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AND

LADIES' AMULET;

DEVOTED TO

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"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion."

From the N. Y. New World.

Delineations of Female Friendship.

We have before us a sketch by Mr. Severn, an English artist of great celebrity residing at Rome, of which the above wood engraving of Mr. Lossing is, as far as possible, a fac-simile. The engraving falls, however, somewhat short of the charming expression of the original drawing.—The subject is one of those poetical creations of Shakspeare of which we necessarily make a picture in our own minds as we read; but as to the adequate representation of which, in the same degree, no effect of the sister art of painting, however successful, is altogether equal. The painter can only seize upon one point of view; the poet has the control of time and space, and presents us a succession of images harmonizing with and strengthening the leading idea. The lines which we have placed under Mr. Severn's sketch tell the story of the friendship of Hermia and Helena, as far as can be shown in one action. But the poet gives us a succession of actions. The whole passage is to be found in the third act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" in which Helena, who fancies she has been injured by her friend Hermia, breaks out into the following most beautiful apostrophe:

"Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bate me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem!
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest;
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury."

What a simple picture is this of the every-day life of two maidens growing together in love and confidence, as thousands still grow; and yet how exquisitely poetical in its literal truth. The "counsel" shared together—the little confidence gradually ripening into the revealing of the inmost heart, and thus becoming "sisters' vows"—the longing to meet, the dread to part—the common occupation, such as Mr. Severn has exhibited, but accompanied with that crowning circumstance:

"Both warbling of one song, both in one key."

He that wrote this charming description is, of all poets, the one who has left us the truest delineations of the tenderness, the constancy, the intrepidity and the purity of woman.

Rosalind and Celia, in "As You Like It," present a most attractive dramatic exhibition of female friendship. Shakspeare has again, with his innate knowledge of human character, made the strength of the affection of Celia for Rosalind depend upon habit and long companionship. She remonstrates against her father's determination to banish Rosalind, in these words:

"If she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."

Shakspeare has painted the existence of friendship among men, as in the instance of Antonio and Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice;" and in that most touching description of the deaths of York and Suffolk, in "Henry V.":

"Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, when in gore he lay ensteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came, and cheered him up;
He smiled me in the face, caught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love."

Yet in this glorious picture there is high and heroic impulse—the sternness as well as the tenderness of chivalry blending in the friendship of the heroes. It is a picture of the friendship of men, which is generally the strongest among those who are struggling over the same rough path of life. The friendship of mere companionship, without firmer ties, seldom lasts beyond the age of boyhood, and then we go our own selfish and solitary ways. Leontes and Polixenes, in the "Winter's Tale," were the friends of childhood:

"We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other."

Yet the remembrance could not preserve them from deadly hatred and suspicion.

Popular Tales.

THE ATTORNEY.

Very unexpectedly, and much to our regret, we are obliged to continue the publication of a tale, in the present volume, which was commenced in the last. We had expected it would be concluded several weeks since; but we are disappointed.—We published all in our last number that had been received up to that date. But as the story continues to increase in interest, and, as many of our last year's subscribers may subscribe for the present volume, we deem it no more than just to conclude it. Therefore, that new patrons may not have cause to complain, we give a synopsis, by chapters, of what has already been published.

CHAPTER 1.—A few years since there stood within the neighborhood of the City Hall, in New York, a huge wooden building, whose dilapidated and ruined condition, gave evidence that time and the elements had lain upon it their ruthless hands. Its windows were high, narrow and dark, and hung with cobwebs and dust. This gloomy pile had but one occupant. This was an attorney, who had an office at the end of a long and dismal hall on the second floor. About him there were dark rumors. His age was about forty, although his haggard appearance would make him appear fifty. We are introduced to this attorney in his office on a dark night, his door locked, and he examining a *forged will;* forged by himself, to secure to himself the fortune of a Mr. John Crawford, who, the previous morning, had been seized with apoplexy and was expected to die within a few hours. Mr. Crawford had always placed confidence in the attorney, whose name was Bolton,

gave him his business and received him in his family. On the night in question a George Wilkins went to the attorney's office. We will introduce him as does the author. "'It is *you*, is it, Wilkins?' said the attorney. At the same time he unlocked the door, and admitted a tall, powerful man, clad in an overcoat of coarse, shaggy cloth, and with his hat slouched down over his eyes.—His face was pale and haggard, his jaws large and prominent, and his eyes flashed from their dark caverns with sullen ferocity."

This Wilkins was once rich, but had become poor, as it afterwards appears, by the villainy of Bolton. Still Wilkins clung to him in trouble, because, probably, he had no other resource. He had a wife, young, beautiful, affectionate and confiding. But Wilkins hated her, not because of any faults, but because he was tied to her, in poverty; whereas, were he free from her, he might marry a *rich widow*. His visit at Bolton's at this time was to advise with him to get rid of his wife. They finally agreed upon the following. Wilkins signed the forged will, as a witness to its execution, to which he was to swear when the will must be proved. In consideration of this, Bolton was to rid Wilkins of his wife, by means yet undeveloped, except that he must procure some one to swear (falsely of course) that his wife was guilty of inconstancy.

It appears that in the forged will Bolton caused a legacy of five thousand dollars to be left for Miss Crawford, who, as that instrument unjustly alleged, was not the daughter of Mr. Crawford, which, in case of a lawsuit with Bolton, to break the will, Wilkins feared might prove to her a too powerful aid. So they agreed that the legatee should be proved to have been cut off by a *later will*, which Bolton would prepare that night.—These three schemes of villainy having been concocted, they separated for the night.

CHAPTER 2.—Wilkins went home, was met at the door by his wife, (who had been impatiently awaiting his arrival,) in the most tender and touching manner. Wilkins treated her with abuse, accused her of favoring the addresses of Jack Phillips, scolded her for not having supper ready, (there was scarce any thing in the house to make a supper of,) and when she remonstruted, in tears, against such treatment, he, having eaten his meal, ill-treated her again, and then left the house in search of one Higgs, who had called in his absence and left word that he would wait at Rawlay's.

CHAPTER 3.—After traversing several narrow alleys, he came to a mean looking house, with a sign over the door indicating that it was a tavern. This was Rawley's. There he found Higgs in a chamber, writing at a table. Higgs was about forty, had a full, broad forehead, sharp grey eyes, and delicate features, but was a man of resolution and energy, all concealed under a careless exterior, and an affectation of extreme levity. He was in short a genteel loafer. He saluted Wilkins with considerable warmth. After much conversation, they came to the following agreement:—Higgs was to sign the forged will, as witness, and make oath to it, the same as Wilkins, for which he was to receive one thousand dollars. He was also to testify (falsely) to Lucy, Wilkin's wife's, guilt. Wilkins then returned home.

CHAPTER 4.—Upon reaching home he found his wife in tears, and he repeated his abuse with tenfold audacity, again charging her with favoring the addresses of Phillips. At this she became indignant, and demanded the name of her accuser. Wilkins of course refused the name. She still persisted and even supplicated, until he, wrought up to a pitch of wildest frenzy, raised his fist and struck her to tee floor. After this mad outburst, reflection came, and he felt himself to be, as he was, a *felon*. She arose from the floor, took her bonnet and shawl, and left the house, saying to him, that could no longer be a home for her.

CHAPTER 5.—Wilkins waited long and anxiously for his wife; but she came not. He attempted to persuade himself that he was glad she had gone; but this was vain; he really felt chagrined and sorry. After several efforts he succeeded in getting asleep. At early dawn Higgs came to his house and awoke him. After Higgs had refreshed himself with some brandy, (for he had not had a meal in three days,) he renewed his unholy promise to impeach Lucy's character; telling Wilkins, at the time, that after the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes, he himself would marry her, as he knew her to be all that was good and gentle. This wounded Wilkin's feelings more than all else. After a while the two worthies took a walk.

CHAPTER 6.—In the course of the day, Higgs went into an obscure and ancient eating house, where, after procuring a meal, he remained till dark, reading *one* newspaper, until at last he saw an opportunity to slip out, when he made his way with peculiar alacrity to parts where he would not be found by his late host. He finally came to "Quagley's Retreat," where, after awhile, Wilkins found him. The two then went to Bolton's, and after receiving five hundred dollars, Higgs also signed the forged will. He was promised five hundred more when he should swear to the execution of the instrument.

CHAPTER 7.—Wilkins was now miserable, but he swerved not from his hellish purposes; he had really loved his wife, and now he felt that first love anew, but it was goading him like the sting of death. And when he thought that in her friendless and homeless condition, she might be driven to the last horrible resort of female destitution, he resolved for a moment to find her at all hazards; but he soon drove away these good thoughts.

Late at night, Jack Phillips called upon him, in the most friendly manner. Wilkins, as if prompted by a devil, accused him of seducing his wife, and struck him. Phillips seized him with an iron grasp, for he was a young man, stout and athletic, and warned Wilkins not to touch him again. After some words, in which Phillips told Wilkins of the wrongs he had inflicted upon his wife, the former left. Wilkins now felt the utter misery of his situation; but his career was marked and onward.

CHAPTER 8.—Lucy had wandered about on the night that she left her husband, until, entirely exhausted, she fell down before the door of Mr. Crawford, (whose property had been so summarily taken care of by Bolton,) where she was found by Dr. Thurston, who had been in professional attendance upon Mr. Crawford. She was taken into the house, and after skilful treatment, her consciousness returned. She told the whole story of her joys and of her final sorrows. They all, among whom was Miss Crawford, the sick man's daughter, believed her tale; for who can resist the words coming from a heart of truth? But she would not reveal her husband's name.

Dr. Thurston told Miss Crawford that her father would not recover.

CHAPTER 9.—In this chapter we have an insight into the character of Mrs. Dow, the rich widow whom Wilkins intended to marry after he should get free from Lucy. She was a very precise, dignified old creature, who thought the gift of a cold potato or a slice of sour bread a very charitable and generous act. If she had ever been handsome or otherwise particularly interesting, it must have been known only to a previous generation. But she was rich, and hence Wilkins wanted to marry her — fortune; for riches was his God. Late in an evening, Wilkins called upon her, and after an altercation with a servant, who disliked him, he was admitted to the *sanctum*.

CHAPTER 10.—Wilkins could not, even in the presence of Mrs. Dow, conceal the horrors that were gnawing at his soul; but he attributed his feelings to periodical *turns*, and the widow pitied him. He had wandered about all day in the cold, searching wind, his mind wrought up almost to frenzy by intense mental agony produced by mingled feelings of repentance, fear, and desperation. He felt not the cold until entirely chilled through. The widow's bright coal fire, as its warmth extended over his frozen frame, produced a stupor, which he in vain attempted to shake off. He fell into a deep sleep, which lasted several hours.—While asleep, the widow had prepared him a supper, which, when he awoke, he partook of voraciously; his appetite having been whetted to keenness by several days' abstinence. He was refreshed by his sleep and the widow's viands; his avarice was awakened by a view of her comfortable apartments; and his determination to go on in sin was renewed. He talked tenderly to the widow, (who thought he was a single man,) and told her that after a certain lawsuit should be decided, if in his favor, he would marry her. They parted with a kiss, the echo to which was a deep groan, proceeding from a key-hole.

CHAPTER 11.—Mr. Crawford died and was buried. He expired easily, his daughter Helen, hanging over him. The noise and tumult of the funeral are over, the old man has left his earthly home forever, and his devoted daughter is now an orphan.

The tale thus continues:

CHAPTER XII.

At about dusk on the second evening after the death of Mr. Crawford, the attorney sat in his office with his arms folded, his feet thrust near the fire, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. A single candle was burning on the table near him, with a dull heavy light, throwing all sorts of fantastic shadows and shapes on the wall. Light, it scarcely afforded; for in the remote parts of the room was an uncertain kind of mistiness, through which every thing appeared strange and ghost-like. The very papers in the pigeon-holes seemed to nod and wink at each other; the high book-cases loomed out, like tall giants frowning across the room; the heavy folios which were piled along the floor, and under the desks and book-cases, wore the mysterious air of men secreting themselves; and a chair on which lay a hat, cloak and umbrella, looked like a portly man, wonderfully small in stature, but of ample dimensions, who stood up in one corner to be out of the way. The outer office was even more gloomy than the other; being a kind of receptacle for old coats, shelves with useless papers, book-cases tumbling to pieces, from age and neglect, and desks in various stages of decrepitude. It was full of odd angles and shadowy corners; the very place for dim figures to step suddenly out into the room; and with the sound of the wind, as it whispered and wailed through the loop-holes and crannies of the old house, it was enough to conjure up all sorts of dreary and mystic feelings.

Among this array of ruined and cast-off furniture, sat the attorney's clerk; a gaunt, thin-legged boy, with red hair, hollow eyes, large knee-joints, feet modelled after fire-shovels, and hands to match. He wore a round jacket of snuff-colored cloth extending a few inches below his armpits, and trousers of the same material, which reached a few inches above his hip-bones. The coat and trowsers had once met, but the boy had lately taken it into his head to grow, and his shoulders, in increasing the distance between themselves and his hips, had carried the jacket with them. It is a matter of some doubt whether the boy's legs grew or not; if they did, it was downward; for they only increased the gap between the jacket and trowsers; and had not a pair of stout suspenders connected his upper and lower extremities, it is not certain but that the shoulders might have sauntered off, leaving the legs altogether.

Various unaccountable impressions have always existed respecting the sympathy between a little boy's head and his hinder parts. Many think that his brain is best stimulated by the application of stimulants to the rear, and that the harder he sits the harder he studies. Nature is kind to small boys in making them tough in these aggrieved regions.

The attorney apparently labored under some of these impressions; for his clerk was perched at one of the cast-off desks, just mentioned, with Coke upon Littleton under his seat, and a volume of Blackstone, somewhat dog's-eared, under his nose. He was reading with intense earnestness; not that he had any particular relish for the writings of that learned gentleman; but being a little superstitious, he was at that particular moment under the firm conviction that a strange figure with red eyes and green lips, was pleasantly peeping over his shoulder, and only waiting for him to look up to make some agreeable remark; and that from a small window with one pane, directly over the desk, and opening into a dark closet, a stout Irish lady, whom he had seen hung the week previous, was looking out and superintending his studies with a maternal eye.

For a long time the attorney sat pondering in his back office. Over his head a solitary spider, who kept later hours than the most of his species, was straggling along the walls, with an uncertain, irresolute air, as if half asleep or out of his latitude. Bolton watched him until he was lost in the shadow of the room. Some chain of thought seemed snapped as he disappeared. The attorney unfolded his arms, rose to his feet, and muttered something to himself.

"No shrinking now; no, no! He's dead, stone dead; stiff in his coffin! *He* at least, can say nothing; and *she*," said he, speaking aloud, "let her do what she can! Tom!"

The long-legged boy started up and thrust his head in the door.

"Who's been here this afternoon?"

"Nobody but the old woman," replied the boy, bluntly.

"She here again?" said the attorney, compressing his lips; "she's always here, d——n her!—What did she want?"

"Nothing now."

"That's something strange," said Bolton.—"What did she say?"

"She said," continued the boy, looking full in the face of the attorney, and watching the effect of his words, with a sort of malignant pleasure, "that the last time she was here she told you her husband was dying by inches; that they had nothing to buy even bread with, and that if you let that deputy sheriff seize his furniture under his very eyes, it would kill him outright."

"I know it," replied the attorney; "something of that kind was said, but I didn't listen to her."

"Well," said the boy, "the deputy *did* seize the furniture; and the man *did* die: and she came here to tell you; and to say that she hoped God would blight you in this world, and damn you hereafter. That's what she wanted; and when she said it, she shut the door, and hobbled through the entry, laughing loud enough to split her throat."

Bolton compressed his lips, and turned deadly pale; but no further sign of emotion escaped him; and this too he mastered; for after a moment he asked: "Has any one else been here?"

The boy shook his head.

"Very well; shut the door; lock the outer one; and if any one knocks don't answer."

The boy jerked the door to, in pursuance of his instructions; and Bolton stood still until he heard the key turned in the outer door, and the boy seating himself at his desk.

"She *did* say so, and he *did* die!" muttered he. "Well, that's *her* affair. Every thing was done according to law. Let her blame those who make laws, not those who enforce them. Now to my own affairs."

As he spoke he went to the drawer and took out a large brass key, with which he unlocked the iron safe, and after fumbling among other papers, finally drew out the forged will, laid it on the table, lighted another candle, and read it from beginning to end, without pausing until his eye rested on the names of the witnesses. "George Wilkins, William Higgs," muttered he; "George Wilkins? George Wilkins?—ay, George Wilkins: God! how I wish you had your throat cut!" He folded up the paper, placed it in front of him, and resting his two elbows on the table, leaned his head between his hands, and seemed to read the endorsement. But other thoughts were in his mind.

"Yes, he's dead; dead, in his coffin, in his vault, with the damp earth over him. He can't come back. *He* at least can't cross me. I wish one other was with him; I've got his name as a witness, and if he were dead, and I could prove it—the law is kind—it would let me do without him." He rose, went to the safe, and feeling in one of the pigeon-holes, drew out a large Spanish knife. He held the blade to the light, and seemed in deep thought. He tried the point on the end of his finger. His teeth unconsciously became set, his nostril expanded, his dark eyes shone like jet, and he clenched the knife with a firm, strong grasp. But almost at the same instant he relaxed his hand, and shook his head, muttering: "No, no; it's too perilous." Replacing the knife, he locked the safe and took out the key, as if to remove temptation.

"It won't do; it won't do!" said he, shutting his eyes, as if to keep out some fancy that *would* rise. "Blood may come of it some day; but not now. But he has altered strangely. He's as wild and fierce as a tiger. He even begins to threaten. Let him look to himself! George Wilkins, I say look to yourself! I have you in my gripe; and go on you *shall*, step by step, until the law has separated you from the only one who has stood between you and crime. Once rid of her, once where I will sink you, then betray me if you dare! Ha! ha! ha!"

Bolton laughed as he spoke; but God grant that such laughs may be few! It made even the long-legged clerk stop his ears and thrust his nose an inch nearer the dingy page in front of him; and it rang through the room so strangely, that it seemed to the attorney as if another voice had taken it up, and was echoing it. He stopped and listened; but all was silent. Taking up the will, he thrust it in his pocket; and putting on his hat and cloak, went into the other office.

"You may go, Tom."

Tom waited to hear no more. He darted from his desk; clutched up a small basket in which he usually brought his dinner; grabbed a ragged cap; blew out his candle, and dashed through the dark entry, as if fully persuaded that the devil was at his heels. As this was the ordinary manner in which that young gentleman took his departure, it excited no surprise in the attorney, who waited until the noise of his steps had died away, then returned to his own room, and bringing the light to the outer office, extinguished it and went out, shutting and locking the door after him.

He now directed his steps toward the upper part of the city. He followed a narrow street until he came to a great thoroughfare, where he joined the crowd which poured along in the direction he wished to go. He was so intent on his plans, that he did not observe several persons who spoke to him, and who were so struck by his unusual air, that they turned to look after him when they had passed him. Had this not been the case, it is probable he would have remarked a man loitering slowly behind him, accelerating his pace when he quickened his; now stopping to gaze in a shop window, now at the corner of a street, now lagging to read some illuminated sign; but always with his eye on him; and always preserving the same relative distance between them. Bolton at last turned into a side street, and before he had gone a hundred yards the man was at his side.

"A fine night, Sir," said he.

Bolton looked at him, made some remark in reply, and slackened his pace to permit him to go by. The man however seemed to have no intention to quit him. The attorney then pushed on, but the stranger did the same. At length Bolton stopped and said:

"If you have any business with me, name it. If not, pursue your course and leave me to pursue mine. I will not be dogged in this manner."

"For the matter of that," replied the stranger, "the street is free to every body; and if I happen to go in the same direction that you do, or to walk fast or slow, or to stop when you do, I suppose there is no law to regulate my pace or my pauses, or to prevent my walking in any direction I choose. You must know that. You are a lawyer I believe."

"You have the devil's own coolness," replied Bolton, with a sneer. "I'll do you *that* justice."

"Then I'm in luck; for I'm the first that ever got it at your hands," replied the stranger.

Had there been light sufficient for the man who uttered this sarcasm to have seen the expression that passed over the attorney's face; the black eye lighten up till it seemed to glow with a red heat; the compressed lips, which trembled in spite of him; the clutched fingers; he would not have stood so carelessly without dreaming of harm, and might have wished his last words unsaid. "Your name's Bolton," continued he. "You're a lawyer; and if you're nothing worse, I wrong you, that's all."

"My name *is* Bolton," said the other; "well, what then?"

"You see that I knew you; and of course you suppose I had some object in following you."

"Well, what is it? I can't spend the night in the street," said the lawyer, sharply.

"You've made many others do so," said the stranger, coldly. "You should not turn up your nose at the broth which you have laded out so often for them."

Bolton made no reply, but stood stock still.—The stranger, after hesitating a moment, demanded bluntly:

"Do you know one George Wilkins?"

"I do."

"And are mixed up with most of his concerns?"

"What's that to you?" demanded Bolton.—The other paid no attention to the question, but asked:

"Are you acquainted with his wife?"

"I never saw her."

"And don't know that she's left him?"

"No."

"Nor where she's gone to?—nor who she went with?"

"No," said Bolton, srernly: "I don't know the woman; never saw her. I suppose she went off because she found some one she liked better.—Find *him*, and he'll tell you what you want to know. Women *will* do these things; and she I suppose is no better than the rest of them."

The stranger clenched his fist; but before he had made up his mind what to do next, the attorney turned away and hurried along the street.

He kept on at a rapid pace until he came to the house lately occupied by Mr. Crawford. He walked past it once or twice, with a strange feeling of fear and irresolution. The whole house appeared deserted and the windows were closed, except one in the upper story, where a dim light was burning. The street was so quiet and lonely that it seemed to bring home to him a feeling of guilt which he had not experienced until then. He fancied that he saw the figure of the old man standing at his own door to guard it against him, and looking at him with such an expression of reproach and warning, that it made his heart sink. But he was not a man to give way to idle fancies. Walking hastily up the steps, he rang the bell. In a few moments the summons was answered by the red-eared man-servant, who in his usual manner opened the door just wide enough to permit his head to be seen from behind it, and in pursuance of the same usual custom looked at the person on the outside, and demanded who he was, and what he wanted.

"I wish to see Miss Crawford," replied Bolton.

"You do, do you? Well you can't," replied the servant positively. "The old gentleman's just under ground; the young lady's 'most done up, and won't see nobody; and none of the rest on us feels like entertainin' visiters."

Bolton deliberated for a moment upon the expediency of kicking the man; but as the door was between him and that part of the servant's person which is usually the theatre of such performances, he merely told him, in a sharp tone, to "go to his mistress and to tell her that Mr. Bolton was there, and must speak to her on matters of business;" at the same time insinuating that if he didn't move rapidly he would help him. Although the servant was a fat man, and fat men are neither swift nor active, yet the idea of receiving the promised aid touched his pride; for he disappeared forthwith, and in a few minutes returned and told the attorney that the young lady would see him.

The room into which he was conducted was large, and furnished in the most costly manner.—Pier glasses, divans, and couches of rich silk; tables, and ornaments of various kinds, showed that its former occupant had been lavish in all that could add to the comfort and beauty of his abode. It was with a mingled feeling of triumph and misgiving that the attorney muttered to himself, as these things flashed on his sight, "Mine, mine, these are *mine!*" At the far end of the room, at a small table, sat Helen Crawford in deep mourning; and near her a girl of about her own age, engaged in sewing. The young lady half rose as he entered; but her companion went on sewing, and did not even raise her head from her work.—Miss Crawford motioned to him to be seated, and without speaking, waited for him to open his business, which he did in a very few words; and after

having explained the object of his visit, he said: "Now, if you please, I will read the will."

Miss Crawford merely bowed.

The attorney looked at her companion, who sat with her face averted, apparently without attending to the conversation.

"I have no secrets which this person may not hear," said Miss Crawford, interpreting the look correctly.

The attorney merely bowed, and then slowly, as if nerving himself for the task, drew the will from his pocket and carefully spread it open.

"This is it," said he, holding it to the light, and eyeing her steadily.

Miss Crawford said nothing; and the lawyer proceeded with a calm, slow voice to read the whole. As he went on, the color gradually left the cheek of the girl; and when he had finished, she stood before him like a marble statue.

"Mr. Bolton," said she, with a calmness that startled him, "*that* will was never made by my father. I pronounce it to be a forgery; and I'll prove it so. The money and lands might all have gone; but to sully the pure name of my mother, to brand my father, and stamp infamy on myself, is what I will never submit to. The proof of my mother's marriage and my own birth are too clear, and upon them I pronounce that will to be a forgery."

"Miss Crawford," replied the attorney, in a serious tone, "I can make all allowance for disappointed expectations; but these are grave charges."

"I know them to be such; and yet I repeat them," said she, "that paper I pronounce no will of my father's. It has either been altered or forged."

"There's the signature," replied Bolton, somewhat daunted at firmness and energy from a quarter where he expected none, and which made him desirous, if possible, of convincing her before he went away. "You can tell whether it is your father's." He reached the paper toward her.—"The will was executed on the tenth day of August last."

The girl took it and scrutinized the signature; and so like was it, that she felt she might be wrong.

Slowly and half-unconsciously she read the formal attestation clause, until she came to the names of the witnesses, "*William Higgs, George Wilkins.*"

As she pronounced these names, the girl who had first attracted the attention of the attorney started from her seat and threw a hurried glance at the paper. She was not observed however, by either; and the attorney continued:

"The will was executed on the tenth day of August last. These men, William Higgs and George Wilkins, were present at the time and saw it, and will swear to it when it is necessary."

The other girl now rose from her chair, went directly to the table and took the paper from the hand of the attorney. She did not look at the body of the will, but only at the signatures of the witnesses.

She placed it quietly on the table when she had done, and took her seat; but her face was like that of a corpse; and had the others been less interested in what was going on, they might have observed that though her head was bent over her work, she was doing nothing. Her hands were clasped together, and her features were convulsed as if with intense pain. She remained silent, and did not alter her position until the attorney had finished his business and was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Boston Post.

HANNAH GOULD'S EPITAPH ON CALEB CUSHING.—Mr. Cushing is noted for his go-ahead disposition, and this elicited the following:

ON C. C.

Lay aside all ye dead,
For, in the next bed,
Reposes the ashes of C———g!
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And perhaps, now he's dead, may be pushing!

Mr. Cushing took this all in good part, but retorted by writing the following, which turned the bles on Miss Gould:

ON H. F. G.

Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her!
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She herself has gone down—FOR A LOVER.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

SWEARINGTON—OR THE AVENGER.

BY WILLIAM C. COOKE.

There never yet was human power
That could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong. BYRON.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of August, in the year of 1835, that a solitary traveler was seen wending his way towards the city of Frankfort. The moon shone full and bright, and cast its beautiful rays over many a league. The road lay through a rich portion of the country, and as far as the eye could reach, naught was to be seen but the yellow grain, waving to and fro in the mellow light, changing its hue with every change of position. Occasionally a cloud would flit across the moon, darkening for a moment the scene; but it would pass away leaving the picturesque plains in full view.

The traveler was mounted upon a large and strongly built horse, whose majestic carriage bespoke him to be of noble blood. He was richly caparisoned with gay and glittering trappings.—His rider was a youth of about twenty-two summers; with a form cast in nature's finest mould; he was richly clad, and upon his soft white hand there glistened costly jewels, set with sparkling diamonds; his countenance bore the appearance of a highly cultivated mind; his forehead was high and commanding, and his dark auburn hair curled in ringlets around his brow; his eyes were dark, and as they peered from beneath his finely-arched eyebrows, shot forth a glow which told that an ungovernable passion was aroused within his bosom. In one hand he held the reins of his bridle; in the other he grasped the jeweled hilt of a small stiletto, which he occasionally brandished aloft, and accompanied it with the mutter of some indistinct words. As the bright steel glittered in the moonbeams it seemed to foretell for what it was designed. Words could not have expressed more plainly than did his actions, that the object of the traveler was to deprive a fellow being of life.

Reader, would you know who that youth was? It was John Swearington; one who was born for noble purposes. He was the son of wealthy parents; when a mere child he gave evidence of extraordinary talents. These talents were not unperceived by his fond and doating parents; they saw them, and resolved to give them a good cultivation. He was early placed in school, and made rapid progress in his studies; and ere he had completed his nineteenth year he was a graduate of college. Immediately after his graduation he went to the city of Frankfort, where he commenced the study of law—a profession which had been recommended to him by his friends, and one which he had an inclination to obtain. Being of a lively disposition, and of an excellent mind, he soon won the favor and patronage of all with whom he met.

A bright and glorious future was before him. Already had dame Fortune deigned to smile propitiously upon him—already had she in store for him laurels of fame and honor wherewith to deck his brow. Virtue too in all her loveliness hovered around him, pointing out her bright and flowery paths, with kind admonitions to walk therein. Wealth, with all her pageantry, stood by his side, bidding him to fill his coffers whenever he wished. But why tire the patience of the reader with these descriptions of person and prospect?

At the time Swearington commenced his studies, the community of Frankfort was in great excitement. The beautiful and accomplished Julia C. had been the victim of the ruthless and unfeeling seducer. It is useless to attempt a description of the beauty and worth of Julia—the muses themselves would be incompetent to the task. Nature had lavished her charms upon her person, and Science had chosen her mind as its favorite; she was the admiration of all who saw her; she was of a high and respectable family, and surrounded by all the blessings of life; she was happy and beloved by all. Her father had died while she was quite young; leaving her under the instruction of a kind and doating mother, who taught her the principles of virtue and chastity. She had watched her from her childhood up; she had seen her like the rose opening in full bloom, and becoming the loveliest flower in the garden; she saw too, that flower nipped ere it had fully blown, and trampled rudely in the dust by one whom she thought would nourish it with a tender care.

At the time of which I speak, Julia was eighteen—at which age the female heart, more than at all others, is susceptible of the most tender emotions. Nature had given Julia a heart pure and guileless, capable of loving with sincerity the object of its choice. Among the many that worshipped at the shrine of her beauty, was one whose name I will not mention, as he has long since gone down to his "cold and silent grave." He was a lawyer of high standing in community, and had by industry and perseverence won the green laurels of fame and prosperity. He was looked upon as one of the first in his profession. He was possessed of a good address, genteel in conversation, prepossessing in his appearance, and in all a handsome young man. He met Julia one evening at a party; and at the first glance he marked her for his victim. 'Tis strange, "'tis passing strange!" that one possessed of such a giant mind should be so destitute of the more ennobling principles of virtue. But such was he of whom I speak. He had suffered an unholy passion to usurp his reason—little dreaming that it would cost him his life.

He procured an introduction to Julia, and devoted himself entirely to her. His pleasing address and gentlemanly conduct won her esteem; she was his partner in the dance; and whenever she chose to rest, sat by her side, engaging her in conversation. On that very night the arrow pierced her heart, causing a sensation which before she had been a stranger to. She looked upon him as one worthy the heart's warmest affections; and without farther consideration, bestowed her heart upon him: not thinking that he was destitute of those principles of virtue which render a great mind truly amiable: not thinking that it was in his heart to destroy her fair name, and bring desolation into her happy home. As they parted for the evening, he obtained permission to call upon her. The next evening saw him seated by her side discussing various topics with the familiarity of a long acquaintance. From that time his visits became more frequent; and from that time his determination to ruin her became strengthened.

He had been acquainted with Julia scarcely two months before he breathed into her ear the soft and melting accents of love—his lips performed the service, while his heart was filled with far different feelings. She listened with downcast eyes to his declarations, and when asked an expression of her sentiments, she blushingly told him that his affection was warmly reciprocated. He pressed her to his bosom, while the smile of the fiend rose exultingly to his lips. Again he spoke to ask her to be his: and again the exulting smile played about his face as she said she would be his; in sickness, in health; in adversity and prosperity.

From that hour her doom was sealed. From that hour she never saw her destroyer within her dwelling. From that hour the name of Julia C. was spoken of as the ruined, the betrayed. Julia had no brother to avenge her wrongs: no hand to to wash out the foul blot with the blood of her destroyer. She retired with her mother from the scenes of her youth, and the desolated hearth of her childhood. A small farm near the residence of young Swearington's father was the place of their retreat. There she resolved to remain the rest of her days, entirely secluded from the world and all its vanities.

Let us now return to Swearington and the community of Frankfort. The latter I have said was in great excitement, caused by the occurrence I have just related. Public sentiment ran high, and the people expressed their disapprobation of the lawyer's conduct in strong and decided terms.—Swearington soon became acquainted with the circumstances of the case; but being a personal friend to the lawyer, and never having seen the fair Julia, said nothing of the matter. A short time subsequent to this, circumstances called him home, where he was detained some length of time. As the hours passed slowly and heavily away, he resolved to pay Julia a visit. With this determination he proceeded to her house & knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. Swearington inquired for her mistress, and was told that she received no visits. He was not to be foiled in his purpose; but entered without further ceremony. Julia was not there. He cast his eyes around the room, which was neatly but plainly furnished. In the centre stood a round table, covered with a silken cloth; on it were scattered various books and papers. Julia's portfolio lay open, discovering to his view some exquisitely wrought paintings, which she had drawn. A piano, a guitar, and a few chairs, completed the furniture of the room. The servant stood gazing at Swearington, waiting for his next question.

"Where is your mistress," said he, somewhat piqued at his reception.

"She receives no company, Sir," replied the servant.

"But I must see her; and will thank you to deliver her this card, with a request that she will favor me with her presence."

Swearington carelessly threw himself into a chair, while the servant girl went to do as she was bid. In a few moments the girl returned, saying, "her mistress could not see him." Swearington was enraged, and once more requested the servant to say to her mistress "that he wished to borrow a book from her." Again the girl retired. In a few moments, which seemed like hours to Swearington, Julia appeared, with a frown upon her countenance, which seemed to ask, "Why do you intrude, Sir?" Nothing daunted, Swearington arose, and with a graceful bow, passed the compliment of the morning.

Julia wore a dress as white as the drifted snow, which fitted well her graceful form; her hair was tastefully parted over her marble-like brow; her cheeks were pale and thin; but her dark eyes retained all their lustre, and sparkled like diamonds. She was the very picture of loveliness. Swearington gazed upon her as if she had been a being of the celestial regions. His bosom heaved with angry emotion, he clenched his fists as he muttered, "Is there no hand to avenge the injured? is there no steel to drink the blood of him who tramples upon such a flower? Oh! that I were a brother, that I might strike this bright blade to his very heart!" Swearington accompanied these last words with a flourish of a beautiful stiletto.

Julia looked upon him with astonishment, thinking he was mad. "You will please make known your business, Sir," said she, "for as you have already learned, I do not receive or entertain visiters."

At these words Swearington became calm, and with another bow, replied:

"I beg your pardon, Madam, and sincerely hope I may receive your forgiveness, if I have intruded. I have no apology to offer save that of a desire to see you, of whom I have heard so much. I have learned the history of your wrongs, and would to heaven I could avenge them."

As he spoke a change came over the countenance of Julia; her eyes brightened, her face grew red, and her bosom heaved with deep emotion. A spirit was aroused within her. Revenge for the wrongs she had suffered was within her grasp; her imagination painted her destroyer a bleeding corpse; she saw him who had deprived her of her whole estate cold in death. A smile of triumph rose to her lip, but it soon passed away, leaving her beautiful face calm as the bosom of a peaceful lake. Again she spoke, and her words vibrated upon the ear of her listener like the tones of sweet music.

"If," said she, "you have heard the story of my wrongs, draw therefrom a lesson. Seek not to win the love of woman for the purpose of destroying her happiness. I have suffered," she said, "but it is not for you to talk of revenge."

"Fair girl," said Swearington, "forgive if I have been too hasty; but who can look upon such loveliness as yours without a desire to avenge every wrong it may have sustained."

"Enough!" cried Julia; "to me you are a stranger, but I thank you for your kind feelings; make known your errand and depart."

Swearington stood for a moment. Thought after thought crowded upon his mind; he resolved to come again; he asked the loan of a book, which she freely gave: he selected one and departed.

On his way home he thought of nothing but Julia. He called to mind the deep injury she had received. He thought of her deceiver, and shuddered to think he could be so base — he had mistaken the character of him whom he had respected. As these thoughts flitted across his mind a curious sensation shot to his heart. He felt the first throb of love, and that was for Julia. He determined to see her as often as possible, and resolved to prolong his stay for that purpose.

Swearington reached his home entertaining far different feelings than he had ever felt before.—He loved, rashly loved, the deluded Julia. A few days passed, and he paid another visit to her.—Again she refused to see him. He persisted in seeing her. Again her resolution deserted her. She entered the room and seated herself at the table. Swearington drew a chair to her side and seated himself. A long and interesting conversation ensued; music followed: and as she swept her delicate fingers over the keys of the piano, mingling her sweet voice in perfect harmony with its tones, the fire which had kindled in the bosom of Swearington burst forth in a bright and holy flame. His heart trembled within him; and ere he was aware of it, his head was bowed to hers: and he breathed forth in raptures his new-born passion.

Julia started in amazement, and left the room. Swearington stood for a moment, his eyes riveted upon the door which had closed upon that angelic form. As he turned to depart a tear stood glistening in his eye; it broke from its confinement, and dropped upon his cheek. He hastily drew his hand across his face and rushed from the house.

Swearington reached home, he knew not how. A wild delirium pervaded him. He breathed the name of Julia in all his conversation. Night came on; but the passion that raged in his bosom had not subsided. Julia was the subject of his dreams. He saw her seated by his side, rehearsing to him the story of her wrongs. He listened to her siren words as she instigated him to avenge the injury she had received.

Morning came and found him the same. Feverish and languid, he arose, dressed himself, and descended to the breakfast-room. He ate little and said nothing. His parents observed his altered looks, and inquired the cause. Swearington made no reply, but arose, took his hat, and left the house. He strolled along, he knew not whither. Suddenly he paused, and looked up.—He stood before the dwelling of Julia. His feelings urged him to enter. The room was in the same condition in which he had left it in the afternoon before. There stood the piano; open, as Julia had left it. Everything reminded him of the hour he declared his love. But where was Julia? Suddenly the door opened and she appeared. She started back as she saw Swearington. He desired her to enter; and she did so. Swearington approached her, and was about to speak of his love, when she commanded him to be silent and listen to what she had to say. He bowed in submission, and Julia said:

"Speak not to me of love. My heart is callous to every such feeling. Once I loved, fondly, but rashly. He to whom I gave my heart basely deceived me. I was his victim; and until I shall be avenged; until death shall have laid *him* low; I will listen to the words of love. My heart is withered; and nought but the life-blood of my destroyer can revive it. Go, and forget me; bestow those affections upon one more worthy than I."

Swearington knew not what to say. At length he spoke:

"Permit me to meet you as a friend, and I promise that my lips shall be forever sealed upon the subject of my passion."

