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POETICAL GLEANINGS.

MY VOCATION.

From the French of Beranger.

Thrown upon this earthly ball,
Wasted, feeble, in distress,
Trampled under foot by all,
Conscious of my nothingness;
From my lips a plaintive cry
Sadly mounts to keaven's King,
But a whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing."

Wealth, in gilded chariot borne,
Spurns me as I pace the street;
I am withered by the scorn
Of the rich, the proud, the great;
From their sneers 't is vain to fly,
Everywhere they leave their sting;
Yet the whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing."

Life's uncertain path I tread,
Sore perplexed, in doubt, in fear;
Would I earn my daily bread,
Slavery's fetters I must wear.
Though oppressed by poverty,
Fain I'd soar on freedom's wing,
When the whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing."

Pitying a heart thus seared,
Love vouchsafed his healing ray,
But when trembling age appeared,
That sweet vision passed away;
Beauty's presence wakes a sigh,
None responsive echoing,
While the wisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing."

Yes, to sing is my vocation,
While my footsteps linger here,
Will not man smile approbation
When his cares with song I cheer?
Though to pleasure's board I fly,
Though my friends the goblet bring,
Still that whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing."

SABBATH READING.

Let us Give Thanks.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let us give thanks, with grateful soul,
To Him who sendeth all;
To Him who bids the planets roll,
And sees a "sparrow fall."
Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
And care and strife arrest,
'Tis man, too often, that alloys
The lot his Maker blest:
While sunshine lights the boundless sky,
And dew drops feed the sod—
While stars and rainbows live on high—
Let us give thanks to God.

We till the earth in labor's health,
We plant the acorn cup;
The fields are crowned with golden wealth,
The green tree springeth up;
The sweet, eternal waters gush
From fountain and from vale;
The vineyards blush with purple flush,
The yellow hop leaves trail;
And while the Harvest flings its gold,
And cowslips deck the sod—
While limpid streams are clear and cold,
Let us give thanks to God.

The flower yields its odor breath,
As gentle winds go past;
The grosshopper that lurks beneath
Chirps merrily and fast;
The ring dove coos upon the spray,
The larks full anthems pour;
The bees start with a jocund lay,
The waves sing on the shore;
Hosannas fill the wood and wild,
Where human step ne'er trod;
And nature, like an unweaned child,
Smiles on its parent God.

Say, Brothers, shall the bird and bloom
Thus teach, and teach in vain?
Shall all the love-lays that illume,
Be lost in clouds of pain?
Shall hearts be dead and vision blind
To all that mercy deals?
Shall soul and reason fail to find
The shrine where instinct kneels?
Ah, no!—while glory lights the sky,
And beauty paints the sod—
While stars and rainbows live on high,
Let us give thanks to God.

A LEGAL JOKE.—"Well, George," said a friend of a young lawyer, who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion—"my professions much better than my practice."

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the New Orleans Delta.

A Private Pudding; or How the Hoosier came by it.

Many years ago a Hoosier, who had just struck New Orleans for the first time, after his flat boat was made snug and fast, went up to see the sights of the city. Passing St. Charles, he stopped immediately in front of the St. Charles Hotel, and looking up, seemed to scrutinize the building with the eye of an architectural connoisseur.

After satisfying his gaze, he asked a passer by what building it was; on being told it was a hotel, he inquired for the entrance, and being shown, he ascended the steep steps. Approaching the office, he asked for the landlord, of whom he inquired if he could get "a bite" to eat. Mr. E. R. Mudge, who was the host at that time, and who is a *host* at all times, humoring the fellow, told him that he could do so by paying a dollar. After considering for some time on this item, and gravely looking his host in the face, he said: "Well, I'll go it, thar's my dollar; whar's your dinner?" "Well," said the other with a smile, "it is not ready yet, but take a seat at the table, and can amuse yourself with the papers for half an hour, when you will hear the gong, which will inform you that dinner is ready." "The gong, what's that?" asked the Hoosier. "Oh, you will find out when you hear it," replied Mudge. Satisfied with this answer, the Hoosier, after looking around him, sat down and rummaged over the papers. Time sped on at its customary rate, when suddenly the gong sounded; and, as usual, the crowd moved for the dining room.

Recovering from his astonishment at the noise of the gong, and scenting the delicious odor of the dinner; the Hoosier made a rush through the crowd for a seat, but, being met by the host he was conducted to his allotted chair. The gentlemen seated on each side of him, as well as the gentlemen opposite him, had their wine before them.

