimed, "If you'll only hush up, I'll have some nice rattlesnake pie ready for you in a very little while."

As he finished this remark, a huge serpent emerged from the almost seething mass, directly under him; on perceiving which, he raised his weapon as high as possible, and taking a true aim, delivered a terrible blow directly upon the reptile's neck. But, even as he did so, the further end of the tree split, and sunk, with a harsh, scraping noise, about half way down the side of the horrid well, where, resting a moment, it fell with a dull thump to the bottom.

Jesse was a powerful, heavily-built man; and when he saw his danger, he had, like lightning managed to turn himself completely round and clasp the trunk with both arms. As the tree fell, the roots of which still held, however, the shock caused him to slip from the upper to the under side, so that he was now compelled to support his whole weight in that perilous position. Neither could he move, for should he attempt to recover himself, he would inevitably fall into the reeking, loathsome mass beneath, where he would have become the victim of those rattlesnakes which had as yet escaped their doom. Many of the venomous reptiles would now and then strike furiously at Jesse, or else at his coon-skin cap, that had dropped from his head among them.

Finding himself fast, giving out, he called out, in a husky, choking voice, to one of his companions, shoot me—shoot me, Bill, for heavens sake! You can't save me, and so don't let me fall in alive!"

The father, who till this moment seemed rooted to the ground with his son's danger, as the tones of the fearful entreaty fell upon his ear, started, and turning to those around him, inquired, in a cool, firm tone, "Have any of you any thongs?"

"Here's some!" cried several of them in a breath.

Grasping them quickly, he turned to Jesse, exclaiming in an encouraging tone, "Hold out a little longer, lad, and I'll save you!"

Then, seizing a hatchet from one of the group, Job Slocum hastened along the tree to where his son's arms clutched the trunk. Drawing his stout knife, he placed the point in a crack, and with a blow or so with the hatchet, drove it up to the half in the wood. Doubling one of the throngs, he looped it round the primitive staple, and whirling the two loose ends under Jesse's body, caught them, and drawing the thong tightly up, knotted it about the handle of the knif. Creeping further along, he secured, in a similar manner, his son's ankles; and then facing about, took hold of Jesse's feet and held them firmly, while the imperiled man exerted his own strength to regain his former position. It was exceedingly difficult for him to do this, but he at last succeeded.

As soon as the desired object was accomplished, Job severed the thong that bound his son's ankles; and then at an imminent risk to himself, crept over his prostrate boay, cut the cord around his shoulders, and regained the edge of the pit.

Carefully, very carefully, did Jesse Slocum follow his father. When he came within reach, every hand was extended, and he was almost lifted to a sure footing upon *terra firma*.

An exultant shout of joy now rang through the silent forest, at the almost miraculous rescue.

It was believed, after a few more rounds were fired, that all the reptiles were killed. As to the exact number destroyed, the hunters could form no just estimate; but all agree that there were at least from four to six hunded. Doubtless, this secluded retreat had been for years their breeding place, as many of them were of enormous size.

[From the Maine Evangelist.]

Sensibility Conducive to Noble and Virtuous Action.

Amid the wildest, as amid the most genial scenes of primeval times, the rude altar and the sacred grove alike marked the emotions which nature awakened in the savage breast. In ages of civilization and refinement the columns of the temple and the stillness of a Sabbath morn tell of the union of devotional sentiment with a sensibility to surrounding scenes. Endowed with sentiment, the objects in nature become every where significant of the invisible power of some beneficent Being, in the contemplation of whose attributes the noblest and finest feelings of the soul are called forth, awakening to virtue the pulses of the heart.

In every great circumstance of life sensibility animates and excites to noble and virtuous action, at all times prompting us to the relief of human suffering. Neither courts, nor camps, nor the iron school of war can dissolve the effects that arise from an early susceptibility to impressions and the silent movement of a sensitive mind. Unconsciously we return to the first and noblest sentiments of our nature, yielding to the secret influence of the gentleer feelings of the heart, impressed on every form of varied life. As at the silent close of day the wandering dove returns to native skies, the evening of life sends us back to familiar scenes, and the weight of years falls from us a garment in the exercise afforded the finer feelings of the heart, alike the incentive and guide to exalted action. When Xerxes at the Hellespont surveyed from a marble throne the largest force ever assembled in the world, he was moved with feelings of pride and pleasure at the sight of such a vast assemblage of men beneath his command. But when he reflected that in a less period than a hundred years, that mighty host, covering the earth around and crowding the sea with vessels, would pass away from the earth, his heart was filled with sadness, and he wept. The unfortunate Queen of Scots, when summoned to her place of execution, beheld the executioners and all the preparations of death with a serenity and composure of countenance that awed the spectators and bade defiance to law. The moral sensibilities of her nature were roused, which gave her that firmness and fixedness of purpose in an action that will be regarded with interest and emotion as long as the human heart shall beat with human feeling. The principles of religion and virtue, impressed through maternal interest and affection upon the minds of our Adams and our Washington, constituted the solid basis of the characters which they maintained through all the trying vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