"I am willing," replied Julia, "to meet you as a friend, notwithstanding it is contrary to my resolution. I had resolved to deny myself all society, and live secluded. The world has lost all its fascination to me. I feel my degradation, and sincerely wish I might be numbered with the dead."

As she spoke she burst into tears. Swearington could not contain himself. He rushed from the house with the fury of a madman. He fled to his house and locked himself in his chamber. Seizing a pen, he hastily wrote a few lines to Julia, in which he again declared his passion. He entreated her to become his, and make him the avenger of the deep injury she had received. He portrayed to her the fervency of his love, and concluded by saying "he would call on the morrow to learn from her the decision of his fate."

He sealed the letter, called his servant, and despatched him with it to Julia.

The day wore heavily away. Night came; and he retired to his bed, but not to sleep. The excitement had been too great, and driven the sweet soother far from him. The night passed away, and morning dawned in splendor. The sun arose and shed its beautiful rays full upon his face. He leaped from his couch and exclaimed, "This day decides my fate, Julia, or death, shall be mine!" He descended to the breakfast-room, and seated himself at the table; but ate nothing. He told his parents that he intended to return to Frankfort that day. Breakfast was soon over and he went out, taking the way to Julia's. A cool and refreshing breeze blew from the South, kissing his fevered cheek as it passed him. Nature was shrouded in all her loveliness. The bright birds sang sweetly, and the gentle breeze sighed among the trees; the rose and the hyacinth were in full bloom, filling the air with their fragrance; Ceres

was abroad in all her pomp and glory. But Swearington saw not these beauties. His thoughts were with Julia. A few moments brought him to her house. He entered. Julia was there. Swearington approached her with a melancholy look.

"Julia!" said he, "I did not expect to find you here. I would you could read the feelings of my heart. I would that you knew the depth of the passion that pervades it. I came to learn the sentiments you entertain for me. My fate rests in your hands. Decide then, that I may know the worst."

Julia raised her eyes to his face; a sound was upon her lips; but it died away ere it was uttered.

"Speak!" cried Swearington; "speak, and let me hear my doom!"

Julia now spoke calmly and decidedly:

"Since, Sir, you urge your suit so strenuously, I deem it my duty to tell you my sentiments. I cannot say that I feel indifferent towards you.—Those affections which I supposed were crushed forever, have in a measure revived. I freely acknowledge that you occupy a place in my heart and and that I reciprocate the attachment you possess for me."

Swearington sprang to her side and clasped her to his bosom in an ecstacy of joy. A question followed:

"Wilt thou be mine, dear Julia?"

"Never!" exclaimed Julia, "until the wrongs I have suffered are avenged—until the blood of my enemy shall have stained the earth!"

"And you shall be avenged!" said Swearington, as he kissed her marble brow. "I swear by this right hand that my dagger shall drink deep at tne fountain of the villain's blood!"

I will not tire the patience of the reader by repeating the conversation that passed between them. Suffice it to say, that Julia consented to be the bride of Swearington when her seducer should cease to live. On that day they concerted measures to slay the lawyer. Swearington was to return to Frankfort; seek out his victim; provoke him to a quarrel; challenge him to combat; and trust to his skill and good luck for victory.

Accordingly, Swearington departed that evening for Frankfort. He arrived the next day; called at the first hotel; gave his horse to the ostler; and ascended the steps. As he entered the door, he was met by the very man he wished to see.

"Ah! Swearington, my friend!" said the lawyer, "I am glad you have returned. I am heartily sick of this dull society, and wish for a change." He extended his hand to Swearington, which he took.

"Come," said Swearington, "let us stroll into the fields, beyond the noise and bustle of the city. I have something to say to you of vital importance."

"Agreed," said the lawyer. "I have long wished for a companion with whom I might walk beyond these sickening sights, to look upon the bright fields, and listen to the sweet carol of the birds."

As he spoke, he extended his arm to Swearington, who took it, and they directed their steps towards the fields. They conversed freely upon the topics of the day. The lawyer dwelt with rapture upon his future prospects. He had warmly engaged in the politics of the day, and was at that time a candidate for an important office. They walked along until they found themselves far from the city, until the beautiful fields lay before them in all their loveliness.

"Swearington!" suddenly exclaimed the lawyer, "give me joy; I am about to be married!—For the first time in my life I have felt the pleasing sensations of love!"

"Villian!" exclaimed Swearington, as he pushed the lawyer from him; "talk not to me of such a thing! Do you remember the injured Julia C.? She whose happiness you have destroyed! She whom I have sworn to avenge! Ah! tremble; for death and hell already stare you in the face! Reptile! know that your doom is sealed! Injured innocence calls aloud for vengeance; and I obey its call. Die, then, as you have lived—a wretch! a villain!"

Swearington sprang toward him and seized him by the throat. Conscience had deprived the lawyer of all his strength, and he was easily borne to the ground. Swearington planted his knee upon the breast of the prostrate lawyer; then

"Gleamed aloft the dagger bright!"

"Spare, oh! spare me!" cried the lawyer.—"Take all I possess, but spare my life! Strike not a guilty wretch like me!"

Swearington released his hold, and the lawyer arose from the ground, trembling with fear.

"Think not," said Swearington, "that you shall escape me. I scorn to take your life without giving you a chance to defend it;" (he drew from his pocket a large dirk knife, which he opened, and laid beside his dagger,) "choose, said he, between the two, fight me you must, and fight me you shall!"

"I cannot!" said the lawyer, "I cannot fight you. Were a two-edged sword in my hand, and that knife in yours, I could not fight you. My arm is powerless, and would refuse to act."

"But you *shall* fight me," shouted Swearington, becoming still more enraged, "choose, therefore, and prove yourself a man."

"I will not fight you," said the lawyer, and turned to depart.

"Coward! villian!" muttered Swearington, between his set teeth, "you refuse to fight me—listen then to what I have to say. I will meet you again in yonder city, among your friends and acquaintances. I will tell them of your cowardice. I will insult you in their presence. I will lash you in the streets, until the hootings and hissings of the mob shall drive you to combat! Go then and think of what I have said."

"Strike!" said the lawyer, turning and baring his bosom for the blow. "Strike! and rid me of a life I loathe. Strike! but spare me the disgrace of which you speak!"

"Away!" said Swearington, "lest I am provoked to the deed I despise." As he spoke he turned away and retraced his steps to the city.

Arrived in the city, he prepared to carry his threats into execution. He purchased a pair of pistols to use in case of emergency, and a whip to use on the person of the lawyer. He then returned to his hotel, expecting to find the lawyer there; but he was disappointed. He again descended the steps, and patrolled the streets until dark without meeting the object of his search. Upon inquiry, he found the lawyer had left the city; but no one knew where he had gone. Thus for the present were the hopes of Swearington prostrated.

Let us now pass over the space of one year, during which time Swearington had resumed his studies and become a member of the bar. The lawyer still continued to rise in his profession.—He had left the city and taken up his residence in another part of the State. Swearington still loved Julia, with all the ardor of a first love. Often had he pressed his suit with her, but she would not consent to a union until the lawyer should cease to live. Her refusal kept alive the spirit of revenge in his bosom, and at the time my story commences he was on his way to Frankfort, (to which place the lawyer had returned,) to remove the only obstacle to his union with Julia.

Let us now return to that lovely evening in which we saw Swearington mounted upon his beautiful horse, pursuing his way to Frankfort.—On, on, he goes, as if he were riding on the wings of the wind. He thinks not upon the beauties of the night and the surrounding scenery. He sees not the rich and voluptuous moon, as it shines with resplendant beauty over the whole face of nature. Julia, and revenge, are the only objects of his thoughts. He rode all that long night, and as gray morn appeared in the east, the city broke upon his view. On he rode, with the speed of the lightning, until he arrived within the suburbs of the city. He reined in his steed as he entered.—The sun had just risen, and cast its cheering rays over that fair place. The inhabitante were already astir, and some gazed with wonder upon Swearington as he passed. At length he paused before one of the obscure hotels and dismounted. As he touched the ground, a cold shiver ran thro' his veins, which seemed to warn him of the danger of the enterprise. Let us leave him in his solitary chamber, for the remainder of the day, enjoying his own cogitations, (if enjoy them he can,) and look for a moment after his foe.

I have said that the lawyer had returned to the city. The fear of Swearington's vengeance had driven him from it, and he remained from it a long time. He had been in the city about a fortnight, during which time Swearington had been home on a visit to his parents and Julia. The lawyer had, since he left the city, and since his first meeting with Swearington, reached the zenith of his ambition. He had amassed a horde of wealth and crowned himself with honor. He had married a beautiful woman, with whom he lived happily. The excitement of his business had nearly eradicated from his mind all thoughts of Julia and Swearington; he felt himself secure.

A more than usual stir prevailed among the fashionables of Frankfort on the day of Swearington's arrival. The day wore away, and evening came. The sky, which had been clear and cloudless, became suddenly overcast with dark and portentous clouds, which shot athwart it. The lightnings flashed with lurid glare on every side. The deep-toned thunder rolled over the city like the booming of mighty artillery, shaking it to the very foundation. The rain poured down in torrents, and ran down the streets like a river. The wind blew a hurricane; and it seemed as if the powers of heaven and earth had conspired to overthrow that city.

In one of the principal streets stood a large and beautiful mansion, which was brilliantly illuminated. Sounds of music issued from it, which contrasted strangely with the deep roar of the elements without. Notwithstanding the fury of the storm, carriage after carriage was seen driving to the steps of that dwelling, and from thence were seen to issue, persons dressed as if for a revelry.

Let us enter for a moment, and take a view of those assembled. A vast concourse of fashionables filled the spacious halls. Here and there were to be seen groups of ladies and gentlemen, dressed in rich and gay attire. Costly jewels sparkling with diamonds flashed upon their fingers. They were conversing upon a variety of subjects. So engaged were they that they heard not the raging elements without. Every thing was forgotten but the pleasure they enjoyed. And whose halls were those, that were so well filled? They were the lawyer's! He had called together his friends, to look upon them for the last time. He was gay and cheerful, conversing freely with every body, and receiving their flattery with grateful acknowledgements. His heart beat high with pleasure, as he surveyed the vast assembly. Little thought he, that he stood upon the very brink of the grave, and that in a few short hours he would sink into its bosom. Again

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell;"

and the gay throng are seen tripping the "light fantastic toe" in the giddy dance. The lawyer mingles with them, and every thought is swallowed up in the woirlpool of enjoyment. At length the hour of twelve arrives, and the throng disperse to their homes. Soon these halls which were so brilliant with light, are shrouded in darkness. The scene without has changed. The lightnings have ceased, the thunders have rolled back to the caverns which gave them birth. Nought is to be heard, save the low moan of the wind, as it sweeps along the deserted streets. All is silent as the grave. Sleep has fallen upon the inhabitants of the city.

From the door of an inn, in an obscure street, is seen to issue a man, closely wrapt in a cloak. A colored mask hid the features of his face. Cautiously he steps into the street, and looks around. Then with hurried steps he proceeds. His object cannot be mistaken. In his right hand he grasped the hilt of a small dagger; in the other he held the folds of his cloak. With a stealthy pace, he threads his way along the streets, until he stands before the stately mansion of the lawyer. Here he paused and looked up.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, as he raised his dagger; "now thy bright point must avenge the deep wrongs of her I love; and he who sleeps calmly in this house, must awake but to fall into the sleep of death!"

He ascended the steps and rang the bell. It vibrated loudly through those deserted halls, and sounded like a knell of death. No voice answered the summons. Again he rang; and this time the inmates are aroused.

"Who is there?" cried the voice of the lawyer.

"A friend, who calls on important business," was the answer.

The lawyer arose, and lighting a candle proceeded to the door. The intruder grasped more firmly his dagger, and threw his cloak from his shoulder. As the lawyer cautiously opened the door, and looked out upon the dark visage which stood before it, a sensation of fear shot through his frame.

"What is your errand, Sir?" asked the lawyer.

"Death!" exclaimed the stranger, as he sprang forward and seized his victim by the throat.—"Vengeance for the injuries of Julia!" With these words, he tore the mask from his face and revealed to the astonished and frightened lawyer, the features of Swearington.

"Murder!" screamed the lawyer, at the top of his voice; "help, or I die!"

"Ha!" said Swearington, "die you shall! I have sworn it. And thus is my oath verified!"

Down came the blow; and the bright steel sank deep in the heart of the lawyer. He uttered a groan, and fell upon the floor, weltering in his own blood.

Swearington held up the dagger, still reeking with the blood of his victim.

"Well done!" said he; "thou hast performed the business with surprising ease! Thou hast well avenged the wrongs of my Julia! And now for love and happiness with her!"

Swearington turned and descended the steps, into the street. He soon reached his hotel; obtained his horse; and fled from the city. I pass over in silence the excitement which was caused by the death of the lawyer, the flight of Swearington, his marriage with Julia, his arrest, his trial, and condemnation. Our story now brings us to the prison-house of Frankfort. In a dark and solitary cell, upon a pallet of straw, is seated a handsome youth. His cheeks are pale as marble and his eyes sunken in their sockets. He is heavily ironed and chained to the floor. His eyes are rivetted upon a small miniature. The door of his cell grates harshly upon its hinges as it is swung back. A female entered. Swearington, for it was he, raised his eyes: "Julia!" exclaimed he, as the light flashed upon her face. She uttered a shriek, and fell fainting by his side. Swearington stooped and kissed her cold brow. Julia lay insensible for a few moments. When she opened her eyes, and cast them around the dreary cell, a cold shiver shot to her heart as the chains rattled upon the limbs of Swearington. She arose and seated herself by his side, and conversed a long time with him. The hour arrived in which she must part with him. She arose to take her leave.

"Farewell!" said she, as she stopped to receive his last kiss. "Farewell! we meet again in brighter regions than these."

"Farewell!" said Swearington, in a calm, firm voice. "Farewell, forever!"

At the time of the meeting between Swearington and Julia, he was doomed to die. He had been arrested, brought back to Frankfort, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The hour of his execution was fast approaching. The next morning he was to suffer the penalty of the law which he had violated. Let me hasten then to a conclusion.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of September, in the year 1835, that a mighty concourse of people were assembled before the prison of Frankfort. I have said that it was a beautiful morning. It was. The sun had risen clear and bright, casting its glittering rays over the city. A cool breeze blew from the south. The sky was cloudless; and all nature looked lovely. It was the morning of Swearington's execution. All was hushed, save the low murmur which ran through the crowd. The shops were closed, and the streets deserted. All had assembled to witness the execution. The bell told that the hour had arrived. A scaffold had been erected a short distance from the prison, around which the people had crowded. The prisoner was led out, the rope placed around his neck, and he was raised into a cart and seated upon his coffin. He was guarded on each side by armed men. The crowd parted to let him pass. As he cast his eyes around upon the many who stood gazing upon him, a coldness passed over him, which seemed to be that of death. But it soon passed away, and he was as calm as the morning. Arrived at the foot of the gallows, he descended from the cart and mounted the platform. The rope was adjusted about his neck, and as the executioner approached to perform his work, a shriek broke upon the air. The crowd opened to the right and left, and a female rushed towards the prisoner. He extended his arms, and breathed the name of "Julia!" Ere she could reach him, the platform had fallen; and he was dead.

Another shriek rent the air; a bright dagger gleamed in the sunbeams, and the next instant was buried deep in the heart of Julia!

The multitude rushed forward and raised her; but she was dead! The crowd turned away, sickened at the sight, and retired to their homes.

In the churchyard of Frankfort may be seen a grave, over which the weeping willow bends its drooping head. A plain marble slab, with the names of Julia and Swearington inscribed thereon, tells that they were decently interred.

The Sandy Hill Herald says:—"We know a man who has worked, on an average 16 hours per day for the last 20 years, to pay notes which he had endorsed, and for which he never received the value of one farthing. He is now 70 years of age. We challenge the world to produce a similar instance of integrity."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1842.

INTRODUCTION.

We appear again, on the threshhold of another year, with our compliments to the public, and to that portion which constitutes our patrons, in particular. We propose again to beguile a weary hour, and to fill usefully that time which otherwise might be spent in folly. If we succeed in amusing, without being the cause of frivolity, and in imparting knowledge, without mental poison, our task will be performed to the extent of promised obligations, and we might rest satisfied. But we will endeavor to do more. It shall be our aim to render the Gem intellectually and morally one of the best publications in the country. We shall mingle the substantial with the pleasing; and in seeking for grace of thought we shall not overlook vigor of intellect and moral integrity. We are satisfied that this happy medium may be maintained, without detracting, in any degree, from the attractions of light literature.

We hope there are many who will accompany us through another year. We will endeavor to please them, and there is no doubt but that we shall please ourselves; so, at least, we shall be good-natured. And this latter is a consideration, we venture to suggest, of no small moment.—Take advantage of it, will you, reader?

CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles, in type and on hand, intended for this number, are necessarily, but unexpectedly, deferred, owing to the length of the tales. Several editorials are excluded for the same reason; and also some literary notices.

EILA shall appear in the next number.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES, a tale from a New York correspondent, will also be published in our next.

Our old favorite contributors are requested to continue their correspondence. For the favors already conferred we render our acknowledgements. We hope not to be forgotten the present year.

PUBLISHERS OF MAGAZINES.—Those publishers of magazines who may receive a paper with *this* notice marked are informed that their magazines will be regularly noticed in three newspapers, (and sometimes in four,) provided they will send their publications to us; direct to the "Gem and Amulet."

WANT OF VARIETY.—Our readers will please excuse us for the want of variety in this number as our long articles have necessarily precluded short ones. We console ourselves, however, with the reflection that the matter given is good enough to make up the deficit.

OUR PROSPECTUS.—Newspapers that will publish our prospectus, (see last page,) shall have this volume of the Gem. Those which have already published it, and do not receive the Gem regularly, are requested to send copies of their papers containing the prospectus *marked*.

AGENCIES.—It will be seen, in the prospectus on the last page, that we give thirteen copies of the Gem for $10. There are hundreds of villages where those who may be disposed can make it profitable to take agencies.

ENGRAVINGS.—We have made arrangements to embellish the Gem, this year, with numerous engravings. We hope to be able to give one in each number.

EXCHANGES.—Publishers to whom this paper is sent, with this notice *marked* are requested to exchange. We *believe* this will not be an infringement of the post office laws.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have before us a host of magazines, waiting for a notice at our hands. Some of them are deserving of all praise, and they well merit the patronage which they receive. But we will speak of them separately.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—This is one of our well-known monthlies, which praise or censure but slightly affects. It is established upon a firm basis, that of sterling literary worth. We might not coincide with all its political dogmas, but its philosophical and literary departments are filled by some of the first talents of our country.

LAW REPORTER.—This is a valuable publication. Its main object is "to afford a medium of communication for such legal matters of fact, as may be useful and interesting to gentlemen of the bar, and to give the profession, *immediately*,—accurate and condensed reports of the most important cases decided by the superior courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction." We heartily commend this work to the profession. *Boston;* BRADBURY and SODEN.

AMERICAN ECLECTIC.—This consists of selections from the periodical literature of all foreign countries, and it is certainly a most useful and entertaining publication. It is published once in two months, each number containing 200 pages, in New York, by W. R. Peters, at $5,00 a year.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK, a magazine of useful and entertaining knowledge, is really a good thing. Its matter is not only entertaining, but *useful*. The work is illustrated with many wood cuts, and embellished with steel engravings. It is published monthly at Philadelphia, for a low price.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—Here is something for lovers of the elegant. This is one of the first publications, for light literature, in our country. Its contents, (entirely original,) are furnished by those whose literary reputation has no rivals.—The January number is one of rare excellence. A steel engraving, "The Shepherd's Love," is one of the best specimens of art; and the "Highland Beauty" almost rivals the former. It has also the fashions, music, &c.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—We know not whether our merchants patronize this work to a great extent; but if they don't we beg leave to tell them they ought to do so. It contains a large amount of reading, especially valuable to merchants; and as a "Commercial Review" there is nothing to occupy its place.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The Dec. number of this Magazine, of which only a few numbers have been published, is filled with a variety of useful and interesting matter. It has among its contributors, some of the most distinguished American writers. In the present number, there is an excellent article on Natural History, extracted from a Lecture delivered before the Albany Medical Society; in it we find food for the mind, as well as for the imagination. It is ornamented with numerous engravings.

GODEY'S LADIES BOOK.—This appears in an unusually attractive form. The engravings accompanying each number, manifest a desire on the part of the editors, to please the lovers of art, as well as literature. There is also a colored plate of fashions, in each number. To the lovers of light and agreeable reading, this will serve as a rich repast, for it certainly is not inferior to any of the kind.

☞ All of the preceding publications may be obtained, in this city, of LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade Hall, who is the agent for this vicinity.—He will receive subscriptions, or sell you single numbers, at the publisher's prices. Give him a call.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

TO MOUNT HOPE.

WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS.

Ah! I had thought that long e're now
I'd been reposing on thy breast,
The falling leaf had clothed the spot—
Where I had laid me down to rest!
How sweet did seem the trustless dream
That all my toils were o'er;
That I had crossed life's narrow stream,
And rested on the shore!
Yes sweet to me—
Again to be—
Among the friends on earth I love!
Though happier still,
I can but feel
T' have joined departed friends above!

I love to watch the sun retire,
Serene beneath the glowing west:
To see the foaming wave recline
And passioned ocean sink to rest!
And soft as when the moon's pale beam—
Leans on the dewy slope;—
I heared a sigh thus calm to die—
And rest me on Mount Hope!
Yet it is sweet
Again to meet
The little band on earth I loved!
Though I can feel
'T were happier still
'T' have joined departed friends above!

I always loved thy tranquil shade
And oft my spirit—lingering near—
Has sought at eve some lonely spot
Where yet might rest my oaken bier!
For with thee grief finds sweet relief,
And hushed is every sigh:
To rest from pain in such a place—
'T were almost good to die!
Yet oh! 'tis sweet
Again to meet
The little band on earth I love;
Though happier still
I can but feel
T' have met departed friends above!

Yet had this pale lamp ceased to burn,
And these few bones bleached in the sun;—
How soon would friendship cease to mourn,
And earth forget her mouldering son!
The drizzling snow would o'er me throw
Its pall of fleecy white;
The mourner's tear forget to flow,
And sorrow flee with sight!
Yet is it sweet
Again to meet
The little band on earth I love!
Though happier still
I can but feel
T' have joined departed friends above!

Yet now that health smiles on my brow,
And life beats merry in her shell;
I will not be thy tenant now,
So Delta—sexton—bier—farewell!
A few more years 'mid hopes and fears
My trembling bark will tarry,
And calmly then from Jordan's side
I'll row me o'er the ferry!
Yet oh! 'tis sweet
Again to meet
The little band on earth I love!
Though happier still
I can but feel
T' have joined the ransomed host above!

Rochester, [illegible] 1841. J. D. R.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE OLDEN YEAR.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

The olden year goes out
Like a lamp that glimmers low,
And the solemn tread of the dreamless dead
Comes up like a sound of wo,
As they march in phalanx strong and deep
While the years roll ever on,
And I gaze and weep, as the train doth sweep,
Far by me—one by one!

The olden year lies dead
On the stormy shores of time,
And many a head 'neath the earth cold bed,
Hath passed to the bell's low chime;
They are gone—for ever gone!
As voiceless as the grave!
Till creation's dawn their forms shall have drawn
From the depths of the earth and wave.

Together we take the stream
Of time—a happy band—
Till the last faint gleam of life's sweet dream
Goes out in the spirit land,
Then a long and sad farewell
To thee, thou olden year,
For thy solemn knell hath mournfully fell
On many a loved one's bier.

But while we mourn the years
That flit like spectre's by,
Not alone life's tears—nor its woes—nor its fears—
Should linger in memory's sky,
But the pleasure pinioned hours
Of youth—and love—and bliss,
When their allied powers dwelt in myrtle bowers,
And we dreamed of no heaven but this!

Rochester, December, 1841.

[The following beautiful lines were called forth by a declaration of the American Magazine that Mrs. Sheldon's poetry bears a strong resemblance to that of Mrs. Sigourney. The effusions of the fair author are not unknown to the public of this vicinity; and, we doubt not, our readers would deem it a favor to see her productions in the Gem.—ED. GEM.]

[From the American Magazine.]

To L. H. S.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

Like thine, sweet Sigourney! 'twas undeserved,
But 'twas the highest meed of praise that said
The feeble chirpings of my unfledged muse
Resembled thy rich warblings. Thou dost touch
The secret springs, that slumbering lie concealed
Deep in the human soul; and thou dost thrill
The heart-strings, till the pulse throbs painfully
With very ecstacy. On wing sublime
Thou soarest, and thy carol wafts the mind
Over old ocean's wave, to wander 'mong
Ruins of palaces, and garner up
The oft repeated lore of by-gone days.
Anon, thou lovest to linger 'mid the haunts
Of this new world—its mounts and cataracts
In their stupendous grandeur—hill and dale,
And dear home—scenes in quiet loveliness—
Have all a dwelling place within thy heart,
And mingle sweetly in thy varied song.
Would I *were* like thee—thou has ever been
My beau ideal of poetic worth,
And my young heart's aspirings were to breathe
Such strains as Sigourney. 'Twas but a dream,
Which like the pleasant visions of a night,
With childhood's happy days have passed away!
Yet do I joy that talents such as thine
Claim heritage in my own native land,
And proudly placed among illustrious ones—
In memory's treasure house shall be thy name.

Cottage Home, November, 1841.

ELOQUENCE OF HON. RUFUS CHOATE.—The Reporters were put completely to fault on Wednesday night by Mr. Choate's Lecture upon the Literature of the Sea. He fascinated, and bewitched a vast audience for an hour and a half, but not one of the Reporters could make a half column of what he said.

"Why did'nt you get a fuller report," we asked. "Can't report chain lightning, sir. There are no *words* in the Aurora."—*N. Y. Express.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Shepard & Strong, Publishers. One Dollar per annum, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XIV. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1842. No. 2.

Tric-trac—From a Painting by Teniers.

BACKGAMMON.

The period of the invention of this game, which was for many centuries one of the most popular of all our sedentary amusements, appears to be unknown; but it seems to have been intended, in common with several other games uniting chance and skill, to place players of unequal ability more on a level than chess permitted. The name furnishes an interesting proof of its antiquity in England, being no other than a genuine Saxon compound, *Bac*, or bæc, and *gamen*, meaning backgame, so called because the game essentially consists in the players bringing back their men from their antagonist's tables into their own; or, because the pieces are sometimes taken up and obliged to go back, that is, re-enter at the table from which they came. During the Norman dominion the name was doubtless changed to that appellation under which we next find the game existing in this country, that is, Tables, a word derived directly from the French. The form of the backgammon table at this period, is shown in a beautifully illuminated manuscript of the thirteenth century; it is square, as at present, but has no division in the centre, the points on either side being contained in a single compartment. A century later the division was made, as we find by a MS. of the time; but the points are still undistinguished by colors, according to the present, "and, indeed," says Stratt, "more ancient usage."

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," testifies as to the popularity of the game in his time. "The ordinary recreations which we have in winter, and in most solitary times busy our minds with, are cards, tables and dice, shovel-board, &c."—While acknowledging their utility, however, he points out the terrible mischief to which their abuse led: "which though they be honest recreations in themselves, yet may justly be otherwise excepted at, as they are often abused, and forbidden as things most pernicious....For most part in these kind of disports, 'tis not art, wit, or skill, but subtlety, coney-catching, knavery, chance and fortune carries all away....They labor most part not to pass their time in honest disport, but for filthy lucre, or covetousness of money....A thing so common all over Europe at this day, and so generally abused, that many men are utterly undone by it, their means spent, patrimonies consumed, they and their posterity beggared, besides swearing, wrangling, drinking, loss of time, and such inconveniences which are ordinary concomitants."

The other names to which we have alluded are tric-trac and tic-tac's, the last being apparently a mere familiar abbreviation of the first; but Menage, a French philologist, considers tic-tack the more ancient appellation, and states that the game is still so called in Germany. The words are said to be derived "from touch and take, for if you touch a man you must play him, though to your loss."

Stratt states, in his well known work on sports and Pastimes," that at the commencement of the last century backgammon was a very favorite amusement, and pursued at leisure times by most persons of opulence, and especially the clergy, which occasioned Dean Swift, when writing to a friend of his in the country, sarcastically to ask the following question: "In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish; can you play with him at backgammon?" In conclusion we may remark, that the history of this game adds one more proof to the immense amount of evidence that exists to show how comparitively temporary after all were the effects of that most tremendous of revolutions—the Norman Conquest of England, in the way of denationalizing the country. The Saxon "backgammon" was, as we have shown, the original name for the amusement, which was altered into "tables" by the Normans; but as centuries pass, gradually though silently the foreign appellation disappears, and the native resumes its sway.

Grace after Meat.—One day at the table of a late Dr. ——, dean of Ely, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barresters in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace. "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised!"

No Trust.—A gentleman was accosted by a poor loafer who asked for charity. 'I will remember next time,' replied the gentleman. 'Please your honor' said the loafer, 'I don't credit; I deal on the cash principle.'

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

FORTUNE'S CHANGES:
OR THE CRAZED BEAUTY.

BY H. L. WINANTS.

"I ne'er, without a sigh, beheld the tear
On beauty's cheek, to love and pity dear!
Nor has the muse e'er framed a fabled lay,
To show the world how woman goes astray.
* * * * * *
To them I write, for them record my tale;
As angels, lovely, but as mortals, frail."

Balfour.

How prone are we to think that the pleasing smile which in youth irradiates the cheek of beauty, will never fade, and that frosty age or misfortune's blast will never throw the mantle of gloom over the scene! While mortals are tripping, fairy-like, through the gay rounds of life, little do they reflect that the rose on pleasure's cheek will one day be plucked from its stem, and that the bitterness of disappointment will one day usurp the place of pleasure and gaiety. Why should we be proud when we reflect that the sod beneath our feet covers the remains of the high and the low, and that it will, sooner or later, press as heavily upon the breast of the most ambitious? We tread upon the turf that covers the brow of many a gay aspirant for fame and honors, and yet reflect not for a moment that we shall one day lie as low as he! True, some may reap the noblest of earthly honors; may encircle their brows with the wreath of fame, or rise to the highest eminence of earthly glory; but in the *grave* there is no distinction—the head of the monarch is on a level with his meanest subject! The fleeting fancies of earth, are at best, but false delusions; yet man, "the noblest work of God," is found chasing these phantasies, even until death hath claimed its victim!

And woman, too, with all the ardor of her sex, is ever seeking after the "bubble reputation," sacrificing even the sweetest joys of earth for the pleasures and flatteries of a single hour! When compared with the sterner sex, she is like an "angel of light and love." The star of woman's influence was destined to light up the dreary pathway of man's existence, and make him supremely happy. Why, then, does she so oft reverse the design of nature, rendering man miserable, and bringing down upon her own head the just vengeance of nature's violated laws? Will not woman, "the fairest of God's creation," learn those lessons "which make for her own happiness," until the warning voice of sad experience has taught the path of wisdom and duty?

"How attentive Mr. Haller is to you this evening, Eugene," said Alice Brower to her cousin, Eugene Wallace, at a ball given by the father of Miss W.

"But I wish he would be as attentive to some one else," replied Eugene, "for he is so tiresome that it is almost impossible to bear his presence."

"Why cousin," returned Alice, "you were lean-

ing upon his arm but just now, and seemed the happiest in the room; and I heard Miss De Lano remark, that you appeared so delighted in the compny of Mr. Wallace, that she had no doubt but you were engaged and would soon be marrried."

"I marry Mr. Haller!" exclaimed Eugene, with a smile of derision; "my father's clerk! That would be quite romantic, indeed: *I* marry an *underling!* I would be much obliged to Miss De Lano, if she would make less free in coupling *my* name with that of Mr. *Haller!*"

"But, my dear cousin," said Alice, mildly, "do not be offended; she intended no harm. I myself have sometimes thought so, until I have seen you engaged with some one else; and I would then conclude *he* was the favored one. And I have been thus puzzled at least fifty times, and that too, by as many different persons. It was only last week that I overheard two gentlemen in conversation say that you were to be married to Mr. Lareau on your coming birth-day."

"Well, I am astonished, that those who are considered *respectable*, will thus trouble themselves about the affairs of others. And for my friends to say that I am to be married to such *plebians*, is positively too much. I would thank them to confine their insinuations to their own circles, without aspiring to rise above their proper sphere, much more to be placing the names of their superiors in connexion with those of whom they please."

"But you forget," replied Alice, reproachfully, "that these very *plebians*, as you call them, are our most respectable young men, and at this very time are enjoying themselves in the company of those who consider themselves your equals and associates, and that too at the invitation of your father; and so far from aspiring to rise above their proper sphere, their society is courted by the noble and wealthy."

"And if, in view of their few good qualities," said Eugene, "they are occasionally admitted within the pale of genteel society, must every lady, and those too much their superiors in point of wealth, reputation, and accomplishments, so submit to their attentions and advances as not to have an apportunity of passing even the compliments of the evening with their most intimate friends?"

"Nor are they obliged to submit to the attentions of these *inferiors*," said Alice, sarcastically. "During the evening I have seen you waltzing with several different gentlemen, and now you say that no opportunity is afforded for passing the compliments of the evening with your friends.—Now, Mr. Haller has danced with you but three times this evening, yet there was something in his manner that made him appear more attentive to you than to any one else. But see, he is coming this way, doubtless to engage you for the next quadrille."

Mr. Haller was indeed advancing towards the ladies who were *sparring*, and politely requested the company of Miss Wallace in the sett then forming; and away she went, smiling, and to all appearances happy, leaning upon the arm of this same *plebian*, leaving her fair cousin mute with astonishment.

As the cousins were so unceremoniously introduced to the reader, it may not be amiss to give something of their respective histories and dispositions. Alice Brewer was one of the mildest, sweetest, and most unassuming young ladies that could be found among a thousand. Her father had been commander of an armed vessel in the British navy, and had been so badly wounded, some years before, in an engagement at sea, as to cause his death soon after his removal to his home. His wife, who was naturally of a weak constitution, and being devotedly attached to her husband, survived him but a short time, and she too was laid lowly in the grave. Now that the insatiate archer had twice sped his shaft into their little circle, and left her an orphan, Alice longed for the hour when her spirit should wing its flight to the haven of rest. For a time she was almost inconsolable for the loss of those whom she had so dearly loved, and was evidently fast sinking into that grave which now contained all that was dear to her on earth; but a change of air, together with new scenes, aided by a strong constitution, triumphed, and she gradually regained her wonted vivacity and cheerfulness. She was eminently beautiful, of mild temper, commanding form, and in her deportment, whether in the society of the rich or the poor, she was alike respectful to all. Her mind was stored with all the rich and varied treasures which the choicest volumes could bestow; conversing upon every subject with an ease and fluency that would have done credit to an older and more experienced brain. A short time after the death of her parents, she received an affectionate letter from Mr. Wallace, her mother's brother, urgently inviting her to come and make his house her home. He then resided in one of the seaport towns, and was reputedly one of the wealthiest mercantile men in the country. Having only one child, Eugene, he had written to his lovely neice to reside with them as a companion for her. Alice accepted the invitation, and immediately made preparations for her departure from her native village, now thrice dear to her as she was about to leave it. Reluctantly, and with a neavy heart, she bade adieu to the scenes of her childish sports and endeared companions, wept and prayed over the graves of her adored parents, and departed for new scenes and new recreations.

How lovely and innocent was she who now left the scenes of her youth, where she had gamboled and sported, and spent her youthful days in innocent pleasures! And how pure and spotless the being, who could with sincerity and devotion, and with an unstained conscience, pour out her soul in prayer to that ever-watchful Deity, at the shrine of a mother's grave! Such a being was the orphan, Alice Brewer!

Eugene Wallace was, in many respects, quite the counterpart of her cousin. She was prettily formed and exquisitely graceful; but proud, haughty, and aristocratic. Her father being one of fortune's most favored ones, she had ample means at her disposal for gratifying her vanity and ambition. She could conceive of nothing too stately or splendid, and she daily rolled through the streets in a magnificent carriage, glittering in splendor and wealth. Such pageantry, combined with a lovely face and a pretty form, could not but bring to her feet many noble and worthy suiters. Numbers had aspired to her hand, and she had encouraged them for a time, until some one more ostentatious and magnificent in display, knelt at the shrine of beauty and wealth. She had charms

> "Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
> That made great Jove humble him to her hand,
> When on his knees he kissed the Cretan strand."

She laughed, talked, flirted, and danced with all, and was ever the gayest of the gay. Her life had been passed in one continuous round of pleasure; her leisure hours devoted to the planning of new amusements for herself and friends, instead of storing her mind with intellectual and useful knowledge. Indeed, she was wholly ignorant of the incumbent duties of a wife, or the more substantial pleasures of the less favored of fortune. She was now in her eighteenth year; at that period of life when all the charms of a pretty face and a graceful form put forth their most captivating influence and "lead man captive at their will." But Eugene was not without her redeeming qualities. She was kind [illegible] those who moved her sympathies and excited her compassion, and benevolent to those who appealed to her for pecuniary aid, ever giving with a liberal and unsparing hand. But her worst and most unworthy sin was her excessive vanity; her most pernicious fault, her love of coquetry.

Let us turn for a moment to Mr. Haller, whose presence was seemingly so offensive to Miss Eugene. He was the head clerk of Mr. Wallace; a perfect gentleman; polite, attentive, and upright; and in the absence of Mr. W., performed the various offices of his employer. His reputation had never yet been stained by one unmanly deed, his honor was unstained as the virgin snows of winter. His pleasantry, good-nature, agreeable conversation and manners, procured for him the marked favors and attentions of those who were greatly his superiors. Not a party was given, but Charles Haller was among the first invited; and Mr. Wallace had in his own mind selected him from among the gay throng of her admirers, as the worthy husband of his pretty Eugene. How well his plans succeeded, will be seen by-and-by.

Party after party, ball after ball passed off, and the cousins and Mr. Haller were as usual in attendance. Eugene the gay young coquette as ever; Alice, the mild, engaging lady; Charles, the polite and attentive gentleman. Month after month rolled away, in the same happy recreations, and nothing occurred to mar the joys and festivities of the three.

Mr. Wallace was highly gratified at the prospect of the ultimate happy marriage of his only child. She was allowed full scope for the exercise and gratification of her vanity; indulged in every thing to the fullest extent; encouraged in all her various amusements, without reference to the expense at which they were purchased. She was an only child; and to have restricted her in any thing, or to have limited her resources for gratifying her pleasures, her father considered altogether too severe for one so young and pretty, however much it might have been against his wishes.

"My dear cousin," exclaimed Eugene, one afternoon, to Alice, who had just returned from a visit to the scenes of her youth, "I am glad you have come, for I have such good news to tell you; I have been waiting for you the last ten days with great impatience, and had half resolved to come after you."

