

PUSH ON! PUSH ON!

Awake and listen. Everywhere—
From upland, grove and lawn,
Outbreathes the universal prayer,
The orison of morn.
Arise and don thy working garb,
All nature is astir;
Let honest motives be thy barb,
And usefulness thy spur!
Stop not to list the bolsterous jeers,
(He would be what thou art);
They should not even offend thy ears,
Still less disturb thy heart.
What, though you have no shining board,
(Inheritance of stealth);
To purchase at the broker's board,
At the expense of health.
Push on! You're rusting while you stand—
Inaction will not do.
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.
Push on!
Don't blush because you have a patch,
In honest labor won!
There's many a small cot roofed with thatch
That's happier than a throne.
Push on! the world is large enough
For you, and me, and all!
You must expect your share of rough,
And now and then a fall!
But up again! Act well your part,
Bear willingly your load!
There's nothing like a cheering heart
To mend a stony road!
Push on!
Jump over all the ifs and buts,
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon from the rut,
Or poke away the sand!
Remember, when you sky of blue
Is shadowed by a cloud,
The sun will shine as soon for you
As for a monarch proud!
It is but written on the moon
That toll alone endures!
The king would dance a rigadon
With that blithe soul of yours!
Push on! You're rusting while you stand—
Inaction will not do!
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge life's pathway through!
Push on!

A Legend of the Alleghany river.

Many of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrances of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

The story I am about to relate I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, Cornplanter, whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beautiful river he loved so well, was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forest along its banks fearless, unmolested, and free. His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrewd, and deadly foe of Cornplanter and the whole 'tawny race' was the indomitable and fearless Captain Samuel Brady.

This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy foresters who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the Western States. Like Daniel Boone, Lewis Wetzel, Simon Kenton, and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate to the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family, his father, Captain John Brady, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftmen as 'Brady's Bend,' and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town, called the 'Great Western,' resounds along the shores, that then echoed only to the whoop of the savage, or the panther's scream. It is a bend in the river of nine miles in length, and is sometimes called the 'Nine-mile Bend,' and is scarcely half a mile across the neck.

Here in this bend Cornplanter, returned from some successful inroad upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his swarthy and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the faggot and the torture. The stake was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity.

It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide, and it slept.—The full, round moon, just bursting through the tree-tops behind them, sailed calmly through the distant blue, and cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and danced upon its placid bosom.

The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound, and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the

hill opposite, hailed Cornplanter in the Indian tongue, informing him that 'he was an Indian warrior just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners.'

He desired that the ceremonies of the torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they could celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this Cornplanter consented.—The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

In the meantime Brady, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as 'Truby's Ripples,' and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages.

So cautious was his approach that the Indians were completely cut off from retreat before they became alarmed. Brady's men hemmed them in from behind, while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge from his unerring rifles.

The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered. All were killed or taken prisoners, save the chief, Cornplanter, who, on finding himself alone, plunged into the river, and swam for the other shore. Being a good swimmer he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and, reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock. The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked-for release.

The rock that shielded Cornplanter from Brady's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian in a recent trip down this river. It is known as 'Cornplanter's Rock.' This old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance in broken English.

Alas! how changed the scene! Where then the sheeny tide of the beautiful Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming birchen canoe, and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe, and the rushing of the mighty steamer.

Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks from his pursuit of the deer, the panther, and the bear, or rested from the war-path, is now the scene of life and activity. The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas, and bustling towns. The Indian too has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own.—[Knickerbocker.]

[From Star Papers—by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.]

Frost in the Window.

Books have been written of painted windows, and journeys long and expensive have been made to see them. And without a doubt they are both curious and more than curious; they are admirable. One such work of art, standing through generations of men, and making countless hearts glad with its beauty, is a treasure for which any community may be grateful.

But are we so destitute of decorated windows as, at first, one might suppose? Last night the thermometer sank nearly to zero, and see what business Nature has had on hand! Every pane of glass is etched and figured as never Moorish artist decorated Alhambra. Will you pass it unexamined, simply because it cost you nothing—because it is so common—because it is, this morning, the property of so many people—because it was wrought by nature and not by man?

Do not do so. Learn rather to enjoy it for its own elegance, and for God's sake, who gave to frosts such wondrous artist tendencies. The children are wiser than their elders. They are already at the window interpreting these mysterious pictures. One has discovered a silent, solitary lake, extremely beautiful, among state-like white cliffs.

Another points out a forest of white fir trees and pines, growing in rugged grandeur. There are in succession discovered mountains, valleys, cities of glorious structures, a little confused in their outline by distance. There are various beasts, too;—here a bear coming down to the water; birds in flocks, or sitting voiceless and solitary.