That sensibility of principle and honor, so predominant in the mind of woman, has ever prompted and encouraged her to the acquisition and display of the highest qualities; and to the exertion of an influence in society that will be felt and acknowledged down to the latest period of time. It is this nobler and gentler impulse of the heart that has preserved the student and the statesman through all ages in the line of duty, alike the path of safety and the way to fame. Fortunate, then, are they who have received from nature this sacred gift. They ought religiously to preserve and cherish it, even though in imagination it may be said to be employed when the sigh of real misery is hushed and its generous hand not heeded.

"For well, thus gifted, may they bear the thrill,
Of social sorrow and ideal wrong—
The Æolian harp that heaven's pure breezes fill,
Must breathe at times a melancholy song."

Demand for Breadstuffs in Europe.

The advices from Europe lead to the belief that there will be a large demand for breadstuffs during the coming year. The season has been so wet and cold in England that a deficiency of at least four million quarters is already estimated as certain, while the supply in the markets of the United Kingdom of Great Britain is less by about one million six hundred thousand quarters than last year at the same date. Private letters from the highest banking authorities confirm the statements of the press, and predict a large demand for American produce. Nor is this impending scarcity confined to the British Islands. The Continent is not likely to have any surplus. All accounts agree that the crops throughout Central Europe have suffered much from the severity of the weather.

Aside from keeping up prices in the home market, the Western States are not so much benefitted by an export demand as is generally supposed. The cost of transportation generally absorbs all the profit. The inflation of business at the west for several years prior to 1857 was not caused so much by the demand for breadstuffs from Europe as by the home demand, caused by the expenditure of thirty millions, in cash, every year for the construction of railways.

As far as the foreign demand raises the value of that sold at home, the export is of great advantage to the farmers. A large export demand is also beneficial to the carrying, both inland and on the sea-board.

A Hoosier girl stepped on board a steamboat lying at a certain town on the Ohio River, and bawled out—

"Is the captain on board?"

The captain who was standing among the crowd, responded, "Yes, what do you want with him?"

"Oh, nothing particular; he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him.

"A relation of your's?" inquired he, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, a slight relation of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of yours?"

"Yes, a slight relation—he's the father of my first child!"

You had better believe the captain sloped in quick time, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

A Progress Through Egypt--Homage to a Great Benefactor.

The "Diary of a Physician," by Dr. Warren, thrilling and interesting as it has been considered, is not more marvelous than the actual experience of the celebrated Professor Holloway in the various countries he has visited. While in a spirit of general philanthropy he has devoted himself to the conservation of the public health, without distinction of nation or class, he has been the intimate friend of princes and an honored guest at the table of kings. His courtly manners, varied information, and the fascinating style in which he gives his impressions of the countries and peoples with whom his travels have made him familiar, render him the most delightful of companions. When in Egypt, (whither he went several years ago for the purpose of investigating the antiquities of that cradle of learning and science,) he received a special invitation from Ibrahim Pasha to become his guest at Alexandria, and that remarkable man is said to have offered him an enormous income as an inducement to become his physician-in-chief. Failing in that, he ordered a guard of honor to attend Professor Holloway to Thebes, and presented him with a special firman, addressed to all civil and military officers in Egypt, commanding them to afford "the friend of Ibrahim Pasha" every facility in the prosecution of his researches. Thus he journeyed, the guest of the nation, through the realm of the Pharaohs. Nor was his progress simply devoted to antiquarian objects. Traveling as usual with an ample supply of his invaluable remedies, he was enabled to do an infinity of good in that unhealthy region watered by the Nile. Wherever his tents were pitched, the sick were conveyed there. Nubian and Abysinian princes brought their sick wives and children on litters, seeming to believe that he could heal them with a touch, and Moors, Copts and Turks—in fact, representatives of all the races that make up the population of Egypt, vied with each other in doing him honor. He had little occasion to use the Pasha's firman, for the cures he wrought were a passport to all hearts—a sufficient incentive to exertion in his service. Even the dancing girls who came at evening to perform before his tent, at various places on the route, refused the customary *doucer*. They merely asked a small supply of the medicines which had proved so efficacious in the diseases of the country, and felt assured, on receiving them, that they possessed a talisman capable of controlling every species of sickness.