"Well," responded Alice, in her usual calm and pleasant manner, "what is this joyful intelligence at which you seem so elated? Have you made a new conquest? or has Mr. Haller proposed? or perhaps ——"

"Oh no, it is neither," exclaimed Eugene, interrupting her. "You know, Alice, that we have a number of relatives in America; and one, an uncle, has written to father asking permission for me to come and spend a season with him. Would not that be delightful! charming! How the name of Miss Eugene Wallace, of Europe, would sound among the *elite* of the London of America! Why, I should carry the hearts of all the beaux by storm, frighten the poor Yankees out of their senses, and create as great an excitement among the quiet Americans as was ever created by a whole family of royalty!"

"But, Eugene," said Alice, seriously, "you do not really intend accepting the invitation?"

"Certainly I do," replied Eugene; "and have already coaxed pa and ma until they have half consented to let me go. They are to give me an answer this evening, and I have no doubt they will consent, if but to get rid of my teasing. I

have set my mind upon going to America, *and go I must.*"

"And can you leave your parents and friends," said Alice, anxiously, "those who love you dearer than life, and go among strangers in a foreign land, merely for the enjoyment of a momentary pleasure, only ministering to your vanity? The climate is so different from that of Europe, perhaps the first thing that shall greet you will be the bed of sickness or of death; your hopes and ambitions blasted; no mother's care in the hour of sickness; surrounded by those who can take but little interest in ministering to your necessities.—And can you leave him too who so ardently loves you, and that without a feeling of remorse that you have despised and rejected the love of one as worthy as Charles Haller?"

"Really, cousin Alice," replied Eugene, sarcastically, "you would make an excellent divine to paint death-bed scenes and frighten old women into hysterics! Now I have such a fine opportunity to show myself abroad, I mean to improve it.—True, I dislike leaving my friends; but then it is only for a season. Charles Haller I can leave with a very good grace, and with a clear conscience too. But suppose he loves me as you say he does, I am surely not bound to stay at home on that account. And besides, I do not know that he loves me. He has never intimated a word on which to found such a supposition. To be sure, he has waited upon me to balls, parties, and the like; but I never supposed he cared more for me than for you, or any one else; and to tell the truth, cousin," continued Eugene, smiling mischievously, "I am half inclined to think *you* are in love with Haller, instead of his being so deeply in love with *me.*"

"*Me,* Eugene!" exclaimed Alice, a crimson blush overspreading her cheek; "you do not really mean what you say. You only wish to evade what you know to be the truth."

"Ah, Alice," replied Eugene, playfully, "I have guessed about right this time; for your blushing cheek would betray you, if nothing else."

This was indeed but true. From their first acquaintance, Alice had entertained a deep but silent affection for Charles, but scarcely allowed herself, however, to cherish its existence or hope for a return, as she now confidently expected that Haller would be the successful wooer of her cousin.

"But cousin," continued Eugene, "to be candid, why is it that you take such an interest in the affairs of Mr. Haller, if you do not wish to secure him for yourself? Come, Alice, speak out frankly and confess it, and perhaps I can aid you."

"And do you suppose, Eugene," returned Alice with animation, "that I would attempt to win him from you, whatever the strength of my attachment to Mr. Haller? Even could I hope to do so, I would not be so ungenerous as to make the attempt. As a friend, I respect him, and would rejoice to see him and Eugene Wallace happily united. But yonder he comes, in conversation with your father. What is it that they can be so engaged about?"

"Oh, some business affair, I suppose," said Eugene, rather carelessly, but from sundry previous hints from her father, readily conjecturing the subject of their conversation. As they neared the house, the cousins heard Mr. Haller say, "to-morrow evening," and bidding Mr. Wallace good afternoon, he turned another way.

When Mr. Wallace entered the drawing-room, it was evident that something more than usual weighed upon his mind, and the young ladies were curious to know what that "to-morrow evening" meant. Mr. W. acquainted his wife with the fact that Haller had that afternoon requested the hand of Eugene, which he had promised, if he could obtain her consent. "But then you know," continued he, "Eugene has such an aversion to clerks, that I fear Charles will be unsuccessful; and if so, I think we had better let her go to America for a year or two, and perhaps the plain, unostentatious manners of the Americans will overcome this antipathy. We were to give her an answer this evening, and we must now put her off until Charles has made proposals, which he will probably do to-morrow evening, as he has promised to call."

On the following evening, just at twilight, the cousins were sitting, as usual, in the drawing-room. Alice was teaching Eugene a new piece of music, when the bell rang, and Mr. Haller was ushered into the room. As he entered, the ladies interchanged certain knowing glaces — which ladies best understand — as much as to say, "the mystery of that 'to-morrow evening' is now solved." Alice soon after withdrew to her own room, leaving Mr. Haller and her cousin together.

He had intended this evening to make known to her his affection, and notwithstanding he was not usually bashful, his tongue now literally clove to the roof of his mouth, and scarce a word could he articulate. A thought for a moment flashed upon his mind that he might be successful, which actuated as a fresh incentive, and he resolved at once to relieve his mind of a weighty burthen.

"My object in calling this evening," essayed the confused Haller, "is perhaps anticipated by you. You cannot be insensible to the emotions of pleasure with which I have ever greeted your presence, and to the affection which I have ever cherished for you; and I now humbly ask of you the bestowal of your hand. Although I cannot present to you the riches and splendor of many by whom you are surrounded, and who are endeavoring to obtain your hand, yet I hope to prove myself worthy of your confidence and affection. If you consent, I shall be the happiest of men. If you refuse, I alone shall regret it. Will you not decide speedily whether you will become the bride of Charles Haller, or choose his more wealthy and fortunate rival?"

Eugene blushed with indignation at the frankness and business-like manner with which he had declared his affection. For a moment she was disposed to treat him with silent contempt, but at length answered:

"I am surprised, Mr. Haller, at the assurance which you have manifested in thus communicating your feelings to ME! True, I am not so stoical as to be wholly insensible to the attentions which you have paid me, but in the stations which we occupy, I considered them as the kindness of a friend, rather than the seriousness of a lover.—If I wished to get married, I should not throw myself away upon the first who should desire it, and shall never give *my* hand to a merchant's clerk, though he be as worthy as Charles Haller!"

And with a smile of scorn and an indignant toss of the head, she flirted out of the room, leaving Haller stupified with astonishment. For a time, he seemed chained to his seat, but recovering himself, he grasped his hat and rushed from the house with the impetuosity of a maniac. The cool night-breeze fanned his feverish brow, and brought to his mind a remembrance of the scene that had passed. Now was the time for reflection. She had rejected with contempt his proferred hand and love; and that too on account of his vocation.—Should he yet strive to win her by achieving honors, and encircling his brow with the wreath of fame? "No!" said he, within himself, "I will leave her to the fawning sycophants who crowd around, and pay homage to her beauty and her fortune."

About a month after the evening she refused her hand to Haller, Eugene took passage in a steamer for America, amid the tears and vain regrets of her parents and friends. Here, as in her native city, she drew around her a crowd of admirers, and was the leading star of every circle. She was flattered and courted, as well on account of her commanding beauty, as the more *substantial* charm of a well-filled purse. The "rich and accomplished Miss Wallace," was the general theme of conversation. But a change was destined to come "over the spirit of her dream," and the flower which had so long flourished in opulence, was to be shorn of its beauty, and to drink deep in the cup of misery!

* * * * * * *

On a lovely evening, a little more than six months after Eugene had left for America, all was gaiety and mirth in the mansion of Mr. Wallace:

> ——————"Smiles
> Played, meteor-like, upon an undred cheeks,
> As if contagiously; while sparkling lamps
> Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,
> And music, like a siren, weaned the heart
> From every grovelling and contentious thought,
> From every care."

It was the celebration of the marriage nuptials of Charles Haller and Alice Brower! Amidst that assemblage of beauty and grace, stood the blushing bride, arrayed in a simple robe of white, the spotless emblem of innocence and purity; the crimsoned cheek betraying a maiden's modesty. Beside her stood a form of manly grace, waiting proudly to claim her as his own. She had chosen from among a gay throng of youthful admirers, the rejected clerk, as her companion for life, and trusting and confiding in him alone, in whispering accents she falters the binding vow. * * * * * * It is done! The silken cord of matrimony hath linked the fate of Charles Haller and Alice Brower inseparably together! For a moment, her eyes were suffused with tears, as she took a hasty retrospective view of the past; of youthful, happy hours, joyful sports and holiday rambles; but it was only for a moment: a single glance at the manly form of him who stood beside her, dispelled the recollections of the past, and she was again the blithesome, happy bride! Then came the good wishes and congratulations of friends; the merry laugh, the giddy dance; and ere the joyous assemblage had departed,

> "Grey morn smiled sweetly on the scene."

After the departure of Eugene for America, Haller was left more to the enjoyment of the society of Alice. Her artless simplicity, lovely disposition, and fruitful intellect, soon arrested his attention. Having left Mr. Wallace, and entered business for himself, he felt that there was a void somewhere; a being with whom he could share his now increasing fortune. Still remembering the wound which Eugene had caused, he was very cautious, lest it should be made to bleed anew, and it was not without considerable exertion that he brought himself to the task of asking for the hand of Alice. Had he known the passion which burned in *her* breast, he would not have hesitated for a moment! He sued for her hand in proper time, was accepted, and the result is known to my readers; having taken place under the hospitable roof of Mr. Wallace.

My tale is now soon told. The great conflagration in New York city in the winter of 1835, which blasted the fair prospects and cheering hopes of many of its victims, extended not only to the wholesale establishment of the uncle of Eugene Wallace, but to his lordly mansion; and he who at night was worth his thousands, in the morning was a houseless and almost penniless wanderer! His fortune had been swept from him with one breath of the destroyer, and

> "The friends who once knew him now knew him no more."

When the news of this disaster reached Eu

land, and the names of Wallace & Co. were found among the unhappy sufferers, the creditors of Eugene's father, he being a partner, seized the mansion, lands, &c., of Mr. W.; and he too, but for the compassion of Charles Haller, who welcomed him to his own house, would have been as homeless as he once was who was now his friend and benefactor!

Let us now turn for a moment to Eugene Wallace, the heroine of our tale. Where was she who had revelled in luxury, and feasted in the halls of the parasites of wealth? Did she yet luxuriate in riches, and delight in the society of the flatterer? No! The wealth which had ministered to her vanity and ambition, had "taken to itself wings," thereby closing the main avenue to pleasure. To be thus suddenly deprived of her only source of enjoyment, was too great a shock for her powers of intellect, and she is now a maniac, bereft of reason, "the crowning gift of God," a houseless and a penniless wanderer!

Such is the fate of one who, had she not given way to the dictates of vanity and fashion, might have been the happiest of the happy. She is now despised by her relatives, deserted by her friends, pitied by her enemies! In the goodly city of "brotherly love," where, amidst the meek and contrite followers of the immortal PENN, all aristocracy and pride should be banished, dwell many of the opulent relatives of the once fascinating and lovely, but now faded, Eugene Wallace!—Many of the princely dwellings along the fashionable paves of the metropolis, which tower majestically upward, are inhabited by those who were once proud to claim and assert their relationship with the wealthy and accomplished heroine of our tale; who now shun her as they would a pestilence. The ties of affinity exist but in name; and she is now dependent upon the charities of a cold world for her daily bread.

Every tale should have its moral, and I trust that the *female* portion of my readers, at least, will not be long in discovering the moral to this; and hope that they will ever remember that "fortune is a fickle jade," and that she who trifles with the affections of a fellow being, may, sooner or later, share the fate of THE CRAZED BEAUTY.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

A few nights after the occurrences narrated in the last chapter, Lucy was sitting alone in the drawing-room. Since the lawyer's visit, a strong feeling of misgiving was working its way into her very life. Her cheek grew hollow and thin, and her eyes larger, deeper and more dazzling. She was restless and uneasy. Sometimes she started from her seat and hurriedly paced the room; sometimes she wandered about the house, apparently without an object. At others, she endeavored to cheer up the girl who had been so kind to her: but there was something so mournful, so despairing in her manner, and in the tones that seemed to well from a broken heart, that it made Miss Crawford even more sad than before; and after an effort of this kind, she would often sink into gloomy silence, and remain so for hours. Even the servants noticed her altered appearance, and darkly hinted to each other that "there was a screw loose somewhere," and that "all was not as it should be" with her.

Her imagination was teeming with fears and suspicions respecting her husband, that made her sick at heart. She tried to keep them out, but they *would* intrude. She fancied him hand-cuffed, a felon, dragged through the streets, with a crowd ollowing at his heels, hooting and pointing at him, with hisses, groans, and execrations. The number seemed to increase the more she thought of it. They came from all quarters, in multitudes that had no end until all about him, housetops, windows, steps and side-walks were swarming with a countless throng of faces. Then the scene changed to a court of justice, and he was arraigned there for trial. It was crowded from floor to ceiling; but all were against him. Every eye burned with fury; every tongue uttered a menace. None pitied him—not one! And there he was, shrinking and crouching before the eye of the multitude, and looking imploringly at her, to help him—and she could not! And at the bottom of all was that will. She pressed back her hair, and gazed eagerly around the room. She would have sworn that she heard his voice; but it was all fancy. She trimmed the lights, and drew nearer the fire, for she was very lonely.

The door-bell rang. The servant crept slowly through the entry and spoke to some one. Then he came to the room-door; opened it, and thrusting in his head, said there was a man asking for some one, and he guessed it must be her, and wanted to know if he should let him in.

Lucy nodded; and a moment after a heavy step sounded in the entry, and a large man entered.—He was dressed in a rough great-coat, with a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes, so that together with the dimness of the light it completely concealed his face. He walked to the middle of the room, looked irresolutely about him, then went to where the light shone full in his face, took off his hat, and stood still without speaking.

The girl watched him without a word, until he raised his hat, and then said sadly, and with more of disappointment than surprise in her tone:

"So, it's you, Jack Phillips?"

"Yes, Lucy," replied the young man, gravely: "I came here, I scarcely know why. I went to your house and found you gone; and George either couldn't or wouldn't tell where you were.—I've searched for you, all over; and by the merest chance saw you here as I was passing. I was afraid you might be in want, or trouble, and I couldn't bear the thought of that. But you seem quite comfortable," said he, looking about the richly furnished room.

"Yes, for a time I am," said Lucy. "The young lady who lives here has been very kind to me.—But I shall soon be where I can earn my own bread. With a will, Jack, there's always a way; and I will earn an honest living, if I work my fingers to the bone!"

Phillips looked at her and shook his head; for he saw how thin her face was, how dark, and deep, and glowing were her eyes; and he observed the bright and feverish glow of her cheek; and a foreboding came across him, that her hour of toil was drawing to its close.

"But can't I help you in any way, Lucy?" inquired he earnestly. "You know I would slave like a dog to do it. I needn't tell you that."

The girl approached him, and laying her hand on his arm, and sinking her voice, said: "Jack, I have something on my mind that has been wearing away my life by inches. I wanted to speak to some one about it, but I was afraid. I couldn't trust it with *them*," said she, pointing as if to those in the other part of the house, "and least of all to *her*—the young lady, I mean—but I'll tell *you*." She looked about her, as if fearful of being overheard, and spoke almost in a whisper:

"You must n't breathe it to a soul. I needn't go over the difficulties between George and myself. You've seen a good deal," said she, half choking in the effort to conceal her agitation, "though you haven't seen all. You must n't come here again. It will be the worse for me if you do. It's no freak," said she, quickly, observing an expression as of pain that crossed his face; "but it was all about you we quarrelled. He had suspicions of me, which I never dreamed of. They were hard to bear; but he was in earnest in them; and you were the man he was jealous of."

"Me!" exclaimed Phillips, "and did he tell *you* this?"

"Yes, he did," replied Lucy, earnestly, "and in such a way that I hope I may rest in my coffin before I hear him speak so again." The tears gushed to her eyes, but she dashed them off, and went on. "I only speak of this that you may know why I will not see you again. You are the truest friend I ever had; but I will not lay myself open to suspicion; nor shall there be even the shadow of a cause for slander. George was mad, I believe, or he would not have struck me. He was bad enough, often, but he never did *that* till then. I wish it had killed me at once!"

Phillips scarcely breathed as he listened. Every feature of his face was bloodless, and his lips were firmly set together. The girl went on without noticing it.

"Some one was at the bottom of all this, and there's one whom I suspect—a man named Bolton. From the time George first fell in with him, all has gone wrong. He has grown poor, and his disposition become changed. He never goes to the office of that man but he leaves it worse than he went. I've heard things about him too, that make my blood run cold. They're always here," said she, pressing her hand on her forehead, and I can't get rid of them. "He came here two nights since, with a will which was to strip Miss Crawford of every thing in the world, and give it to himself. It was signed by her father; and there were two witnesses—George Wilkins and William Higgs," said she, in a low tone. "They saw him sign it, and will swear to it, I'm told."

She paused and pressed her hand painfully on her side; and Phillips could hear distinctly the rapid pulsation of her heart. "Yes; that's what they are to do. They are to swear to *that*," continued she, trembling as she spoke; "but there's something worse than all that. *Neither of them ever saw him sign it.* As true as I stand here, they did not!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Phillips.

"It's true! before the God of heaven it's true! I say it—I, the wife of one of them. I know it, and I could prove it!" exclaimed the girl, wildly. "Perhaps I ought to; for the young lady saved my life, and the very bread I eat is hers. It almost chokes me when I think of *him*. But Jack, when I married him, I swore before God to love, honor, and cherish him; to stand by him, when all others deserted him; and come what will, I cannot betray him now. Hear me out," said she, holding up her hand to prevent him interrupting her. "Hear me out, while I *can* speak—God only knows how long it will be. Now, you must do this for my sake," said she, speaking so rapidly that he could scarcely understand her, and grasping his arm with a force which was even painful: "You must seek him out; track him from street to street, from house to house: no matter where or in what place it leads you; you must follow him up as if your very life depended on it; you must not give up till you find him. Tell him all you know. Tell him Mr. Crawford's will has been forged; that his name is sighed to it as a witness; that there is one who can prove that will to be forged, and will; aye *will*—say *that*. That may have some weight, if nothing else will. If that fails, keep him away; shut him up, drag him off—any thing; *any* thing!—only do not let him have that heavy sin on his soul. The bare tho't of what may happen to him is killing me. There is a weight *here*," said she, laying her hand on her heart, "that is dragging me down to the grave.—I have spoken openly to you; more so perhaps than I ought; but you are my only friend now.—You may be able to save him when I cannot, tho' God knows, I would drop down dead on this very spot if I could! There, now go; you've heard all. Learn what you can, and let me know.—Don't come yourself; but write. I cannot tell you what to do, or how to set about it. In that you must judge for yourself; but you *must not fail!* There, go, go!" said she, half pushing him to the door; "make haste, and I will thank you to the last day of my life, and on my bended knees I will bless you and pray for you!"

Phillips hesitated for a moment, and then said: "Well Lucy, for your sake I will see what I can do: but d—n him! I think the State-prison the best place for him!" exclaimed he, clenching his fist; "if I had him here, I'd break every bone in his infernal carcass!"

Having thus given vent to his anger, he went through the entry and out of the door, without even looking back. He set out determined to find Wilkins; to discover how he was connected with the lawyer in this transaction; and if the fears of his wife were just, either by persuasion or menace to keep him from implicating himself more deeply. If he failed in this, he intended to go directly to the lawyer, discover to him what he knew, and then threaten him with disgrace and punishment if he persisted in his attempt to establish the will. But all this depended on the fact of its being a forgery. He had no proof of that except the bare word of a poor, half-distracted girl. Yet he believed her without hesitation, and did not scruple to act upon her words as if they were established beyond a doubt.

"She sha'n't say she hasn't one friend, while *I* live!" muttered he, as he went through the street. "Poor Lucy! God help her! she might have got a wiser head but not a more willing heart. Yes, poor dear broken-hearted little Lucy!" exclaimed he, the tears filling his eyes as he spoke, "I'm afraid it's your last wish. I am indeed; but I'll do it. I'll find him; I'll stand between him and

harm, as *you* would have done; and if he resists persuasion, by G—d! I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!"

He knew not where to look for Wilkins; but as the most probable place, directed his steps to his dwelling. When he came to it, it was dark and seemed deserted. He went to the door of his room and knocked. There was no answer save the ringing echo of his own blows. He then called his name.

"What yer kickin' up such a rumpus about?" growled a savage voice from a door at the head of the stairs, leading to the second story story. At the same time, a rough head, garnished with a red beard of several day's growth, and bandaged across one eye, was thrust out, while the remaining eye, which was ominously bruised, by the assistance of a sickly candle was brought to bear upon Phillips.

"What yer want?"

"Where's Wilkins?" demanded he; "I want him."

"You *do*, do yer?—well, look for him. I tho't the house was a-fire;" and the head and candle were withdrawn simultaneously; and the door slammed to. Phillips thought it worse than useless to presecute his inquiries in this quarter, and accordingly left, and went straight to one of those houses which he knew Wilkins was in the habit of frequenting. But wherever he went, his inquiries were fruitless. At some places he had not been for more than a week; at others, the time was even longer; and at none had he stopped within the last two or three days. From all that he could ascertain, Phillips thought it doubtful whether he had been at any of his old haunts since the night he had parted with him. One or two had met him in the streets within a day or two, but he appeared so savage and morose that they pretended not to notice him, and passed without greeting him. They all spoke of him as gaunt, haggard, with wasted and sunken cheeks, like one who had been on the verge of the grave. Farther than this, Phillips could learn nothing; and he now determined to see Higgs (who from Lucy's account was also linked with him) and the lawyer.

He had little difficulty in ascertaining where Higgs was. In fact there were few places where he was not. A dozen were mentioned in a breath where he had been seen that day. The last person however had left him at Quagley's within an hour. He was greatly improved in appearance; having as he said inherited a considerable amount of property from a relative recently dead. Phillips did not wait to hear the end of the man's surmises as to where his wealth came from and how much it was, and which were as correct as the surmises of a man who knows nothing about a matter generally are, but left him and proceeded to "Quagley's Retreat." He soon came in sight of the flaring light, with its red letters, pointing it out as the place to which that gentleman retreated, but whether when tipsy or pursued by creditors is a matter of some surmise.

Without pausing to knock, Phillips opened the door and walked in. He was unnoticed by all except the stunted marker, who stared at him until he had firmly established him in his mind's eye; and then betook himself to the duties of his office.

Higgs was sitting on a settee in one corner of the room; but so much changed in attire, that Phillips did not at first recognize him. His whole dress was new, and surprisingly well chosen; plain, neat, with no attempt at show. In his hand he held a glass of some kind of liquor, with which he refreshed himself during the intervals of a very confidential conversation which he was holding with Mr. Quagley. It must have been strange as well as confidential, for Mr. Quagley was completely overcome either by the information which was entering his head, or the liquor which had entered his stomach. He nodded wisely, and blinked at Mr. Higgs as if an idea was kindling in his head, and would soon break out into a blaze; but it smouldered away in smoke, and left nothing but mist. He shook his head, but it was empty; so he took to his liquor in sad silence.

As soon as Phillips saw Higgs, he went up to him. "I scarcely knew you," said he.

"That's strange. Most folks are just beginning to know me; now that I'm in luck's way," replied Higg's, gently raising his glass to his lips and sipping some of its contents.

"Then the story's true about your fortune?" said Phillips.

"Ya-as. I've suddenly stept into a small fortin. A respectable elderly gentleman has been keeping it for me these twenty years," said he, crossing his legs deliberately, holding his tumbler to the light and ogling its contents, "He died t'other day; a fine old boy he was, that elderly gentleman; a distant branch of my family. I'll sport a crape for him when my hat grows shabby. Mr. Quagley, a rum and water—stiff."

"Certainly," said Mr. Quagley, bowing low; for his civility had redoubled within the last few days.

"Stop!" said Phillips, abruptly; you've had enough already. I've that on hand which needs a clear head. I've been looking for you these two hours; so come along."

"I'm in great demand since the death of my elderly relative," remarked Mr Higgs, placidly, and without moving; "but what's all this about? Where am I to go?—what for?—and wouldn't tomorrow do as well?"

"No, it won't," replied Phillips. "You'll learn the rest soon enough; come!"

There was something in the stern, peremptory manner of the young man, that impressed Higgs, in spite of himself; so he rose, and stretching himself, said:

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must. Mr. Quagley, you may let that order for a rum-and-water stand over till to-morrow; or perhaps late this evening."

Mr. Quagley bowed low, and laid his hand where his heart should have been—on his stomach.

"Now go on," said Higgs.

Phillips led the way into the street; but before they had gone many steps, Higgs came to his side, and laying by his usual careless manner, said:

"Now then, before I move another step, I must know where I am going, and for what. I didn't insist on it there," said he, pointing to the place they had just left, "because there are things which are best known only to two, and this might have been one: but now I must know more."

"This is no place to reveal what I have to say," replied Phillips, bluntly. "It's a matter of little consequence to me, but of much to you. You'd better come on. I'm only going to my rooms.—They're not far off, and there'll be none but ourselves. For your sake, I want no listeners."

"Go on!" said Higgs: "but the interest you take in me seems to have come on you d—d sudden!"

Nothing farther was said until they had crossed the Bowery, and reached one of the streets which led down to the East river. At the door of a neat wooden building Phillips knocked. It was opened by a girl who seemed to know him, and who, in reply to an inquiry of his, informed him that every body was out except herself. Making a gesture to Higgs to follow him, he led the way to a room in the second story, plainly but comfortably finished, with a cheerful fire burning on the hearth. A small shelf of books stood in one corner; a clock ticked on the mantel-piece; a few pictures were hung on the walls, and every thing wore an air of snugness and comfort.

Phillips placed a chair for Higgs, who had not uttered a word since those last mentioned. Higgs sat down, and Phillips shutting the room door, drew another chair, took a seat facing him, and so near that their knees nearly touched.

Still Higgs did not speak; but looked at him as if he waited for him to go on.

"I will come to the point at once," said Phillips.

"Do!" replied Higgs.

Phillips got up; trimmed the lamp which stood on the table, and as if by accident, drew it so that its light fell full in the face of his guest.

"First, I want a piece of information," said he. "Where's Wilkins?"

"I don't know," answered Higgs laconically, and weighing every question before he spoke.

"When did you see him last?"

"I don't remember."

"Nor where?"

"No."

"Can't you tell me where I can find him?" inquired Phillips, earnestly. "It was principally on his account I wanted you. It will be worse for both you and him, if I don't find him soon. Worse than you and him dream of."

"If that's all you want," said Higgs, coldly, "you might have asked it in the street. I could have told you there as much as I have told you here."

"That was *not* all," replied Phillips. "You shall hear the rest at once. A few days ago a gentleman in this city died, leaving a large property, and an only daughter, who would by law have inherited it. A day or two after the death of that gentleman, a lawyer called at the house of that daughter and claimed the property as his, and declared that girl penniless. He brought with him a will to support his claim; a will signed by the gentleman, giving his property to that lawyer, and stripping his daughter of all she had. This will was witnessed by two men, who are to swear that they saw it signed by that gentleman. The names of those two men are George Wilkins and William Higgs; the lawyer, Reuben Bolton. Perhaps you understand now what I want, and why I couldn't speak out in the street."

Phillips watched the face of his listener with intense anxiety; but not a muscle moved; not the slightest alteration took place in look or color; and when he paused, Higgs gazed in the fire, as if in deep thought. At last he said quietly, without replying to Phillips' last words: "yes, I remember something of the kind; Wilkins and I happened to be in Bolton's office, when an old man was making his will, and he asked us to witness it. I forget the old fellow's name. It was Crawley or Crawman, or some such name. I didn't know till now what he'd done with his cash. It was d—d hard to cut the girl off in that way;" and again Higgs gazed in the fire in deep thought.

"Then he did sign it!" exclaimed Phillips, starting to his feet.

"To be sure he did," replied Higgs; "I saw him."

"And it isn't forged?" demanded Phillips, speaking with the greatest rapidity.

"Forged!" exclaimed Higgs: "if it's forged, he forged it himself. "Why, who *says* it is?"

"One who is willing to swear to it, and will. Those are the very words that person used to me, at the same time begging me to use every means to prevent the witnesses from endeavoring to establish it, as detection and punishment were certain."

"Did that person know the young lady—what's her name?" asked Higgs, calmly.

"Miss Crawford."

"Ah! Crawford! that's it; that was the old man's name. Was that person acquainted with Miss Crawford?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps a friend of her's suggested Higgs, in the same quiet manner.

"I know she was," replied Phillips. "Well, what of it?"

"Pshaw! don't you see it all?" exclaimed he, rising from his chair. "It's a trick of the girl to prevent our appearing to prove that will. She would scare us. What a fool!"

The red blood rushed into Phillip's face. He knew little of law, and the thing seemed plausible. Could he have been duped, and by Lucy? Lucy had been deceived herself; he was sure of it.—The whole conduct of Higgs had been quiet and self-possessed. There had been none of the embarrassment attendant on detected guilt; and especially of guilt which involved so severe a punished. He was convinced that the feelings of the girl had been worked on by the arts of Miss Crawford, until they had led her astray. But how to undeceive her!

"That Miss Crawford's a deep one," said Higgs, after a pause of some duration. "How the devil could she find out that you knew us, and set you to work at us?"

"That was easy. There happened to be a person in the house who knew all three of us. She accidentally learned the names of the witnesses, knew me, and asked me to see you and Wilkins. Why she thinks it forged, is more than I can tell."

"Who was she?" inquired Higgs.

"No matter who," replied Phillips; "I am not bound to secrecy, but I shall keep her name to myself."

Higgs nodded acquiescence; and after humming a low tune to himself for a few moments, asked if he had anything farther to say; and receiving an answer in the negative, he wished him good night, and withdrew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A copy of Cranmer's Bible, edition, 1539, in folio, wanting the title page and two other leaves was recently sold in London for £50. The volume concludes with the following colophon:

"The ende of the New Testament, and the whole Byble fynished in Apryll, Anno M.CCCCC XXXIX."

RETORT OF NAPOLEON.—When Napoleon was only an officer of artillery, a Prussian officer said in his presence with much pride, "My countrymen fight only for glory, but Frenchmen fight for money." "You are right replied Napoleon, "each of them fight for what they are in want of."

Scientific.

From the American Eclectic.

Important Discovery in Metallurgy.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, M. Becquerel read a Memoir of one of the most important discoveries of modern times, namely, the application of Electro-chemical power to the art of Metallurgy, especially as regards gold, silver, copper and lead. Of this paper the following is an analysis:

The experiments relative to the application of the electro-chemical power to refining (*metallurgie*) silver, copper and lead, without the aid of quicksilver, and with little or no fuel, have been continued by M. Becquerel with constant success; his operations were conducted upon a large scale, and embraced considerable quantities of ores derived from Europe, Asia and America. The object of these researches was, in the first place, the immediate separation (*reduction*) of the metals one from the other, and especially of silver and of lead from galena; this operation was effected with so much rapidity, that at the preparatory foundry at Paris, four pounds weight of silver can now be drawn off in the metalled state from silver ore in the space of six hours; secondly, the preparation which the ore is to undergo, so as to render each metal capable of being withdrawn by the electric current. This preparation varying according to the nature of the ore, presents no obstacle when the silver is in the metallic state, or in the nature of a sulphate, as usually occurs in Mexico and Peru; but it becomes more complicated when the silver is mixed with other substances; the use of a small quantity of combustible matter is then indispensable in order to effect the roasting at a low temperature.

Ores are generally found in great quantities in these countries, but are for the most part abandoned, owing to the want of sufficient fuel for effecting their amalgamation, or to their being found at too great a distance from the sea to transport them to Europe, unless at an enormous expense.

In Columbia, where large masses of gold and silver are found mixed with zinc, the richest are sometimes exported to Europe to be fused, whilst the poorest, and those of a medium quality are either rejected altogether, or used to so little advantage, that the mining companies lose by them. Exertions are now in progress for introducing the new methods, which are equally applicable to amalgamation and to the electro-chemical process.

The silver ores which are most difficult of amalgamation are those which contain a large portion of copper and arsenic. Ores of this description are found in considerable quantity, especially in Chili, where the inhabitants frequently offer them to Europeans, by whom they are sometimes taken for ballast for want of freight, and without any certainty of turning them to advantage.

The great difficulty was to be able to treat these substances in Europe so as to obtain, in separate portions, and at little expense, all the silver, copper and arsenic they contained. This problem has just been solved in a satisfactory manner.

On inquiring into the causes of the delay experienced in working the mines in America, it will be seen that the principal ones arise from the high price of quicksilver, and the great difficulty of draining the water by which the mines are inundated. This is not the case in Asia, in the Russian possessions, which are rich in mineral productions, and yield larger profits from day to day, in consequence of the introduction of the improvements lately adopted in Europe for reducing metallic ores. In the silver mines of Altaie the expenses for extracting the ore, process of reduction, and of the establishment, do not amount to a quarter of the rough produce, although the ore in general is of slight tenacity. These advantages are owing to the moderate price of labor, the abundant supply of combustible matter and substances required in the fusion, and which are not to be had in America, especially in Mexico and the Cordilleras.

The electro-chemical process can be easily applied to the ores at Altaie; however, in countries where sufficient fuel is at hand, and salt cannot be procured, the fusing operation will be always preferred; except in cases of complex ores, which often exercise the ingenuity of metallurgists.

There are but few silver mines worked in Russia. The only mines of importance are those of Altaie, Nertoninsk, and those of the Caucasus and the Ural; but the great source of mineral riches in that kingdom consists principally in the gold and platina dust (sands), the washing of which engrosses the chief attention of the government. This process, though methodically conducted, is very imperfect, for a large quantity of the gold contained in the sand is lost; the proceeds, however, are considerable; during the last year no less than 12,200lbs. were obtained, upwards of 800,000£ value.

The argentiferous and auriferous galenæ which have been subjected to the electro-chemical process are perfectly fit for the extraction of gold and silver by washing. This method requires that the ores should be pulverised and roasted, so as to separate the metal from the pyrites and other compounds which detain it. The silver and lead being removed, the ore, thus reduced to about half of its weight, can be washed with the greatest facility, and one man can wash several hundred pounds per day. This method was tried with the galena, (very argentiferous,) discovered a few years since at St. Santin Cantales, in the department of Cantal, and which yielded no more than 2½ grains of gold in every 200lbs. of ore, with 30 per cent of lead. But, upon adopting the electro-chemical process, the same quantity of ore produced something more than three drams of gold. From this important result it is supposed that the rocks in that part of the country are auriferous, as might also be inferred from the name of the place, Aurilae (*auri lacus*). Another great advantage of the electro-chemical method is, that it enables the metallurgist to separate those portions of ore which contain gold, silver, etc., from those which contain none.

M. Becquerel then alluded to the other uses to which electricity might be applied in the manufacture of metals, especially in the art of gilding silver and copper, as also for taking impressions in copper of medals, bassi-relievos and engravings.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Unwedded.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handled by an old Bachelor in Fraser's Magazine:

"Though it is impossible to say any thing very much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only, as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual, in all cases of refusal, for the lady to say she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but feeling only friendship for you, she regrets that she cannot accept your proposal, &c. &c. I have heard the words so often, that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little; it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow, instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret for having caused pain which she could not alleviate—if her voice is soft, broken and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half-formed tear, which it requires even an effort to subdue—then, I say, you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evidently good feeling to build upon. Do not, therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal; submit with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship, to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting—kiss it frequently, but quietly; no outre conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without, however, attempting to deprive her of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence; let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions, you will perceive, are not intended for every one, as they require skill, tact, quickness and feeling, in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, just make love purse in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding, and will answer admirably with all ranks, from Almack's to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not answer, and that is the very class worth having.

"If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready-made and well-delivered speech, which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you calm your excited feelings, and support affliction—if she triumphs in fact, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bologna's flying Mercury, for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, as much as to say, 'You are an impudent fellow'—which may be sometimes true, though it should not exactly be told—then reply with a stanzas of Miss Landon's song:

> 'There is in southern climes a breeze,
> That sweeps with changeless course the seas;
> Fixed to one point—oh faithful gale!
> Thou art not for my wand'ring sail.'

"If she bursts out into a loud fit of laughter, as I once knew a lady to do, then join her, by all means; for you may be sure that she is an ill-bred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak, grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her, if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for."

HEALTH.

[The following excellent remarks will apply as well to other places as to Penn Yan; and we should not be surprised if Rochester and its vicinity could heed the suggestions with profit.

ED. GEM.]

From the Penn Yan Democrat.

Messrs. Editors;—We hear of numerous complaints of ill health, dyspepsia, consumption, and many who are sickly who don't seem to know what the matter is. They are generally professional men, men of leisure habits, students, &c. They linger about home for many months, and perhaps years, try this thing and that thing, consult this physician and that, and all does no good. Finally they are advised to travel, the last resort for all the ills that have neither a "local habitation or a name." Away they go; some one way, some another. One goes to the springs, another to the mountains, one south, another west, one to the West Indies, another to Europe; all with railroad speed after health. Well, they make the tour, write home sentimental letters, and wonderful descriptions of country and character, and finally return home greatly improved in health and appearance, and to the joy and satisfaction of all their friends and acquaintance; having expended from $200 to $2000, as the case may be, they regard the money as well expended. Sons of wealth, ministers of the gospel, and even charity students, will make this, as they think, most necessary sacrifice; when in nine cases out of ten, if they would hoe in the garden an hour each day, or chop or saw wood moderately, till they should sweat freely, and persevere in this most necessary exercise in the open air, leave off wine-drinking, tobacco-chewing or smoking, over-eating propensities, abandon all their nostrums, and betake themselves to early rising, bathing in cold water, and plain and spare diet; I say if they should do this, they would find their health right where they lost it, and would have no need to traverse the globe to hunt it up. It is true they are benefitted by traveling, because they are compelled to be in the air and in some exercise. But they would obtain more in one half hour as above described, than in three days on railroads and steamboats. How can men, ministers of the gospel, spend two or three thousand dollars in a trip to Europe for such purposes, who will preach years to raise as much money to send to the heathen? When will common sense prevail? M.

ONE WAY AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.—The people all over the world are driving over the road of life at a most unaccountable rate. Not only can a fellow be hauled along by steam at lightning speed, but he can get married at the rate of a knot a minute. Witness how the "Esq." does up these bundles of felicity among the Hoosiers. "What is your name, sir?" "John." "Well, Miss, what's your name?" "Polly." "John, do you love Polly?" "Yes sir—no mistake." "Polly, do you love John?" "I do, sir," "Well, that's right; now then,

> I pronounce you man and wife,
> All the days of your life."

The happy pair—each one giving the justice a "fip"—walked away, arm in arm, as happy as love could make them, to enjoy "domestic happiness" in a hovel on the prairie.

"You have a striking appearance," as the bell said to the clapper.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1842.

CORRESPONDENTS.—The *thief* who sent us "The Bashful Man in France," as an original contribution, is informed that we read the same thing in print long ago; and it was much better than in its plagiarised form.

