POETRY.

Yield not to Dark Despair.

Hast thou one heart, that beats thee,
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

One rare, whose fragrant blossoms
Bloom but for thee alone,
One fond nestling bosom,
Where thoughts are all thine own—

One goodly star in gloom,
And bless thee on thy way,
That e'en when storms hide them
Still lends its gentle ray—

One chrystal fountain, springing
Within life's dearest waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshment to thy taste—

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow hast distrest;
One breast when thou art weary,
Whereon thy head to rest—

Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart—warm,
Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not—passing storm.

Till—kind voice that blest thee,
All mute in death doth lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee,
To thee is ever dry.

Thou hast one tie to bind thee
To this dark world of care,
Then let no sorrow bind thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

From the Salem Observer.

Thanksgiving—A Tale.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancesters still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the facts occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded:

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be "banked up," and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a whole flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to grandpapa's as any of the group.

Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows, by means of many curious contrivances, to keep out the thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys who had been sent into the cellar, with a low wicked candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room wih eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—"*the Devil is in the cellar!*" "Pooh," said the father, "you have only been frightened by your shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast, caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—"*Sure enough the Devil is in the cellar!*"

The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burnt blue, and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains, and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was dispatched for the minister, "*to lay the Devil.*"

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talents or heroism, slipped the small bible in his pocket, put on his hand and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at any rate [illegible] dozen voices at once "to drive the [illegible]." But a few moments were lost [illegible] ere he had obtained from the assembled household a full and correct account of the matter. Some doubts of the propriety of his course in thus boldly facing the Evil One in his own lair, arose in the minds of the more pious, lest it might be a sin to thus seek to drive the Evil Spirit from his accustomed abode, if any had previously existed in the mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly felt all the eyes, young and old, fixed upon him, and with mingled hands began to pray in the most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing himself back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar!—While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope and regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "*Brethren, take care of yourselves; for the Devil has got me!*" This exhortation was better obeyed than any that he had ever delivered from the pulpit—his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of "don't," "don't," proceeded from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs; calling to the astonished parson "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene, however, was too ridiculous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening was resumed with better spirits than before.

From the Baltimore American.

Col. Johnson, Tecumseh, and Maj. Figg.

The great unknown is likely to become known. The man who killed Tecumseh, it appears, was not Col. Johnson; the Colonel has been trading on borrowed capital. When history, hereafter, shall record the name of the hero who did this feat of fame, she will write upon her enduring page the name of Figg!

The revelation has happened thus: Major Lewis Figg is a candidate before the people; he wishes to be popular—to be elected in fact. When he killed Tecumseh he was not a public man; his friend and messmate, Col. Johnson was. With generous liberality he made over to his friend all his right and title to the credit of having dispatched the Indian warrior—with this proviso, that if he, the said Figg, should at any time become a candidate for popular favor, an event which he thought not likely to happen, the aforesaid conveyance should be null and void; and the right and title as aforesaid should revert to the grantor, as though the same had never been transferred. Col. Johnson accepted on these terms; the credit became capital; he wore a red vest and was made Vice President of the United States. Let the correspondence of these two illustrious personages tell the rest of the story.

Major Figg writes to Col. Johnson: "In the course of human events," says the Major, "it has become necessary for me to present myself before the people for office. I opine that I shall need all the external aid that I can get. I am therefore compelled to ask your permission to make public the true secret of the death of Tecumseh, and the true slayer thereof. I hope this will put you to no public inconvenience."

To this friendly and considerate epistle Col. Johnson replies. Here is the letter:

GREAT CROSSINGS, June 6, 1845.

My Dear Figg: Your note of the 1st inst. was received by me this morning. I hasten to reply. After declaring in all sincerity, my delight at hearing once more from my old friend and messmate, I will say, I well remember the circumstances of that eventful day on which Tecumseh was slain. Now that I am no longer a candidate for public office, and having retired to the shades of private life, I have no cause to regret your making known to the public the real Tecumseh killer. I surely ought to rest satisfied with what the reputation of it has done for me, and am now willing that you should reap all the advantages from it you can. The girls beg to be remembered to you, and we would be pleased to see you at the Great Crossings.

Yours, truly,
R. M. JOHNSON.

With this permission thus frankly given, the Major occupies three columns in the Bardstown (Ky.) Gazette in proving that he, Figg, did really and truly give a last quietus to the Indian known as Tecumseh.

We believe that Col. Johnson did never actually affirm or declare that he killed Tecumseh, at least, that [illegible] he

We understand that the Bardstown Gazette containing the whole matter has been issued in numerous extra copies for the benefit of debating societies, before which the question may come—who killed Tecumseh?

