

May-Day Celebration.

To present a subject worthy of emulation, on every day to our youthful readers, and to preserve a record of the honor of royalty conferred on our fair relative, the Queen, we copy the following from the Yazoo City Democrat, a paper, by the by, which we highly prize:

Our town has not for many a day presented a scene so bright and beautiful as on Tuesday last—the first of May. That day was celebrated by the young ladies, little misses, and boys of the Public School in a manner as creditable to themselves and their teachers, as it was interesting to those who witnessed the ceremonies. Before the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., a large number of our citizens had assembled at, and about the School Rooms from which place a procession consisting of 180 pupils, marched to the grove prepared for the coronation—headed by a band of music. When near the spot, the procession halted—and the boys, separating to each side, formed an aisle, through which the young ladies passed—the queen with her maids of honor in advance, over whose heads beautiful garlands were borne by the attendants. The procession then moved on to the Throne erected in the grove for the occasion, singing in the tune of "Bruce's Address," the following ode:

SONG FOR MAY DAY.

These—Bruce's Address to the Army. Bared in yonder royal throne Let lovely flowers around be strewn, That in their beauty late hath grown. In sweetest gaiety We will deck our noble Queen, Within your armor, rich and green, With flowers of sweet and lovely bloom, To prove our loyalty. Come companions young and fair, And garlands twine around her hair, And praise waft upon the air. In sweetest melody 'Tis not the gem of India's soil, Nor dug from earth by sweat and toil. Of souls in slavery. It is the rose in pristine bloom, With sister flowers of sweet perfume, That we have culled to take their room. That shines in gaiety. The noble Queen ascends the throne, For your tis reared—for you alone, Unfeared subjects e'er will grow. "In chains and slavery."

This song from the lips of that beautiful, innocent and joyous assemblage, was truly a "concert of sweet sounds" which while they melted in the air, breathed out of the soul delightful and soothing sensations. The Throne was richly carpeted, and covered by an arbor. In front of it stood the Maypole trimmed with flowers of many kinds, and handsomely encircled with wreaths. The Queen of the day, Miss MARY KEMPION, attended by her maids of honor and garland bearers, ascended the Throne. The crown was next presented in an appropriate address, by Miss MARY VIRGINIA SIBBON-SHREE, and the sceptre by Miss HANNAH INGRAM in an address equally pleasing. The Queen, who wore her honor with dignity and grace, responded in a handsome style—she expressed her thankfulness for the honor conferred, and made an appropriate allusion to the contract between a playful imitation and a real coronation.

At the close of these interesting ceremonies, the audience was addressed from a rostrum erected some distance in front of the Throne, by Masters Augustus P. Stevens, George W. Rogers, and Washington D. Gibbs. Each of the youthful orators acquitted himself creditably, and to the satisfaction of the listeners. The two first named deserve great credit for their efforts, and the praises of the youngest and the last (Washington D. Gibbs) are in the mouths of all. He declaimed in a clear, distinct tone of voice, and rounded his periods in a style which many practised speakers might emulate to advantage. His action, too was suited to the word. He is certainly a boy of promise, and his friends have much to hope for, if there is truth in the adage that the "child is father to the man."

Lively airs were played by the band, between the delivery of the speeches. After refreshments of various kinds and rich abundance, which through the liberality of Mr. McConnell, were served among the assemblage—the pupils again formed in procession, and moved off, singing to the tune of "Buy a Broom," the following song.

TUNE—Buy a Broom.

Our Queen's joyous pathway we sprinkle with flowers, That we've culled from the gardens and hedges around; Then take them fair maiden, this May gift of ours— Oh! may they forever profusely abound. Straw flowers—straw flowers, Oh! may they forever profusely abound. The gardens and hedges are rife with sweet Maiden— Ye Maids' own kingdom is rife with you, We come then with flowers— with wild flowers laden, Picked early this morning all dripping with dew.