E. M. A., we hope, will favor us frequently.—Sex, age and *merit*, are sufficient to prevent a contingency referred to.

A certain correspondent will see that one clause of his article is omitted. We hope he can appreciate the act. Delicacy *shall* be a characteristic of the Gem. We did not notice the objectionable feature until the article was in type.

"MY SISTER" was received too late for insertion in this number; but it will appear in the next.

CRITICISM.

Many editors are wiser than all other literary characters; at least one would suppose so from reading their publications. It is truly laughable to read what are *intended* for criticisms by thousands, conductors of newspapers and magazines, who know as little, of what they speak, as did Nero of christian charity. But we are not disposed to find fault with the American press, as a mass; for, in truth, hundreds of *country* editors, those who make no *very* high pretensions, are really men of sounder views, more sterling sense, and of greater literary rectitude, (if the expression be allowed,) than many of those who occupy high places in the editorial galaxy.

It has been a common remark, that men differ more from the use of ambiguous and indefinite terms than from any real disagreement of sentiments. It is also true that more difficulties spring from an improper synthetic arrangement of words than from many other causes. But worse than all these is the improper use, or application, of individual words and phases. This evil is a great one. It is practiced, generally, by the writers for our magazines and newspapers. If the evil would remain here, it would not be very criminal to let it pass. But it can not so remain; it will necessarily become a portion of the American character.

These thoughts have been more immediately suggested by an editorial article in the January number of Graham's Magazine, intended as a sample of just criticism. We concede, with pleasure, that this magazine is one of the best, perhaps the first, of the kind, in America or the world. And yet, we shall take the liberty of *criticising*, very briefly, this very critical article in question. In the first place the editor is guilty of that most barbarous and unmannerly act of introducing foreign, or "un-English,"* words and phrases. We find not less than *seven* of these *foreigners* in one article. And we venture to assert that not more than one in one thousand of this magazine's readers has the least approach to a conception of the meaning of these words. Why, then, should they be used? Is it any credit to an editor to have it known that he *can* use them, while they confuse his reader? Such must be the thought that prompts the man who is guilty of the barbarity; but few, we think, will say the same ideas cannot be well expressed in good English. If a man can be found who has thoughts that he cannot definitely express in English, if this be his language, we beg leave to say to him, that his knowledge of language must be shamefully deficient, or that his thoughts are unworthy of expression.

In the same article we see the phrase "as yet." Now we want to know its meaning. Indeed, we would be much obliged to the editor of Graham's Magazine, if he would analyse this phrase, according to the *rules of common sense*. And in a near neighbor of the critical article we find the word "lesser." To speak in the same style, we will ask the writer if he really imagines that he is a *more greater* man than any of his neighbors?—If so, we think he is *more mistakener* than we are when we say, in the *most respectfulest* way, that he might make the *most acceptablest* improvements of any writer we have heard of, who has not *more lesser* accuracy of style than himself! But let us speak of one other fault; and that is, imperfect punctuation. In this same critical article we have more than twenty-five *dashes*, some of which are substituted, (we suppose,) for commas, some for semi-colons, some for periods, and perhaps others for interrogations and exclamations; and, for ought we know, some of them are the representatives of ideas unexpressed and unexpressible. We don't like this awful indefiniteness, this *generalization* "of generalities in general." Please, Mr. Editor, to amend a little; and if you cannot abandon their indiscriminate use, give us a variety of dashes, at least from one *em* to six *ems*, and bring not before us that imperturable array of solemn sameness,—meaning, who knows what?

In conclusion, we will say with Mr. Graham's Magazine, "and this art 'now' no more than in the days of the 'Dunciad,' can, without neglect of its duty, 'dismiss errors of grammar,' or 'hand over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof reader.'" Neither, let us add, can criticism overlook the deformities mentioned, in the editor of a magazine which claims to be "a pattern for others to follow," however willing we might be to excuse him for his correspondents' faults.

* Miss Sedgwick.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PICTORIAL LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE.—Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia, has commenced the publication of a series of standard works in the magazine form, illustrated by numerous engravings. The first is the history of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. This work alone will contain five hundred engravings, "illustrative of the most striking events in his career, both public and private." It is published weekly, at 12½ cts. a number or $6 00 a year. It is worthy of immense patronage.

NEW YORK LANCET.—This is a new periodical, the first number of which was published Jan. 1st. J. A. Houston, M. D., is the editor. It is published weekly, each number containing 16 pages. We should think it the *very thing* wanted by the medical profession, as it proposes to "give permanent record to the really valuable results of the accumulated experience and observation of the thousands of practitioners" in the United States. The first three numbers contain much that is truly valuable in medical practice; so *we* think, at any rate.

THIERS' FRENCH REVOLUTION,—Is in course of publication, at Philadelphia, by Godey. It appears weekly, in numbers of 28 pages each, at 12½ cents a number. It is a good work and sold at a low price.

NEW YORK VISITOR.—This is a very good monthly magazine, published in New York, at the low price of $1 50. Each number contains engravings, music, fashion plates with descriptions, and 32 pages of original and selected reading matter. The Jan. No. has a good engraving of the Notch house, in the White Mountains.

THE LADY'S BOOK for January is a splendid number.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE, a republication of the longer articles in the Brother Jonathan, is published monthly.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The first No of this work was published in Sept. last. It will be issued six times a year, each number containing 48 pages, at $1 00 a year. We hope the Christian community will not let it languish. Its matter is decidedly good; and its typography and paper cannot easily be surpassed. Each number will contain engravings. The two before us have colored plates, the amaranth and the lilly of Palestine.

LADIES' MUSICAL LIBRARY.—The new year has brought us a new publication. It hails from Philadelphia. It is intended to present to the public all the newest and most popular music, both European and American, as soon as published, and at one-tenth of the cost at the stores. It is an undertaking worthy of an adequate support.—The first number contains eleven compositions of the best music. It is got up in a superior style. Price, $3 00 a year.

☞ LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade Hall, will receive subscriptions for any of the preceding publication, or sell single numbers, at the publishers' prices.

LADIES' COMPANION.—This magazine continues its prosperous course. The January No. is *good enough*; and that, you know, reader, is saying considerable.

THE NEW WORLD we consider the most popular and the best conducted paper of the kind in America.

LADY'S AMARANTH,—Published at Philadelphia, is certainly a very cheap work; and we may add that its contents, generally, are of a high order of thought and composition. It is published monthly, at the low price of $1 25.

W. H. ENOS, at this office, is the Agent of this city for the three preceding publications.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The January number of this work, (the commencement of a new volume,) is peculiarly rich. This magazine numbers among its contributors some of the very best writers in this country and Europe, and being purely American in its principles, it deserves the extensive patronage which it enjoys.

AN UNGRACIOUS GREETING.—The Albany correspondent of the Evening Post, relates a singular incident which took place at the Capitol in that city on Friday. "While Gen. Root (says he) was in the midst of one of his political speeches, Gov. Seward was showing the new Governor General of Canada, Sir Cha's Bagot, about the capitol, and entered the Senate Chamber just as Root was uttering this sentence: 'One of my earliest and proudest recollections is the rejoicing with which the people of this country received the news of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. It was a great and glorious triumph,' &c. &c. The British functionary drew back for a moment, as though he thought this rather a strange greeting upon his first arrival in Albany."—*Express.*

CHARACTER OF A SOT.—He is like a statue placed in moist air—all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but the rude lump of the shape of a man. He has drowned himself as it were, in a butt of wine. He has swallowed his humanity, and drank himself into a beast. He is like a spring tide, when he is drunk to his high-water mark, he swells and looks big, and overflows everything that stands in his way. But when the drink within him is at an ebb, he shrinks within his banks, and falls so low and shallow that cattle may pass over him.

CALVIN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—A letter preserved in the Archæological collection of Grenus, gives us a graphic picture of Calvin's personal appearance:—He resembles an old hermit of the Thebaid, emaciated by long vigils and fasting, his cheeks colourless as that of a corpe, but his brilliant eyes glowing with an unearthly fire.—His figure is slightly bowed, the bones seem bursting through his skin, but his step is steady, and his tread firm.

There is a man down east so *short* that his wife talks of making him up into *pie crust!*

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Eila.

A tempest on the mountain! Terribly
And loud, the storm-God in his wrath rushed on,
Hurling the oak of many winters down
The frightful precipice, and dashing it
Upon the rocks. All bowed before the God
Of winds, the mighty Boreas, and kissed
The earth beneath him. Deafening thunders roared
That moved the hills' foundations, and shook
The mountain-top, as trembleth the lone lamb
Before the raging lion. Ah! then methought
That war was waged among the elements;
That mighty cars were driven with fury through
The vault of heaven. The night was dark and drear,
And when the lightnings blazed and wrapped the world
In flames, then was the darkness visible!

* * * * * *

On rode the traveler, astride his steed,
And bent his course among the beetling crags
And leaped o'er dangerous passes on his way.
As darts the gazelle through his native wilds
With tempest speed, so dashed that courser o'er
The mountain top; and every rush of wind,
And crashing oak, and thunder peal, and lightning flash,
Spurred on the steed, unguided and uncurbed!

A light! a twinkling taper, like a star,
Beamed on the traveler, from a cave
Upon the mountain side! With beating heart
He ventured to approach the anchoret.
Alighting from his steed, he softly crept
Into the frightful yawn of a deep cave.
Descending rugged steps, rough hewn and broad,
He entered by a massive door, wide flung,
Into a spacious hall so nicely carved,
He thought him in the palace of a king.
He paused to view the rich magnificence,
The lofty chandeliers of silver work,
Shedding a flood of light upon the forms
Fair painted on the marble walls. He gazed
Enraptured at the sight. But soon he heard
A tread—a sigh—a stifled sob—a groan!
He listened with a trembling, fainting heart,
Nor dared to look, for fear some ghastly form,
A sprite—a spectre huge—a demon ghost,
Should grin in diabolic vengeance down
Upon his frightened soul! He could not flee—
His strength was gone—his reason failed—
He reeled and senseless fell upon the ground!

* * * * * *

"Stranger," said an angelic creature, "Rise;
Thou hast suffered from the storm! Alas!
I fear thy manly form is lifeless now.
Ah! no!—he moves his guileless lips, and opes
His witching eyes, and strives in vain to rise!
Stranger, come rest thy wearied limbs, upon
This downy couch; and I will spread for thee
A hasty, but a nourishing repast;
And thou mayest eat and here refresh thyself,
While I attend my dying father." "Who,
Fair girl, who is thy father? "Arven, King
Of many Southern Isles. He hath retired
A hermit to this cave, to die in peace,
With none to tend him but his only child."
"Let me go with you to his dying bed;
For I can neither eat nor sleep,
While death is near. Lead on the way to him."
Fair Eila knelt beside her dying sire!
Grief stole away the roses from her cheek,
But added to her beauty. O'er that face
And brow so fair and lovely smiled a soul
More charming than the witching features that
Portrayed it—and her dark eyes, sparkling as
The dew-drop on the blooming rose, were raised
In tears to heaven! Her glossy ringlets lay
Disheveled on her heaving breast, and drinking up
The tears, that fell, like pearly rain-drops on
The swelling foaming wave. She clasped the hand
Of her dying royal sire, pressing it
Upon her burdened bleeding heart, while he
Lay rapt in kingly robes and calmly slept.
Grim Death was counting up the few short hours,
When he should break the cord that bound
The body and the soul of the great King,
The monarch of the Southern Isles. Oh! Fame!
How false are thy pretensions! How unwise
Are they who fix their short lived hopes on thee!
The stranger wept while he beheld the end,
To which all human greatness comes at last;
And while he saw the princess weeping o'er
Her dying father and his tears fell fast
For human frailty, from respect to him
Whose days were ending, and in sympathy
With the fair mourner weeping by his side.
The King awoke, while nature made her last
Attempt to conquer death, in vain! He spake:
"My daughter, Eila, thou wilt soon be left,
Away from friends and home in this lone place.
Oh that thou hadst a bosom friend to cheer
And comfort thy lorn heart with sympathy
And ardent love, and guide thee to thy throne!
Thy people wait, the regent will retire
At thy return. Oh! choose a prince for thee,
Whose heart is pure and warm and dear as thine.
But—who—my daughter—who is this—this man,
This noble stranger—when did he arrive?"
"I know him not; I found him fallen in
A swoon, upon the floor, just in the hall
Of the large painted gallery, and soon
He was recovered, and at his request
I have conducted him to thy bedside.
He may tell us who he is, and whence he came."
The stranger stood beside the royal couch,
And told his history. He thus began:
"I am a prince, the only son of King
Olando, monarch of this beauteous Isle.
To day I hunted in the wood and rode
Beyond the common ground in close pursuit
Of the fierce cougar, when the night o'ertook
My wanderings, and left me to the storm
In a rough mountain, all an unknown wild.
The twinkling taper in the entrance way
Led me into your beautiful retreat,
Of which I never was before apprised."
He paused—the monarch gently took his hand.
"My brother's son—Prince Ormar, welcome to
This lone retreat! Thy father hewed me out
This spacious cave, and furnished it with all
A King could wish for here; and with a few
Domestics and my only child, I have
Long since retired, unknown to all beside!
A dozen years have swiftly passed recluse.
Here Eila hath grown ripe in mind and form—
Here have I found the pearl of priceless price,
'Mid the deep treasures of the word of life.
This holy book! oh! how each promise cheers
My soul! I long to rise on spirit-wing,
To taste the bliss of heaven! Prince Ormar, take
My Eila for thine own! Here is her hand—
'Tis thine by right—she was betrothed to thee,
In early infancy, unknown to thee.
Till now each other have ye never known!
Wilt thou, Prince Ormar, take and love the Queen
Of Maroven?" "By heaven, I swear, I will."
"And thou, my daughter, wilt thou be the bride
Of Ormar, Prince of Afala?" "I will."
"My children," said the King, "be true to Heaven,
And to each other, and the realm. Unite
The crowns of Maroven and Afala.
Rule your good people with the fondest care.
May God direct and make you ever wise!
Farewell! Place me in the deep sepulchre
Beneath my couch, and take this holy book,
The richest gift I can bestow. Oh God!
I come—to immortality, in—bliss!"
The monarch ceased—his children knelt beside
The couch, and with his palms upon their crowns,
His spirit blessed them as it took its flight!

* * * * * *

Sunlight on the mountains! gloriously
Went up the car of light along its cloudless way.
The Prince of Afala and Maroven
With his fair bride came forth upon the lawn.
What fairy scenes this happy pair beheld—
The plain extended to the boundless sea,
Covered with vast cities, whose lofty spires
And obelisks and towers reached to the clouds.
Close by the lovers leaped a wild cascade
In fury down a dizzy precipice.
The sparkling spray rose o'er the mountain top,
And sat on it as on a lofty throne,
With a bright rainbow as a coronet
Upon his rugged, dark, majestic brow.

* * * * * *

A chariot from the mountain cave descends,
Bearing the King and Queen of Southern Isles
To the imperial city. Now the Kings
Of Maroven and Afala both sleep—
Olando and King Arven in the same
High mountain sepulchre. Yet will they live
In the fond memories of noblemen
And peasantry, in country and in town—
Beloved subjects of the wisest Kings.
Prince Ormar and his lovely bride combine
The noble virtues of their royal sires.
The palace of King Ormar was well filled
With happy faithful subjects, as he stood,
And spake to them most lovingly, while oft
He was saluted with their loud huzzas;
And when he sat with Eila on the throne,
The royal choir thus shouted them in song:

Hail King of Afala, thy people love thee,
Hark their loud clarions and their trumpets ring;
We wave the banners of our isles above thee,
We hail thee, good Ormar, we hail thee our King.
We pledge thee our arms, and we will obey thee,
Our cities, our lands, and our navies are thine;
O'er the isles and the seas we will gladly convey thee,
And may Heaven crown thee with blessings divine.

Hail Queen of Maroven, we will defend thee,
From the foe of thy sire—proud Allabay;
Our wives and our children, they shall befriend thee,
And scatter sweet flowers along thy pathway.
Long live the King and the Queen of the ocean,
O may their reign be delightful and long;
May Heaven regard their kingdom's devotion,

* * * * * *

Dec. 1841. A. C. L.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THY NAME.

The drapery of night was drawn o'er Earth,
And clouds shut out the star-beams' silver glow;
There was no voice of music nor of mirth,
And all was silent but the river's flow.

As I sat musing in my lightless room,
By some *strange chance* my thoughts were drawn to thee;
Perhaps 'twas caused by the encircling gloom,
Or else, perhaps, 'twas thine own witchery.

And as I thought, (I'm *apt* to think, sometimes,)
Of thee, and all thy loveliness and truth,
The music of my fancy's ardent chimes
Roused into tingling speed the blood of youth.

With trembling hope I uttered thy dear name;
And then, as if to make thee hear the call,
I wrote it quickly in phosphoric flame,
In golden light, upon the marble wall.

Like sunbeam on the foaming billow's crest,
It brightly trembled for a moment there;
Then, like a bubble by the zephyr pressed,
It softly flashed and melted into air.

I've wondered since, if I should write the same,
Upon a warmer tablet than of stone,
If it would melt, not like the transient flame,
But form instead—a name that both might own!

Jan., 1842. (Written in 1839.) A. L. R.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

STANZAS.

Oh! why do tears e'er dim the eye
That sparkles brightly?
Why should the heart be wont to sigh
That beats so lightly?
Life, methought, was bright and fair,
Why should sighs and tears be there?

Ah! why should friends e'er faithless prove,
Our trust betraying?
Should aught but love the spirit move,
Friendship repaying?
Friends, methought, were always true;
Why should treachery meet my view?

Ah! why should death e'or blight the rose
We've fondly cherished?
And leave us nought to heal our woes
But the flow'r perished?
Death, methought, the rose would spare,
Why, then, is it withered there?

Wheatland, Jan. 3, 1842. E. M. A.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. B. F. PENNY, to Miss ALVIRA S. ORDWAY, all of this city.

In Brighton, Jan. 6th, by Rev. J. B. Olcott, of Greece, Mr. Zacheus Colby, of the latter place, to Miss Janette Sherman, daughter of Adam Sherman, Esq., of the former place.

In Ontario, Wayne county, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. Robinson, Mr. William C. Ball, to Miss Eliza Rice, both of Williamson.

In Castile, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Scofield, of Auburn, Mr. Horrace Scofield, to Miss Adaline Kellogg, of the former place.

In LeRoy, on the 13th instant, by the Hon. Samuel Richmond, Esq., Mr. Ira O. Hodges, of Bergen, to Miss Mariett House, of the former place.

At Sodus, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. John Clark, Mr. Joseph B. Wilder, of Wolcott, Wayne county, to Miss Jane M. Arms, of the former place.

In Troy, on the 6th instant, by Rev. Dr. Beman, Joseph Haswell, of Hoosick, to Susan A. Whiskey, of Catskill.

"No, no! not *that*!" gasped he. "No, I cannot—I cannot! I can stand imprisonment, if it comes to that; but I can't die!"

"Well, have it your own way," replied Higgs, carelessly. "I've no taste for it myself. I've never dabbled in things of the kind, and as a general rule would as lief not; but when the state-prison ogles a fellow in the face, it's different.—We must thing of something else."

Bolton was completely unnerved. There was something in the cold indifferent manner in which his confederate suggested murder that made his very heart thrill with fear. Higgs however did not follow up his suggestion, but asked:

"What's the old man's fortune?"

"About two hundred thousand," replied Bolton.

"Ph—w! Is the girl married?"

"No."

"Good looking?"

"Very."

"Got an eye on any one?" inquired Higgs.

"Not that I know of."

"Have you a lovely wife or an interesting family?"

"No, none."

"Then by G—d!" exclaimed Higgs starting to his feet, "I have it! You must marry her yourself! *That* will settle it. You must saddle yourself with a wife; get the cash, and hush up all difficulties. She'll snap at the chance of marrying you. You'll both gain your end, and this awkward little matter will never come to light. I don't pretend to be squeamish, but for my part I'd rather it shouldn't."

Bolton folded his arms, and stood for some moments looking in the fire, in deep thought. At last he said: "It's plausible; and the girl's not amiss; but it's too late. The time's too short."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Higgs; "what do you want of time? Go at once, this very day; before she speaks to any one about this will; and before she has published you to all the world as a scoundrel. She couldn't marry you after that. It aint a courtship; it's a bargain; although neither of you says so. She takes you to save her money; you take her to get it without a law-suit. Both of you understand it, although mum's the word between you. That's it! that's it!" And Mr. Higgs in the excess of his joy, gave vent to a loud shout, and actually danced a gentle hornpipe around the office.

"By G—d! I'll try it!" exclaimed Bolton.

"To be sure you will!" said Higgs; "of course you will! Be about it at once. It's 'most dark; that's better than day-light if you should happen to change color. If you agree on the spot it'll settle the question of by-blow with the other. Be oily with her. Women like a greasy tongue; but go it strong and marry her at once—to-night if you can. It's astonishing how a marriage will hush up various awkward little matters. Where does she live?"

Bolton mentioned the place.

"I'll be there to hear your luck," said Higgs, taking his hat. "Good bye!"

"Stop!" said the attorney, who was not so sanguine as his companion; "where's Wilkins? I haven't seen him since we last met here."

"I met him once. He's a queer one. He looked as if he would eat me when I spoke of his wife, and walked off without even answering me."

"Bring him along. I expect to fail; and we might as well be prepared for what's to be done next."

Higgs assented; and having already bade him good-bye, walked off without repeating the ceremony.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the N. Y. Visitor.

THE QUAKER BRIDE.

BY WM. COMSTOCK.

It was a few weeks after the surrender of the accomplished but unfortunate Burgoyne, that a youth in full regimentals might have been seen slowly pursuing his way over the ground where the battle was faught, yet singularly unmindful of the "wrecks of human glory lost" which he occasionally encountered in his path. His mind seemed to be carried away by some theme of more importance to him than the capture of generals or the revolution of empires. It was evident that a degree of unhappiness was mixed up with his contemplations, while doubt and anxiety sometimes contracted his brow and rendered his step unsteady. In one moment, he moved forward with rapidity like one anxious to arrive at the end of his journey, and in another he paused in his career as if fearful of too soon realizing the consummation of his thoughts. At length he reached the gently sloping side of a hill. The sun lay upon the green grass; the birds were hopping from branch to branch, while a few cattle strayed over the green or stood listlessly chewing their cud by a neighboring pond. He passed on until the umbrageous branches of a large tree canopied his head from the sun. Under this tree he paused, and looked around him with an air of anxious expectation.—After waiting several moments, in evident impatience he at length muttered, "she will not come—I am on a fool's errand."

"And if thine is a fool's errand, Frederick, what does thee say to mine?"

These words were uttered by a female voice close by, with that tone of joyous simplicity which indicates a tranquil mind, and a most provoking possession of gaiety which loves to startle such gloomy soliloquies as Frederick was about to indulge. And scarcely were the words spoken, when his "bird of beauty," casting aside a veil, not of the modern loom, but of bright green leaves, fresh from the hand of nature, behind which she had just secreted her arrival at the hill-side rendezvous, presented herself: a maiden of much beauty, which did not, then at least, display the *faultless* sculpture of her figure in gaudiness of lace and cushioned attire, but in one of beautiful simplicity and grace, and every fold of which was eloquent of unstudied character. The beauty of her face was not aided by art, but glowed with that roseate tint of sylvan health and pure carnation which Diana must have taken from the beams of the morning, as they met her in the forest chase, while its expression was marked with just so much reserve, as nature, ever true in her laws, gives to ennoble by dignity, what she enamoured by loveliness.

"We have been concerned about thee, Frederick. We heard that thee was wounded in the battle."

We!" cried Frederick; "how long shall it be *we?*"

"I only meant myself and cousin," answered the other. "Surely, Caroline may be permitted to feel an interest in thy welfare as well as myself."

"But not the same kind of interest as yourself, my adored Catharine. When will you cease this torturing ambiguity, and acknowledge that in your bosom I am without a rival?"

Catharine was silent for a moment, and then said, "I have met thee at this time, at thy particular request. The fine words and extravagant profession used by the world's people, make little impression upon us who have no alliance with the vanities of this life. I supposed thou hadst some new argument to advance; some solid reason to give ——"

"So I have, cold and cruel girl," answered he. "I am going to leave the army, and shall deal no more in the trade of blood, as you think proper to call it!"

"As I think proper to call it!" cried she. "Ah! Frederick, I fear thy heart is not convinced, whatever thy actions may be. No. Quit not the cause which thou deemst so sacred, to gratify a simple country maiden like myself. Follow the directions of thy own conscience, not mine. But is it true that thou wast hurt at the battle?"

"Not by the enemy," answered the young officer, "but the impetuous Arnold, who, in the hour of battle resembles a whirlwind, struck me with his sword in the heat of action. The wound was trifling, but I was deeply hurt in my feelings.—After Burgoyne surrendered, I demanded an apology, and Arnold willingly accorded it. He said that if he had struck me, he did not know it at the time."

"That general appears to be a man of singular intrepidity," said Catharine.

"He is a thunderbolt of war," said Frederick, "but I do not altogether like him. He has done much for the country, and the victory of Saratoga is more owing to his prowess than the conduct of Gates; yet I cannot say I am altogether pleased with him. But to leave that subject; you seem very hard to please. The great fault in my conduct was my warlike habits, and when I talk of quitting them, you tell me to remain in the army!"

"I would not have thee leave the army to please me, nor measure thyself by my conscience. I should be pleased to see thy mind convinced of the unrighteousness of war; but until it is convinced, I would have thee continue to fight for thy country."

"I think I understand you," said the youth, taking her hand, "and may [illegible] not hope that you, who are so liberal in your views and feelings, will tolerate one, whose opinion on some subjects may be different from your own."

"Frederick," said the other, seriously, "I am attached to the principles of our society. I am firmly convinced of their rectitude and never can forsake them. How would it be possible for us to live happily together? Thou wouldst not be satisfied with the simplicity of my conduct; thou wouldst probably wish to wean me from my Quaker notions; and perhaps thou art at this moment flattering thyself that if once in thy power, the love which should be my husband's would lead me to embrace thy opinions."

The young man turned away his eyes, and laughed, like one whose thoughts had been detected.

"Now do you suppose," said he, "that I cannot be as tolerant as yourself? Do you imagine that I would invade your peculiar principles? No! by heaven! you shall be as free as the winds; you shall continue to say thee and thou, and to attend the quarterly meetings——"

"Stop, stop, not so fast," cried Catharine, "the doors of our quarterly meetings, would be closed against me, as soon as our union became public."

This conversation was continued for some time. Frederick made use of every argument that he could devise; and what will not a handsome young officer effect, even with a Quakeress? In this case, however, he only succeeded so far as to gain permission to see her father on the subject. In this, Catharine felt perfectly secure, as her father was a faithful follower of George Fox.

The youth and maiden parted. She went home; Frederick followed at a distance, until he came within sight of the comfortable mansion of Nathaniel Jackson. Even when seen at a distance, there seemed to be an air of quiet and composure about the mansion of the Friend. Frederick stood still a moment to contemplate the abode of serenity and virtue. He felt as if the air of the camp would but ill agree with the atmosphere of the place whither he was bound. He had stood unmoved in the midst of men of authority; he had encountered the gaze of Washington himself, and his eye had not quailed; but now he almost trembled at the idea of meeting a simple Quaker.—He strode forward until he reached the door-yard of the house. Here all was neatness and beauty. There were few gaudy flowers there, but the most modest of Flora's tribe looked out from among the green leaves, or peeped from the grass with an air of sweetness that was irresistible. The front door was open. The youth rapped; but no one came. He then ventured to peep into the first room, and was struck with the simple neatness of the furniture, and the perfect order of the most trifling arrangements. The clean brown hearth, the bunch of green in the fire-place, the clock in one corner, which seemed to be the sole companion of solitude, the antique bureau, with its mighty claws, and the books, with plain and simple binding, all conspired to impress the youth with sensations both new and interesting. But a few days had passed since he was struggling amid the heat and dust of battle, and now he stood in the hall of a peaceful Quaker, where all was quietness and repose. Nay, more, he had come to seek fellowship with the people who resided here, to ask the hand of an only daughter. As yet, he stood unobserved, but soon a door opened, and a shy little girl shrunk back as she perceived a stranger in the entry. As the door opened, Frederick caught sight of the father of his Catharine. The old gentleman was sitting cross-legged in an adjoining apartment, and quietly perusing a book. He seemed to be about the middle height, and rather portly; his hair was slightly silvered; and his full round face beamed with gentleness and good nature; his dress was of a brownish colour, and of that peculiar pattern so well known as the distinguishing mark of Quakerism; his lower garment, fitting tight and buttoned at the knee, with stockings drawn tightly over the limb, showed off his round, well-proportioned leg to great advantage. As the little girl had left the door half open, Frederick had a fine opportunity to make what discoveries he might, before entering upon his perilous task. The longer he gazed upon that open and peaceful countenance, the more assurance he felt. He had already advanced one step forward, when the old gentleman caught sight of him. He instantly arose, and laying aside his book, advanced to meet the stranger.

"Mr. Jackson, I doubt not," said Frederick.

"Yes, yes, my name is Nathaniel Jackson, and thou art welcome to his house," replied the other,

briskly, and without flinching any ill-mannered surprise in his looks or gestures.

"Thank God, I have a gentleman to deal with," said he, mentally, as the Quaker reached a chair.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Jackson, on a very delicate piece of business; and a subject which is to me of the highest importance."

The other smiled, nodded, and appearing desirous of making the youth perfectly at his ease, said,

"Thou art of the army, without doubt."

"Yes, sir; I have that honor."

The gentle host slightly colored, but went on to make inquiries after several persons connected with military matters; and he also drew from Frederick a full history of the late battle. As the youth got warm with his subject, his eyes beamed with enthusiasm, his frame was agitated, and there, beneath that Quaker roof, did he betray all the military ardor that burned in his breast.

"We are a plain people," said Mr. Jackson, after the youth had concluded, "and perhaps thou may be a little surprised to know that I have heard of thee before, and that thy errand here is not altogether unknown to me. Where didst thou first fall in with my Catharine?"

This was a fortunate question; and the young man was not slow in answering it.

"At a boarding-school," said he; "the building was on fire, and I rescued her from the flames. It was more than four years ago. We have met occasionally since."

"I know it; I know it," cried the Quaker, vanquishing his emotion as he recollected that awful night, when his only child came near being forever torn from his arms. "I know that you have met several times. It seemed hard to lay an interdict upon these meetings; yet if I did my duty as a Friend, I should break off all communication between you. We have a rule, read and answered at our meetings of business, which inquires whether those who are members of our society, keep company, on account of marriage, with those who are not Friends; and also whether parents connive at their children's keeping company with such. Now have I not been guilty of conniving at this thing?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the youth; "for it has not been courtship on her side, at least. I have in vain endeavored to reconcile her religion with my wishes."

"Then hast thou come to ask the aid of her father in crushing her principles," inquired the other with an arch smile; "or didst thou labor under the impression that he was *not* a Friend?"

The youth was at his wit's end, when, fortunately, to relieve his embarrassment, a meek-eyed lady, dressed with great plainness, slowly moved into the room.

"My wife, Abigail Jackson; this, my dear, is Frederick Windham, of the army."

The gentle housewife advanced to meet the youth and gave him her hand, although he detected a lurking smile in the corners of her mouth, as if she too had been acquainted with the object of his visit. She took a chair nearly opposite Frederick; and as he looked upon her mild and amiable features, he could not avoid wishing that his errand lay with her, instead of her more tenacious husband.

"I perceive, sir, that my name is known to you," said the youth, as soon as Mrs. Jackson was seated.

"Oh, yes; I was acquainted with thy father, a man of great probity, and one with whom I loved to associate, on account of his many excellent qualities."

"If you knew him," said Frederick, with strong emotion, "it is one of the best recommendations that I can bring."

A short pause ensued, when the lady, with great ease in her manner, said, "Was it not he who was with thee at the time thou found the young Indian chief asleep?"

"It was," replied her husband.

"Do, for heaven's sake, relate the circumstances," said Frederick. "I like to hear of everything which relates to my father."

"I am sorry to say," began the Friend, "that thy father was a man of blood as well as thyself. We lived at the time at a place called 'The Seven Stones,' about one hundred miles to the north and west of this spot. We were occasionally troubled and harassed by the Indians. Especially one young Chief, called Toby, used to levy black mail upon our property. Thy father always headed those bands that went out to contend with the Indians; and he had acquired no little fame by his prowess and intrepidity. One day thy father and were engaged in hunting. We had wandered far from the settlement, and had just begun to turn our thoughts towards home, when I espied a man asleep on a rock. I pointed out the object to thy father, and his eyes beamed with pleasure, as he exclaimed, 'It is Toby; we will kill him as he sleeps.' 'Not so,' said I; 'have not this man's blood on thy hands.' He only smiled at my *notions*, and was proceeding forward with his gun deeply charged, when I beat up his piece, and its contents were discharged in the air. Toby sprang on his feet, and seemed surprised to find he had not been wounded. He looked at me as I struggled with thy father, to prevent his bloody intentions; and although his tomahawk glittered for a moment in the air, as he fixed his deep-set eyes upon thy father, yet he soon recovered his self-possession, and waving his hand at me as a token of perpetual friendship and protection, darted away, and was soon lost to view in the surrounding woods. But, strange to tell, no sheep or heifer of mine was molested after that day: the whoop of the savages was not heard in my groves; and my corn was never trodden down by their footsteps."

"A very interesting event," said Frederick; "yet, according to the rules of Border war, the Chief should have been captured and made an example of."

"Yes, I believe he should," returned Mr. Jackson; "but it appeared to me that it would be well to dispense with the rules of Border war on that occasion, and grant the man both his life and liberty."

"Yet, sir, is it not probable that the act of sparing that Chief's life resulted in the loss of life and property to many white folks?"

"That may be the case; but thou wilt please recollect that those white folks who have suffered by this Indian, are or were as willing to shed Indian blood as the Indian was to shed the blood of the white man. It remains to be true that 'those who take up the sword will perish by the sword!' For my part I spared the life of the Indian. That was one life saved. If an act, good in itself, result in a melancholy manner, we cannot be answerable for that. Again, we should never do evil that good may come out of it."

"Were all of us inclined to spare the lives of the Indians," said the lady of the mansion, "we should have little to complain of with regard to them. The settlement of Pennsylvania exemplifies this; and how much better would it be if on all occasions the same course was adopted."

These were new ideas to the young man, who had been educated with high military notions, and who was proud of the distinction he had gained by his prowess on the field of battle. Yet it has often been the case that exactly such men have embraced the pacific principles of the Quakers, and have lived and died exemplary members of that society.

Frederick now arose and said that as his visit had been prolonged, he must retire where other engagements demanded his presence; but he hoped that he should be permitted to call again and see Mr. Jackson on the subject which was to him paramount to all others.

Mr. Jackson made answer that he should always be glad to see the son of his worthy friend Col. Windham, especially as his intelligence and honorable sentiments reminded him of the departed Colonel: but that Catharine must decide for herself, and he knew what her decision must inevitably be.

As Frederick left the house and passed through the door-yard, he descried in a cluster of small trees, the white dress of a female, and then as he would have passed these trees, he heard his own name pronounced in those soft accents which always sent a thrill to his heart. He darted towards the spot, and Catharine stepped forward to meet him. With an arch smile, she inquired what success he had had with her father.

"Oh! he is as obstinate as you are," he replied.

"What!" cried she; "could he resist that laced coat, the elegant dress sword, and the military bearing of Captain Windham? What a strange man he must be! how unlike the generality of the world!"

"Cruel girl! have you no feeling for me at all that you mock my griefs?"

"What did my father say?"

"He said that he left it with you to decide my fate."

"Now that is kind," replied Catharine, "especially as he knows my decision cannot differ from his. But take heart, Frederick, and call upon him often. I am not without hope that thou wilt succeed after all."

"Hope! do you then really hope that I shall succeed?"

"Yes, Frederick, in the right way. Why should I not hope so? Didst thou not save me from the flames? Dost thou not love me? and why should I not love thee?"

"Enough!" exclaimed the youth, clasping her in his arms. "I may yet be happy." He then tore himself from the side of his beloved and dashed down the road, animated by hopes to which he had before been a stranger.

Our hero was not slow in taking advantage of the permission given to visit at the quiet mansion of Mr. Jackson. He repaired thither one afternoon, and found the whole family at home, together with one or two visitors, who proved to be distinguished ministers of the Society of Friends.—The conversation took a general turn, and, among other subjects, the state of the war was discussed, and as Mr. Jackson made frequent appeals to Frederick, he had an opportunity of shining in conversation, and found himself the observed of all observers: a military officer surrounded by a bevy of "solid friends," who listened to him with respect, and made no attempts to convert him to their own mode of thinking. While they were thus engaged in conversation, a confused noise was heard, as if at a considerable distance.—Frederick thought it sounded a little like the shouts of battle, while the company generally were much puzzled to account for it. The sound approached nearer. It was a dismal cry of deep distress.—The assembled Friends looked at each other, but with calm collectedness in their countenances.—Voices were heard of fury, despair, and terror. In a moment, it seemed as if a whirlwind had wrenched the doors of the house from their hinges; and the warwhoop of the savage rang in the hall of the Quaker mansion. A furious band of savages, and tories painted to resemble, burst into the room where our company were seated. Not one of them moved or made any attempt to defend himself, except Frederick, who drawing his sword and placing himself in front of Catharine, prepared to defend her as long as life remained to him. With hands bathed in blood, and exulting in the prospect of an easy victory, a dozen of the savages sprang into the room. Frederick first attracted their attention, and was overborne by superior numbers; and as he lay on the floor, he saw a savage seize his beloved Catharine by the hair and wield his tomahawk to give the fatal blow, while a general attack was made upon the rest of the company. Suddenly the Indian who seemed to officiate as Chief in command, raised a peculiar cry, when every weapon was lowered, all action ceased, and the fierce warriors stood as if turned to marble statues. Frederick took this opportunity to regain his feet. He saw the Chief approach Mr. Jackson with a grim smile. "White man not know me?" said he. Mr. Jackson looked at him attentively a few moments, and then declared that he did not recognize him.

"Not know Toby! Not know Toby!" said he hastily.

The other then acknowledged that he did discover the resemblance to the young chief of that name whom he had known in other days. Toby then shook Mr. Jackson by the hand, and saying something in explanation to the other savages, they all retreated from the premises, and were soon buried in a neighboring forest.

To Frederick and the members of the family, there was no mystery in this proceeding; but the visitors looked to Mr. Jackson for explanation of this unusual lenity on the part of the Indians.—He briefly related to them the account of the young chief, whose life he had spared. After a short silence one of the ministers said impressively,—"Surely, Charity is stronger than the sword."

This scene made a deep impression upon Frederick, and the words of the Friend were often present to his mind, that "Charity is stronger than the sword." He seemed to have been introduced into a new order of things. He watched with much interest the conduct of the Friends. He saw much to admire in their general conduct and in their intercourse with the world. His admiration of military affairs lost ground daily. The law of charity and forgiveness grew more and more beautiful in his eyes, until he could no longer resist the doctrine of Friends.