There are rivers flowing through plains; and elephants, and buffalos, and herds of cattle.—There are dogs and serpents, trees and horses, ships and men. Beside all these phantom creatures, there are shadowy ornaments of every degree of beauty, simple or complex, running through the whole scale, from a mere dash of the artist's tool to the most studied and elaborate compositions.

Neither does Night repeat itself. Every window has its separate design. Every pane of glass is individual and peculiar. You see only one appearance of anxiety in the artist, and that is, lest time and room should fail for the expression of the endless imaginations which through his fertile soul. There is a generous disregard of all fictitious or natural distinctions of society in this beautiful working.

The designs upon the Poor-house windows are just as exquisite as any upon the rich man's mansion. The little child's bedroom window is

just as carefully handled as the proudest window in any room of state. The church can boast of nothing better than the emblazonings on the window of the poor seamstress who lives just by.

For a few hours everybody is rich. Every man owns pictures and galleries of pictures!—But then comes the Iconoclast—the Sun! Ah! temerous eyes! why will you gaze out all these exquisite figures and lines? Art thou jealous lest Night shall make sweeter flowers in Winter time than thou canst in all the Summer time?

For shame, envious Father of Flowers!—There is no end of thy abundance. Around the Equator the Summer never dies; flowers perfume the whole Ecliptic. And spreading out thence, the Summer shall travel northward, and for full eight months thou hast the temperate zones for thy gardens.

Will not all the flowers of the tropics and of eight-month zones suffice? Will not all the myriads that hide under leaves, that climb up for air to tree tops, that nestle in rockcrevices, or sheet the open plains with wide effulgence, that ruffle the rocks and cover out of sight all rude and homely things—suffice thy heart, that thou must come and rob from our Winter canvas all the fine things, the rootless trees, the flowers that blossom without growing, the wilderness of pale shrubberies that grow by night to die by day?

Rapacious Sun! thou shouldst set us a better example. But the indefatigable Night repairs the desolation. New pictures supply the waste ones. New cathedrals there are, new forests, fringed and blossoming, new sceneries, and new races of extinct animals. We are rich every morning, and poor every noon.

One day with us measures the space of two hundred years in kingdoms—a hundred years to build up, and a hundred years to decay and destroy; twelve hours to overspread the evanescent pane with glorious beauty, and twelve to extract and dissipate the pictures! How is the frost-picturing like fancy painting! Thus we fill the vagrant hours with innumerable designs; and paint visions upon the visionless sphere of Time, which, with every revolution, destroys our work, restoring it back to the realm of waste fantasies.

But is not this a type of finer things than ardent fictions? Is it not a mournful vision of many a virtuous youth, overlaid with every device of virtue which parental care could lay on, dissolved before the hot breath of love, blurred, and quite rubbed out! Or shall we read a lesson for a too unpractical mind, full of airy theories and dainty plans of exquisite good, that lie upon the surface of the mind, fair indeed, till touched?

The first attempt at realization, is as when an artist tries to tool these frosted sketches! the most exquisite touch of ripe skill would mar and destroy them! Or, rather, shall we not reverently and rejoicingly behold in these morning pictures wrought without color, and kissed upon the window by the cold lips of Winter, another instance of that Divine Beneficence of beauty, which suffuses the heavens, clothes the earth, and royally decorates the months, and sends them forth through all hours, seasons, all latitudes, to fill the earth with joy, pure as the Great Heart from which it had its birth?

Elliot's Indian Bible.

A copy of this literary curiosity lies before me. It is in quarto form, rough and rusty with old age, and hallowed by old associations.

The language in which it is written is dead, entirely dead; no man living can either read it, or speak it.

This Bible was printed in 1635. The quality of the paper is poor enough; and the type is uneven and unsightly; that of the title page seems in part to have been cut with a penknife for the occasion. It is bound in sheep, with heavy 'ribs' upon the back.

The 'illuminations' at the beginning are extremely rude; and the 'lines' are bent and broken.

The difference between this Bible and the fine edition last issued by the American Bible Society, in a typographical point of view, appears almost as great as that between the rude wigwams which its readers inhabited, and those elegant and commodious dwellings which now occupy the site of them.

This copy before me contains the Old and New Testaments, with the Psalms of David rendered into 'Indian verse.'

The title at the beginning of the Bible is—
'Mamusse wunneetu panatamwe
UP BIBLUM GOD.

Naneeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk wuskee Testament. No quoshkinnuk nash-po Wuttinneaumoh Christ noh asowesit, John Elliot. Nahobtoeu ontchotoo Printenoomuk. Cambridge. Printeupop hashpe, Samuel Green. 1635.'