After finishing his soup, and having his plate well filled, the Hoosier observed the gentlemen helping themselves freely to wine, and so, seizing the bottle of his right hand neighbor, he attempted to help himself, when he was modestly informed that the wine was "private." The Hoosier did not seem to comprehend, and, with a black sort of look, resumed his knife and fork. On laying them down again, and having apparently come to the conclusion that it could not all be "private" wine, he seized hold of his left hand neighbor's bottle. "Stop, if you please sir," said the offended individual with a fierce look, "this is *private wine*, sir." The Hoosier looked still more astonished, and it being a hard case, thought he would make another trial anyhow. So reaching across the table he seized the bottle opposite to him, and was just in the act of filling his glass, when his *vis a vis* re-echoed, "private wine, sir, if you please," and withdrew the bottle from the fearful leakage it was about to undergo.

The "green un," becoming enraged at being foiled on every side, and observing that there was a general simpering and tittering among the waiters, turned on the servant who stood at the back of his chair, and who had taken away his plate for the fifth or sixth time, and cried out to him, with an oath, to bring back his plate, and that if he took it away again, "he'd be dod rotted if he didn't draw his *picker* on him," and suiting the action to the world, put his hand into his bosom, showing the handle of a huge bowie knife.

After this, things went on quietly, till the desert was put on the table, when a large *Charlotte Russe* pudding was set right before the Hoosier. This he immediately drew near his plate, and looking right and left at his neighbors, he helped himself to a large portion of it. Keeping his eye fixed on the dish, while eating, he perceived his right hand neighbor attempting to withdraw the dish from him. "No you don't Mister," said the Hoosier, "that *thar* pudding is *private pudding*." The left hand gentleman, not observing what passed, then said, "Allow me to take this pudding, sir?" "No, you can't take that *thar pudding*," said the Hoosier, with a scowl, "that's *private pudding*. And he re-helped himself.

Shortly after, the gentlemen opposite was in the act of drawing the dish over to him. "Hold on, Mister," said the Hoosier, with a look of triumph, 'I'd have you to know that that pudding is *private pudding*;' while at the same time he put his thumb to his nose, and made sundry gyrations with his fingers. "You can't come it over me," he continued, feeling that a joke had been practiced upon him. "Private wine, eh!"

The attention of the table being attracted during the latter scene, the gentlemen around burst into a roar of laughter; and soon the whole story was whispered from one to another. The thing took so well, that every gentleman was induced to send his bottle to the Hoosier, with his compliments; and our "green un" soon became as merry as a lord. Hic coughing as he left the table, he turned to the gentlemen, and said:—Well, old (hic) fellow, you (hic) couldn't (hic) come it over (hic) me with your (hic) private wine." The glasses fairly danced on the table with the uproar and laughter which this last remark created, and the Hoosier staggering out of the room, made the best of his way to his boat.

☞"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," said Charles Lamb—and so say we. There never was any good resulting from despondency; and when we see a man trying to 'groan' himself out of difficulties, we conclude him rather weak in the upper story. When you get into a tight place, first look things in the face, and then get out the best way you can—but don't "groan."

SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTIONS.

A man cannot act a more perfidious part,
Than use his utmost efforts to obtain
A confidence in order to deceive.

Honor and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction in life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuits individuals are in quest of, sincerity in profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctually in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity and uprightneess in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; while he who acts from dishonest and designing principles, obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings, in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, tho' it is too often disregarded, and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any offers or pretensions to a lady before he is in a great measure certain her person, her temper, her qualifications, suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, and the dignity of sentiment, and the delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges faith to any lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be undertaken with too much reverance and deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think, (notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom) of sporting with the affections of their sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one till he is perfectly convinced his own are fixed on just principles.

All imaginable caution is certainly necessary beforehand; but after a man's profession of regard and kind services, and solicitations, have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagement. When the matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquility of mind. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little signification. For if he has solicited and obtained her affections, on supposition that he intended to marry her, the contract is, in the sight of heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes on the honest heart of an unsuspecting female, and, after winning her affection by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship, ungenerously to leave her bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonorable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber.—For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness.

MIRACULOUS SHOT.