Great was the surprise of Frederick's acquaintances when he renounced the use of the sword, and publicly made profession of the principles of Friends; and great was the joy of Catharine when she stood up side by side in Friends' meeting with the man she had secretly but fervently loved, and said, "In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take Frederick Windham to be my husband, promising to be unto him a faithful and affectionate wife, until separated by death."

Sketches of History.

VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA.

This volcano is situated in the southern part of the island of Owyhee, the largest of the group called the Sandwich Islands. Owyhee, like many of the islands of the Pacific, is of volcanic origin. Vast streams of lava have since flowed over the greater part of it; some of these have rolled on for thirty and more miles, and then precipitated themselves over the cliffs into the sea; and so late as the year 1800, a single current from one of the large craters filled up an extensive bay, twenty miles in length, and formed the present coast.—The recent lava is quite bare, without even a blade of grass, while the more ancient has become decomposed, and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The scenery of the island is sublime; some of the mountains are from fifteen to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The following account of a visit to the great volcano has been drawn up for Professor Silliman from the statements of two American captains who visited it in 1838:

"Early in the morning, on the 7th of May, Captains Chase and Parker, in company with several others, left the port at Lord Byron's Bay, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated volcano Kirauea. After traveling a few miles through a delightful country interspersed with hill and valley and adorned with clusters of trees, hung with the richest foliage, they came to a forest, several miles in extent, so entangled with shrubs and interwoven with creeping vines, that its passage was extremely difficult. On issuing from this, the scenery wore a pleasing aspect, but was soon changed into a dreary waste. Their route was now in the rect course of a large stream of lava, thirty miles in length and four or five in breadth. The lava was of recent formation, with a surface so slippery as to endanger falling, and in others so rugged as to render it toilsome and dangerous to pass.—Scattered around, were a few shrubs that had taken root in the volcanic sand and scoriæ, and on each side of the stream grew a stinted forest.—Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea were seen in the distance, and on either side stretched the broad expanse of the ocean, mingling with the horizon.—The party had traveled nearly the whole extent of the current of lava before sunset; they were, however, much fatigued, and gladly took possession of a rude hut, erected by the islanders, where they slept soundly through the night. Early the next morning, ere the sun rose, they resumed their journey, and soon a beautiful landscape broke upon their view, but its delightful scenery detained them only a few moments, for the smoke of the volcano was seen rising gracefully in the distance. Quickening their march, they arrived soon after nine o'clock at a smoking lake of sulphur and scoriæ, from which they collected some delicate specimens of crystallized sulphur, and proceeded on. The next object which attracted their attention, was a great fissure five or six hundred feet from the crater. It was about thirty feet wide, five or six hundred feet long, and from all parts of it constantly issued immense bodies of steam, so hot that the guides cooked potatoes over it in a few minutes. The steam, on meeting the cold air, is condensed; and not far from the fissure, on the north, is a beautiful pond formed from it, that furnishes very good water, and is the only place where it occurs for many miles. The pond is surrounded with luxuriant trees, and sporting on its surface were seen large flocks of wild fowls. It was now ten o'clock, and the whole party, since passing the lake of sulphur, had been walking over a rugged bed of lava, and standing by the side of vast chasms of fathomless depth. They had now arrived at the great crater of Kirauea, eight miles in circumference, and stood upon the very brink of precipice, from which they looked down more than a thousand feet into a horrid gulf, where the elements of nature seemed warring against each other. Huge masses of fire were seen rolling and tossing like the billowy ocean. From its volcanic cones continually burst lava, glowing with the most intense heat. Hissing, rumbling, agonizing sounds came from the very depths of the dread abyss, and dense clouds of smoke and steam rolled from the crater.

"Such awful, thrilling sights and sounds were almost enough to make the stoutest heart recoil with horror, and shrink from the purpose of descending to the great seat of faction. But men who had been constantly engaged in the most daring enterprise, whose lives had been spent on the stormy deep, were not easily deterred from the undertaking. Each one of the party, with a staff to test the safety of the footing, now commenced a perilous journey down a deep and rugged precipice, sometimes almost perpendicular, and frequently intersected with frightful chasms. In about forty-five minutes they stood upon the floor of the great volcano. Twenty-six separate volcanic cones were seen, rising from twenty to sixty feet; only eight of them, however, were in operation. Up several of those that were throwing out ashes, cinders, red-hot lava, and steam, they ascended, and so near did they approach to the crater of one, that with their canes they dipped out the liquid fire. Into another they threw large masses of scoriæ, but they were instantly tossed high into the air. A striking spectacle in the crater at this time, was its lakes of melted lava.—There were six; but one, the south-west, occupied more space than all the others. Standing by the side of this, they looked down more than three hundred feet upon its surface, glowing with heat, and saw huge billows of fire dash themselves on its rocky shore, whilst columns of molten lava, sixty or seventy feet high, were hurled into the air, rendering it so hot that they were obliged immediately to retreat. After a few minutes the violent struggle ceased, and the whole surface of the lake was changing to a black mass of scoriæ; but the pause was only to renew its exertions, for while they were gazing at the change, suddenly the entire crust, which had been formed, commenced cracking, and the burning lava soon rolled across the lake, heaving the coating on its surface, like cakes of ice upon the ocean-surge. Not far from the centre of the lake there was an island, which the lava was never seen to overflow; but it rocked like a ship upon a stormy sea. The whole of these phenomena were witnessed by the party several times, but their repitition was always accompanied with the same effects. They now crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater, which was frequently divided by huge fissures, and came to a ridge of lava, down which they descended about forty feet, and stood upon a very level plain, occupying about one-fourth of the great floor of the crater. This position, however, was found very uncomfortable to the feet, for the fire was seen in the numerous cracks that intersected the plain only one inch from the surface. Capt. Chase lighted his cigar in one of them, and with their walking sticks they could, in almost any place, pierce the crust and penetrate the liquid fire. Sulphur abounds every where in and around the volcano; but here the whole side of the precipice, rising more than a thousand feet, was one entire mass of sulphur. They ascended several feet, and were detaching some beautiful crystallized specimens, when, accidentally, a large body of it was thrown down, and that rolled into a broad crack of fire, and obliged them immediately to retreat, for the fumes that rose nearly suffocated them. They had now been in the crater more than five hours, and would gladly have lingered, but the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the cliffs above, and they commenced their journey upward, which occupied them about one hour and a quarter. They repaired to their rude hut, and while the shades of evening were gathering, despatched their frugal meal. Curiosity, however, would not allow them to sleep without revisiting the great crater. Groping along, they reached the edge of the precipice, and again looked down into the dread abyss now lighted up by the glowing lava. The whole surface of the plain, where they had observed cracks filled with fire, appeared as though huge cables of molten lava had been stretched across it. While examining these splendid exhibitions, the entire plain, more than one-fourth of the whole crater, was suddenly changed into a great lake of fire; its crusts and volcanic cones melted away, and mingled with the rolling mass. They now hurried back, astonished at the sight, and shuddering at the recollection that only a few hours had elapsed since they were standing on the very spot. The next morning they returned to the crater for the last time. Every thing was in the same condition: the new lake still glowed with heat, the volconic cones hurled high in the air red-hot stones, mixed with ashes and cinders, and accompanied with large volumes of steam, hissing and cracking as it escaped, and the great lake in the south-west was still in an agitated state. The situation of the volcano Kirauea is very remarkable, differing from every other of which we have an account. It is not a truncated mountain, rising high above the surrounding country, and visible from every quarter, nor is it seen until the traveler, after crossing an elevated plain near the foot of Mouna Roa, suddenly arrives at a precipice, from which he looks down into its dread immensity."

Miscellaneous Selections.

Aaron Burr and his Daughter.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred; Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stuart; Ireland of her Fitzgerald; Erance, her man with the iron mask, and Marie Antoinette; Poland, her Thaddeus; and Russia her Siberian exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the exceedingly touching story of Aaron Burr and his highly accomplished, his beautiful and devoted daughter, Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor to such giddy heights, that the Presidency seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new republic. He became Vice President of the United States.

How rapid his rise! and then his fall, how sudden! how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice—is indicted for murder by the grand jury of New Jersey—flies to the south—lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and takes the chair as President of the Senate. After his term expires, he goes to the west—becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico (very few will now believe that he sought the dismemberment of the Union)—is brought back a prisoner of state to Richmond, charged with high treason—is tried and acquitted—is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lived in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years, he finds means to return home—he lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her boy, an only child, in whom her soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was, that his grand child had died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father, as the clouds of adversity gathered around him and he was deserted by the friends whom he had formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here was to inform Mrs. Alston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in the city of New York. This letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of a woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends, and all were gone; his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and to welcome him back from exile. Days passed on—then weeks—and weeks were lengthened into months, yet nothing was heard of his daughter. Burr grew impatient, and began to think that she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Alston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stating that she had sailed from Charleston some weeks since, in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? Why had it not arrived? These were questions which Burr could ask himself, but no one could answer. The sequel is soon told. The vessel *never* arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard respecting the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr—all were lost. This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken" which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate but added poignancy to his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct, when years rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836, (we believe,) when he died. The last years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity.—Some few old friends, who had never wholly deserted him, were his companions; they closed his eyes in death, and followed his body to the grave, where it will rest until the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.—*Harrisburgh Daily Chronicle.*

Hoaxing a Yankee.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the "Tontine," when an old farmer entered the room, (taking it for the bar-room,) and inquired if he could obtain lodgings here. The young chaps immediately answered him in the affirmative, inviting him to take a seat and join them in a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly laying off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog that he had with him to lie under a chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of his wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole history of his family and of his own pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie," responded the student.

"Not for the world," added the farmer.

"What will you take for your dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur who was not worth his weight in Jersey sand.

"I would not take twenty dollars for the dog."

"Twenty dollars? why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come my friend," said the student, who with his companion was bent on having some capital fun with the farmer. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for him."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer."

"You will not? Here let me see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver, I will give you for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then quick as thought scraped all the money into it, except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming,

"I won't take twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is about as much as he is worth—he is your property."

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would be wag that he was completely "done-up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowled himself beat, insisted on the old farmer's taking another glass, and parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

SANTA FE LADIES.—"The ladies, certainly, are far more beautiful in this country than those of the same ranks in America; their jetty black eyes, slender frames, with unusually small ancles and feet, together with their winning address, make you at once easy and happy in their company.—Perhaps no people on earth love dress and attention more than the Spanish ladies, and it may be said of a truth, that their amorous flirtations with the men are matters to boast of amongst themselves. They work but little—the fandango and siesta form the division of time. The fandango is a lascivious dance, partaking in part of the waltz, cotillion, and many amorous movements, and is certainly handsome and amusing. It is the national dance. In this the Governor and most humble citizen move together; and in this consists all their republican boast."

There is a paper about to be established in the city of Richmond, called "The Tedious Thunder Splitter, or lightning let loose; and the World astonishing Palladium."—*New Era.*

A Lisping Lover.

A bashful youngster, answering to the name of Ephraim Flint, dressed in a light gray casinette, and extremely rueful in physiognomy, was brought to the office and charged with being "on a drunk" misbehaving himself at the corner of Walnut and Twelfth streets, between twelve and one o'clock this morning.

"What was you doing out at that late hour, Ephraim?"

"I wath looking for my thweetheart, thir," answered the youth.

"Looking for your sweetheart!"

"Yeth thir, she'th a very nith girl what livth with a quality family up that way, thir."

"And so you expected to meet this nice girl in the street after midnight."

"No thir, the fact ith thir, I wath going to wait on her home from meeting thir, but thome how or nother, I didn't thee her when meeting come out thir, tho I went in purthuit of her until I come to a beer houthe, and went in and took a glath or tho, thir; then I forgot what happened, thir; but the upthot wath that I wath abuthed and inthulted by the wathman, thir."

"Please your honor," says the watch, "I saw him standing up, and holding on a lamp post, when I ax'd him what he was after, and he told me he was looking for Thuthan."

"For what?"

"For Susan, sir, I suppose he meant."

"Yeth, Thuthan Thumerth."

"Which being translated, signifies Somers," answered the watchman.

"You were very persevering in your pursuit, Mr. Flint; did it occur to you that the young lady might have gone home three or four hours before?"

"I can hardly thay that it did thir; I mutht have been abthent minded, thir."

"Very likely. Was he drunk, watchman?"

"Yes, sir, very drunk indeed."

"Bleth my thoul! that aint pothible; think I could be intoxicated and not remember a word about it, thir? Upon my word, thir, I wath perfectly thober."

"I shall have to fix this Flint," observed the Mayor; "you are fined, sir."

"Oh Thuthan! Thuthan! thee what I thuffer for your thake!"

With this exclamation Mr. Flint was let out.—*Phil. Spirit of the Times.*

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following *sublime effort* of a young, and we suspect rather *green* disciple of Blackstone, appears in a Western paper.

Gentlemen of the Jury—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man what has allers sustained a high depredation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good quantities: yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks more nor a quart of likker a day; can you, I say, for on instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hookin' a box of percushum caps? Rattlesnakes and coonskins forbid! Picter to yourselves, gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—all nature hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder and the hollerings of the bullfrogs; then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwellings of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hooking a whole box of percushum! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot, dwell upon the monstrosity of such a crime! My feelings turn from such a picter of moral turpentine, like a big woodchuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggins, and much less *this ere* man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unextrampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your minds candidly and unpartially, and give us such a verdict as we might reasonably expect from such an enlightened and intolerant body of our feller citizens—remembering, that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men should escape, rather than that one guilty should suffer. Judge, give us a chew of tobacco.

A STAGE DRIVER'S REMARK.—"There's one thing I'd never do, no how."

"Well, what's that?"

"Why, if I was a landlady, I'd never keep hired girls that were handsomer than I was."

CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

A week! It is but a short time indeed; but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just about to close, brought joy? to whom sorrow? to whom riches? to whom poverty? to whom friends? to whom enemies? to whom love? to whom hatred? to whom freedom? to whom misery? to whom happiness? to whom sickness? to whom health? to whom life? or to whom DEATH? What! all these changes in *one week?* Yea, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the unruffled sea of happiness a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this time met with some misfortune, and are turned upon the world the children of poverty; and many whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous, at the dawn of the week, find themselves at the close, the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment.

And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, even an hour.—The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolutions—TIME whirling in its rapid progress, leaving behind its trace of destruction; and even in a small community, many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summed up, and recorded at the close of each week.

BOTHERATION.

Pa, what is a file?

A piece of ragged steel about so long, or longer.

Does soldiers use files, pa?

No, dear, they use swords and guns.

Yes, but here is a paper says the soldiers *filed off*, and I guess they couldn't *file off* without any files.

O—but—my child, a file of soldiers is not like a steel file at all.

Well, you men is like great fools, then all, for hang me if I can find out what you mean by your ugly words. Pa, what is a sky lights?

Sky lights, my dear, are stars in the firmament.

Well, pa, I never seed any cracked stars.

Cracked stars! how foolish you talk, child.

Foolish! thunder! don't this 'ere paper say the hail cracked a great many sky light?

Oh! ah! yes, yon may go to bed, my dear.

Pa, nobody sha'n't put corsets on me, shall they?"

No, my son, they sha'n't; but what put that in your head?"

Why, Mr. Green says as how if I kill any more of his chickens, he'll give me the darndest lacin' that ever was.

SPEECH.—Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his tho'ts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a great deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in their manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which, perhaps, his own good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account I am glad that grammar and correct pronunciation are taught in the Common Schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.—*Channing.*

"My case will soon be a-*meal*-iorated," as the corn remarked when thrown into the hopper.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.—This publication, devoted to the interests of childhood and early youth, is one that we delight to see. It abounds with the useful and entertaining, without the immoral and frivolous; and these are attributes not too prevalent in this age. Parents, generally, can have no excuse for not purchasing it. The price is only $1 00 a year.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The January number has reached us. It has an elegant steel engraving of Mary Magdalen, and the tulip, lithographed and colored, besides several compositions of merit. It is published by M. W. WOOD, New York, once in two months, at $1 00 a year.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY,—Is a new thing, the first number having been published in January. This number has a superb steel engraving called the Canary Bird, and a piece of music, by G. J. Webb, styled "The Happy Hours," which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a better composition than nine-tenths of the periodical music of the day. Some of the reading is above ordinary, and some not *too* good. It is published monthly, at Boston, at $3 a year; cheap enough, certainly.

LADY'S BOOK.—The February number of this popular work has been before us several days.—Among its contents we notice a tale by Mrs. Ellis, styled the "Votary of Fashion," which we deem of peculiar excellence. "The Old Sycamore," the music of this number, will bear comparison with the usual periodical music. "The Widow and her Child," a poetical article by Mrs. Sigourney, illustrated by a fine steel engraving, does credit to the gifted authoress. Another engraving, illustrative of the old play of Hide and Seek, is beautiful. It reminds one of old times, of childhood's sports, to look at it. Of the plate of fashions we have but little to say. But if they have any such women in Philadelphia as said plate seems to indicate, we pray to be informed; because we have some notion of visiting that city in time; but if it is necessary to encounter such objects, we shall certainly back out.

NEW YORK LANCET.—Since our notice of this publication the editor has had trouble. He reported and published in the Lancet Dr. Mott's lectures, at which the Doctor took offence, and obtained an injunction upon the publication of the Lancet. The proper authorities, however, decided that Dr. Houston was right and Dr. Mott wrong. The work still "goes bravely on," affording those of the medical profession who see fit to avail themselves of it, a great amount of information, which can be obtained from no other source. It is published weekly, 16 pages to a number, at $5 00 a year.

LADIES' WORLD OF FASHION.—We don't like the name of this work as well as we do its contents. It is something new under the sun, the first number having been published in January. The main design of the work is to furnish the earliest reports of fashions; so says the editor.—This will doubtless be agreeable to some; for ourselves, we like the *faces* of the plate of fashions better than the fashions themselves. There is some choice reading in this number; also a good engraving of the Lady Beatrice. It is published monthly, each number containing 32 pages, for $2 00 a year.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.—The January number of this valuable monthly, although arrived late, is sufficiently excellent to compensate for the delay. It contains a large amount of statistical matter particularly valuable to the mercantile community. It is also the medium of other papers treating upon the great political questions of the day.

☞ LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade, will furnish single numbers of all the preceding publications, or receive subscriptions. He has on hand all the standard periodical publications of America.

CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Departure" is respectfully declined.

Some one, who thinks a great deal of himself, has sent us an article of which he says, "this scrip written in haste, and left as written, unrevised, unpolished, and in fact wholly unfit for publication, I send you." We take as granted what the author says; we presume he has told the truth; and we shall not, therefore, take the trouble of reading his paragon of unworthiness. Let us assure him, before we part, that he has more of that precious commodity, impudence, than the most favored whom we know, or he would not have the hardihood to offer for publication trash so utterly worthless. We think he will rise in the world, if he can only get into the *stage!*

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Life and Times of Juvenal.

The bright period in Rome's history had passed. Her early spirit of freedom and national independence had been extinguished; her once invincible legions had been disbanded, and the incense of patriotism no longer burned upon her altars. The tranquil reign of the Consul had given place to the sway of the factionist, and the Augustan age, that brilliant epoch in the annals of the *world*, as well as of Rome, had ended. While from the dizzy summit of her grandeur and her pride, that Queen of cities, who so long in her tiara'd majesty had called earth her footstool, was sinking down amidst enervating luxury and crime; yet this decline was not without some redeeming features. As a fitful gleam occasionally breaks forth in splendor from an expiring flame, so genius, at times brilliant and lasting, shone out amidst the degeneracy of Rome. The reigns of Nerva and Trajan, comparatively free from the wild commotions and systematic cruelties of a Nero and Domitian, betokened the dawn of a better era. Literature was encouraged, humanity and freedom were breathed in safety. It was then that Tacitus could think in freedom and publish in security.—How well he improved the opportunity, succeeding historians can testify: for his brief, pregnant text has been their acknowledged model.

It was then too that Pliny, kindred spirit with the immortal historian, dared to plead the cause of humanity, and in a measure stay the torrent of persecution, thus acquiring for himself the enviable title of the "Advocate of Christians;" a name that shall secure for him the respect of ages long after his combined fame as the panegyrist of Trajan and satirist of Domitian shall have been forgotten.

Then too above the infuriated brawl and revel were heard in their majesty and might the free pure strains of Juvenal. Of humble birth, he depended solely upon his own efforts in his approaches to public notice. Yet his poetical labors were not commenced in early life. No youthful promise heralded his manly eminence. He made his appearance in the maturity of his years and powers. No one had marked him, till he suddenly emerged from the cloud. But when the heat and inexperience of youth had passed away, and he had sternly resolved to consecrate his talents to the support of truth and virtue, he tuned his lyre and fearlessly entered the dangerous field of satire. True to himself, true to duty, he boldly summons up the past grandeur of the Roman name in pitiable contrast with the mixed and degraded rabble, still emulous of the title, though they had despoiled it of its honor, and trampled in the dust the high privileges it once conferred. Like Horace, he attacked with freedom and severity alike the follies and the vices of his time. But not like Horace did he stoop to meanness and false praise to secure imperial favor. The corruption of magistrates, the effeminacy of the soldiery, the insolence of patrons, the sycophancy of clients, vice in all forms, in purple or in rags, encountered his unsparing scrutiny, his stern rebuke. The robes of the nobility were no protection, the palace of the Cesars no shelter.

His fame as a writer rests on no doubtful basis. Pleasing and instructive as a poet, severe yet discriminating as a satirist, he stands forth the decided champion of morality and virtue in an age distinguished for its profligacy and vice. His life was throughout a virtuous career, his works a virtuous legacy, and his reward a virtuous fame. Side by side with the wit and raillery of Horace. Side by side with the beauty and sublimity of Virgil, shall ever rank with the dignity and purity of Juvenal.

GAMMA.

Hartford, Ky., Jan., 1842.

BOZ.—Night before last, a numerous meeting of gentlemen assembled at the Astor House, to determine upon the most appropriate means to adopt for the purpose of making an impression upon the author of the Pickwick Papers. His Honor the Mayor was called to the chair, Col. Colden, and Duncan Pell, Esq., acting as Secretaries. Among the gentlemen present, we observed Philip Hone, Dr. Francis, Col. Maxwell, J. W. Edmonds, Gen. Wetmore, Dr. Cheesman, James M. Smith, Jr., Judge Tallmadge, Major Lyman, and about forty others. The substance of the proceedings may be summed up in the announcement that the most magnificent ball ever given in this city will come off at the Park theatre, in honor of Charles Dickens. An executive committee of sixteen is appointed to carry the thing into operation, and such another *fete* as this will be, has not been seen in this or any other city of the Union.—*N. Y. American.*

When at the close of the Revolutionary War the American army was disbanded, the officers gave a dinner in New York to WASHINGTON, their beloved Commander-in-chief. When called upon for a toast he gave the following:

"The American Soldier of Freedom: May he at all times receive a good and plentiful ration!—And when he has finished his tour of duty on earth, may he pitch his tent in the Elisian fields, and there receive his reward from the right hand of the God of battles!"—*N. Y. Amer.*

A good story is told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst college. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the President's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his heel and coolly observed: "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."!

A NOVELTY IN A BALL-ROOM.—Among other decorations at the second annual ball of the Independent Light Dragoons at Baltimore, a few evenings since, there were "three or four tents with horses standing around fully equipped."—*Albany Advertiser.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A gentleman in this city, not long since, put his spectacles on over his ears and walked *sideways* nearly two miles through a violent storm of rain.—*Alb. Adv.*

The two most troublesome and impertinent little men in Congress are Wise and Proffit. There is, however, some excuse for them. Wise is a fool, and Proffit *like Wise.*—*Lou. Jour,*

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the gaoler.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? When exposed to *fire* they *run.*

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—John De Solle says it is becoming fashionable to be honest.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

MY SISTER.

BY J. D. R.

I love to watch the moonbeams play,
By night, upon the trembling lake;
To hear the shepherd's warbling lay,
At eve the woodland echo wake.
But dearer far than pearl or star,
Or evening's gentle whisper;
Like softest music heard afar,
Is thy sweet voice, *My sister!*
My sister! oh my sister!
How blank would seem life's waving dream,
Wert not for thee,
Thrice dear to me,
My sister, oh! my sister.

I love to watch the chrystal stream
Beneath the shady copsewood rush;
To see the morning's infant beam
The stormy howl of midnight hush;
But dearer still than purest rill,
Or love's confiding whisper;
Though hid by many a shaggy hill,
Art thou to me, my sister!
My sister, oh! my sister.
How dull and drear would life appear,
Wert not for thee,
Thrice dear to me,
My sister, oh! my sister.

I've loved, when mirth had flushed her heart,
To teare from thence a gentle sigh;
And as the glistening tear would start,
To kiss it off and ask her, "why?"
And then her smile so free from guile,
To me would softly whisper;
That I might compass many a mile,
Nor meet with one like sister;
My sister, oh! my sister,
How dull and drear would life appear,
Wert not for thee,
Thrice dear to me,
My sister, oh! my sister.

The crested wave may cease to beat
Upon its old familiar shore;
The summer hide her glowing heat,
And e'en the flowers may bloom no more!
Yet still within this heart of mine
Each throbbing pulse would whisper,
Some note of love for all mankind,—
But most for thee, my sister!
My sister, oh! my sister,
How dull and drear would life appear,
Wert not for thee,
Thrice dear to me,
My sister, oh! my sister.

From the London Athenæum.

Thoughts.

They come when the sunlight
Is bright on the mountain;
They come when the moonshine
Is white on the fountain;
At morn and at even,
By minutes and by hours,
But not as they once were,
Of birds and of flowers.

They come when some token
Of past days will rise,
As a link to the present,
And then they bring sighs;
They come when some dreaming
Through hopes and through fears,
Rushes on to the future,
And then they bring tears.

They come when the sea mist
O'er ocean is rife,
And they tell of the shadow
That hangs over life;
They come when the storm
In thunder and gloom,
Spreads around, and they speak
Of earth and the tomb.

They come when the ripple
Is low on the lake,
And the plover is nestling
By fountain or brake;
And the twilight looks out
With a star on its breast,
And they whisper that all
But themselves are at rest.

They come when the breeze
Is fanning the leaves;
They come when the flower cup,
The dew drop receives;
By night's noontide silence,
By day's noontide hum;
At all times, oh! deeply
And darkly they come.

[From the London Despatch.]

A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the west that shall never go down,
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though 'tis not our own,
For liberty bursts in its ray;
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west?

"War, war to the knife; be enthrall'd or ye die!"
Was the echo that waked in the land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand;
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Tho' he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he pray'd for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in the annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory and ours the blood
Of the deeply stained field of the west.

Farewell to the Cup.

BY ALFRED L. SMITH.

Farewell to the cup—we have tarried too long
Where the juice of the grape adds its witch'ry to song,
And the thoughts that flow'd freely are sombre and dull,
And our brains became heavy—farewell to the bowl.

No longer the eye beams with intellect's fires,
No longer the tongue fancy's power inspires;
But flushed is the brow and degraded the soul,
And our minds have departed—farewell to the bowl.

Oh, tarry no longer where joy flies away,
And the heart and the soul loose their richest array,
Where eye mocketh eye, as unmeaning they roll,
And the tongue whispers folly—farewell to the bowl.

Oh, think if the maiden who smiles in thine eyes,
Once saw thy proud mind in this shameful disguise;
How her heart will reject thee, how sadly her soul
Would pity and leave thee—oh, flee from the bowl.

Oh think, e'er the moment of thinking is past,
And the chains of the mighty upon thee are cast!
Return—ere the iron shall enter thy soul,
And thy whole life beside be—a curse on the bowl.

From the Niles Republican.

Crush Not the Flower.

BY THOMAS H. BASSETT.

Tho' bruised the flower, yet crush it not,
It may arise and bloom;
Fresh life and beauty be its lot,
And not an early tomb;
But gently lift it from the earth,
Let sunshine on it fall.
It may yet prove a flower of worth—
Bloom loveliest of them all.

So when in life thou find'st a heart,
With rich affections warm,
That's cast to earth, then take its part,
And shield it from the storm;
It will through life thy care repay,
And yield thee rich delight,
To watch each bright and lovely ray,
That opens to thy sight.

Variety.

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.—In a sketch of his life and habits, Dr. Franklin says: "It was lucky for me that I had a wife as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for making paper, &c. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest sort. For instance, my breakfast was, for a long time, bread and milk, (no tea,) and I ate out of a two-penny porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her husband deserved* a silver spoon and china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value."

TO MAKE WOOD INCOMBUSTIBLE.—Take a quantity of water, proportioned to the surface of the wood you may wish to cover, and add to it as much potash as can be dissolved therein. When the water will dissolve no more potash, stir into the solution, first, a quantity of flour paste of the consistency of common painter's size; second, sufficient quantity of pure clay to render it of the consistency of cream. When the clay is well mixed, apply the preparations as heretofore directed to the wood; it will secure it from the action of both fire and rain. In a most violent fire, wood thus saturated may be carbonated, but it will never blaze.

PADDY'S USE OF CHOCOLATE.—The porter of a Dublin grocer was brought by his master before a magistrate on the charge of stealing chocolate, which he could not deny. Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" said he, "why, does he think I took it to sell?" "Then, sir," said the magistrate, "what did you do with it?" Said he, "since you must know, we made *tay* of it."

Messrs. *Gallop & Trot* edit a paper published in Ohio. The name of the foreman in the office is *Walker*. It isn't a good un to go. Go it boys.

Why is a rogue like a gold plated candlestick? Because he is all over *guilt*.

Marriages.

At St. Luke's Church, on the 24th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Doct. J. H. VAN EVERY, of Manmee City, Ohio, to Miss SOPHIA E. COLEMAN, eldest daughter of the late Dr. A. Coleman, of this city.

By the Rev. J. B. Shaw, on Thursday evening, January 20th, Mr. John Gorton, Jr., to Miss Sophia L. Kneen, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 20th instant, by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. EDWARD BARDWELL, to Miss JANE ANN, daughter of Joshua A. Burke, Esq. all of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr Sidney Church, to Miss Elizabeth Grant, all of this city.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, the 18th January instant, by Rev. James B. Shaw, JAMES H. PALMER, to MARY E. TRASK, all of this city.

In St. Peter's Church, in Charleston, S. Carolina, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Barnwell, George R. Clark, Esq., of this city, to Mrs. Nancy A. Root, formerly of Elba, Genesee county, N. Y.

In Livonia, on the 18th instant, by R. R. Jacques, Esq. Mr. Samuel Francis, of Covington, to Miss Sarah Combs, of the former place.

In Henrietta, on the 29th ult., by Rev. S. H. Ashmun, Vincent Fowler, Esq., of Pittsford, to Miss Rebecca Ann Field, of the former place.

In Ogden, on the evening of the 27th instant, by Rev. D. Fellows, Mr. ORVILLE P BRIGHAM, of Pembroke, Genesee county, to Miss DELIA, daughter of Mr. Jehiel Barnard, of Ogden, formerly of this city.

In Marengo, Mich., on the 5th inst., Mr. Seth Lewis, formerly of Genesee county, N. Y., and now one of the publishers of the Western Statesman, at Marshall, Michigan, to Miss Salina Church, of the former place.

In Sodus, on the 22d inst., by Alexander B. Williams, Esq., Mr. Francis Doyle, of Huron, to Miss Sally M. Phelps, of Sodus.

At Lyons, on the 23d inst., by C. O. Hoffman, Esq., Mr. John W. Daily, to Charlotte Hill, all of Arcadia.

In Albion, on the 26th instant, by the Rev. Justus W. French, Mr. Alpheus Barrett, Jr., to Miss Louisa J. Hopkins, all of that place.

In Castile, on the 13th instant, by Rev. A. Scofield, of Fayette, Mr. Horace Scofield, to Miss Adaline Kellogg, both of the former place.

In Le Roy, on the 11th instant, by Samuel Richmond, Esq., Mr. Ira O. Hodges, of Bergen, to Miss Harriet House, of the former place.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Shepard & Strong, Publishers. One Dollar per annum, in advance.

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SPANISH BEGGAR BOYS.

From the New World.

The Spanish Beggar Boys.

The subject under notice requires at our hands a very small share of description, seeing that it at once and directly appeals to the senses, and not to the imagination of the beholder. The group consists of two boys, sometimes, in the catalogues, called peasants, and at other times described as beggars, one of whom seems to be preparing to play, or having successfully played, at a game which consists of battling or bowling a ball thro' a ring of iron placed upright in the ground. The other boy is standing by, eating a piece of bread, with apparently a considerable degree of sulky satisfaction, while a dog, of a large Spanish breed, looks wistfully up into the face of his ragged master. The artist, for such a choice of subject, has produced that which every spectator will at once admit to be a master-piece of painting in the quality of expression, and which no cultivated mind can contemplate without being struck with the intimate and minute knowledge possessed by Murillo of the true principles of his art. With respect to the former, it is manifest that the boys he represents are of a stamp partaking greatly more of the animal than the intellectual being; yet the lying figure is that of a creature possessing a large fund of natural and exuberant drollery. There is fun marked in every line of his face, while the contrast afforded by the loutish looker-on serves to render still more prominent his exhaustless fund of animal spirits.

Of the history of the painter it is only necessary to say that he was born on the 1st January, 1618, at Seville, and not at Pilas, as stated by Palomino Velasco. He showed an early inclination for painting, and was placed under the care of a maternal uncle, Don Juan del Castillo, a painter of some eminence, who had established an academy in Seville. After quitting the school of this master, he painted many pictures which were exposed for sale at the fair annually held in his native city, and a great number of which were exported to Spanish America, a circumstance that has induced some of his biographers to assert that he himself visited South America. Murillo had a great desire to travel to Rome, but in making a journey to Madrid he paid his court to Velasquez, then in the height of his reputation and influence, who found him ample employment in copying from the pictures of Titian, Rubens and Vandyke, in the royal palaces. After remaining at Madrid three years, he returned to Seville, and immediately enjoyed a very great degree of fame. His first great work, in fresko, or in other words, on undried plaster, on the walls of the convent of San Francisco, or the Capuchins, established his reputation as an historical painter. The work consists of sixteen compartments, the chief of which, and that which was considered by the painter himself as his master-piece, is a representation of St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing alms to a group of poor people. He died at Seville, on the 3d of April, 1682, that event being accelerated by a fall from a scaffold while painting in the church of the Capuchins at Cadiz.

Although it is manifest from the later works of Murillo that he deeply reflected on the principles which guided the great masters of the Italian schools of painting, there is in no single instance the slightest appearance of the servility of imitation. He has pre-eminent claims to be considered in all respects as the founder of an original style. In his imitation of nature too, without abandoning a scrupulous fidelity of representation, he has so managed to invest his figures, in subjects such as the one before us, with a chasteness of expression which elevates the work in some degree into the class of poetic composition, without at the same time sacrificing the truth of history. In fact, when he depicts a Spanish beggar-boy he does not give us the mere portrait of one individual member of that class, but places before us in the individual represented a personification of the whole class itself.

It does not appear that Murillo aimed at any great academic truth in his drawing, but would rather seem to have been satisfied with such models as presented themselves to his notice, carefully, however, avoiding manifest defects, and never falling into the delineation of monstrosity or contortion, unless the subject imperatively called for such exhibition. "His coloring," observes Mr. Bryan, "is clear, tender and harmonious; and though it possesses the truth of Titian and the sweetness of Vandyke, it has nothing of the servility of imitation. Though he sometimes adopts a beautiful expression, there is usually a portrait-like simplicity in the airs of his heads, in which there is seldom any thing of the ideal. His style may be said to hold a middle rank between the unpolished naturality of the Flemish and the graceful and elegant taste of the French school."

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

Early the next morning there was a violent ring at the door of Miss Crawford's house, and a letter was left for Lucy. It came from Phillips, informing her that he had seen Higgs, and was sure that she was mistaken in supposing the will to be a forgery; and begging to see her, that he might tell her all he had heard. He would not come without her consent. And that was all. She read it through, folded it up, and placed it in her bosom. She knew that Phillips was deceived, and there seemed no hope left.

"*He* has given out too!" said she, in a low broken voice. "God help me! for George has no one left now but me."

She went up to her own room, drew a chair to the table, and clasping her hands together, leaned her head upon them, and endeavored to think.—Thoughts came fast and troubled enough; but they gradually settled down into one strong and intense purpose, that of seeking him out wherever he might be; of bearing with every thing, and of never giving up till she found him.

She rose up and took down her hat and shawl, and prepared to go out. She spent a few moments at her toilette; added one or two ornaments which Wilkins had given her long before, and which she always wore. There was little indeed to arrange; for her well-worn dress, faded and mended in many places, and miserably thin for the season, showed that she was one of the "very poor;" and God knows they have little to do with ornament. But she remembered that Wilkins had once been proud of her beauty; and she was not willing to believe that that time had passed forever. Whatever he had fancied or praised in happier hours, she tho't of now: and Hope whispered that when he saw her he might think of old times, might ask her to come back to their snug old home, and say he regretted the past, and beg her to forgive and forget it. How her heart leaped at the thought! How the mild patient face beneath that old bonnet brightened! And as she stole down the stairs there was a smile on her cheek, and a spirit of happiness in her heart that seemed like the dawing of brighter days. She was a long way off from where they lived; but she hurried on. She felt stronger than she had been for weeks, and her step was lighter. If the thought of a chilling reception sometimes crossed her, she chased it away. If she could but see him; free him from the influence of that dreaded man, and know that he was safe; even then, if he drove her from him him, she would lay her down amid her withered hopes, and die without a murmur, for there would be nothing left to live for; and perhaps when she was dead and in her grave, and out of his way, he would think kindly of her as he had once done; and although she would not know it or care for it then, still there was a sad pleasure in the thought.

But Fate has a strange way of interfering with the plans of all. It takes its courses of mingled storm and sunshine; thwarting the best devised prospects; blighting hopes; bringing happiness where all was despair; crushing bright hearts to the very dust; but onward, forever onward; never pausing, never resting; carrying plotting, scheming, restless, rebellious man in its giant arms.

At the very time that Lucy was standing in her little room, thinking only of him, Wilkins was pacing up and down the walk in front of his house, in a mood which, had she seen it, would have scattered her day-dreams to the winds. Up and down that walk he went, casting fierce glances up and down the street, and muttering to himself. So gaunt and thin had he become; his beard long; his eyes sunken, and glowing like two globes of fire deep in his head; and his whole frame wasted, as if the spirit were too strong for the body, that his wife would scarcely have recognized him.

Presently a cart drove round the corner and stopped in front of his house. Wilkins strode up to the man, and shaking his fist in his face, said:

"Is this what you call hurrying? I spoke to you more than an hour ago; and didn't you say you'd come right off?"

