

"THINK NOT OF ME."

BY VANTALON.

Think not of thee! think not of thee!
Go ask the wretch whose eye,
Is closed in death's last agony;
Go ask him not to die:
Go ask the mountain torrent, as
It dashes to the sea,
To stop its onward course, and
Remain awhile for thee:
Go ask the whirlwind raging, with
Destruction in its path,
To spare some lowly mansion, from
The fury of its wrath:
Go ask the captive gazing, from
His prison window high,
To leave his cold, dark domicile,
And walk 'neath the blue sky.

If these will heed thy summons, then
Will I obey thee too,
And will remember—when
These things shall come to view,
For, Oh! 'tis vain to struggle 'gainst
The feelings of the soul.
'Tis vain to strive 'gainst nature, for
She will not hide control.

THE IRON COLLAR.

"By the rood, father, I mark not the drift of thy speech. Is not the deed merciful? Nay, is it not reasonable?"

This question was put by a man, apparently about the mid-day of life, who, leaning on an iron-pointed staff, his cap half pulled across his brow, his lips suddenly compressed, and his eye fixed steadfastly upon another's face, seemed as he would snatch an answer from the simple look of him he had so earnestly addressed. The monk—for it was a son of the church from whom the speaker waited for counsel—was unmoved by the energy of the question, and with his still, passionless eye, glanced at a man, standing submissively apart, yet evidently not without a violent effort feigning composure, nay indifference. There were three actors in the scene. The first was the master of the anxious wretch, whose fate was about to be decided. A bold, open-featured man, with, it would seem, his heart in his eyes—a man of good worldly substance and of cheerful mind; a strong contrast to the churchman, whose mealy features told more of the chine and the wasailbowl, than of holy thoughts and nocturnal meditations; and, in truth, the monk was one of those who—as it were done with all secrecy—would change the rib of a canonized saint, for the body of a capon. He seemed expressly made to eat, drink, move slowly, talk gravely, and wear a gray gown; he fulfilled his ordinance. The third man was a slave. He looked wan and shrunk; he had a restless eye, and his lip moved with ill-suppressed emotion, as he cast a sidelong look at the priest. He bore about his neck the badge of his condition—an iron collar.

The speaker, vainly waiting for the answer of the monk, repeated his questions—"Is not the deed merciful? Is it not reasonable?"

The priest replied with another question, put in a tone of seeming wonder—"Why, sir, what hath urged thee to this business? Take off the iron collar of thy villain? Why, when didst thou first dream of this? Tell me the history of this strange matter."

"I know not, father, if it be not a thought sent from heaven itself. It hath been with me since last spring. I was abroad early, and all things about me seemed living with a new life; the young corn shot up freshly and strongly—the air quickened the blood about my heart—all things looked of a brighter color to me; the birds were singing in the sky and on the boughs, and I saw the hand of God working in the trees."

"A goodly matin meditation. Well, what didst thou see next?"

"Looking round, I saw the iron collar of my serf."

"Ay, thy lawful bondman. Well?"

"From that moment doubt possessed me—and I did think it but a fitting deed to take that iron badge away."

"Then thou hadst no other communion? By my order, I did look for some angelic descent—thou hadst no divine intelligence, then?"

"None—but my own thoughts—none but—"

"Have a care, son—lest, in the idleness of thy mind, thou dost take its wanderings for high behests. I see nothing in these meditations that should call on thee to remove the badge. Why shouldst thou object to place upon thy slave that mark of which law and order have given thee warranty?"

"Ay—but in truth, father, I begin to

doubt—nay, and I date my doubt from the time of which I have spoken—the mercy, the reason of that custom; it is on this that I would have thee resolve me?"

"Speedily. And answer, my son—so shalt thou profit. Since thou hast possessed the lands, have they not been tilled by serfs, each with his iron collar?"

"Ay—and many a day before us, father."

"Hath the earth proved stubborn and unfruitful? Hath not the seed burst in the ground, though cast there by collared villains? Hath not the green blade shot up—hath it not ripened in the sun, but cut down in its fulness, and returned thee seed a hundred fold, though reaped by serfs with iron collars? Hath not all this happened?"

"Even so."

"They who take thy swine to mast—wear they not badge?"

"Ay!"

"And yet the hogs stray not, but fatten; and when killed, are nourishing and toothsome—though tended, killed, cooked, and served by men with iron collars?"

"All this is true."

"Then wherefore move the collar?"

"As an act of justice to him who bears it."

Thy arguments are subtle, father, but to my mind, selfish and tyrannic. I will remove the badge from his neck, and from the necks of all my bondmen."

On this, the speaker departed with his serf—and the monk went his way, loudly prophesying the sudden dissolution of the social fabric, from the instant that the "lower orders" were relieved from iron collars.

The legend is somewhat old, but there may be curious people who even now may fit it with an application.

NON-RESISTANCE.

Mrs. Childs, in a late work, entitled "Letters from New York," gives a beautiful illustration of the practical application of the principle of non-resistance, by a small party of peace-loving emigrants, who started for the "far west," and made their homes in the wilderness.

They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, "Neighbor, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk." If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury. Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied, "Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience, and

see if it be not so." But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farm, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price, which at that time was five shillings per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction, and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at £4 5s., £5, and £5 5s. an acre. The Christian colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land, and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed, with grateful surprise, that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd begging and expostulating. "Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go at the government price." The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered five shillings, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over them! Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them. I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good.