Benevolence, courage and perseverance, combined with skill of the highest order, and all exercised in an unselfish spirit for the good of mankind, are the main traits of this great man's character. They have stamped his name upon the hearts of the present generation and given it a just claim to immortality.—*Bohn's Abysinia.*

Down in Egypt, Illinois, Deacon Smith one day was called upon to marry an old couple not less than sixty years of age. The crowd assembled at the old log school house together. The Deacon and the martial candidates rose.

"Mr. Jones," said the Deacon, "and Sarah Long, stand up. Do you, Mr. Jones, take Sarah Long, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and wedded wife so long as you both shall live?"

"No, sir, Deacon Smith," said Jones, "so long as we both shall agree."

This matter being understood the Deacon proceeded.

"Do you, Sarah Long, take Mr. Jones, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful wedded husband so long as you both shall live?"

"No, sir, Deacon Smith, so long as Mr. Jones keeps me in snuff and hoops, our washing done," replied the heroic female.

A witty young rascal, passing through the town of ——, in Alabama, not long since, wanted some whisky, and knowing it could only be obtained by a physician, wrote himself an order, signing it with his own name, to which the learned M. D. was attached. He presented it at the drug store of, a gentleman, who, though unrecognized by him, proved to be an old acquaintance. "Hallo, Frank," said he, "when did *you* get to be a doctor?" "I'm *not* a doctor." "Why, what's the M. D. to your name for then?" Frank saw he was caught; but determining to make the best of it, put on a very innocent look and meekly answered: "Oh! that's for *Mighty Dry!*" Of course he got the *whisky*.

Georgia Presidential Electors.

The Constitution of the United States ordains that each State shall appoint its own electors of President and Vice President in such manner as the legislature thereof shall prescribe, and there is no constitutional or statutory provision about the matter except an act requiring a uniform day for the election throughout the United States.

In Georgia the statute requires *a majority of the whole number of votes cast to* elect a presidential elector.—If a majority of the college is elected by such a vote, that majority may, by an election among themselves, supply the vacancies in the college. But if a less number are elected by the people, the vacancies must be filled by legislative election, and the Governor is authorized to call a special session of the general assembly for that purpose. The same is true, of course, if none of the electoral candidates get such a majority. Then the duty of electing an entire electoral collage devolves on the legislature, which in this case is already chosen, so that the question in that ulterior resort may be considered already settled.

Looking at these facts, it is highly probable that a great deal of unavailing breath and ink will be spent in Georgia this summer. The Bell and Everett men have been very much rejoiced over the democratic division, as if that made their case any better. It does not improve their chances at all. They must still get a majority of the whole number of votes cast by the people of Georgia, and *that* vote would be a winning one whether the democracy were divided or not. That no am't of stumping, canvassing, arguing, and newspaper writing is, in the present or any probable attitude of affairs, likely to divert the vote of the State from Breckinridge and Lane, will, we think, be evident to all who will look at the matter with a moderate amount of impartiality.—*Macon Telegraph, 28th ult.*

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down-easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the bettor, "to give me a straight-forward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee.—"Then, why is it that New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "*Do they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of being loved; fondness of flattery; the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, and a passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

Humbolt said, ten years ago:—"Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man. Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

"Samivel, bevare of vimmins as reads no noospapers. Your fadder married a woman vat reads none, an' you're the sad konsequinz. You're has hignorant as as an 'orse. Hignorant peoples says as how it's throwin' money away to take noospapers, an' foolin' away time to read 'em.

A blacksmith, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom: "I shall never sue anybody for slander; I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court-house in a year!"

"Ma', has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "Cause that little man, with a heap of hair on his face, catched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey out of her lips; and she said. 'Well, make haste.'"

A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of women—that virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; and that industry occupy her hand."

"My boy," exclaimed a deacon, "you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." "It can't be no harm, deacon; I ain't catching nothing."

To quell the pride of even the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than ourselves.

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