The man looked at him for some time, as if in doubt what to make of him; then he took off his cap, drew out a cotton handkerchief, wiped his face very hard, after which he rolled the handkerchief in a ball, flung it back in his cap, put his cap on by a dexterous jerk at its leathern front, and muttered something about his horse not being fed, and he had waited for that.

"D—n you and your horse too!" muttered Wilkins; "nobody's in a hurry now but me; and every thing is driving, pushing, tearing at me all at once. Come on now, will you?" said he to the carter, who had jumped off his cart, stood staring at him, and wondering what sort of a customer he had picked up. "Jam your wheel against the curb-stone, so as to load without trouble.—There; now come along."

He turned to the house, followed by the man, half sullen, and half intimidated at his savage temper. Wilkins walked straight to the door of his room; and finding it locked, without uttering a single word or searching for the key, dashed it open with his foot. He thrust his hands in his pockets, strode to the middle of the room, and seating himself on the table, commenced gazing about him, whistling, and swinging his feet to and fro, without speaking. The cartman stopped just inside of the door, waiting for orders. "What am I to take?" he at length inquired.

Wilkins looked at him as if he had forgotten he was there, and wondered what he wanted. Then he sprang across the room, seized a chair and flung it violently down in front of him.

"Take *that*—and *that*—and *that!*" shouted he, dragging forward article after article, and crowding them toward him as if he would have pushed them over his very body. "There's your work. be about it, will you?"

The man seized the things, and hurried them into the street, glad to get out of the room. He went out and came back several times, until he had taken all that had been pointed out. Then he paused, and asked what was to go next.

"Every thing! every thing!" exclaimed Wilkins. "I'll make a home for her; a home such as those have who pray to God night and day to kill them! Take every thing; beds, table, chairs—*all*. Don't leave a stick or a rag, or a coal of fire to keep her from freezing."

The cart-man dragged the heavy table across the floor.

"Out with it!" shouted Wilkins, pushing it along. "You're as weak as a child."

He shoved it into the entry, and then returned to the room. The cup-board happened to catch his eye, and he jerked the doors violently open. A bottle half full of brandy stood on the shelf.—He took it down, emptied its contents into a cup, and drank them off as if they had been water.

"Brandy's nothing, now-a-days. All *here*," said he, thumping his fist against his breast, "is so hot and burning, that every thing feels cool now. What!" cried he, seeing the man again entering the room, "you want more, do you? More—always more! That's right—that's right!"

The liquor seemed to have maddened him. He sprang on the bed; dragged it to the floor; dashed with it into the street, and flung it on the cart. He muttered as he went, "that if she did come back, she should find an empty house;" and as he thought of that he laughed and shouted and swore, rushing around the room, seizing different movables, and casting them into the street; nor did he desist until not a thing was left. The cartman shrank from his savage eye; for of all the men he had ever dealt with, Wilkins was the most ungovernble. He obeyed every gesture, and did not pause until there was nothing more to be done.

"There—now go!" said Wilkins. "Take them away: sell them for whatever they'll bring—no matter what; and fetch the money where I told you."

The man went out of the room, mounted his cart, and drove off. Wilkins stood at the window watching him until he turned a corner, and then he went round the room, examining every part of it, cup-boards, fire-place, window-sills, even the walls, to see if any thing was left; but the harpies of the law could not have swept cleaner.

"Now let her come!" said he, exultingly.—"All's ready for her. Let her come, I say; and she'll find her home what she wanted to make mine. Ha! ha! She *would* run away, would she! Ha! ha! ha!" And he paced up and down the apartment, waving his hands over his head with a kind of fiendish glee, and laughing until the room rang again. After a while, he leaned carelessly against the walls, and said in a musing tone:

"Nothing left! nothing left! I've done my work well! All empty! all empty!" He kept repeating these words at longer and longer intervals, until gradually and almost imperceptibly a change came over his countenance. It grew stern, and more dark and gloomy, as he said:

"Well, old room, good by! It'll be a long time before I see you again. I feel sad at leaving you, for I feel like a ship without an anchor. God knows where I'm going now! I'm out adrift, and am floating on to where all seems black. Well, you are not what you used to be when *she* was here—and we had plenty—and she loved me.—She *did* love me, poor Lucy! God bless her!—And I—I loved her! But she went off—yes, she went off!—she went off!"

He kept muttering these words to himself, and gazing vacantly about him, and at last he sauntered into the street and strolled off.

How little a space there is between sorrow and joy! How our very fate depends on the turning of a straw! Had Wilkins remained in that room but five minutes longer what a change might have taken place in his lot! For not that time had elapsed, when there was a knock at the door, so faint and trembling that it seemed scarcely to touch it. It came again and again. The door opened, and a face, pale and thin, but exceedingly beautiful, looked in, and gazed timidly about the deserted room. Then a female entered hesitatingly, as if she feared a rough welcome; and Lucy found herself once more in what had been her home.—And this was the end of all her dreams! Here her hopes crumbled to dust. She had nerved herself to encounter every thing but this; cold looks, hard words, even ill usage; but not this desolation.

The room appeared to have grown time-worn and ruined, even in a day. It looked as if years had passed over it since she was there last. The windows were dim and dust-covered, and the hearth black and cold, as if there had been no fire there for months. Now that their common home was gone, a gulf seemed to have started up between her and her husband which separated them for ever. All that had ever passed in that room sprang up in her mind as vividly as if it were even now before her. It was one of those waking dreams, so full of sadness, in which the voice of the past comes sighing in the ear, conjuring up phantoms of scenes and things long forgotten, and touching chords in the human heart that seemed unstrung for ever. Things which she had never heeded she thought of now. She recollected the position of each article in the room. Here had stood the table—there the old broken chair—there an old chest. They were mere pieces of furniture, miserable and old: yet they were part of her home; and it made her very sad to think that they were gone. She recollected the many happy hours she had spent in that room; their many wants too, as they became poor; how she had concealed them from her husband; how he had scolded her for it; and at the same time caught her to his bosom and called her his dear little wife. How cheerful the old room was then! and how gay he was! and how merrily he used to laugh at its inconveniences, and say it was a poor place, but they would have a better some day. Could this cold, dreary chamber, with its broken and dismantled walls, be *that* room! Could the man who had struck her to the earth be George!"

While she was standing there, an old woman hobbled down stairs with a pail in her hand. She had lived for a long time in one of the upper rooms, and was very poor and almost double with age. Lucy called her by name. She stopped, set her pail down on the floor, and leaned on a stick which she carried to help her as she went.

"Ah child! is it you?" She always called her child, for she seemed so in comparison with her. "It's a long day since I see you; and so you're going away, are you? More's the pity; for now I'll have no one to sit by me the long nights when I git the agy; nor to give me my doctor stuff; nor to speak, as if there was some one to care for an old soul like me. As for *them*," said she, giving an indignant fling of the elbow in the direction of the second floor: "they'd see me die under their very eyes, and wouldn't stir a finger to help it.—Out on them! I say," and she knocked her cane violently on the floor; "out on them! for a selfish, good-for-nothing, thieving pack, as they are!" And again the stick came in contact with the floor, in a succession of short venomous knocks.

"And so you've moved away?" continued she in the same whining tone in which she had first spoken; "and where are you going?"

Lucy shook her head, and said she didn't know; she said she had been away for a few days, and was not aware that her husband intended to leave there; that she had come back and found every thing gone. "Perhaps *she* could tell where he was."

"No, no!" said the old dame, drawing in her shrivelled lips, and shaking her head so long that she seemed to have forgotten it was customary not to continue the motion forever: "no, no! he never speaks to the likes of me. He comes in and he goes out without so much as a 'Good day, Martha! how's your rheumatis, or your cold, or your corns?' No, no; none of the little attentions as are so gratifying to old ladies like me. *He* tell me! He comes in; slam goes the door, lock goes the key; and then he walks, and walks, and walks all night long; and then when morning comes, slam goes the door, snap goes the key, and off he goes for the day. *He* tell me! He was here half an hour ago a-loading a cart with things; and I went in, and went a-purpose; he didn't say a word but once, and then he called me a d——d old woman, and told me to get out of the way or he'd break my neck. He *do* it! I'd like to catch him at it!"

The mere idea of his performing a feat of that kind caused her to burst into a strain of vituperation which easily accounted for the little attention she received at the hands of most of her neighbors; as it required a pretty stout head and no very sensitive ears to remain in her neighborhood when she was fairly under way.

Lucy, finding there was nothing to be gained from the old woman, whose key was becoming more and more shrill every instant, went to several of the neighbors; but they could tell her nothing more than she had learned already. One or two confirmed the old woman's story, but knew

nothing more. The room had been shut up for some time, and Wilkins had not been there in the day time. One man had observed him one cold morning some time since standing on tip-toe at his window and looking in. He remained but a short time, and had not been seen by him since.

There was nothing left now but to seek him among his comrades. His wife's cheeks burned with shame as she thought of the low haunts of vice which he had of late frequented; and for a short time that feeling mingled with fear was so strong that it almost made her shrink from her purpose. But she thought of what he had once been to her, and all her old affection gushed up at the idea of the fate which would be his if she failed to see and warn him.

Drawing her bonnet so as to hide her face, and disguising herself as well as she could, (for she well knew that there were many places in this dark labyrinth of souls called "the city," where her beauty would bring any thing but protection,) and with a shrinking yet hopeful heart she set out.

Hour after hour fled by as she searched in vain. At some places she received information which urged her on with renewed hope; at others she was mistaken for one of those females whom God made and man blighted; and only subjected herself to the ribald taunts and sneers which are so liberally showered upon the wretched and broken-hearted. Through places that might make a bold spirit quail, that poor girl bent her steps; for as her husband's money grew low he became desperate, and associated with those even more reckless than himself; men whom suffering had driven to crime, and crime to despair.

It was late in the day, and hope was nearly dead. She was walking wearily towards a house in a dark narrow street which she had never heard of before. She had inquired the direction of several persons, who looked strangely at her when she did so, but gave her the information she required. It was the last place to which she had been directed, and in spite of all her misgivings, thither she went.

It was a tall old building, which seemed going to pieces from age. The bricks had toppled down from the chimneys; the floors sagged; the mortar had been beaten by the weather from between the bricks; and the stone-work of the doors and windows was cracked by time and exposure. The windows were old and broken, and patched and stuffed in many places. Altogether it was a wreck, and stood in a neighborhood rank with vice and suffering. Opening from the street was a door with its lintel so cracked and crumbling that it threatened to come down on the heads of all who entered, and rendering it a matter of no small labor to open or shut it.

At this door Lucy knocked. All was silent, although but a moment before she had heard the sound of voices, as if a large number of people were within.

She knocked again, and was more successful; for two voices, apparently engaged in consultation as to the propriety of admitting her, reached her ear. Then by dint of several violent jerks the door was opened, and a man looked out. After surveying her from head to foot he told her to walk in. Lucy obeyed, stepping just inside the door.

It was a small room, and about as old and ruinous as the rest of the building. In the centre of it was a wooden table with two bottles on it, several dirty tumblers, a large piece of cheese, and part of a loaf of bread. Although she had heard the sound of many voices before she knocked, there was but one other man in the room; and he was sitting by the fire with his hands thrust in the pockets of his great-coat, smoking an unusually long and black cigar. He had a fur-cap drawn over his eyes, and was contemplating a small stump of wood with intense abstraction.

The person who admitted her was short and square-built, with a wolfish eye, and a large swelling throat, which looked as if it hankered for a halter. When he had ushered her in, and after, contemplating her with evident admiration, he said with a slight distortion of the face, intended to be insinuating:

"Well, sweet-heart, which of us do you want?"

Lucy shrank from his bold glance, and hurriedly told him that she was looking for Mr. Wilkins, and had been directed there to find him.

"Oh, it's *him* you want, then!" said he, with a leer. "He *does* come here sometimes, but he isn't here now." Turning to the man at the fire: "I say, Bill," said he, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "she wants Wilkins."

"She *does*, does she?" replied the other, removing his cigar from his mouth, and gently tipping the ashes from its end with the point of his little finger, as he spat upon the floor; "there's a good many that does, 'specially the state-prison. Who is she?"

"Some gal or other—*I* don't know her," replied the other, looking over his shoulder and again scrutenizing the girl from head to foot: "Not so bad, n'ither."

"It's a blasted shame in George to cut and run, and leave her! It isn't honorable, it isn't!" said the man with the cigar, raising one foot after the other to a shelf considerably higher than his head: after which he put his cigar in his mouth and smoked violently for some moments. There was something in his appearance and his crude notions of honor which caused Lucy to draw toward him as if for protection from his sinister-looking companion.

"How long have you known Wilkins?" inquired he, speaking through his teeth, which were tightly closed to prevent the cigar from falling out; and with his face screwed in a complication of wrinkles to enable him to see through the smoke which eddied about it. "Young women don't know exactly, of course; but how long—about —— ?"

"A long time time," replied she timidly: "I'm his wife."

"His wife!" exclaimed the man, dropping his feet to the floor, jerking his cigar from his mouth, blowing out a furious cloud of smoke, and starting up. "Married to him by a parson?—all sound, tight and reg'lar?"

Lucy replied in the affirmative.

"Then what the devil brings you here? Tell me that? Get out of this place as fast as you can! Come along."

As he spoke, he flung his cigar in the fire, buttoned his coat to the chin, and taking her by the arm, led her into the street.

"Are you taking me where I'll find my husband?"

"No!" replied the man bluntly; "*I'm* taking you out of this neighborhood. This is no place for you."

Without waiting for her reply, he placed her arm in his, and led her on until they came to a broad thoroughfare. Here he stopped.

"Now, my good woman, take a friend's advice. When a man has made up his mind to go to the devil, *let* him; for go he will, in spite of you.—Your husband has done that, and you'd better not cross him. Above all, don't look for him in such holes as that you've just left; and as you value your life don't mention that you've been there.—All I can tell about Wilkins is that he hasn't been at any of his old places for a week or more. If I was you I'd go to the police and inquire. Perhaps he's cleaned a house; stopped an old gentleman; robbed a mail, or something of that kind; and while you are wearing your little soul out, he's stowed away snug and comfortable at the expense of the State, with a man to wait on him and shut the door arter him to keep the cold out."

Having thus delivered his opinion, he perpetrated an indescribable contortion intended for a bow, and diving round a corner instantly disappeared.

Although his parting advice was that of one well acquainted with the world, or at all events with that portion of it with which he mingled, it had little weight with Lucy. For all she remembered or thought of was, that Wilkins was gone; all trace of him was lost, and all hope with it.

The sun was glowing brightly when she set out in the morning. It gradually ascended the sky and journeyed to the west. The shadows of the buildings which had been thrown in sharp outline in the street began to creep up the opposite houses; then the walls became dark, and the sun shone only on the tall chimney tops. As it sank gradually down, the streets became dim and gray; some of the narrow ones were dark already; and the last thing that reflected its light was a distant spire, whose golden ball gleamed in the sky like a globe of fire. At last that too became less and less bright, until it disappeared and night set in.

Lucy's strength failed as her hopes faded, and with a weary step she sought her new home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At the late election at Shaftsbury, an Irishman made his appearance, and happening to say something in the crowd to the candidates, one of the Tory party exclaimed from the hustings, "Oh, Paddy! now go to the d——l." "I'm much obliged to your honor," was Paddy's reply; "sure you are the first gentleman that has invited me to his father's house since my arrival in England."

Sketches of History.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language bids fair to become extended over a vaster territory and to be spoken by a greater number of civilized people than any other tongue now extant. It is a little curious to note the gradual manner in which this language, thro' many difficulties and in spite of various prejudices, became the vernacular language of the British Isles; the result itself exhibiting the hardy qualities of the Saxon race, whereby a conquered people came at length to predominate in spirit and genius over their conquerors. We are led to the subject by an article from the British Spectator reviewing a recently published antiquarian work which treats of these things.

When the Normans took possession of England and planted their feudal castles in every quarter of the kingdom, they brought with them the French language, which became of course the language of the court and the nobility. The laws were written in that tongue, it was used in deeds, charters and writs of every kind. At the schools and seminaries the pupils were taught French grammar, and made use of books in that language; and so much was the Saxon idiom abhorred by the proud usurpers who established their dominion over the Saxon race, that the manner of writing it was lost, although it continued to be spoken by the great mass of the people, who cherished it as the last token of their nationality, and of their lost independence.

It was slowly and gradually that the solid, steady and substantial elements of the Saxon genius; their stubborn spirit of liberty, nurtured with a sullen sternness during all their oppression; their indomitable hardihood, and that native touch of *honesty*, which, blended with plain good common-sense, affords the best basis of justice, both as regards the perception of one's own rights and a fair demeanor towards others; it was slowly and gradually that these qualities came to mingle with the chivalrous feelings and sentiments of the Norman class, and to exhibit themselves as the predominant traits of the English character. The Norman kings began to understand in due time what kind of a people it was over whom they reigned, and with this perception they thought less of their French descent, and learned to pride themselves upon being Englishmen. The power of the people was felt in England earlier than in any other country of Europe; and it is to be noted that the various concessions granted by the crown from time to time were regarded, not as gifts graciously awarded by sovereignty, but as the acknowledgments of *rights* justly pertaining to the people, and derived from the ancient usages of the realm and the proscriptive privileges of their ancestors.

The Anglo-Saxon, or English language, came to be used in the courts of law in the reign of Edward III. The oldest English instrument of writing known to exist bears the date of 1343,—some five hundred years ago. A statute passed in 1362, written in Norman French, required that all pleas in the courts of justice should be pleaded, debated and decided in English. The Rolls of Parliament, however, do not contain more than three or four entries in English before the reign of Henry VI. The language of the court continued to be French until the reign of Henry VIII. Under Queen Elizabeth the glory of the English language broke forth in splendor; and English genius, having combined all its elements, having assimilated, blended and bound into one homogeneous body all the noble qualities which make up its mighty nature, but which before had existed, as it were, disintegrated and at self variance, now rose into a commanding stature and displayed to the world in literature and in arms that supremacy which subsequent ages have only tended to confirm and to extend. The process of nationalization being consummated at home, and a full grown vigor developed, the impulse became strong at that period to look abroad for new fields where enterprise might find space and opportunity to exert itself. The vast regions of the New World gave "ample room and verge enough." From that time the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race has continued to go forth until it has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. Wherever it rests it rules; it knows not how to submit; it subdues nature; it controls men. The Roman vigor sunk enfeebled amid the wealth it had accumulated; and the luxuries which rewarded success proved the means of its downfall. But this modern spirit, mightier than the Roman, employs wealth as the instrument of its power; and so long as the world contains a corner for activity to bustle in, or for enterprise to

make new conquests, while a corrupt dominion may be overturned, or a fresh empire established, so long will the restless genius of the Anglo-Saxon generate an ever-renewing energy by its own working, nor find in the mean time any period for listless repose.

Terrible Earthquake in Canada.

The following is the account of the terrible Earthquake which convulsed and ravaged Canada in in 1663, written and preserved by the Jesuits in their College at Quebec:

It was on the 5th of February, 1663, about half past five o'clock in the evening, that a great rushing noise was heard throughout the whole extent of Canada. This noise caused the people to run out of their houses into the streets, as if their habitations had been on fire; but instead of flame and smoke, they were surprised to see the walls reeling backwards and forwards, and the stones moving as if they were detached from each other. The bells sounded by the repeated shocks. The roofs of the buildings bent down, first on the one side and then on the other. The timbers, rafters, and planks cracked. The earth trembled violently, and caused the stakes of the palisades and palings to dance in a manner that would have been incredible, had we not actually seen it in several places. It was at this moment that every one ran out of doors. Then were to be seen animals flying in all directions, children crying and screaming in the streets; men and women seized with affright stood horror-struck with the dreadful scene before them, unable to move, and ignorant where to fly for refuge from the tottering walls and trembling earth which threatened every instant to crush them to death, or sink them into a profound and immeasurable abyss.

Some threw themselves on their knees in the snow, crossing their hands and calling upon their saints to relieve them from the dangers with which they were surrounded. Others passed the rest of this dreadful night in prayer; for the earthquake ceased not, but continued at short intervals, with a certain undulating impulse resembling the waves of the ocean, and the same qualmish sensation or sickness at the stomach was felt during the shocks as is experienced in a vessel at sea.

The violence of the earth was greatest in the forests, where it appeared as if there was a battle raging between the trees; for not only their branches were destroyed, but even their trunks are said to have been detached from their places, and dashing against each other with inconceivable violence and confusion, so much so that the Indians in their figurative manner of speaking, declared that all the forests were drunk.

The war also seemed to be carried on between the mountains, some of which were torn from their beds, and thrown upon others, leaving immense chasms in the places from whence they issued, and the very trees with which they were covered sunk down, leaving only their tops above the surface of the earth; others were completely overturned, their branches buried in the earth, and the roots only remained above the ground.

During this general wreck of nature, the ice, upwards of six feet thick, was rent and thrown up in large pieces, and from the openings in many parts there issued thick clouds of smoke, or fountains of dirt and sand, which spouted up to a considerable height. The springs were either choked up or impregnated with sulphur. Many rivers were totally lost; others were diverted from their course, and their waters entirely corrupted, some of them became yellow, others red, and the great river St. Lawrence appeared quite white as far down as Tadousac. This extraordinary phenomenon must surprise those who know the size of the river, and the immense bodies of water in various parts, which must have required such an abundance of matter to whiten it.

They write from Montreal that during the earthquake they plainly saw the stakes of the picketing, or some palisades, jump up as if they had been dancing; that of two doors in the same room, one opened and the other shut of their own accord; that the chimneys and the tops of the houses bent like the branches of trees agitated by the wind; that when they went to walk they found the earth following them, and rising at every step they took, sometimes striking against the sole of the foot, and other things in a very forcible and surprising manner.

From Three Rivers they wrote, that the first shock was the most violent, and commenced with a noise resembling thunder. The houses were agitated in the same manner as the tops of trees during a tempest, with a noise as if fire was cracking in the garret.

The first shock lasted half an hour, or rather better, though its greatest force was properly not more than a quarter of an hour; and we believe there was not a single shock which did not cause the earth to open more or less. As for the rest, we have remarked, that though this earthquake continued almost without intermission, yet it was not always of equal violence. At times it was like the pitching of a large vessel, which dragged heavily at her anchors, and it was this motion which occasioned many to have a giddiness at their heads and qualmishness at their stomachs. At other times the motion was horrid and irregular, creating sudden jerks, some of which were extremely violent; but the most common was a slight tremulous motion, which occurred frequently with little noise. Many of the French inhabitants and Indians who were eye-witnesses to the scene, state that a great way up the river of Trois Riviers, about eighteen miles below Quebec, the hills which bordered the river side, and which were of a prodigious height, were thrown from their foundations and plunged into the river, causing it to change its course and spread itself over a large tract of land recently cleared; the broken earth mixed with the waters, and for several months, changed the course of the great river St. Lawrence, into which that of Trois Riviers disembogues itself.

In the course of this evident convulsion of nature, lakes appeared where none ever existed before; mountains were overthrown and swallowed up by the gaping earth, or precipitated into the adjacent rivers, leaving in their places frightful chasms or level plains. Falls and rapids were changed into gentle streams, and gentle streams into falls and rapids. Rivers in many parts of the country sought other beds or totally disappeared. The earth and mountains were violently split and rent in innumerable places, creating chasms and precipices whose depths have not been ascertained. Such devastation was also occasioned in the woods, that more than a thousand acres in our neighborhood were completely overturned; and where but a short time before nothing met the eye but an immense forest of trees, now were to be seen extensively cleared lands, apparently just turned up by the plough.

At Tadousac, about 150 miles below Quebec on the north shore, the effect of the earthquake was not less violent than other places, and such a heavy shower of volcanic ashes fell in that neighborhood, particularly in the river St. Lawrence, that the waters were as much agitated as in a tempest.

Near St. Paul's Bay, about 50 miles below Quebec on the north shore, a mountain about a quarter of a league in circumference, situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, was precipitated into the river; but as if it had only made a plunge, it rose from the bottom and became a small island, forming with the shore a convenient harbor, well sheltered from all winds.

Lower down the river, towards Point Asiloustes, an entire forest of considerable extent was loosened from the main bank and slid into the St. Lawrence, where the trees took fresh root in the water.

There are three circumstances, however, which have rendered this extraordinary earthquake particularly remarkable. The first is its duration, it having continued from Feb. to Aug., that is to say, more than six months, almost without intermission. In several places, as towards the mountains behind Quebec, the thundering noise and trembling motion continued for a considerable time. In others, as towards Tadousac, the shock continued for two or three days at a time, generally, with much violence.

The second circumstance relates to the extent of this earthquake, which we believe was universal throughout the whole of New France, for we learn that it was felt from Isle Peree and Gaspe which are situated at the mouth of the St. Lawrence in New England, Acadia, and other places more remote.

As far as it has come to our knowledge, this earthquake extended more than 600 miles in length and about 300 in breath. Hence 180,000 square miles of land were convulsed on the same day at the same moment.

The third circumstance, which appears the most remarkable of all, regards the extraordinary protection of Divine Providence which has been extended to us and our habitations; for we have seen near us the large openings and chasms which the earthquake occasioned, and the prodigious extent of country which has been either totally lost or hideously convulsed, without losing either man, woman or child, or even having a hair of their heads touched.

[It appears from this that the Jesuits at Quebec had not then received any account of the devastation which the earthquake had committed in U. Canada; and of course were unacquainted with its real extent.]

Scientific.

WINDS.

Wind is a volume or mass of air in motion; it blows from any point in the horizon to its opposite. When the wind blows strong, or flies swift, it is called a high wind; and moves above fifty miles an hour. In one of Dr. Lind's experiments he found that the velocity of the wind was ninety-three miles an hour, a swiftness of motion which, since M. Garnerin's aerial voyage to Colchester, must be considered within the limits of probability.

Winds, or currents of air, are produced by the rarefaction or condensation of the atmosphere by heat, cold, lightning, &c. The sun, the source of light and heat, is the chief agent or power that regulates the wind, and were the surface of the earth uniform, that is equally smooth, and also equally under the influence of the sun's beams, the wind would always blow from the east. But as the influence of the sun is permanent only near the equatorial parts, and there only on the oceans, the other parts of the earth must have the winds irregular, consequently an alteration of heat and cold happening in any part of the atmosphere, the air in that part will be either rarified or condensed, and the adjacent parts will thereby be put in motion, through the endeavor which the air, by its elasticity, always makes to restore itself to its former state, or come to an equilibrium.

The winds may be divided into three sorts,—1, trade winds; 2, monsoons; 3, variable winds.

1. Trade Winds are so named from their convenience in trade. In the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, between 30 deg. N. and 30 deg. S., the wind blows constantly from the east, and would uniformly do the same across Africa and America, within their limits, were it not interrupted by the high mountains that lie in the direction of N. and S., particularly the lofty Andes, in America, and the mountains of Atlas, the Moon, and of the Lions, in Africa.

The cause of the trade winds is the diurnal motion of the earth, which, turning from west to east, the part immediately under the sun being heated, the air is rarified and rendered lighter; hence, to restore the equilibrium of the elastic fluid, the air rushes in from the north and south and consequently makes a current in a direction contrary to the earth's motion, that is, from east to west; apparently following the tract of the sun, whose course appears to be in the same direction.

The trade winds near these northern limits, blow between the north and east, and near the southern limits, between the south and east.

2. The Monsoons, (this word by Mr. Marsden is supposed to be a corruption of the word monseen, which both in Arabic and Malay signifies a year,) are periodical winds, which blow six months one way and six months the contrary way; they prevail chiefly in the Red sea, the Arabian sea, and through the northern parts of the Indian ocean and in the Chinese sea.

The monsoons are neither the same with respect to the points that wind blows on, nor are the times of their changing the same. It is likewise necessary to observe that the changing is not the work of a moment, but that it is sometimes several weeks before a complete change is brought about, during which there is sometimes calms, variable winds, and sometimes violent storms, of the nature of the hurricanes in the West Indies; these tempests by the sailors are called the breaking up of the monsoons. On the W. side of the Arabian sea they set in about September, blowing from the N E. points to the S W. till April; when they change and blow the contrary way the remainder of the year. To the eastward of Sumatra and Malacca, on the N. of the equator, and along the coasts of Cambodia and China, quite through the Phillippines as far as Japan, the monsoons blow northerly and southerly; the northern setting in about May. These winds are not quite so certain as those in the Arabian sea.

Between Summatra and Java to the west, and New Guinea to the east, the same northerly and southerly winds are observed; but the first half of the year the monsoons incline to the N. W.

and the other half of the year to the S. E.—These winds commence a month or six weeks after those in the Chinese sea set in, and are quite as variable.

3. VARIABLE WINDS are those that keep no fixed period, such as we experience daily, the wind sometimes changing to all the points of the compass in a few hours. These winds chiefly prevail towards the northern and southern regions of the earth; beyond thirty degrees of north or south latitude. The principal points from which the winds blow in England, are the north-east and south-west: the former (chiefly in January, March, April and May) during 5 months of the year, the latter during 6 months, and the remaining month from every point of the compass.

From the Boston Courier.

Extracting Teeth—Animal Magnetism.

The following communication, as will be seen from the signature, is from a respectable member of the medical profession—one who has been in practice to a considerable extent in the country, and who practices chiefly as a dentist in this city.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER:

In your paper of yesterday, I noticed an account, from an English journal, relative to Mesmerism, in which it is said that two teeth were extracted from a patient when in the mesmeric state, the subject being insensible; "the operator witnessing a novel and most astounding phenomenon."

There have been several instances in this country, within a few years, where the same phenomenon has been witnessed; and, from having observed the insensibility of patients to all external impressions, I was induced, a few weeks since, to make the trial.

My first subject was a girl, eleven years of age, who was brought to Dr. Ellis (with whom I am associated) for the purpose of having some teeth examined. He having some faith in Animal Magnetism, as it is generally termed, requested me, after he had filled several teeth, to put her into the magnetic sleep, that he might extract three teeth, thinking that the subject, after suffering pain from losing one, might object to the removal of the others.

I found it difficult to induce the sleep, she insisting, for a time, that I could not make her sleep, looking about the room and laughing; added to this, the idea that three teeth were to be extracted, had probably no inconsiderable influence. In forty-five minutes she was thrown into the magnetic sleep, when, after telling her to open her mouth wide, which she readily did, Dr. Ellis extracted the teeth, two of which were large double teeth, quite firm, and which would have caused much pain in the waking state. She did not give the slightest indication of suffering during the whole operation, nor did she attempt to close the mouth, though the instrument was taken from the mouth and applied three times. I asked her, after the operation, (still sleeping,) if she had felt any uneasiness; to which she replied, none. Are you sure you have felt no pain? Yes, I am sure I have not. Do you now feel perfectly easy? Yes. I then brought her out of the magnetic sleep. A lady who accompanied her, and was in the room during the whole proceeding, asked her if any one had troubled her when asleep; her reply was, no, I have felt nothing. She did not know that the teeth had been extracted till some one in the house told her that the operation was performed during her sleep.

Another case occurred a few days after this. A girl about twenty years of age, whom I had frequently put into the magnetic sleep, knowing the success with the little girl, and having a great dread of submitting to the operation again, as she suffered much from the pain, requested to be magnetized, and have an upper wisdom tooth removed which was very troublesome. She was thrown into the magnetic state in a few minutes, when Dr. Ellis, with some difficulty, it being then evening, extracted the tooth.

There being a slight indication of pain upon the countenance, I asked her if she had felt any pain. She said her mouth felt a little uneasy. I asked her where, when she placed her hand upon the lower part of the mouth. I then brought her out of the sleep, and again asked her what was the sensation she had when asleep, as she told me that her mouth felt uneasy. She replied, her mouth felt as though some one was trying to open it too wide, but she felt no pain. I then told her that Dr. Ellis had extracted her tooth. She said she did not believe it, for she should have felt some pain if he had, and he having extracted teeth for her before, she knew they could not come out without her feeling it. It was some time before she could be persuaded that the tooth was gone.

I am induced to give publicity to these cases (in connection with the one which you have already noticed) for three reasons: one is, that the public may be assured that there is a reality in Animal Magnetism; another, that an answer may be given to those who, having seen some of the experiments, ask Cui bono; the third, that individuals who are already engaged in the subject, may make use of their power for the alleviation of distress, rather than making exhibitions for the curious.

FRAS. DANA,
January 26. 2 Bumstead Place.

From the Phil. Saturday Courier.

PHRENOTYPTICS.

WONDERS IN CALCULATION; RAPID ACQUIREMENT OF LANGUAGE.—A late foreign journal makes some statements which will at least be curious to the reader. It informs us that Major Beniouski has been lately astonishing the visitors of the Royal Adelaide Gallery, by his wonderful attainments in the long lost and little known art of Mnemonics. On Tuesday he gave a succinct history of artificial memory, from the time of Aristotle and his pupil, Alexander the Great, down to that of Von Feinagle, Padis and Crook; and exemplified the excellence and utility of the art by submitting to the most rigid examination and cross questioning, in the tabular departments of various languages and sciences, among others in a system of Chronology, embracing the whole time from the creation of the world to A. D. 1815; here his rapid answers from the *fact* to the *date*, and from the *date* to the *fact*, elicited the most unanimous applause. Nor was this all; a date being given, and any one of twelve principal nations in the world named, he recited on the instant the event required; following the same with parallel events in the eleven other nations, as their names were pronounced. At a repetition of his exhibition on Thursday, he commenced with a lesson by which he quickly communicated the principles of the art to his auditory; who, upon examination, were found to have learned a table of unconnected words in a few seconds; he did this in order to dispel a doubt that had been raised as to his power of communicating his method to others. He then distributed copies of the first book of the Iliad, having the lines numbered among the persons present, requesting that they would express any number, and he would recite the corresponding line; also, that they would recite particular lines, and he would give the corresponding numbers.—All this he executed to admiration; and even offered to recite the whole book backwards, beginning with the last or 789th line! His most wonderful feat, however, was the calculation of logarithms, from one to one hundred. This he did in an instant: that is, as soon as he had written down the number uttered by an auditor, he followed it by writing the logarithm on the same line on the board, so that the person who put the question might compare the result with the table in his hands. He performed the same series of difficult operations by *inversion*; that is, when the logarithm was given, he instantly wrote down the original or radical number. The journal from which we quote thinks this to be the greatest effort of the human mind that has ever been attempted; nay, that it exceeds the Major's own proposition to his pupils, that of enabling them to learn any other language perfectly in three weeks! Already several classes of phrenotyptic pupils have been formed under his direction in the Adelaide Gallery.

Humorous Sketches.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Drawing a Chalk Line;

OR RESERVING THE RIGHT OF PASSAGE.

This is a strange world, or, if you please, many strange things occur in this world—either way suits us,—and amongst the strange things which happen in this strange world, some are ludicrous and some are serious, some are one thing and some another. Many things too which take place, are shrouded in the dark pall of mystery, and remain unknown and inexplicable, till some chance of fate or fortune draws aside the veil from our vision, and we behold objects which before we had not thought of. Thus has it been with the present story, which we are about to unfold. Like a sweet flower blushing unseen, it has long remained concealed. But chance has given it to us, and we shall now give to our readers the story of *Drawing a Chalk-Line, or Reserving the Right of Passage.*

"Once upon a time," there came to this city a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the sciences of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a "little sprinkling" of waggishness. He was inducted into the charity hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous yet cold; and he thus addressed his new comdanion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have have had several former room-mates, with none of whom could I ever agree: we never could pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim that nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," says the Frenchman, "I'll draw the 'boundary line' between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights," and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty?"

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while "Old Kentuck" was watching him, and thinking what a singular genius he must be, and how he might "fix" him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung; the Frenchman hopped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and mustachois, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with his toe to the mark, directly before the French student, "if you cross that line, by ——, you're a dead man!"

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed, "Is it possible I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is the window, which you *reserved* to yourself; you may use that; but you pass not that —*my* door, which you generously *left* me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not "what it's cracked up to be," said to his new friend, "*Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable*, I'll rub out that hateful chalk-line, and let you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that "boundary question" they have been the very best of friends.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Angel of the Leaves.

AN ALLEGORY—BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"Alas! alas!" said the sorrowing tree, "my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory is vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts.—Who will leave me such another? Piece by piece it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off in the air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sung in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

"I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glassy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the

earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness has gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of this beautiful gift?"

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

"My beloved tree," said he, "be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee.—Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep thy promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

"The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavier on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by the roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

"Thy blood has only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm.—Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

"The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for the another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season."

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree.—But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed her down. "My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!"

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree: the ice cakes glistened as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned, and bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy and unsullied. The dust of summer had not lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profoned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

LIGHT PIES.—A landlady in Philadelphia makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate sized piece.

The Lafayette Chronicle, says, than an old toper in that place, actually sold his wife's 'bustle,' to buy rum—shocking!

HOW PARSON —— GOT MARRIED TO MISS ——. Our readers shall have the benefit of a good story that we once heard read. Here it is: Traveling into town one night about dusk, Parson —— had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who had among other worldly possessions, two or three very fine daughters. He had scarcely knocked at the door when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought, threw her arms round his neck, and before he had time to say, "Oh, don't!" pressed her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain deserved. In utter astonishment the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something when the damsel exclaimed, "Oh, mercy, mercy! Mr. ——, is that you? I thought as much as could be it was my brother Henry."

"Pshaw!" thought the parson to himself, "you didn't think any such thing." But, taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone, "There is no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness: though you ought to be a little more careful!"

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek; while the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted pastor plodded homewards he argued with himself in this wise:

"Miss —— knew it was I who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in ——— pshaw! why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love her husband? for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life!"

Three weeks after the above incident, Parson —— was married to Miss ——.—*Miner's Jour.*

ST. PAUL'S MARTYRDOM AND GRAVE.—There seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend as to St. Paul's martyrdom and his grave, the localities of which are in themselves likely enough, and even derive some additional probability from the way in which the tradition connects these incidents with the death of St. Peter. About three miles from the Gate of St. Paul, on the heights which swell gradually from the left bank of the Tiber, in a solitary hollow among green hills, lies the spot anciently called "Ad Aquas Salvias," which is said to have been the scene of the holy man's suffering. The beautiful seclusion of the region, surrounded in every quarter by the bare hilly downs, which are excavated in many spots into "dens and caves of the earth," similar to those in which the early christians so often took refuge, inspires a feeling that is pleasantly consonant to the event, and is scarcely disturbed by the tradition pointing to the three fountains as miraculously struck out by the saint's head, when it fell under the sword. These springs give to the three churches erected on the spot, the modern name of the Abbey of the Three Fountains. All the three wells are enclosed in one of the churches, and beside the first of them stands a marble column, to which, we are told, the apostle was beheaded. From the second church, we enter the burying ground named after the third, which is that of the Saints Zeno and Anastasius, where, says the legend, lie the bodies of full ten thousand martyrs, slain in this valley after they had assisted in erecting the baths of Diocletian. Descending the heights to the bank of the Tiber, we arrive at the ruins of the Basilica of St. Paul, which, we are told, contains the apostle's body, removed by the pious matron, St. Lucina, from its first place of interment in the catacombs, to this spot on her own grounds. The proximity of this church to the road leading toward Ostia does little to remove that appearance of seclusion which it shares with the place of martyrdom.—*Italy and the Italian Islands.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was chosen member for York, (in England,) his daughter in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying "Miss Wilberforce forever! Miss Wilberforce forever!!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stairs, and motioning to the populace to be quiet, said very emphatically, "Nay gentlemen, if you please not Miss Wilberforce for ever!" which sent them all home in good humor.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Many of our readers are probably informed that this journal is now under the control of O. S. Fowler. The January and February numbers are of a character to insure its patrons that they have lost nothing by the change. Mr. Fowler is rendering the work highly practicable. Each number contains 48 pages, elegantly executed, at the low price of $2 a year.