The hero of this little narrative, was a Hottentot of the name of Von Wyhk, and we give the story of his perilous and fearful shot in his own words:—

"It is now," said he, "more than two years since, in this very spot where we stand he ventured to take one of the most daring shots that was ever hazarded. My wife was sitting in the house near the door, the children were playing about her.—I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade upon the very threshold of the door.

"My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the dangers of any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention; I hastened towards the door: but my astonishment may be well conceived when I found the entrance barred in such a manner. Although the animal had not seen me, escape, unarmed as I was, seemed impossible.—Yet I glided gently, scarce knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing.

"By a happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window so that I could reach it with my hand; for as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my getting in, and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring; there was no longer any time to think. I called softly to the mother not to be afraid, and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece, the ball passed directly over my boy's head, and lodged in the fore-head of the lion, immediately above the eyes, which shot forth as it were sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground so that he never stirred more."

☞"There are two things," says Mrs. Partington that should be at home every evening at dark—cows and women—especially if there are *nursing babies* in the house.

WEALTH.—Those who become wealthy, in this country, as a general thing, are men of frugal and industrious habits, and moderate desire; and men who spend less than their income. It will readily be seen how a man may become rich or poor, by the following facts. If a man spend 2¾ cents a day, (a very small sum.) it amounts in a year to $10, in ten years to $120, and in fifty years to $2,900. If he spend 5¼ cents a day, it amounts in a year to $20, in ten years to $260, and in fifty years to $5,800! If he spend 27½ cents a day, it amounts in a year to $100, in ten years to $1300, and in fifty years to $29,000! If a man spend $1 37 a day, which is not large for these times of extravagance, it amounts in a year to $500, in ten years to $6,500 and in fifty years to $145,000!—Now suppose a person saves these small sums daily, instead of spending it, is it not easy to see, how simple the process is, of growing rich?—Suppose a man lays up $1,37 a day for fifty years, he then has a fortune of $145,000! The above facts solve the whole mystery. They explain how a man may make himself poor, and how he may make himself rich.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

A CUSTARD PUDDING.

Take five table-spoonfuls out of a quart of cream or rich milk, and mix them with two large spoonfuls of fine flour. Set the rest of the milk to boil, flavouring it with half a dozen peach leaves, or with bitter almonds broken up.—When it has boiled hard, take it off, strain it, and stir it in the cold milk and flour. Set it away to cool, and beat well eight yolks and four whites of eggs; add them to the milk, and stir in, at the last, a glass of brandy or white wine, a powdered nutmeg, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Butter a large bowl or mould; pour in the mixture; tie a cloth tightly over it; put it into a pot of boiling water, and boil it two hours, replenishing the pot with hot water from a tea-kettle. When the pudding is done, let it get cool before you turn it out. Eat it with butter and sugar stirred together to a cream, and flavoured with lemon juice or essence.

A BAKED BREAD PUDDING.

Take a stale five cent loaf of bread; cut off all the crust, and grate or rub the crumb as fine as possible. Boil a quart of rich milk, and pour it hot over the bread; then stir in a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of sugar, a glass of wine and brandy mixed, or a glass of rose water. Or you may omit the liquor and substitute the grated peel of a large lemon. Add a tablespoonful of mixed cinnamon and nutmeg powdered. Stir the whole very well, cover it, and set it away for half an hour. Then let it cool. Beat seven or eight eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture after it is cold. Then butter a deep dish, and bake the pudding an hour. Send it to table cool.

A BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.

Cut some slices of bread and butter moderately thick, omitting the crust; stale bread is best. Butter a deep dish, and cover the bottom with slices of the buttered bread. Have ready a pound of currants, picked, washed and dried.—Spread one-third of them thickly over the bread and butter, and strew on some brown sugar.—Then put another layer of bread and butter, and cover it also with currants and sugar. Finish with a third layer of each, and pour over the whole four eggs, beaten very light and mixed with a pint of milk, and a wine glass of rose water. Bake the pudding an hour, and grate nutmeg over it when done. Eat it warm, but not hot.

You may substitute for the currants, raisins seeded, and cut in half.

This pudding may be made also with layers of stewed gooseberries instead of the currants, or with pippin apples, pared, cored and minced fine.

A SUET PUDDING.