PROCRASTINATION.—"Wait till to-morrow," says the procrastinator as his already patience-worn creditor asks him to discharge a debt of many years' standing; 'have patience and I will pay thee all.' To-morrow comes, and his creditor again stands before him. 'Ah, you have come too soon—I have been unable to make a raise—the times are hard, and money is scarce—call another day. Thus day after day passes away, but still the tune is the same, 'wait till to-morrow.' See that young man lingering in the corner near the doggerly. His aged father with tears in his eyes has entreated him to forsake his dissipated companions and the intoxicating cup. 'There is no danger,' he says jocosely, 'do you think I am going to be a drunkard? You were once a young man yourself, give yourself no uneasiness, when I have seen a little more of the world, and enjoyed a few days of amusement, I shall, like yourself, put away childish things.' So it is with the world; wait till to-morrow, is stamped in iron fetters upon the mind of every thing human. Whether it regards our temporal concerns in life, or the more important and decisive matters which relate to our spiritual and eternal welfare, we are ever ready to exclaim, 'go thy way this time and when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee,'—and thus it will ever be until the angel of the Lord with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea, shall lift his hand and swear by Him that liveth forever, that 'time shall be no more,' then the tune will be changed—then the fearful cry will be, 'alas! it is too late, the term of our probation has expired, the just sentence of God is irrevocable, and we are lost.' This will be the language of the procrastinator, and this will be his doom if he changes not his course, for he that is dilatory in secular matters, will be much more regardless of his spiritual interest. Remember that delay is dangerous, therefore, 'never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day.'

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—The income of John Jacob Astor, says an exchange, on a moderate estimate, must be \$2,000,000 a year, or \$166,000 a month, which is about \$41,500 a week, \$5,760 a day, \$240 an hour, and \$4 a minute. How miserable it must make him to devise means to spend it all.

AN EDITOR'S SUB.—An editor in Indiana has a journeyman printer worth his weight in gold—a sort of rare avis, a quiz, a wit, a poet, an orator, a man who is up to every thing under the sun. In the summer, when business is dull, and news becomes scarce, our editorial friend has nothing to do but ring the bell for his journeyman. 'Tom,' says he, "I want a speech to-day—half a column, done up brown." "I'll fix it sir," replies Tom, who proceeds forthwith to case, and, without copy or previous preparation, sets up an admirable speech, purporting to have been delivered by some crack orator before the last meeting. If necessary, Tom makes a wood cut, representing the orator in one of his happiest flights. The speech takes like wild-fire, and is considered a splendid effort of genius. Occasionally Tom is called on to grace the editorial chair. 'Tom, I shall be absent for a couple of weeks—keep up the steam.' 'Yes, sir,' says Tom, and, sure enough, the paper goes along like a locomotive. Sometimes Tom is requested to knock the argument of a political opponent or a blackguard editor into pi. No sooner said than done. Tom goes to his case, with dire indignation upon his brow, and sets up a perfect smasher. The offending wretch is killed, to all intents and purposes. In addition to all these qualifications, Tom does all the pugilistic business of the establishment—reports the proceedings of the Legislature, duns the subscribers, keeps the books, attends the public meetings, officiates at the balls and parties, does the stump-speaking of the county, exhorts at all the Methodist revivals, and makes himself generally useful.

THE NEW YORK SENATE continues to be the scene of disgraceful personalities, says the Newark Advertiser, during the discussion of a motion to expel the reporter of the Argus, senators Clark and Young appear to have exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate, in abusing each other. The members of the lower House, and the people from the streets, crowded the chamber to witness the fray. We are told by the reports, that Young asserted that a respectable individual, from Washington county, had told him (Young,) that Gen. Clark was regarded in his neighborhood, as a notorious liar!! And, in reply, senator Clark proceeded to give the inscription which would shine on Col. Young's monument, after his death. He premised that Young had never been in the Senate, without disturbing that body. He was always quarreling, and was a morose and petulant old man. The following, said Mr. Clark, will be inscribed, on Young's monument. On one side will be—"To the memory of one whose temper had become fretful and morose, on account of disappointed ambition and ungratified vanity." On the other side will be—

"Pam, gentle reader—lightly tread—
For God's sake let him lie!
We live in peace, since he is dead,
But hell is in a fry!"

LABOR TO MAKE A WATCH.—Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered before the London Royal Institute, made an allusion to the formation of a watch, and stated that a watch consists of 992 pieces; and that forty-three trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these little machines. The iron of which the balance spring is formed, is valued at something less than a farthing; this produces an ounce of steel worth 4½d., which is drawn into 2,250 yards of steel wire, and represents in the market £13 4s.; but still another process of hardening this originally farthing's worth of iron, renders it workable into 7,650 balance springs, which will realize, at the common price of 2s. 6d. each—£946 5s., the effect of labor alone. Thus it may be seen that the mere labor bestowed upon one farthing's worth of iron gives it the value of £950 5s., or \$4,552, which is 75,690 times its original value.

TRUTH IN BEAUTIFUL APPAREL.—In Douglas Jerrold's new play is uttered this beautiful sentiment:

True gratitude, in the very fullness of its soul, knows not the limit of its debt; but when it weighs each little gift, books down each passing courtesy, it ceases to be gratitude, and sinks to calculation. Why, I hope I am grateful for the flowers at my feet, but I were unworthy of their sweetness could I coldly sit down and count them.