☞ In the March number will be commenced a reply to Dr. Hamilton's anti-phrenological lecture. Our citizens, who may be supposed to feel quite an interest in this controversy, can now have an opportunity of seeing a reply to *the* production which has justly been considered as embracing all the prominent objections to phrenology. Of course, if Mr. Fowler controverts Mr. Hamilton's positions, the whole anti-phrenological phalanx must fall.

Subscriptions are received at this office, by R. L. ADAMS.

URE'S DICTIONARY.—This is a dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, by ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S. Its re-publication, in periodical form, has just been commenced, in New York, by La Roy Sunderland. We can hardly speak in terms of too great praise of this work, or of the undertaking of publishing it as commenced. It is one of the most useful books ever written, and must have cost a vast amount of labor and research. To the manufacturer, mettalurgist, merchant, broker, druggist, revenue officer, and to capitalists, it will prove to be of great practical good; and the general reader will also find in it a fund of knowledge to be found in no other single publication. It will be illustrated by 1241 engravings, and published, in semi-monthly numbers, for $5,25; or 25 cents a number, as it will be completed in 21 numbers. It will contain near 1400 large and closely-printed pages. The original cost of this work is $11. Who will not subscribe for it at the present cheap rate?

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,—Gives a rich treat for February. We have not space to name the articles, but we notice that the contributors are among the most distinguished periodical writers. "My Bonnie Steed," a mezzotinto engraving, is one of the most exquisitely executed plates that we ever saw. The music, "The Dream is Past," by S. Glover, will be sung by many. We see the editor is improving in regard to the use of *dashes*. We hope he will make a thorough reform.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK,—Should be patronised by community in general, and the younger portion in particular. The first article of this month is a tale called the "Prodigal's Return;" it is illustrated by a good steel engraving. It would be a good thing if some of the unpromising scions of wealth, and other young scape-graces, would read this story. It might do them good. As a general remark, we may say, in the words of the publishers, this work is a magazine of useful and entertaining knowledge.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—The February number of this periodical, so highly prized in the commercial community, is unusually interesting. It contains a long and able article, by Robert Greenhow, upon the "Falkland Islands" at the southern extremity of the American continent.—The writer has embodied all the material facts, both historical and descriptive, of these Islands, and shows their intimate relations to the prosperity of the American whale and seal fisheries. The whole is illustrated by a map. The Magazine contains a short but excellent chapter on the "Me-

pals of Trade," and other original papers upon the "Laws relative to debtor and creditor in Alabama," "The trade of foreigners to Russia," "The Currency," "Government Paper," &c. It has also a fine tale entitled the "Confidential Clerk."

LADIES' COMPANION.—The February number of this favorite was published in good season, it having reached us about the 1st. The typography, as usual, is unexceptionable; and, if we may judge from the contributors' names, the reading matter is very good. The embellishments, a plate of fashions and a view of Utica, are well executed.

NEW YORK VISITOR.—The February number has been received. It has an attractive engraving, a "Winter Scene on the Kaaters-kills," a night scene, which alone is worth the price of the number. It has some useful reading, among which we notice a biographical notice of Sir Astley Cooper, and the "Climate of England and America."

LAW REPORTER.—We have heretofore noticed this as a useful publication, and one that should be in the hand of every lawyer. As an illustration of its utility, we notice, in the February number, seven recent American decisions, besides several other articles, among which is one upon the Bankrupt law.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This is a treat for children; and a treat too we are glad to say, that is not filled with trash worthless and vitiating; but on the contrary its contents are of a nature that will elevate and instruct the reader. By the way, the editor is the genuine Peter Parley, alias, S. G. Goodrich; and this is the highest recommend that can be given.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—The second number contains twelve pieces of music, six of them being original. "The Suitors," an original ballad, the words by Gen. Morris, and the music by Chs. E. Horn, is delightful. "Song to My Mary," is another rare production. We hope the musical amateurs of Rochester will accommodate themselves, as well as the publishers, by fully patronizing this publication.

MUSICAL CABINET,—Published in Boston, and edited by Webb & Hayward, the former, at least, one of the best composers in America, is the same size as the Lady's Musical Library; but the latter has a third more music, and is published at a little more than one-half the price of the former. But the Cabinet devotes several pages of each number to literary and miscellaneous reading, which will be a good off-set.

NEW YORK LANCET.—The Lancet continues the publication of Dr. Mott's lectures. The number of Feb. 12th has an excellent notice of the practice of interring the dead amidst the habitations of the living. Rochester, happily, is avoiding this barbarity in a great measure. Did the editor ever visit Mount Hope?

THE PEOPLE'S LIBRARY,—Has reached its fifth number, which is still devoted to the continuation of the Confessions of Harry Lorrequer. Those who want novels cannot obtain them cheaper, nor in a more elegant style, than in this publication.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February contains the usual number of sterling papers upon various subjects, some of which are continuations of former numbers. A capital story, "The Heiress and her Friends," appears in this number. The third number of the Sketches of Italy is more entertaining than usual.

LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.—The February number contains two plates of fashions, the most elegant we ever saw. It has some good reading. Ladies who want the latest fashions, got up in the finest style, accompanied by a comfortable share of "light literature," cannot more easily accomplish what they wish than by patronizing this work.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—This, as we have before had occasion to remark, is a marvelously pleasant magazine. Its contributions are usually distinguished by a beauty or perhaps a gentility of style, seldom approached in the columns of its contemporaries. Sometimes, also, its articles are really above the common run of these things. Of the latter description, in the February number, we may mention "The Attorney," (a chapter of which is given in our preceding columns,) "An Apology for Authors," "The Pic Nic," "Grenada and the Alhambra," "The Polygon Papers," "Fleanee," &c. &c. As a whole, this number, though containing less of the positively brilliant than some of its predecessors, has still less of the exceptionable, as far as the prose articles are concerned. "The Antiquity of Freedom," by Bryant, is a poem of much merit.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—This is one of Mrs. Mason's re-publications, the January number of which has just reached us. It contains an excellent review of Tytler's history of Scotland; the Curse of Kishoge, a poem; Letters from Italy; several tales; and a variety of other reading matters of a high order. This is a work not extensively known in this region, but it is, nevertheless, a most excellent one.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—The February number contains a biography of George M. Dallas, accompanied by a superb steel engraving of this distinguished man. It also has an able article "ON ASSOCIATION AND ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY," by the talented advocate of this new scheme to alleviate human misery, Mr. Albert Brisbane. Upon the whole, this is an attractive number.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.—The publishers have given us a most interesting number for this month. The young will read it with pleasure, and receive rom it instruction as well as amusement.

PICTORIAL LIBRARY:—History of Napoleon.—Numbers 4 and 5 have reached us. Those who desire a history of this great man, well written, elegantly got up, and very cheap, will find it in the Pictorial Library.

☞ LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade, sells single numbers of the foregoing publications, at the publishers' prices, and receive subscriptions.

AUTOGRAPHS.—The Buffalo Commercial a few days ago had a "Chapter upon Autographs," in which was related an amusing anecdote of Daniel O'Connel who, on being applied to for a "specimen of his hand writing" by an autograph-hunter, returned an angry reply, peevishly refusing to comply with his "troublesome request." The answer of course contained just what the fellow wanted. We were reminded by this anecdote of the largest collection of autographs we have ever seen, now in possession of a gentleman in this city who has held various public situations in the neighboring province of Canada, and has been several times to Europe. Most of them were collected in London. We examined this collection which consists of several hundred, a day or two ago, and found the signatures of many of the most distinguished characters of the present century. We saw the names of George the Fourth, Lord Sidmouth, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Richmond, Sir Henry Parnell, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Howick, Mr. Labouchere, William Cobbett, C. Manners Sutton, (late Speaker of the House of Commons, but now Lord Canterbury,) Lord Auckland, Joseph Hume, the late Radical leader of the House of Commons, Spring Rice, (now Lord Mounteagle, we believe,) Earl Spencer, Lord Jeffery, Editor of the Edinburgh Review, Sir. James Scarlett who figures as "Scarlet Jem" in Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," the Archbishop of Canterbury, Daniel O'Connell, Sir J. Sinclair, the late George Canning and many others whom we do not now recollect.

Of distinguished authors we noticed the signatures of Sir Walter Scott, John Galt, the Historian of Byron, Dr. Bowring, George Combe, the Phrenologist, Harriet Martineau, Lady Blessington, and an original letter from E. L. Bulwer.

Many of these autographs contain the seals and armorial bearings of their respective authors, and form altogether a rare and curious collection. The writing of many of the "noble lords" is, like Tony Lumpkin's, ornamented with such "handles, shanks and dashes that one can scarcely tell the head from the tail."

There are also in this collection the names of many distinguished American statesmen, among which the cramped and tremulous hand of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS stands conspicuous.

MESMERISM.—This matter, which its friends denominate a science, is attracting considerable attention in various parts of the country. Mr. Sunderland, of the New York Watchman, and Mr. Fowler, of the Phrenological Journal, are advocates of its truth. Many others are experimenting and publishing the results. These are men whose veracity we cannot question; and we must confess that their revelations indicate something more than humbug and quackery. We wish some *reputable* man would call this way and give us a specimen of his skill in the art.

WE THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TO THIS.—The Plymouth Rock says:

"We have been favored by a young lady, with the reading of a copy of a letter from 'Box,' in reply to a request made by some three or four Plymouth ladies, for a lock of Dickens' hair. He declines a compliance with that request, because it would afford a precedent, which, if followed, would shortly result in total baldness. Box couched his letter in very pretty terms, and his reply was a proper one."

SUNRISE.—This is what Grace Harkaway, in London Assurance, says of it:

"The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning; the silent song the flowers breathe; the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause. These swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some lofty and merry tale into the daylight's ear; as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled over the telling of it!"

WESTERN POLITENESS.—A young sprig of the law, from one of our eastern cities, happening at a party one night, in Illinois, "a real sucker blow out," where he determined to show out a little. He accordingly stepped up to the smartest looking damsel present, and very politely requested the honor of her hand at the next dance; upon which she turned to her sister, exclaiming, "Here, Sal, just hold my bonnet, while I take a trot with this ere hoss."

"THE LAST.—Young Temperance ladies at the North, now kiss young gentlemen's lips to see whether they have been tasting toddy."

Thus says an exchange paper. We know several fellows in these parts whose lips are so completely soaked in toddy that it would make a girl drunk to kiss them. Temperance girls should not "come it."—*Binghamton Rep.*

It is related of Judge Jeffries, that taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, he told him that, "if his conscience were as long as his beard, he must have a swingen one." To which the witness replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."

"Jim" said Abner Phelps the other day to his son—"Jim you are lazy, what on earth do you expect to do for a living!"

"Why father, Iv'e been thinking as how, I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner!"

A STICKING PLASTER.—We notice in a Missouri paper the marriage of a Mr. Milton *Plaster* to Miss Hellen Stringfellow.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Written during Illness.

Sadly I count the heavy hour,
In hope to see the day;
How painful are the steps of Time,
When thorns must mark his way.

The day appears with sad caprice,
I wish again for night;
How heavy are the wings of Time,
When grief arrests his flight.

Of each slow moving hour, my heart
A sad memorial takes;
How slowly roll the wheels of Time,
When hope the reins forsakes.

Yet not in quiet, peaceful calm,
These silent moments pass;
Disordered run the sands of Time,
When anguish shakes the glass. "MIRA."

[The following lines are inserted by request.—They are said to be taken from a Southern Paper.]

Lines to Miss ——.

Fare-thee-well! the word is spoken,
I shall rove life's path alone;
For thy vow may yet be broken,
And my brightest hope hath flown.
I had deemed our hearts were blended,
Ah! how fondly did I deem,
But my dream of bliss is ended,
Would its *waking* were a dream.

Lady! thou, and I have parted,
Weal or woe how'er betide,
I may wander broken hearted,
Thou, wilt be another's bride.
Yet fair one, with fond emotion
I will think upon thee yet;
I have loved with deep devotion,
And I cannot all forget!

As a sorrowing turtle mourneth,
For his loved and parted mate,
Thus to thee my spirit turneth,
In its loneness desolate.
And though far the wave hath borne me,
Still I own love's silken band;
But 'tis sinful thus to mourn thee,
While another claims thy hand.

Then, as memory never sleepeth,
All throughout this varying track,
But our soul's fond idol keepeth,
And to loved one's, wanders back,
I will deem thee, greatful duty,
Far too bright for mortal bliss;
Thou shalt be a nymph of beauty
From some brigh er clime than this.

None shall know I was thy lover,
While we roam through life apart,
Or thine image ere discover,
Locked within my faithful heart.
Yet that image I will cherish,
Wheresoe'er I turn my feet,
nd it shall not, cannot perish,
Till my heart forgets to beat.

Lady! thou are gentle hearted,
And thou wilt not scorn my strain;
We have MET, and we have PARTED,
And we MAY not me t again.
Chide not, thou, my heart's emotion,
Deeper far than words can tell;
I have loved with fond devotion,
Loved one, lost one! fare-thee-well!

The Human Heart.

The human heart—no mortal eye
Hath seen its strings lay bare,
A beauty and a mystery
Is all that resteth there.

In love, how silently 't will brood
O'er feelings unconfessed—
A bird that feeds in solitude
The younglings of its nest!

Its hate is like volcanic fire!
We reck not of its wrath,
Till bursts the lava of its ire
Around its scorching path!

Its *friendship!* oh, the blessed seeds
It strews in Time's dark bowers,
That spring through misery's bitter weeds,
To crown life's cup with flowers!

The heart's despair! what simile
Portrays its gloom aright?
It is the hell of memory—
Unutterable night!

Its holiness—a tree whileome
Eternity supplies,
And flocking to its branches come
The birds of Paradise!

In every human change the heart
Is but a living lyre,
Where each fixed passion plays its part
Upon a separate wire!

But harsh and wild the tone will be
While passion round them clings:
It never breathes true melody
Till God has touched the strings!

ENGLAND.

There's blood upon thy jewelled sword,
And shame upon thy crown;
Pollution marks thy belted lord,
And sin thy churchman's gown;
And from the islands of the sea
The groan of millions curses thee.

Thy masses in their hovels pine,
Or curse thee, while they toil;
Thy nobles, of illustrious line,
Like vampires, suck thy s il;
And now, proud 'mistress of the sea,'
The meanest wretch gives food to thee!

A queen upon a throne of gold—
A parliament of drones—
A nation's voice that's bought and sold,
While every cottage groans;
An army o'er the wide world spread,
To gather garments from the dead.

A bird of pray!—with bloody beak
Now feeding on its young,
Now going forth, with hellish shriek,
The bleeding tribes among.
Proud scavenger of land and sea,
Avenging Heaven has noted thee!

Disturber of Creation's peace!—
Destroyer of the laws!—
When will your march of murder cease?
When will your legions pause?
When mail-clad men shall make your grave
By Jayan's towers and Erie's wave.

But hark! a cry of vengeance rings
From Indus and the Nile;
It thunders death to Europe's kings,
And starts in Albion's isle;
That power whose flag is never furled—
Whose morning drum beats round the world.

Proud boaster! know that deeds of blood—
Of broken faith and shame—
Have made thee mistress of the flood,
And magnified thy name:
And think how Rome, the mighty, sank
When rolled the Northern avalanche.

Well may'st thou stand, when nations wheel
Their cannon to'ards thy throne!
But when thy starving millions feel
A foe in thee alone,
Not throne, nor lords, nor martial power,
Can stand the onset of that hour! J. E. DOW.

Love's Victim.

Oh, list to me Lizzy,
You sweet lump of candy!
Love makes me feel dizzy,
Like sugar and brandy.
My vision is reeling—
My brains are all burning—
And the sweet cream of feeling
Is curdled by churning;
For my heart 'neath my jacket
Is up and down jumping:
And keeps up a racket
With its thumping and bumping;
Oh, show me one smile—'tis my last supplication!
I crave nothing further—'twill be my salvation!

Oh, Lizzy, I'm worsted—
I feel it all over:
I'm done up and bursted—
A broken down lover!
The joys of my bosom
Have cut stick and vanish'd:
I know'd I should lose 'em
When my true love you banished;
The world has grown dreary,
In its sackcloth of sorrow;
Of life I am weary,
And wish that the morrow
Would dawn on my grave, in that peace-giving valley,
Where I'd care not for you, nor for Susan nor Sally.

I know 'tis a sin to—
But I'm bent on the notion;
I'll throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean,
Where mud eels and cat-fish
On my body shall riot,
And flounders and flat-fish
Select me for diet;
There soundly I'll slumber
Beneath the rough billow,
And crabs without number
Will crawl o'er my pillow:
But my spirit shall wander thro' the gay coral bowers,
And frisk with a mermaid—it shall by the powers.

The Dreary Earth.

I have seen the bride turn pale,
Beneath the wreaths she wore,
The mother weap and wail
Above the boy she bore;
I've seen the bud decay
Before it bloomed to birth:
And such is aye the way
In all this dreary earth!

And all the flowers that ope
Before the moontide, die,
And every siren hope
Will sing young Love a lie;
And every smiling Spring
Will die away in death,
For death is tyrant king
Of all this dreary earth!

And glory!—'tis deceit,—
That high-born Spirit's curse!
And beauty is a cheat—
The lovier the worst!
And Heaven, the only sight
That gilds our meaner birth—
'Tis God's unchanging light
Must change this dreary earth!

Men's Gait.

—— "There's matter in men's gait, good Robert!
There you have the impress of their callings;
There's the clerk's gait, which implies obedience;
The shopkeeper's, half service, half command;
The merchant's, o'er revolting speculations;
The lawyer's, quick and keen at quirks and flaws;
The student's, ponderous as piles of folios;
The courtier's, supple, prompt for courtesies;
The soldier's, keeping time with drums and trumpets,
And twenty others—all most common place;
But there's one gait that's paramount to all—
The gentlemen's, that speaks not any calling;
And while it meditates offence to none,
Shews him at liberty to please himself;
Observes a proper negligence towards all,
And imperturable complacency!"

Kindness.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then, deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

Marriages.

In this city, on the evening of the 31st ult. by the Rev Mr. Carlton, Mr. JAMES HENDERSON to Miss NANCY JANE HOLTON, all of this city.

In this city, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. S. Babcock, to Miss Delia Green.

On the 31st ult., by the same, Mr. Hiram Defendorf, to Miss Eliza Wilson, all of this city.

In Gates, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. James B. Shaw, of this city, Mr. Oliver Bennett, of St. Louis, Missouri, to Miss Mary Sophia Garrett, of the former place.

In Farmington, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Lucas Hubbell, of Phelps, Mr. Walter Robinson, of Macedon, to Miss Elizabeth O. Johnson, daughter of Robert Johnson, Esq., of Farmington.

In Sodus, on the 22d ult., by Alexander B. Williams, Esq. Mr. Francis Boyle, to Miss Sally M. Phelps, of Sodus.

At Marcellus, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Ruga, Charles W. Moseley, son of the Hon. Daniel Moseley of Onondaga, to Miss Phebe Jane, daughter of Capt. Gad Curtiss, of the former place.

In Orangeville, on the 6th instant, by Luman H. Babbit, Esq., Mr. Abrahnm Allen, to Miss Lydia Collins, both of Warsaw.

In Kendall, on the 26th ult., by Adin Manly, Esq., of Clarkson, Mr. Charles Elliott, to Miss Debarah Prosser, both of the former place.

At Troy, by the Rev. Dr. Beman, Mr. Hiram C. Foster, merchant of Galway, Saratoga county, to Miss Parmelia Jeune, of the latter place.

In Elmira, Chemung county, at Maxwell Park, by the Rev. P. H. Fowler, JOHN McQUHAE, of Philadelphia, to AZUBA B. CARPENTER, adopted daughter of Wm. Maxwell, Esq., of that place.

In Alexander, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. David S. Buck, of Attica, to Miss Eliza Wales, of the former place.

In Lockport, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Vaill, Mr. Manly Perkins, of Cazenovia, and Miss Louisa Brim, daughter of Mr. Henry Brim. On the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Harrington, Mr. John Phares, and Miss Catherine Penoyer, all of Seneca Falls.

In Lockport, on the 13th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Holcomb, Mr. James Osborne Stokes, to Miss Margaret Eliza Burlock, daughter of David Burlock, Esq., late of St. Croix, W. I. On the 30th ult., by A. T. Prentice, Esq., Francis Allen, to Hannah Nash, both of Lockport. On the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Selmser, Mr. John G. Wagnor, to Miss Gertrude Eliza Murphy, all of Lockport.

In St. James' Church, Batavia, on the 20th ult., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, the Hon. Joseph Grant, of Oswego, to Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Jonas Williams, of Williamsville.

In Rush, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Copeland, Mr. Peter P. Stull, to Miss Julia, daughter of Nathan Jefferds, Esq.

At Washington, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. W. Hawley, William Waller, Esq., of Williamsburg, Virginia, to Elizabeth Tyler, third daughter of the President of the United States.

In Murray, on the evening of the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. A. M. HARRIS, of Rochester, to Miss MARY W. STONE, of Murray.

In Clarendon, Jan. 30, by Zarelius Tousley, Esq., Mr. John Robinson to Miss Rhoda Goodenough, all of Clarendon.

In Murray, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Stoughton, Mr. Rensselaer Balcom to Miss Anna Wheeler, all of Murray.

In Mendon, on the 10th inst., by Benjamin Smith, Esq., Mr. J. S. Davis to Minerva Ann, daughter of Benjamin Adsit, late of this city.

A WHOLESALE BUSINESS.—The following Hymeneal notice is copied from the Franklin (Tennessee) Review of the 7th ultimo.

Married, in this place, on Tuesday evening the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. M. L. Andrews:
Mr. Lemuel Farmer, to Miss Mirinda McGeu.
Mr. G. W. Kidd, to Miss E. C. Still.
Mr. James Henly, to Miss Jane Nolen,
Mr. Thomas Harris, to Miss Ellen Adams.
Mr. M. D. Twomey, to Miss H. W. Terrill.
Mr J. M. Mangrum, to Miss S. E. Elliot.
Mr. N. B. Farmer, to Miss M. A. E. Harvey.
Mr. J. M. Priest, to Miss M. Vawter.
Mr. William M. Witt, jr., to Miss C. A. Grigsby.
Mr. Carter Stanfield, to Miss N. Bennett.
Mr. L. Gwin, to Miss M. Modlin.
Peter Owen, Esq., to Miss M. C. Brooks.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Country Schoolmaster is one of the most marked characters of the country. Spite of the tingling remembrance of his blows, we have a real love for him, and sympathise with him in his sense of neglect. He complains, and justly too, that he has had the first moulding of the intellects of many of the greatest geniuses which this country has produced, yet what genius in his glory has looked back to his old dominie with a grateful recognition? The worthy Sir Walter Scott is almost the only one. Dominie Sampson, Reuben Butler, Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish clerk of Gandercleugh, and Peter Pattieson, are delightful proofs of the fact. But Scott saw the world of peculiar character which lies in the Country Schoolmaster, and disdained not to honor it as it deserved. Beyond this, little renown, in faith, has the village Dionysius won.—Shenstone has done fitting honor to the village schoolmistress; but the master has been fain to shelter himself under the sole bush of laurel which the good-natured Oliver Goldsmith has planted to his renown in "The Deserted Village."

Poor fellow! true enough are Oliver's words, "Past is all his fame." He has had a quiet and a flattering life of it, for many a generation; the rustics have gazed and wondered

"That one small head should carry all he knew."

But the innovations of this innovating age have reached even him at last. He has built his cabin in an obscure hamlet, or, as in Ireland, set up his hedge-school under some sunny bank; he has retreated to the remotest glens, and the fastnesses of unfrequented mountains, but even there, the modern spirit of reform has found him out. He sees a cloud of ruinous blackness collecting over his head, out of which are about to spring ten thousand school-masters of a new-fangled stamp; and he knows that it is all up with him forever. The railroad of national education is about to run thro' his ancient patrimony, and he shakes his head as he asks himself whether he is to come in for equitable compensation. No, his fame is past, and his occupation is going too. He is to be run down by an act of parliament to set him up. He was the selector of his own location, the builder of his own fortunes. The good old honest stimulant of caring for himself led him to care for the education of his neighbor's children; he needed no subscription to buy land and build a spacious school; he opened his cottage door, and in walked all the lads of the hamlet and neighboring farms, with slates slung round their necks, books under their arms, and their dinners in their bags. For fourpence a week, reading and spelling, and sixpence for those who write and cipher, he gave them hard benches and hard blows; and when he had as many stowed into his little house as were about enow to stifle him and one another, thought himself a lucky fellow, and looked around on the whole horde, with dirty faces and corduroy jackets and trousers, rough heads and white or blue pinafores, with a pride which saw the future neighborhood filled with clever fellows, all of his own drubbing.

Poor old schoolmaster! little didst thou foresee these topsy-turvy times when I used to sit among such a rustic crew, and achieve pot-hooks and fish-hooks at that sorely blotted and lacerated desk; and saw thee sitting in thy glory, looking, in my eyes, the very image of mortal greatness. Little, as we stole late into school, having been delayed by the charms of birds'-nests or cockchafers, and heard the thunder forth in lion-tones, "Eh! what's this?

'A miller, a moller,
A ten o'clock scholar.'

March this way, march this way!" little, as we ran, wild truants, through cowslip fields, and by sunny brooks, with hearts beating with mingled rapture and dread of the morrow; little, as we riotously barred thee out for a holiday, did we ever dream that so dark a day could come upon thee! But, in faith, it is just at hand, and if we are to preserve a portrait of the Country Schoolmaster, we must sketch it now or never.

Oliver Goldsmith has hit off some of his most striking features. The Country Schoolmaster, in his finest field of glory, the hamlet—where, except the clergyman, there are no higher personages than old-fashioned farmers, who received their *book-larning* from himself or his predecessor—is a man of importance, both in his own eyes and others. He yet makes the rustics stare at his "words of learned length and thundering sound;" he can yet dispute with the parson, though he more frequently is the profound admirer of his reverence: he looks upon himself as the greatest man in the parish, except the parson, whose knowledge he extols to the skies, and whose reading of the church services he pronounces the finest in the world. The villagers always link "our parson and our schoolmaster" in one breath of admiration. If the schoolmaster can quote a sentence of Latin, wonderful is then their wonder of his powers. He is always styled "a long-headed fellow, as deep as the north star." As in Goldsmith's days, he can still often guage, and is the land-measurer of the district. In the bright evening nook of the public house, where the farmer, and the village shopkeeper, and the blacksmith duly congregate, his voice is loud, his air is lofty, and his word is law. There he often confounds their intellects by some such puzzling query as "Whether the egg or the bird was made first?" "What man Cain expected to meet in the wilderness before there was a man there?" or "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?"

If he be self-educated, as he generally is, he has spent the best part of his life in studying Latin; or he is deep in mathematics; or he has dived into the mysteries of astrology; has great faith in Raphael's annual prognostications, and in "Culpepper's Herbal." His literature consists of a copy of verses sent now and then to the neighboring newspaper, or solutions of mathemetical problems for the learned columns of the same. Perhaps he adventures a flight so high as one of the London magazines; and if, by chance, his lucubration should appear in the "Gentleman's," his pride is unbounded, and his reputation in his neighborhood made for life. His library has been purchased at the bookstall of the next market town, or he has taken it in at the door in numbers from the walking stationer. "Rapin's History of England," "Josephus," and "Barclay's Dictionary," in large quartos on coarse paper, and the histories with coarse cuts, are sure to figure amongst them. He carries on a little trade in ink, pens, writing paper, and other stationary, himself. If he be married, his wife is almost sure to drive a still brisker trade in gingerbread, Darby-and-Joans, toffy and lollipops. As he is famous for his penmanship, he is the great letter-writer of the neighborhood, and many is the love secret that is confided to his ear. Nay, he letters sign-boards, and cart-boards, and coffin-plates; for who is there besides that can? He makes wills, and has, in former days, before the lawyers hedged round their monopoly with the penalty of illegality on such deeds, drawn conveyances, and was the peaceful practitioner in all such affairs for his neighborhood.

Oh! multifarious are the doings of the Country Schoolmaster, and amusing are their variety. What an air of pedagogic pomp distinguishes him; how antiquely amusing is his school costume often; how much more amusing the piebald patchwork of his language. His address has frequently no little of mine ancient *Pistol* in it. But how uniquely curious is the Country Schoolmaster in love! I happen to have in my possession the actual love-letter of a Country Schoolmaster, which, as a curiosity, is worth transcribing. The Dominie has now long been married to his fair one,

who is as pretty a little Tartar as any in the country. He writes something in the phraseology of a Quaker, but he is, in fact, the parish-clerk. In copying the letter, I alter not a word, except the actual names of places:

NUTHURST, Nov. 1st, 1816.

"Esteemed Friend: I embrace the present opportunity of addressing these few lines unto thee, hoping they will find thee in good health, which leaves me the same, thank my God! Respected P., I have often told thee I don't much like illustrating my sentiments by correspondence, but I write with a majestic air of animation and delight when I communicate my thoughts to one that I love beyond description; yes! to one that is virtuous, innocent, and unblemishable; which has a comely behaviour, a loving disposition, and a goodly principle. And thou, the person! charming fair one, which may justly boast of thy virtue, and laugh at others' aspersion. Dear P., when I reflect on all thy amiable qualities, and fond endearments, I am charmingly exalted, and amply satisfied. My senses are the more stimulated with love, and every wish gives thee a congratulation. Amiable P., I've meditated on our former accompaniments, and been wonderfully dignified at thine condescending graces. I, in particular, admire thy good temper, and thine relentful forgiveness. For when we have partook of a walk together, some trifling idea has exasperated my disposition, and rendered my behavior ungenerous and disreputable. Thou, like a benevolent friend, soothest the absurd incensement, and instantly resuscitated our respective amorousness, and doubly exaggerated our loving enamours. While, above all others, I thee regard, and whilst love is spontaneously imprinted in our hearts, let it have its unbounded course. Loving Friend, I was more than a little gratified that thou wrote to thy Mrs., which was thy duty, for she has been thy peculiar friend, and gave thee competent admonition. She is a faithful monitor, and a well-wisher to thine everlasting welfare. I was absolutely grieved when I heard of thee not being well, and completely fretted that I was aloof, and could not sympathize with thy inconsolitary moments. I candidly hope thy cough is better, and I earnestly desire that our absence may be immediately transformed into lasting presence, that we may enjoy our fond hopes and loving embraces.

"My dear, the last Sunday night that I was at Bivington, I parted with thee about four o'clock; and I stopped in the market-place looking at the soldiers parading, and hearkening the band playing, till about six; then I proceeded on my nightly excursion. I called at the public house, and was spouting a little of my romantic nonsense, and I instantly received a blow from a person in the adjoining company. I never retaliated, which was very surprising, but a wisely omission. I should not have troubled thee with this tedious explanation hadst thou not been preposterously informed about the subject. Thy ingrateful relations can't help telling thee of my vain actions, which is said purposely to abolish our acquaintance. But we are so accustomed to their insinuating persuasions and ambidextrous tales, that renders them unlikely to execute their wishful designs. Our loves are too inflexible than to be separated by a set of contemptuous oafs.

"My dearest dear, at this present I wish I had thee dandling between my arms. I would give that sweet mouth ten thousand kisses, for I prefer thy well-composed structure above all other secular beauties.

"Loving P——, I will positively come to fetch at the respective period, when we can have a consolable and delightful journey homewards, reanimate our fond and innocent delights, salute at pleasure, and every kiss will sweeten our progressive paths; they will add delightfully to our warm affections, and invigorate us to perform our journey with the greatest facility.

"I thank thee for sending thy complimental love to me, which I conclude with ten thousand respects.

"I remain, thine ever faithful and constant lover, S. G——."

But this is only the ludicrous side of the Country Schoolmaster; he has another and a noble one. Much as we may now despise him, and lightly as we may desire, by one sweeping act of parliament, to consign him and all his compeers to instant ruin and a union work-house *finale*, to him the country owes a large debt of gratitude. Without aid of parliament, or parish, from age to age, he has opened his little gymnasium, and tamed and civilized the Fauns and Satyrs of the rural wilderness. What little light and knowledge have radiated through our villages and fields, it is he that has kindled them. It is he who has enabled the farmer, the miller, the baker, and every little tradesman and mechanic to conduct his affairs, manage his markets, and add to the capital of the nation. It is he who has taught the rough cub of the hamlet to make his bow, to respect his superiors; in fact, to get a little glimmering of morals and manners, and a passable shape of humanity. Nay, many of these humble men have been clergymen, who have won honors at college, and have been full of the fire of genius and the kernel of wisdom, but who, having not the golden wings of this world, have sunk down into obscure Thorpes and Wicks, and in far-off fields and forest regions have gone on their way like little unnoticed books, moaning over their lot, yet scattering plenty and greenness around them. How many such are there, at this day, sitting in uncouth garbs, in uncouth places, on dreary moorlands, and amongst wild falls and mountains. Such have I seen in various parts of these kingdoms, and wondered at their patience and holy resignation. On the tops of the wildest hills, by some little chapel like that of Fribank, near Sedberg, in Yorkshire, I have opened the door of a cabin which was filled with a hum as with bees, and found a company of bare-legged boys and girls round a peat-fire on the hearth; and a young man with the air of a scholar and a clergyman, sitting as their teacher.

It is under such men that Shakspeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Newton, Crabbe, and many another noble genius, have sate in their boyish days, and received from them the elements of that knowledge with which they were afterwards to do such marvels before all mankind. We will warrant that such was the man whom good-hearted Goldsmith first trembled at, and then immortalised.—The Country Schoolmaster, indeed, has cause of high pride; and when we pass our act of parliament for ten-thousand new schools and spic-and-span new masters, let us remember the long reign, and the glories, and the patient and ill-paid merits of the old Country Schoolmaster, and "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Bitter will be that day of revolution to him, but we can make it less bitter; hard will be the fall, but kindness and generous sympathy can break it,—and dismiss the picturesque, if somewhat dogmatic old man, to an old age of honorable ease.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH WARS.

BY H. J. H.

"Oh! give me but my gallant steed,
My lance and sword to serve at need,
The shield that has my father's crest,
Thy colors, lady, on my breast;
And I will forth to wild warfare,
And win thee, or will perish there." LANDON.

CHAPTER I — THE VOW.

"Her love was pure, and glad, and true,
As yonder heaven, of stainless blue."

"Thou wilt be mine, if I do free thy father from his bonds? Will you promise me this, Eveline: that if I restore thy father to these goodly halls, that I may claim thee as my own?"

"Have I not promised; have I not pledged thee my faith, De Coucy, that when my father is freed from his captivity, then I will become your bride? And cannot you trust me? Have I ever deceived you?" asked the sweet girl, as she confidingly placed her hand in his.

"Never, dear Eveline, never," replied De Coucy; "but swear to me that this hand, which I hold so trustingly in mine, shall never be given to another, and I am content."

"Still doubtful? But content yourself, then, Henry, for I vow never to be the bride of another. But my heart doth fail me when I see that you would enter upon this dangerous enterprise; be not rash, nor ——"

"Fear not!" interrupted De Coucy; "I and my bold vassals will try the mettle of this lordling who holds thy sire in bondage; and this day two weeks, thy noble father shall hold high revelry in his own good halls, or Henry De Coucy will lay a blackened corpse before the walls of Belgrave castle!"

It was during the wars between the thrones of England and of Scotland, when the bold Scottish knights contended valiantly against the Southrons for their liberties, that our story commences.—Lord Barringer, the father of the maiden just introduced to you, was a Scottish noble of great wealth and power; and when the blasts of the English trumpets first sounded on the Scottish borders, William of Barringer, with other nobles, led a thousand stalwart knights to do battle with their proud foe.

Eveline Barringer was called one of Scotland's fairest flowers; kind and gentle as a fawn, with a face and form as bright and beautiful as ever an angel wore; and this sweet flower was well beloved by a young Scottish knight of high renown, Henry De Coucy, famous for his deeds of knightly daring in tournament and in battle-field. A twelvemonth had passed since the first war-blast was sounded in Scotland, and Lord Barringer lay a prisoner in Belgrave castle. Belgrave was a strong fortress belonging to the Southrons, and in this had Lord Barringer been confined some six months, in spite of the many bold attempts made by his friends to rescue him. Thus matters stood when our story commences.

We have heard Eveline Barringer promise that when her father is released from captivity she would become De Coucy's bride; and we have heard that gallant knight swear he would release him, or perish in the attempt. May heaven strike with the brave!

CHAPTER II — THE CASTLE.

"Fling out my banner! The knaves
Shall soon find with whom they have to deal this day."

The proud old walls of Belgrave castle were just illumined by the rays of the morning sun, when a knight, clad in glittering armor, and mounted on a dark, powerful steed, blew a pealing note at the drawbridge gate; thrice did he repeat the note, yet still no answer.

"By the rood," muttered the knight, "these Southrons at best are but lazy dogs. What, ho! cried he, as the warder now appeared on the drawbridge; "what, ho!" he cried, "I would speak with thy master, Sir Gilbert De Bracy."

"Thou crowest valiently, my bully knight," growled the warder, as he retired to acquaint De Bracy of the new comer.

Some minutes elapsed ere that personage made his appearance, during which time the wary eye of the knight was busily engaged in examining the structure of the walls, of the battlements, loop holes, moat, and other portions of the castle. De Bracy now appeared at the postern, and saluted the stranger knight with,

"Methinks grave tidings should call me at this hour; what would ye, Sir knight?"

"Thou hast a noble of high birth confined within your walls — Lord William Barringer."

"Aye," returned De Bracy, "as close as bolt and bar may keep him. Again, what would ye, Sir knight?"

"That thou do exchange Lord Barringer, the Scot, for Sir Charles Maurice, the Southron, a knight taken by me in battle, and of good repute; release our kinsman, and Sir Charles is free."

"Thou art on a fool's mission. I know not this Sir Maurice; and if I did, he must abide his fate," retorted Sir Gilbert.