The Old Testament contains 680 pages, and is said to have been all written with a single pen! It has a very few marginal references, and the titles of the chapters are given in English.

The language, which is the Nipmuck, seems to abound in long, harsh and guttural words; m and n occur as frequently as in the Latin.

The longest word which I can find in this Bible is in Mark 1:40—'Wuttepesittukques-unnoowehtunkquoh,' and signifies 'kneeling down to him.'

Whenever the object whose name was to be translated was unknown to the Indians, Elliot used the English word either alone, or with the

Indian case or tense endings appended, so that such words as the following are constantly occurring:—'chariotash, cherubimloh, apostlesog, silver, gold, temple, wine, carpentersoh, masonsoh,' and the like.

In translating Judges 5:28—'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried thro' the lattice,'—he asked the Indians for the word 'lattice,' and found when his translation was completed, that he had written, and 'cried thro' the cel-pot,' that being the only object which the natives knew as corresponding with the object Mr. Elliot described to them.

The Psalms are translated into that form of verse, which is termed in our hymn books 'common metre,' and nothing can be more clumsy and uncouth than the structure of the rhymes. Sternhold and Hopkins even may be read with exquisite pleasure after perusing a few stanzas like the following, which are from the 19th Psalm:—'The heavens declare the glory of God, &c.'

1. "Kesuk kukootomhteaumoo
God wussohsumoonk
Manahchekesuk wunnahutukon
Wutanakausunonk.
2. Hohsekoeh kesukodtash
Kuttoo wauntamonk
Kah hohsekoeh nukonash
Keketookon wahteauonk!"

The first edition of this Bible was published in 1663. The type was set by an Indian, and it was three years in going through the press. It is the first edition of the Bible ever published in America. It contains nearly all that is left of the literature of the Aborigines our State.—W.—[Boston Traveler.]

MANNERS.—Few persons in these days are so cynical as to maintain that manners are of no consequence. Though they are but the external surface of character, and therefore not of the vital importance which belongs to the inner heart and root of it, still it would be absurd to deny that the qualities of that surface do not contribute very much to the happiness both of the individual and of society. The gardener's labor is not spent in vain when he cherishes in-to bloom merely the brilliant tinted flower.

The wise cultivator of the human plant, however, will bear in mind the analogy of nature, and will not think he can produce that beauty by painting the surface. If art can add a tint to the flower, it must be by laying no pigment on the petal, but by infusing a new chemical element into the soil, which must, by ascending the stem, be elaborated in its secret glands.

And so to cultivate manners that will be really attractive we must labor from the heart and soul of man outward, and they in their turn will react upon the heart, and aid the growth and development of virtuous character, as those flowers whose leaves with their polished surfaces imbite the sun and air give back nourishment to roots and stem.

Good manners should be cultivated because, first they are good; they are beautiful, suitable, proper; they gratify the artistic perception in ourselves; and a refined mind would prompt to elegant actions in a solitary wilderness. In the second place, because they are agreeable to others, and to give pleasure is no mean branch of benevolence.

Let children be taught and trained to sit quietly, to talk gently, to eat with nicety, to salute gracefully, to help another before themselves, because it is proper, it is kind, it is becoming to do so.

Politeness, which Dr. Johnson describes to be 'the never giving any preference to oneself,' frequently, we know, lies all upon the surface; still this is better than the absence of it; for, as we have already intimated, the habitual regard to observances which are prescribed upon the principles of benevolence, which is at the root of all politeness and good manners, will lead by degrees to the love and practice of benevolence itself. And when it is considered how contagious are all the feelings of our nature, whether good or evil; how the frown will excite an answering frown, as smiles will kindle smiles; how the rude jest will provoke the insulting reply; how he that always takes care of number one will find himself jostled by a host of equally independent unities, whose bristles are roused in emulation of his own, it is evident that the well-being of society is affected in no slight degree by the regard which is paid to the outward decencies and amenities of life. Manners may not now mean morals, but they are the best possible substitute.—[Charles Bray.]

THE FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—That whitened sepulcher, the whitened church, in which lie rotting all the truest and noblest impulses of the human heart, is a theme for every pure-minded satirist of the day. No matter where it may stand, it is detested by the populace. Its sacredness has vanished in the light of reason, and error cannot much longer find a Sevastopol within its holy walls. The people have been led through the dark, by the blind, long enough. Now, they want to see for themselves—and see they will—for the torches are being brought in, and old superstition is trembling with dread.—But read the following, from the pen of the true-hearted, keen-eyed Fanny Fern.—[Ex.]

You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you; your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Close behind you follows a poor, meek, plainly clad seamstress, reprieved from her tread mill round, to think one day in the seven of the