Strow flowers—strow flowers, Picked early this morning all dripping with dew. On arriving at the School Rooms, the assemblage dispersed. And thus closed the ceremonies of an occasion which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it—an occasion in which Innocence, Beauty, Youth and Love, were the ruling spirits. When we gazed upon that smiling and innocent throng—when we listened to those notes of melody—heard the sweet voices of the girls as they delivered in tremulous tones (yet more winning for being so) their admirable addresses—and the declamations of the boys—and reflected that all the participants were youthful devotees at the shrine of Education—we reflected with pride upon the public spirit which prompted our citizens to endow a Public School in their midst, where all, the rich and the poor, might alike enjoy the benefits which it affords.

The Rich Merchant.

BY MRS. JANE PORTER.

It was night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the moon especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly, as he gazed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him. "Please, sir, she said, if it's only a penny—mother is sick and we have eat nothing to day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on; the second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, her garments scanty. He was a man of good pulse, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act, and her lustreless eyes brightened. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat buttoned tightly over his pocket. "It is too much trouble," he said to himself—and this wind is cutting. Besides these beggars are generally cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in a gin shop. And speaking aloud somewhat harshly, he said, I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute, the guardians of the poor will take care of you."

The girl shrunk back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her form. But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp. The man passed on, and turning the next corner soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the entrance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlor door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa? she said, if I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office." "No, my love; I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy—and all for you, and he kindly patted her cheek. But now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that. "Pa, said the daughter, when it was finished. I hope you are in a good humor, for I have a favor to ask you, and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of her's. I wish to give a ball on my eighteenth birthday. It will cost, oh! a sight of money, but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes my darling, he said, fondly kissing her, the cotten speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money and took it to my lawyer's, telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business." "Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball—won't you?" "You little tease, said the father, but he spoke smilingly, and putting his hand in his pocket book he took out a note of five hundred dollars and put it in his child's hand. Take this—if it is not enough, you may have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the door ways.—At ten o'clock, the rich merchant was on his way to his counting room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

and descended the cellar steps. A girl covered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child!" he cried, laying his hand on her shoulder, you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night! Here—take this—and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him.—Then she put back the proffered money. "It will do no good now," she said, "mother is dead," and she burst into hysterical tears. The merchant, at this moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

This lesson thus learnt he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the daughter into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and on her marriage presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lip their gratitude.

STORY OF A SAILOR.

Four years ago I left port Boston, the master of a ship bound for China,—I was worth \$10,000, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I had married six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelve month. I took all my money with me, save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds; but when in the China sea a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw that the vessel must be lost, for we were drifted on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself, in the best possible manner, and forget the ship as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me up on a rock senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave had not one of the sailors dragged me further up the rocks.

There were only four of us alive, and when morning came we found we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken to Canton, and there I had to beg, for my money had gone to the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I had to slip as a common sailor. It was two years from the time that I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of the streets when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Is my wife alive?" I asked. He said nothing. Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead; but he very soon said: "She is alive."

Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said: "Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you was dead for a long time." He said my wife was living in our cottage, in the interior of the State. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within twenty-five miles of my wife.

Leaving the cars, I hired a boy, tho' it was night, to drive me home. It was about o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage appeared in sight and I remember how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and knocked. She opened the window and asked who was there.

"Sarah, do you know me?" I asked. She screamed with fright, for she tho't me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wanted to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face.—Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dared not to wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon the cheek of my child. While doing it, a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw she began to be frightened, and I said: "Mary, it is your husband!"

And she clasped me about the neck and fainted. But I cannot describe to you that scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavouring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

A negro man has been recently commissioned as "a justice of the peace" by Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee house in Paris, where they observed a tall odd looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a certain dwarf had arrived at Parris. At this the grave looking personage above mentioned, opened his mouth and spake:

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrivest, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman, "do you mean to insult me?"

The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman: "I will have satisfaction: if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied: "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and thereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist,

"Now sir, you must fight me." The other replied, drawing his sword—"I fight, thou fightest, he fights, we fight, (here he made a thrust) you fight, they fight," and here he disarmed his adversary.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad everybody is satisfied," said the Englishman, "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so?"

The grave gentleman, now for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before."