Mince very finely as much beef suet as will make two large tablespoonfuls. Grate two handfuls of bread-crumbs; boil a quart of milk and pour it hot on the bread. Cover it, and set it aside to steep for half an hour; then put it to cool. Beat eight eggs very light; stir the suet, and six tablespoonfuls of flour alternately into the bread and milk, and add, by degrees, the eggs. Lastly, stir in a table-spoonful of powdered nutmeg and cinnamon mixed, and a glass of mixed wine and brandy. Pour it into a bag that has been dipped in hot water and floured; tie it firmly, put it into a pot of boiling water, and boil it two hours. Do not take it up till immediately before it is wanted, and send it to table hot. Eat it with wine sauce, or with molasses.

DOMESTIC DYES.

COMMON ARONETTA DYE.—Tie up some aronetta or anatto powdered (for instance, twelve cents worth) in a thin muslin bag, and rub it into a strong lather, (good soft soap is the best for this purpose,) or into weak lye. Having soaked the article in cold water, wring it out, open it, and boil it in the dye. Then dry it in the shade, and iron it.

This quantity is sufficient for twelve yards of thick muslin, which will be found very useful for linings and other purposes.

The proper name of this dye-stuff is annatto or arnotto, but its popular appellation is aronetta.

FINE SALMON COLOUR.—Make a strong lather with very good soap. Tie up in a thin muslin bag a sufficient quantity of anatto or aronetta powder, (not less than six cents worth,) and rub it into the lather: then give it a boil for a quarter of an hour. Having wet the article to be dyed very thoroughly with alum-water, put it into the dye, and let it boil for half an hour or more, in proportion to its size and thickness.—Then take it out, dry, and iron it. This quantity will dye six yards of silk or muslin.

NANKEEN COLOUR.—Take a sufficient quantity of birch bark, split it small, and tie it up in a thin cotton cloth. Put it into a brass or tin kettle with soft water and a few bits of alum.—When it has boiled till you get the right colour, let it cool a little, and put in the article to be dyed, having first wet it thoroughly.

Wit and Humor.

BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU MUST.—A physician called on a sick boy, and not finding writing utensils handy, wrote with a chalk a prescription on the door, and said: "Here, madam, when your son wakes, give him this; it is an emetic, and will do him good." The ignorant woman looked at the doctor in amazement, but trusting to his great skill, said nothing.

As soon as the boy opened his eyes, she took the door from its hinges, and carrying it to the bed-side, said: "Here, my son, you must swallow this; the doctor left it for you."

"But mother, I can't."

"Well, I don't see how you can neither, but you must try, for he says you must, and he knows!"

A REMEDY FOR CALIFORNIA FEVER.—A friend who has seen some service in camp life offers to those afflicted with the prevailing epidemic the following prescription:—

1st. Sleep three nights in your wood-house, with the door open and swinging in the wind—during which time let your diet be pork, cooked by yourself at a smoky fire in the garden.

2d. Improve all the rainy nights in sleeping between your currant bushes and garden fence.

3d. On the fourth day of your regime, let your diet be mule steak.

4th. Thereafter dispense with all kinds of food save dog meat.

If this be followed resolutely, it is confidently believed a permanent cure will be effected.

HEREDITARY NOBILITY.—"Is it not right," said a gentleman, advocating the justice and propriety of a hereditary nobility, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtue of those who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred upon them as a reward for their services?"

"By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

PICKLE 'EM FOR THE MEASLES.—A good lady who had two children sick of the measles went to a friend for the best remedy; while the friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion the lady who had inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measels, while the anxious mother of the sick children read the following:—"Scald them three or four times in hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

CONSOLATION.—A passenger on board the ship Regulus, of Boston, in a letter home, states that they had on board their vessel a thin and feeble member of their company, who had been sea-sick all the way out to the line. One day this man went to the doctor, and in a sad, supplicating tone, accosted him with—

"Doctor, can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on this way?"

"Tell you? To be sure I can. You're just the man we want to begin a grave yard with!"

☞GREAT men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was aptly illustrated the other day by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position, that all men are *not* "created free and equal" Said he, "Only two *men* were created, and one of these was a *woman*."

☞"Please to give me a light," said a little ragged urchin with a long nine in his hand, to a six foot dandy, who was puffing a regalia cigar, as he was walking the public street. "What," said the dandy, "a shaver like you, smoke?"—"Yes," replied the boy, "every gentleman smokes now-a-days."

☞A rogue asked charity, on the pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he anwered, "From birth, madam."—"Poor fellow," said the lady and gave him a dollar.

☞A Gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "I hope sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying."

☞ONE of the toasts drank at a recent celebration, was—"Woman! She requires no eulogy: she speaks for herself."

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