Choctaw Courtship—Privileges of the Squaws.

Courtship is invariably begun by the female. If she fancies a young man, she resorts what is technically called the *first banter*. This is done by slyly squeezing the hand, or gently touching his foot at a camp fire. If a man should venture upon any of these little familiarities without being aware of a reciprocal partiality, the indignant maid would immediately assail him with a stick, and this would be the signal for a general assault, by all the squaws around, on the presuming lover, who, unless he fled, would be beaten without mercy. Thus, even in this rude shape, does woman play the coquette! The young squaw who screams loudest, and shows the most resentment at these unwarrantable liberties of an ardent lover, is set down as the Diana of her tribe.

Giving the *first banter* seems to be reserved by the women as a special prerogative, and they seldom allow it to be infringed with impunity—never in the presence of a third person.

This extends even to their dances, for the squaw always selects her partner, and sends the master of ceremonies after him, and he is no: permitted to refuse. It is at these dances that elopements of married women with young warriors generally take place. The woman slips out of the dance at a moment when the confusion is greatest, and repairs to a point agreed upon, where she is soon followed by her lover. They usually remain in the woods three or four days, and when they return live as man and wife without being molested.—Hence elopements are common.

The squaws have another privilege which they often exercise. When one chooses a partner for the dance to whom another is attached, her rival closely watches them, and at the first favorable opportunity *cuts* in, or in other words *cuts out* the other, leaping into her place with the agility of the lawn, and the mortified *danseuse* must silently retire from the circle.

Old widows, we have ascertained, frequently give the *banters* before described, and in many cases they marry fellows under 21. A squaw of a certain age, if she has been thrifty, is generally provided with a house and some other appliances, and it is considered quite a speculation for a young man to be supported by one of them for a year or two. At the expiration of that period, they are generally abandoned for a younger wife.—*N. O. Jeffersonian Repub.*

Dark day in Philadelphia.—It was so dark in Philadelphia, on Sunday, at 5 o'clock, P. M., that it was found necessary in some cases to use candles and lamps to read by.

Rev. Dr. Judson, whose missionary labors during a long course of years, in the East Indies, are familiar to our readers, is now on his return to his native country, by way of England.

Farming to some Purpose.—We have been so struck with the effects of good farming, in a case brought to our notice, that we have taken down the facts for the public benefit and with a hope that the example will excite emulation, and induce others to make similar experiments.

A farm on the Opequon, (known as Mr. Neill's farm) had been rented out for many years, nearly half a century perhaps, and was so overrun with thistles and briers, that the tenants could scarcely make the rent. For the last ten years, it had produced an average not exceeding six bushels per acre. In this apparently impoverished state, it was taken in hand to be cultivated by Mr. George Latshaw, of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. Mr. L. began by mowing down the briers and thistles, ploughed the land eight inches deep. The neighbors told him he could not produce any thing, but his labor was rewarded by a yield of 32 bushels of Corn to the acre. This he attributes to the deep ploughing and careful cultivation. A pretty good commencement it must be allowed.

Mr. Latshaw then ploughed his Wheat ground in the months of July and August, eight inches deep giving it the second ploughing about the middle of September, and harrowing in his seed. This method of working the land, gave it body and moisture—and upon 70 acres, thus tilled, he has averaged 20 bushels of Wheat to the acre. By deep ploughing, and cultivation in the early part of the season, the troublesome crop of briers and thistles has been entirely removed, and the extraordinary result above named has been attained—and this without clover or manure. Mr. Latshaw considers the Valley lands equal to those of Pennsylvania, and generally wanting little else than thorough cultivation. Clover and manure will come in play as valuable auxiliaries, but work, judicious work, he considers the first important movement.

We understand a number of Pennsylvania farmers are ready to remove to this part of Virginia, if they can find suitable locations; and we should welcome them most cordially, if like results are to be produced. A few more such efforts, and our land will be properly appreciated. A good Pennsylvania farmer can be procured for any gentleman wishing to have a farm worked upon the shares, by making the fact known to Mr. Latshaw, who resides near the White Post in Clarke County.

This case has not simply afforded us a paragraph. We present it as a matter for the grave consideration of our farmers. If such results can be attained by proper exertion, why should Virginia be permitted to sink in her agricultural character? Why should men seek homes in the West, when all the just rewards of industry can be attained in this delightful Valley? Let us wake up—set the coulter deep, at proper seasons, and let the latent resources of our fertile soil be brought forth, as they can be, by the vigorous arms of our yeomanry.—*Winchester Republican.*

Of the one hundred and thirty convicts in the Western Penitentiary, Penn., one hundred and ten [illegible] emerate.

[illegible] practice of Stephen Girard to build [illegible] being, "get the lot and [illegible] cents above."

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