The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with him.

"I will dine," replied he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together."

This they accordingly did, and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with the most perseverance.

An Ear for Music.—A young lady in a boarding house very vain for her musical talent, was one day entertaining the company with a song, when a crusty old bachelor came out of his room on the next floor and bawled from the top of the stairs.

"What are you doing with the pig? Do turn that pig into the street!" "What pig?" cried several.

The old bachelor descended the stairs, looked into the room, and said—"I thought I heard a pig squealing in this room!"

The girl never sang afterwards without first ascertaining that the old bachelor was absent.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold, will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power, who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy! The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others;—and in return, they receive the reward of their love, by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

Who is a coward?—The man who attacks another by surprise, or with a weapon in his hand when the other has none, is a coward.

The man who carries a deadly weapon about his person in this intercourse with an unarmed society, is a coward.

The man who associates with him, and so goes with numbers to overpower an individual or a smaller or feebler number—he is a coward.

The man who, being challenged to a duel, is so much afraid of public sentiment that he dares not refuse it, is a coward.

In general that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of real courage, who always dares to do right.

O, SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to enquire where he had been. "I had to work to night," "Do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl. "Certainly," replied the young man—I am a mechanic."

"My brother doesn't work, I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty little nose.

That was the last time the young mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserably poor—a regular vagrant about grog shops—and she, poor, miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic—beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness, and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous handed, intelligent mechanic.

CHILD LOST.

The following touching narrative we copy from the Belknap (N. A.) Gazette: A child belonging to Mr. Stephen and Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, of Gifford, N. H. aged two years, four months and three days, left its home on Sunday the 29th ultimo, and as soon as it was missed its parents and friends made search for it, but in vain; night came and no trace of the child appeared.

Monday came, and some seventy five of the neighbors and townsmen came together and searched all day with no better success than searched on Tuesday, some hundred and fifty men and boys collected, but before they had completed their search, Mr. H. Clark, of Meredith Bridge, formerly of Concord, N. H. who came after the company had gone off on their search, went up to the mountain, and on the very top found little Ann Elizabeth asleep on her face on the rocks, about a mile from home. He bore it to the arms of its agonized mother, who was almost frantic with joy on receiving her lost child alive.

The child left home some time on Sunday, A. M. and was found on Tuesday, P. M. between three and four o'clock, being absent and without food between fifty and sixty hours, without any thing on its head or over its shoulders. The mountain is steep and ledgy, and covered with old trees fallen down among which little spruces, pines, &c. have grown up, which renders it very difficult for a man ever to climb the mountain, yet the little sufferer made her way to the top. Mr. Clark said that she appeared wild at first, but after he talked coaxingly to her a moment, she confidently put her little arms about his neck and he bore the treasure to its home.

JUDICIOUS HINTS FOR WIVES.

Never complain that your husband pores too much over the newspaper, to the exclusion of that pleasing converse which you formerly enjoyed with him. Don't hide the paper; don't give it to the children to tear; don't be sulky when the boy leaves it at the door, but take it in pleasantly, and lay it down before your spouse. Think what a man would be without a newspaper; treat it as a great agent in the work of civilization, which it assuredly is, and think how much good newspaper have done by exposing his errors to the eye of the public. But manage you in this way. When your husband is absent, instead of gossiping with neighbors or looking into shop windows, sit down quietly, and look over the paper; run your eyes over its home and foreign news, glance rapidly at the accidents and casualties; carefully scan the leading articles; and at tea time, when your husband again takes up the paper, say, "my dear, what an awful state of things there seems in India;" or, "what a terrible calamity at the Glasgow Theatre" or, "trade appears to be flourishing in the north, and, depend upon it, down will go the paper. If he has not read the information he will hear it all from your own lips; and when you have done, he will ask—"Did you, my dear, read Simpson's letter upon the discovery of choleraform?" And whether you did or not, you will gradually get into as cozy a chat as you ever enjoyed; and you will soon discover that, rightly used, the newspaper is the wife's real friend, for it keeps the husband at home, and supplies capital topics for every day table talk.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night think what you have done.

