

VERMONT PHENIX. Published every Friday Mornings. BY G. W. NICHOLS & W. E. RYHER.

From the Kailash-berker for April. THE BREATH OF SPRING. It usually it steals my lattice through!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT. Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1833, a work which has passed through two editions within a short time.

TO YOUNG MEN.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man!

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING.—The philosophy of memory, we leave to other hands. Some of its phenomena, however, may be here stated.

single glance all the misery, the darkness, the bitterness, the vanity, the iniquities of the lot of man; when it was his will, alone to lift the burden of the crimes and misfortunes under which human nature, bowed down and groaning, passes through this valley of tears;

THE HONEST BOY. A gentleman from the country, placed his son with a dry goods merchant in—street. For a time all went on well.

OF course she did not take it. The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home;

Whether such a trade as the merchant would make, is not rather taking the advantage of the purchaser's ignorance, than making the best use of one's knowledge, we leave to our readers to decide.—N. E. Gal.

al principle of mankind. In truth they convince the depravity of the heart.—Bap. Rep.

From the Legends of a Log Cabin. THE HUNTER'S PERILS.

On the fourth day, about noon, being then about forty miles direct distance from H—, we came upon the trail of a large body of Indians, who had passed there the day before, and were going up river.

Why, Bahl, I don't want a squaw's scalp, nor a papoose's, if I can get a warrior's; but surely half a loaf is better than no bread.

THE BURYING PLACE AT NAPLES. I had read so many harrowing accounts of the burial place at Naples, that I went with an American of my acquaintance to visit it.

WANT OF DECISION.—Perhaps in no way do mothers more effectually destroy their own influence with their children, and injure them than by neglecting to practice decision.

strings from his dress. At his belt hung a fresh scalp, which I knew could only be poor Johnson's. He was followed, in Indian file, by six others; slowly and cautiously they advanced on the trail, till they came within fifty feet of the tree.

The sun was near setting, when I saw the signal of a squaw, from his tree, and about twenty or thirty yards from my tree. Here they were out of my sight, and what was worse, they could creep round, and approach on either side without my knowing whereto look for them.

They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose, and chin, out of the water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was in nearly total darkness. Here I lay, half dead with fatigue and pain, waiting the coming of the savages.

A little girl remarked a short time since, that beaver hats were quite fashionable, and that she would have one. 'Have you forgotten,' said I, 'that your mother yesterday remarked that the hat you wore last winter is still quite neat, and that she did not intend to encourage extravagance, and a love of fashion in her little girl?'

came up between two of the largest logs. They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose, and chin, out of the water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was in nearly total darkness.

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fuss, mother consented to let her go, and bought her a new pair of gloves and a pretty blue scarf to wear.—Besides I am sure it is quite right to wish to have a fashionable hat to go to church in, and I can tease till I get one. And I know that I shall get it for mother often changes her mind!—Mother's Monthly Journal.

The following story, which was published in one of the periodical journals some time since is too interesting to be omitted: An old chiffonier, (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty.

A Search for Hidden Treasure.—We understand that some three or four persons on the sea-board of Connecticut, have found a certain paper bearing the date of olden time, and the signature of a famous buccanier of that day by the name of Kidd; which paper contains directions where a better firkin and sundry other small vessels, full of gold, lie hidden in the earth.

ANECDOTE OF A PRINTER.—At a supper which closed the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at Washington on Saturday week, Mr. Verplanck, one of the guests, related the following anecdote. I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work in conjunction with two or three friends, whose writings are among the most valuable productions of native literature.

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