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COUNTRY, and SUPERIOR COURT and MAGISTRATE'S and CONSTABLE'S BLANKS.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

Although we have no symptoms of cholera among us, yet we can hardly expect to escape the visitation that is afflicting so many of our sister cities. It becomes us, however, to prepare at once to give such a reception as will render its visitation as mild as possible. We therefore publish, for the information of the public, the sanitary regulations of London, based upon one of the most minute investigations that ever was made into the circumstances attendant on an epidemic disease. The editor of the London Lancet says: "these simple measures are worth all the nostrums or specifics which have ever been vanted for the cure of cholera."

"Let every impurity, animal or vegetable, be quickly removed to a distance from the habitations, such as slaughter bones, pig sties, cesspools, and all other domestic nuisances."

"We do not believe that animal putrefactions are ever connected with epidemic diseases, but there can be no objection to their removal from habitations."

"Let all uncovered drains be carefully and frequently cleaned."

"Let the grounds in and around the habitations be drained, so as effectually to carry off moisture of every kind."

"Let all partitions be removed from within and without habitations, which unnecessarily impede ventilation."

"Let every room be thrown open for the admission of air; and this should be done about noon when the atmosphere is most likely to be dry."

"Let dry scrubbing be used in domestic cleansing in place of water cleansing."

"Let excessive fatigue and exposure to damp and cold especially during the night, be avoided."

"Let the use of cold drinks and acid liquors, especially under fatigue, be avoided; or when the body is heated."

"Let a poor diet, and the use of impure water in cooking or for drink, be avoided."

"Let the wearing of wet and insufficient clothing be avoided."

"Let a flannel or wollen belt be worn around the belly."

"N. B. This has been found very serviceable in checking the tendency to bowel complaint, so common during the prevalence of cholera. The disease has, in this country, been always found to commence with a looseness in the bowels, and in this stage is very tractable; it should, however, be noticed, that the looseness is frequently attended by pain or uneasiness; and fatal delay has often occurred from the notion that cholera must be attended with cramps. In the early stage here referred to, there is often no gripping or cramp, and it is at this period that the disease can be most easily arrested."

"Let personal cleanliness be carefully observed."

"Let every cause tending to depress the moral and physical energies be carefully avoided."

"Let crowding of persons within houses and apartments be avoided."

"Let sleeping in low or damp rooms be avoided."

"Let fires be kept up during the night in sleeping or adjoining apartments, the night being the period of most danger from attack, especially under exposure to the cold or damp."

"Let all bedding and clothing be daily exposed during winter and spring to the fire, and in summer to the heat of the sun."

Dr. Drake, a physician of Cincinnati, whose acquaintance with this disease is said to be as extensive as that of any practitioner in the West, has published some suggestions on the subject, which we think worthy of notice.

1. That leaving the city can do no possible good. The disease is not contagious. The cause of it has already spread through the city and been received into the bodies of the inhabitants. Those who escape to the country are more likely to be ill, than if they remained at home.

2. Epidemic cholera has no premonitory symptoms. The diarrhoea, which is supposed to be its forerunner, is the disease itself, in its first stage; as positively so as when it has advanced to vomiting, or coldness and collapse.

3. The disease may be generally stopped if met in that early stage; if it cannot then, it cannot afterwards. It cannot even then, if the patient continues on his feet. His life depends on his lying by.

4. All persons who have worn flannel during the winter should keep it on, until the epidemic has passed away.

The Methodist Church South.—From the Southern Christian Advocate we learn that there are nineteen Annual Conferences in the Church South, covering the Southern States and the Indian territory. The general superintendence of the whole, is in the hands of four Bishops; the regular pastoral and missionary work is entrusted to the care of 1,469 travelling preachers, being an increase, during the past year, of 78. The total number of supernumerary preachers is 108; and of local preachers 3,026, a decrease of 116, though some of the Conferences give no returns. The total number of members is 491,786, viz, whites 354,258, colored 134,153, Indians 3,375 exhibiting upon the returns of last year, the large in-