"Sir Gilbert De Bracy will find it no fool's mission," proudly returned the Scot; "for if thou consent not to exchange, thou shalt be shown what force there is in good Scottish yeomen; and ere the sun sinks among the western hills, proud Belgrave shall lay a smouldering heap."

Instantly the Scot raised his bugle, and blew a

long and pealing note, and as it vibrated among the distant hills, on their brows knights cased in polished armor, archers, and yeomen, appeared in goodly array.

"Yonder are those who come with me on this fool's mission," tauntingly cried the knight, and dashing the rowels into his noble steed, he galloped toward the approaching Scots.

CHAPTER III — THE ATTACK AND THE RESULT.

"Redeem my pennon! Charge again!
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!' — vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain,
That shout shall ne'er be heard again." Scott.

The plan of the assault was laid previous to the appearance of De Coucy, (for it was he,) at the castle, for the bold knight, addressing a few words of cheer to his clansmen, led them rapidly to the attack. De Bracy was not unprepared for this. Preparations were quickly made to repel the invaders; his battlements and parapets were instantly filled with his sturdy archers, who would defend the castle to the last; while his powerful knights, well armed for the affray, awaited their leader to sally forth from the drawbridge. The signal for the attack was to be made by the archers, who were to harass the bowmen posted on the battlements and balconies; this would enable the Scots to encounter De Bracy and his knights unmolested by the archery from the walls.

Gallantly did the archers commence the assault, showering their arrows with true and unerring aim; shafts, bolts and missilles were hurled with deadly effect. At the first discharge, the gigantic Gilbert De Bracy, with his sturdy men-at-arms, rushed furiously from the bridge, uttering their battle cry of "De Bracy! De Bracy! St. George and the King!" And as fiercely were they met, and as fiercely was the cry of "De Coucy! De Coucy! To the onset!" returned by the undaunted Scots. The charge was terrific; like the rush of two whildwinds, like the meeting of two fierce oceans, the thunderings of the leaders are heard above the roar of the conflict, cheering their knights on to valiant deeds, while they as gallantly return the cry; each party shouting the battle cry of their respective leaders, "Scotland" and "Liberty;" "De Coucy! De Coucy!" was shouted by the besiegers; while "down with the dastards! De Bracy heads the fight," was returned by the defenders.

But shouts will not win the field; the heavy broadswords of the Scots made deadly havoc among De Bracy's knights, who could not withstand their powerful charge, urged on by their dauntless leader, and by their fierce hatred to the English tyrants; and well may the Scots be stimulated to brave deeds by the young knight; right nobly does he bear himself in the fight; his black plume floats free and wild over the throng; the ground is contested man to man and hand to hand; the beautiful form of his lady bright comes over his fancy's vision, amid the tumult, and it leads him on to deeds of high and knightly daring.

The Southrons are borne back; they retreat to the bridge for safety, and are pursued by the victorious Scots. Here De Bracy with his remaining knights placed themselves, resolved to keep the post or fall in its defence. Meanwhile, the archers were gallantly playing their part in the affray; but few of De Bracy's men remained upon the walls; they shrank from the deadly arrows of the besiegers. Under cover of his archers, De Coucy leads his knights to the assault of the drawbridge; with their ponderous battle-axes they attack the outer barrier and palisades of the bridge; they pull down the barriers; they hew down the palisades; the pass gives way before their furious onset. A breach is made by the gallant De Coucy. He hunders at the postern with his heavy battle-axe; it crashes; it is hewn down by his blows; the outposts are won; they rush in; they are thrust back; the giant De Bracy heads the defenders. De Coucy blenches not! His towering form is erect amid the fight, dealing his blows with sure and dreadful effect! The brave Scot and the powerful DeBracy, now fight hand to hand on the bridge.

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thine own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

Ha! he is down! The young knight has fallen! His followers are dismayed; they give ground; but no! he is on foot again, and his cheering cry is heard above the din of the conflict; he fights as if a giant's strength was in his single arm; he presses fiercely upon De Dracy; he deals him blow on blow with his deadly battle-axe. Sir Gilbert stoops under the powerful arm of the knight; he gives way! — he falls! The drawbridge is won!

The beseigers have yet to gain the great postern gate ere they have possession of the castle.— De Coucy now leads a body of men towards the postern; the thundering blows which he deals with his huge axe, can be heard above the shouting. Shafts and stones are hurled down upon the bold knight, but he heeds them not; his armor is proof against them. The old gate is shaken by his blows; it is splintered by his axe; it totters! it yields! the knights leap through the entrance; they hurl the men from the battlements; they are hewn down before the conquering Scots!

Henry De Coucy made good his promise, that ere the rays of the setting sun should tinge the western hills, Belgrave should lay a smouldering pile. With his own stout arm did he release the father of Eveline, and with his own hand did he light the flame which enveloped that strong hold of the Southrons.

* * * * *

Twilight steeleth over the earth. The wild warble of the feathered songsters is hushed; the stars are forth like bright lamps hung out in the deep blue sky; and, — but what murmur is that which breaks upon the evening air from those hardy yeomen, as they gather round the walls of the now ruined castle; that cry, what means it? De Coucy is not among those who fought so valiently that day; they call loudly upon the name of the brave knight, and nought but the echoes borne back to that sorrowing band; they have searched for his remains among the blackened ruins of the castle, but can find no traces of him. He was last seen examining the apartments of the Castle, to see that no person should perish in the fire; and whether he fainted from his wounds, and thus perished in the flames himself; or whether he had fallen into some of the traps used in the halls, and thus perished, they could not tell; certain it was that their young leader could not be found.

Slowly and sadly his brave clansmen prepared to leave the scene of the day's strife, securing their prisoners, and providing for the wounded, among whom was Sir Gilbert De Bracy, covered with wounds, pale and bleeding. De Bracy had fought his last battle, and must soon enter "that bourne from whence no traveler returns;" yet even then he retained his stern, haughty bearing; he glared fiercely upon his conquerors; and tho' a prisoner, and nigh unto death, he bid defiance to them; his spirit yielded not.

Not one among the Scottish knights felt more deeply the sad fate of De Coucy than did Lord Barringer. He had always cherished high hopes for his young friend, and had looked upon the attachment between him and Eveline with much heartfelt pleasure. And as he lay confined in Belgrave castle he hoped, he knew, that Henry De Coucy would not remain inactive; and his heart beat proudly when he heard the bold war-cry of De Doucy and his vassals sounding for his rescue. Alas! that rescue had cost him his life.

And how would the gentle Eveline bear these tidings; that he whom she loved with a deep, true, unchanging love — he whom in the secret recesses of her heart, she worshipped above aught else on earth, had fallen in that deadly affray. She would droop and die, like the fair rose, when it bows its sweet head beneath the withering blight.

CHAPTER IV — THE CONCLUSION.

"See changed, she faded; she, the young, the gay,
Like the first rose of spring yields to decay,
And yet there was no word which told that grief
Prey'd on the heart as blight preys on the leaf."

* * * * * * *

"Days, weeks, and months
Passed onwards; and once more
Leoni stood upon his native shore;
Slight change there was in him, tho' perchance his brow
Wore somewhat of more settled shadow now."

How sad, to mark the changes which Time brings over all things. Earth's sweetest pleasures fly ere we have half enjoyed them. The flower which we love for its fragrance and beauty, is fresh and dewy at morn; yet seek it at mid-day, and you will find it withered and dead! Even so are most of our brightest hopes; the youth starts in the morning of life with high and ambitious longings, filled with health, and mind, and energies. The maiden steps gaily out upon life's morn; sunny and bright is her young brow; her face wears ever a sweet, joyous smile; and she is as happy and as buoyant as the young bird when first it mounts upwards upon the fresh breeze of the morning; and she too, hath fond hopes; alas! those hopes, how often are they blighted, and nipped even in the bud!

Sad, sad indeed, was the fate of young Eveline Barringer. Three summers had now passed since she, in all the glow of youth, and health, and beauty, was first presented to you. Life to her had always been one long, bright summer day; no cloud e'er once shadowed the sun of her happiness; for then she loved and was beloved.

But now how dim shines the star of her hope; how faint the ray of her happiness. Ah! life, and hope, and happiness, are gone from that young breast; her cheek grows pale, and her eye grows dim; a smile never plays upon her sad features, for her spirit is blighted, and slowly, and silently, she is passing away. Sad it is to see that bright flower fade, and so young to go down to the cold earth.

Yet no word of anguish or of sorrow escapes her. Not a tear is seen in her dark eye; she murmurs not, while her heart bleeds.

Thus had it been with the sweet girl since the day that the victorious, though sorrow-stricken knights, returned from the taking of Belgrave castle. When she heard the well-known sound of her father's bugle, she sprang with a glad cry to the balcony to welcome his return, and to bestow a bright glance on him who had won her young heart. She looked out upon the warriors; she beheld her own dear father, as he bowed his plumed head; and, oh heavens! she beheld the noble steed of De Coucy riderless, and covered with long black housing. Fatal sight! For a moment her eye wandered wildly over the throng, and then, without a groan or an utterence she sank senseless to the earth. There are feelings in our breasts which admit not of utterance; like the deep, dark river, passing noiselessly on, with a power as mighty and overwhelming as the heave of the ocean, thus it was with the poor girl; her soul was crushed; hope had fled.

Days and months passed on, and Eveline rose from a sick couch; she knew, she felt, that she would soon be gone; and day by day her step grew less firm, and her voice grew sweet and low as an angel's whisper! Philosophers and fools may laugh, but we are believers in a broken heart.—

We believe that the affections may all be called forth, and lavished upon one dear object, and that object be removed, leaving the heart to break and die.

* * * * *

It was a summer's sunset! The heavens were illumined by a rich mellow light from the sun just sinking beneath the western horizon, while the evening air was loaded with the richest perfume, arising from the thousand flowers which decked the garden.

Within a flowery arbor reclined the gentle Eveline; her head was sweetly resting upon a fair youth, who played and dallied with the dark ringlets which fell wantonly around her beautiful neck. One arm of the youth fondly encircled the waist of the fair girl, while he murmured his low impassioned words in her ear.

"Oh! William, why do you leave me," entreated Eveline; "it will surely kill me if I loose you too. You will not go? I know you will not; you will stay always with me, and I will love you; yes, William, love you better than all the world beside."

"Nay, urge me not," replied he; "it will be but for a season, and then I will return to thee."

At this moment a hand was laid heavily upon the shoulder of the youth, who starting up, beheld at his side a tall, martial form, shrouded in a long Italian traveling cloak; the dark, flashing eye of the stranger was fixed sternly upon him.

"William! thou shalt die!" cried he in a voice thick and broken with passion.

At the sound of *that* voice Eveline sprang toward him, uttering but one cry; "Henry! my own! long lost, Henry!"

"Back! thou false-hearted girl!" replied he in a calm, stern tone, as he coldly repulsed the fond girl. "I have this hour heard thy tale of love whispered in another's ear; and I prize thee no more!"

"Hear me, hear me," beseeched the almost distracted girl, as she sank at his feet; "I am not false to thee; look at my faded cheek and sunken eye; do they not tell thee thou art beloved? This is my long absent brother, returned from the wars."

Henry De Coucy heard no more, but clasping her to his breast, cried, "Eveline, my dearest and best, forgive, forgive me, that I doubted thy truth."

But she heard him not; she had sunk senseless into his arms.

Pass we over one short week. It is the nuptial morn! and a brighter or a lovelier ne'er shone on hill or dale; the very birds sang for joy; and the tiny brooks seemed to laugh and dance in the sunshice, while the bells in their "old grey turrets" rang out a merry peal, telling of hope, and love, and happiness, to the young pair. Need we say that on that bright morning Henry and Eveline vowed themselves away to each other? Need we tell we tell of the happiness that was in her young heart, or of the joy that burned within him, as they stood side by side at the sacred altar? Need we say that hope, and joy, and life, once more beamed from her dark eye; that her step was again light and buoyant as the air; that her joyous, happy laugh gladdened the hearts of those who hovered near to do her slightest bidding?—Need we tell of the joy and mirth which reigned in her father's castle on her briday day; of the gallant knights and fair ladies who moved to voluptuous music? How the old halls shook with loud merriment? How the lords and ladies vowed that a statelier form or a lovelier face never graced hall or bower? or of the many fine things which were done and said on that day? Suffice it to say that all, all

"Went happy as a marriage bell."

And now, if any of my good readers wish to hear the story of De Coucy's singular disappearance, they must go with me, and listen to that gallant knight, as he sits beside his fair bride, tell the history. As he entered one of the apartments of the burning castle, he was seized upon from behind by two powerful men, who felled him to the earth; then putting a gag to his mouth, and binding tight his arms, they bore him to the basement of the castle; thence, through a long secret passage, leading underground, the opening of which was at some distance from the scene of confusion, he was then taken to the camp of the Southrons, enduring insults, hardship and want. From the camp he was conveyed to an old desolate English castle, where he was kept close prisoner for three long, weary years. One night, however, when the inmates were all quietly sleeping on their pillows, De Coucy forced the bars of his prison, which he had worked at for days and months; then letting himself down by means of ropes and his bed clothes, he stood once more upon the earth; he swam the moat, and was free! Our readers know the rest.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Man does not become a fiend at once. He does not burst into the world with a panoply of crime about him; with a heart of stone; a conscience seared, feelings dead, and affections withered at the root. These are the work of years; the result of long and bitter struggle. Every noble feeling, every warm impulse; all that is great and good and glorious in the human soul battles to the last, before it yields its purity; and when they are crushed, and sunk, never again to rise, the victor has won a barren wreath. He bears marks and brands, stamped upon heart and feature, never to leave them while life lasts. His triumph and curse go hand in hand; for when the heart loses its freshness, every hope grows dim, and has a shadowy fear hanging like a pall over it.

The Attorney had passed the fiery ordeal, and came out of it callous to crime, but with a heart teeming with its own vague fears. Tormented by a thousand suspicions and forebodings of ill, he was in little mood for the business he had to perform. He never drew near that girl, or even thought of her, without a creeping, cowering sensation of guilt and shame. He had experienced the same feeling in other instances; but it was rare, and never stepped between him and his victim. With his eye fixed on his object, diverging neither to the right nor left, he pursued his course. This was the strong feature of his character. Obstacles never daunted him. Distrust, suspicion, and disgrace thickened around him, but never turned him from his path. There were times indeed when rumors of himself came to his ears that made his heart fail and his eyes grow dim; when he sank his head in his hands, and thought of the past, and looking back to early days, longed to be a boy again. Yet none knew it but himself; and to the world he was always the same.

He had reached a stage of his game where it became complicated. Each move involved so many consequences, connected with what had already been done, and what was yet to be done, that it required a degree of cold, quiet calculation, which at that particular time he felt little able to give. He saw at a glance the full advantage of Higg's suggestion; but it came so suddenly, and required such immediate action, that he had no time to ponder, and scheme, and brood over it, as was his habit; and in no easy frame of mind, he set out for Miss Crawford's house.

Just at the gray, dusky hour, when Lucy turned with weary steps and drooping spirits to seek her home, the Attorney skulked out of his den.—He walked slowly along the street, with his head bent down on his chest; his hand thrust in the breast of his coat, where his fingers worked convulsively, and his eyes fixed on the ground. If he occasionally raised his head, and gazed up at pale stars which were beginning to flicker in the twilight, or the gray moon as it floated through the sky, it was not of them that he thought. Sometimes he paused, and stood perfectly still, as if he had forgotten whither he was going; and then hurried rapidly on for a short distance, and again fell into his old pace. He kept on, in lonely by-streets, where he thought there would be few to interrupt him, or to read his gathered brow and anxious eye.

For a long time none heeded him; for every man had his own little world in his thoughts; and if a straggler glanced at him as he went by, he might have dwelt for a moment on the care-worn face on which his eye had just rested, and then forgot it.

At last a cripp'led beggar stopped him and whined forth a supplication for charity. The Attorney thrust his hand in his pocket and gave him a small coin, scarcely conscious of what he did.

"Ha! that's something," muttered the beggar; "something's better than nothing—nothing is better than starving."

Startled at this strange exclamation, Bolton turned to look at the man more narrowly; and as he did so, the light of a street-lamp fell strongly in his face.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the man, looking in the wan face of the Attorney. "That's better than all! The lawyer disgorges—the lawyer Bolton."

"Who are you, in the name of Heaven!" demanded Bolton, drawing back from his startling companion.

"Who am I?" repeated the beggar; "who am I? And you ask that! I am Tom, the beggar: I *was* Mr. Thomas Nikols once; that was before I knew you. Now I'm only the beggar. Shall I tell you how Thomas Nikols became what you see him? *Shall I?*" shouted he, thrusting his face almost against that of the lawyer, and laughing with a kind of devilish glee.

"No, no; not now!" exclaimed the Attorney, with something like a shudder, and he hurried off. Long after he was out of sight, there stood the cripple looking after him, and making the still street ring with his loud mocking laugh.

"They all haunt me now!" said Bolton, drawing in his breath with a gasp as he paused to rest. "More than ever before. They crowd around me; and to-day, from morning till night, they've been about me. Let them come! They'll not scare me from my prey. Do I not know that they are dreams—dreams? How my heart beats!"—He placed his hand on his heart and felt its wild, irregular throbbing; and for an instant a sickening sensation of fear came over him; and the idea shot athwart his mind that its pulsations were unnaturally strong; some vital chord might snap, and he fall dead on the spot. For that single instant his terror amounted to agony; but that subsided, and he went on; although until he reached his place of destination, this was the uppermost thought in his mind.

When he reached the house, he stood and contemplated it as it rose a huge black mass against the sky, without form or outline, looking as if in that spot the very darkness had been embodied and concentrated. There was no light burning. The windows were shut and dark. Every thing about it looked so chilling, and silent, and church-like, and Death had been at work there so recently, that it seemed as if the grim phantom still lingered in the precincts. No one was stirring in the neighborhood, for it was an out-of-the-way street. The Attorney held his breath, in hopes of hearing some one approaching; but the barking of a dog a great way off, and the rumbling of vehicles in the distant streets, were all that broke the silence.

Feelings hitherto unknown began to creep thro' his mind; and a deep, thrilling presentiment of coming evil hung round him like a shadow. Suddenly, uttering a loud, taunting lough, and a curse at his own folly, he sprang up the steps and rang the bell until the house echoed. This broke the spell, and he was again the cold, crafty man that he had always been.

He inquired of the servant who came to the door, if Miss Crawford was at home, and on being answered in the affirmative, without waiting to be announced, he walked directly to the room and entered. All trace of indecision had disappeared. He was perfectly collected; his cheek was a little pale, but his eye was bright and clear, and his manner confident and unconstrained; and he prepared to play his game with his usual coolness.

Miss Crawford was sitting at a table, with her face half turned from him, so that she did not observe him as he entered. She was very pale, and there were traces of tears on her cheek. A book was lying on the table, with a glove in it, as if she had been reading, but her eyes were then fixed on the floor. Bolton gazed at her, but spoke not.

"I can see the old man in her eye;" thought he, "but she's worse; she's suspicious. He was not. Fine words go far with most of them. Will they with her? We'll see. I'll trim to the breeze. I'll make the offer; but she must at the same time see that there is no choice, except to marry or starve."

His train of thought was interrupted by the girl herself, who happening to look up, caught sight of him, and instantly rose, her eyes flashing and her cheeks coloring at the recollection of his last visit.

"May I ask to what I am indebted for this visit?" for an instant Bolton quailed before the keen, scornful eye of that single girl, who stood before him strong only in the consciousness of her wrongs; but it was only for an instant; and he answered calmly:

"I come here to see Miss Crawford on matters of much interest, both to her and to myself."

Seeing that he paused, as if he expected an answer, the girl said coldly: "State your business briefly. From what I know, and have heard of you, I care not how soon our interview ends."

"If I were not traduced," said the lawyer, speaking gravely, and weighing every word before he uttered it, "I should be more fortunate than hundreds who are better than myself. I am fully aware that many foul slanders are in circulation respecting me; and I now feel them the more deeply, that they have reached your ears, and you believe them.

Miss Crawford made no reply, although he evidently paused for that purpose.

"May I not at least be allowed the opportunity of clearing my character, by learning what has been said against it?" said he earnestly.

"I make no charges, and wish to hear no justification," replied the girl firmly. "Let me know the nature of your business at once, or I shall retire without it."

From this abrupt answer there was no appeal; and Bolton said in the same calm manner that he had hitherto adopted: "Since you wish it, I'll waive all further allusion to these idle tales, which a breath might scatter, and come at once to the object of my visit, which refers principally to yourself, as connected with your father's will.

Miss Crawford became exceedingly pale, and her fingers grasped the top of a chair convulsively.

"You need say no more," said she; "I understand all the rest. You would tell me that this house is yours; that I am an intruder on your bounty; that the possessions of which you defrauded me are no longer mine; that my father's house, in which I have lived from infancy, is no longer a home for me; that I must go from it, what you have made me—a beggar. You see, Mr. Bolton, the thoughts of some people are written in their faces, and can be read."

Bolton bit his lip; and his cheek flushed slightly; but there was nothing else to indicate emotion on his part, as he said: "I am deeply grieved that you interpret my thoughts so harshly.—Had you heard the offer I came to make, whether it be agreeable or not, you will at least acquit me of selfishness; and if you accept it, it will settle this whole matter much to my satisfaction, and I shall only be too happy if it is to yours."

"And the offer is—what?" inquired she, without the slightest abatement of the coldness of her manner.

"That you should share the fortune with me," replied Bolton.

"I thought so. If I will give you a portion of my fortune, you will leave me the rest."

Bolton's face wore a soft smile, but it was a dangerous one, as he answered:

"I am particularly unfortunate in not being understood."

"Was not such your meaning, Sir?" said Miss Crawford, keeping her eye fastened on his, and watching every sign of equivocation or guilt; "your language was plain enough."

Distrust and anger were written in every feature as she spoke. Bolton saw that there were prejudices which he had not time to overcome; and he felt that he was watched by one whose intellect was naturally keen, and whose faculties were sharpened by fear and suspicion. So he determined to appeal at once to her interests.

"Such was *not* my meaning," said he, in a decided tone. "And it is time that we came to a full and clear understanding of it, without farther waste of words. When I offered to share your father's property with you, it was by making you my wife. On these terms, and on these alone the wealth which your father has made *mine*, will become yours, and at your disposal."

"Now, at least, I understand you, Sir," said she, drawing herself up; while every feature of her beautiful face seemed gleaming with anger and contempt: "you would buy my silence; for the sake of my fortune, you would take the encumbrance of its lawful owner. You would be magnanimous, and make the beggar your wife! No Sir!" said she, speaking with an earnestness that astonished him; "not until every appeal that the law allows has been made, will I yield possession of one single thing. From court to court I will contest that will as a forgery; and until expelled from hence, I will maintain my hold. Should I fail, I would starve in the streets before my name should be changed for yours. Begone, Sir! Until the law gives you this house, you have no business here."

"Resist if you will," said the Attorney, still retaining full command of his temper; "but you will repent it. You will expose to the world the stain upon your family, which otherwise would be known to but few. You will tarnish the fame of her who gave you birth, and will cast a shade upon the memory of the gray-headed old man who has just gone to his grave."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the girl, now fairly aroused; "'tis you who disgrace them, yourself, and human nature. I *will* make this matter public. The truth shall come out at last, and prove *them* unsullied; and brand *you* for the black-hearted man that the world now suspects you to be.—You cannot frighten me from my purpose. If I fail, I shall only have done my duty; if I succeed, I will have justice measured out, of which you shall have a full share."

"You speak confidently; but you don't know what law is," said Bolton, coldly.

"I know what it is meant to be. It is intended to shield the weak from the strong; the injured from the oppressor; to right the wronged; to keep down injustice and crime. That's what it's *meant* for; but there are those who disgrace it as much as they disgrace the image of the great God which they bear."

The Attorney had remained cool until now; but now he fairly shook with passion, as he answered in a quick, stifled voice:

"It is *my* turn now. I have made a fair and honorable proposal to you. I have offered to share the fortune which your father gave me, with one whom I know he loved; not from fear of what you or the law could do; not from love of you, but from gratitude to him. I am frank, you see.—You have scouted my offer; insulted me, and claimed the law of the land. That law you shall have, to your cost. Drag this matter from court to court, and from court to court I'll follow it; and when it is decided, what the law allows you, you shall have; but not one tittle more; not the tenth part of a cent, if you were begging your bread; not one crust to keep the soul in your body! Now you understand me!"

"It would be devilish strange if she didn't," said a stern voice behind him. At the same time a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder. "So the devil has dropped his mask?" Bolton turned and found himself face to face with a young man of four or five and twenty, whose manner plainly showed that he had overheard a part of the conversation. Before the Attorney had time to collect his thoughts, the other said:

"Are you going out of the house? or will you wait until you are thrust out like a dog?"

"By what right?" demanded the lawyer.

"No matter," interrupted the stranger. "*You* are not the person to question that."

Bolton measured him with his eye. He was slight, but tall and muscular, and might prove an unpleasant antagonist. The lawyer was no coward, where his life was not immediately concerned; but there was nothing to be gained by a scuffle; and that was a thing which he never at any time lost sight of. So he said:

"I didn't come here to raise a riot over the grave of my friend, or to break in upon the grief of his daughter by outrages or violence that would disgrace a midnight brawl."

"Your last words to Miss Crawford were certainly expressive of very great consideration for the daughter," said the stranger, with a slight sneer. "I have told you to quit this house; and now you *must*, without further parley." As he spoke, he led him to the door, but using no violence. He opened it and pointed to the entry.

Every feature of the lawyer's livid face was distorted by the scowl which settled on it, as he turned and fixed his eye on him; and shaking his thin finger, he uttered the words: "*I'll remember you!*"

"I don't doubt it," replied the young man; and he slammed the door in his face.

Bolton strode through the entry, banged the street-door after him, and sprang down the steps into the street.

Nearly the whole time that he had been in the house, his confederates, Higgs and Wilkins, had been loitering about it. No sooner was he come out than they joined him.

Mr. Higgs was considerably elated; possibly by the fineness of the night, although it is not unlikely that several visits which he paid to a small tavern three streets off might have had something to do with it. Wilkins, on the other hand, was the same sullen savage that he had been for some time past. When he joined the Attorney he did not utter a syllable; but stalked silently at his side; noticing him no more than if he had been a mile off.

"Well, old boy;" said Mr. Higgs, speaking a little slowly, and somewhat thick: "when is it to be?"

"Never!" answered the Attorney, abruptly.

Mr. Higgs stared at him solemnly.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Bolton," said he; "but did you make use of the word *never?*"

"I did."

"Speak out, man, will you?" said Wilkins, in a harsh hoice: "what have you done? We must know some day, so tell us at once; what luck?"

"D—n her! none! This blasted will must be proved. She rejected me; scouted me; all but cursed me. I bore it as long as I could, then I threatened; and by —— she defied me, and vowed she would not quit the house till forced by law."

"A young woman of mettle," ejaculated Mr. Higgs.

The Attorney did not notice him, but went on. "She has a fellow leagued with her; a young slip as fierce and proud as herself. He looked as if he only wanted an excuse to take me by the throat. Ha! ha!" muttered he, between his teeth, shaking his hand at the empty air, and striding along, so that it was no easy matter for his companions to keep pace with him.

"Did you place your hand emphatically on your heart, so?" asked Mr. Higgs, steadying himself in front of the excited lawyer; and after several attempts, laying his hand on the spot designated, "and try to come the insinuating over her? It's wonderful how they swallow that—them women."

"Then there's trouble in the wind," said Wilkins, bluntly.

"She'll fight to the last. Then there's this boy, too; a lover, I suppose. Let him look to himself! He has crossed me; and few do that without repenting it."

"That's true!" muttered Wilkins; "but," continued he, in so low a tone that the lawyer could not understand him; "there's a day of reckoning, when our score will be settled."

He said nothing more, but dropped behind his companions; for he had observed a dark figure following them, keeping in the obscure parts of the street, but always having them in full view. He stopped to watch it, until they were at some distance off, when the person suddenly darted forward. It was a female, with her face so closely muffled that he could not see it; but a hand touched his arm, and a voice that thrilled through his very heart said:

"George, can I speak one word with you?"

Wilkins gasped for breath, and staggered against a wall, as powerless as a child. He could not speak.

"George, dear George, for God's sake let me have a few words with you!" said the same low, supplicating voice. She took his hand, which shook violently, in both of her's. "You will, George, will you not?"

"Holla! what are you about? Come on, will you? We're waiting for you," shouted Higgs.

"Don't go' don't go, George!" exclaimed the girl, earnestly; do hear me—*do*, before it's too late!"

The man hesitated; but at that moment both Higgs and Bolton turned back and began to come toward him. He drew himself up, unclasped the fingers which were twined round his own, and flung the hand from him:

"Begone!" exclaimed he.

"No, George, I will not! Hear me but this once; give me but five minutes, and I will never trouble you again."

Wilkins bent his mouth to her ear, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"You know now we parted last. If you follow me, we'll part so again."

The girl shrank from him, and her husband strode off without once looking back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sketches of History.

From the New York Review for January.

A SCENE IN THE FIRST CONGRESS.

"The strong and extreme puritanism of Mr. Adams was, as we have said, not peculiar to him. His New England colleagues no doubt felt as he did, yet when the first national council met, at the outbreak of the Revolution, the motion for opening its deliberations with prayer, made by Mr. Cushing, was opposed by Mr. Rutledge and Mr. Jay, on the ground that offence might be given to sectarian feeling in the choice of the clergyman, and it was Samuel Adams—who certainly, unless tradition has strangely misdescribed him, was quite as much of a Puritan as his namesake—that nominated an Episcopal clergyman to officiate 'in full pontificals,' and to read an appointed service from the liturgy. John Adams' narrative of this, in a letter to his wife, of the eighteenth September, 1774, is curiously characteristic:

"'When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said, 'that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Dushay they pronounce it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning.' The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our president, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we had heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning.

"'After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body, struck out into an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon every body here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there is any faith in the *sortes Virgilianæ*, or *sortes Homericæ*, or especially the *sortes Biblicæ*, it would be thought providential.

"'It will amuse your friends to read this letter, and the thirty-fifth psalm to them. Read it to your father and Mr. Wibird. I wonder what our Braintree churchmen would think of this. Mr. Duche is one of the most ingennous men, and best characters, and greatest orators in the Episcopal order on this continent, and yet a zealous friend of liberty and his country.'

"We are irresistibly tempted to step aside from the course of observation we were pursuing, and for an instant to pause on the scene here described. Let those who seek to realize it open their Bible or Prayer-book, and with associations thus aroused read the magnificent strains which then were uttered. There was poetry in the coincidence of the service to the day. It was a scene most worthy of the painter's art—quite as worthy of it as the more deliberate council which decreed Independence. It was in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, a building which still survives in its original condition, though now sacrilegiously converted, we believe, into an auction mart for the sale of chairs and tables, that the forty-four individuals met to whom this service was read. It was an *extra session of Congress*, convoked by the necessities of impending revolution, and characterized by dignity and decorum worthy of emulation in more peaceful times. There was no gorgeous tapestry on those rude walls, rich with ancestral deeds to which its orators could appeal. There was no pride of state, no pomp or ceremony, no nobles of high lineage, but there was beyond those walls a people aroused by a quick sense of injury not easily expiated, and there were within, the peers of an humbler and purer realm—American gentlemen, farmers, and lawyers, and divines, who, coming from the extremes of tha continent to 'a far country,'* had met to deliberate on common danger and common redress. The minister of God was there in his sacred garb. He prayed anxiously and fervently. There were around him those whom the God of righteous council, and of righteous battles, was to direct and guide. Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their side there stood, their hearts, if not their persons bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, men who at that moment had reason to believe that the foot of an armed soldiery was upon their native soil, and fire and rapine were wasting their humble households. 'It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed.' They prayed 'for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston;' and who can realize the emotions which must have been awakened, when, with feelings thus excited by solicitude and justified resentment—fear for their distant, helpless families—resentment at the ungrateful tyranny of the mother country, stimulated by the artifices of timid men in the colonies, and a maturing resolution that by arms alone could injury be redressed, the sonorous voice of the preacher unexpectedly uttered the burning words of the psalmist?—'Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; and fight thou against them that fight against me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler: and stand up to help me. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me: say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul: let them be turned back and brought to confusion that imagine mischief for me. Let them be as dust before the wind, and the angel of the Lord scattering them. Let their way be dark and slippery, and let the angel of the Lord persecute them. Awake and stand up to judge my quarrel: avenge thou my cause, my God and my Lord!'

"It is, we repeat, a scene worthy of illustration by poet and painter too. 'It was enough,' says Mr. Adams, 'to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia.'"

* So Mrs. Adams, writing from Braintree, calls Pennsylvania.

MURAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES JUSTIN.

Murat, afterwards created King of Naples by Napoleon, was born in the year 1771, on a cold winter night, in a tavern, in the neighborhood of Cahors. He grew up at the tavern door; his friends, the horses and the postilions.

One fine morning, when he was fifteen, young Murat mounted a horse and turned trooper. After a while he deserted and came to Paris, poor and almost destitute of clothing, and hired himself as a servant boy, at an eating house.

This was at the time of the French revolution. Louis the 16th's throne had already begun to totter. There were no more faithful subjects—all Frenchmen were revolutionists. Murat entered heartily into the spirit of the times and declared himself violently opposed to all kings and nobles. Little did he then think that he himself was to wear a crown, and be addressed as "Your Majesty."

By degrees every thing took a new form. The old order of society was overturned, established men gave way to new ones, and among others to Captain Bonaparte.

Murat, with a crowd of other soldiers, accompanied Bonaparte to Italy, and accomplished under his direction more wonders than even Hannibal's soldiers themselves.

Soon another change, and Murat was Bonaparte's aid-de-camp. It was Murat, that Napoleon sent to take possession of conquered cities. It was Murat, whom he sent to the envious authorities in Paris who disputed his glory. And still as the star of Napoleon was seen rising in the east, a little faint star might be seen at the side of it. It was the star of Murat!

When Italy was conquered, Bonaparte turned his attention towards Egypt. Hither Murat followed him. They were now inseparable.

They arrived in Egypt; fought at Cairo; fought at Mount Tabor, where the Turkish cavalry, glittering with gold and steel, awaited them. Murat was here also; and, after the splendid victory, was created general.

Suddenly Bonaparte changes his plans and returns to France, to mount upon his throne, and such a throne! Murat is now his first lieutenant. It was Murat who, sword in hand, drove from Saint Cloud the council of 500, who opposed Napoleon's power. From that day Bonaparte had the mastery. He gave his sister in marriage to Murat.

To repeat all the battles in which Murat took a part, would be to recount all the Emperor's battles—those stupendous victories! Murat commanded the cavalry at Marengo. He was at the taking of Ulm. He was the first to enter Vienna, and among the foremost of the cavalry who entered Austerlitz at full gallop. He was at Jena, at Varsovia, at Friedland and Eylau.

Spain has seen him, impetuous and brilliant, dashing into the midst of the field of battle, covered with gold and embroidery; his plumes waving in the wind; his sabre glancing in the sunlight; and who ever beheld him in his glorious intrepid youth, amid the roar of cannon and the clang of trumpets, without being reminded of the gods whom Homer describes as mingling in the wars of mortals?

At the conclusion of the war with Spain, Joseph Bonaparte was made king of that country. Murat wanted to be king, now; for in the Bonaparte family every one had his turn. Search was made for Murat; and that of the two Sicilies was given him. Behold him now king! A great change that from the tavern to the throne—from the little white apron of the apprentice boy to the royal robes of the king. But at that time all in France were on the same level; poverty, riches, all alike. Artificial distinctions were overturned. Behold the Emperor, the same on the little rock where he died as on the throne of France.

It will be long before the two Sicilies will possess such another king as Murat.

But alas! in the midst of his prosperity, an order came from Bonaparte, commanding Murat to repair immediately to Russia.

Murat obeyed. He bid farewell to Italy, threw himself once more upon his war-horse, and was among the first to enter Moscow. At Moscow the French army confessed itself vanquished, not by Russians, but by the Russian winter; and what little child has not heard of the retreat from Moscow?

We come now to the recital of ingratitude.—Murat deserted the Emperor when the Emperor was unfortunate. Forgetting all the benefits heaped upon him by one who called him his brother, he allied himself then to the enemies of France.

"I suppose," said Bonaparte writing to Murat, "that you are not one of those who think the lion is dead. You have done me all the harm you could. The title of king has turned your head. If you wish to retain that title, behave well."

Prophetic words! The great man was vanquished. All the foreign kings to whom he had been a terror, hastened to see "how the old lion would die." He fell. The kings created by him fell with him, except Bernadotte. Murat made one more attempt to regain his beautiful kingdom of Naples. He marched towards it, crying as of old, "*Vive Napoleon.*" But it would not do. Napoleon's prophecy was accomplished. Obliged to abandon Parma, Modena, Boloena, and even Florence, Murat made one last desperate effort at Waterloo. Even then he thought himself fortunate to be able to escape safe and sound on the banks of Canna. After various losses and misfortunes, Joachim Murat was thrown into prison, and condemned to death. On the fatal morning, twelve soldiers presented themselves before his prison.—He was led out. "Soldiers," cried he, "aim at my heart." He fell holding in his hands the portraits of his wife and two children.

So perished, at the age of 48, this extraordinary man.

THE SECRET OF DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.—One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked; it lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. Wants will always be ahead of means, and there will be no end to the race, if you set the latter to chasing the former. Put the yoke of self-denial on desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least keep in sight of it.

Fame is like a shaved pig, with a greased tail, and it is only when it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some fellow, by chance, holds on to it.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LADY'S BOOK.—The contents of the March number present quite an array of talent. It would be useless to name the whole and perhaps invidious to give only a part; we therefore commend the work, as a whole, to the public, assuring them their money will not be expended for less than its value. This number has two steel engravings and a plate of fashions.

NEW YORK LANCET.—The 9th number has been received; it is as good as its predecessors, which is saying considerable.

HANDY ANDY.—D. Appleton & Co., N. York, are publishing this *amusing* work in periodical numbers. Handy Andy is a story, or a tale, or, as some will have it, a delineation of Irish life, by Samuel Lover. The author is very highly extolled by the British press, as a poet, a humorist, a musician, and a tale writer. All these commendations may be true; nevertheless, the work under consideration, like Charles O'Malley, has no very peculiar merit except that of making people laugh. For this it is well calculated, and therefore it may effect a physical good; but if any one expects intellectual benefit from it, we assure him that he will have to look beyond the third chapter.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,—For March, has two good steel engravings, the Young Widow and the Crowning of Powhattan; the first a mezzotinto engraving and the latter a line engraving, both finely executed. There is also a quantity of good tales, essays, and poetry; also some excellent criticisms, among which is a just and severe one upon Charles O'Malley. This number, as a whole, we consider somewhat superior to many of its predecessors.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.—Of the papers in the February number, we notice, as particularly worthy of attention, American Sculptors in Italy, Eras in Woman's Life, Olden Memories, a poem, Madame de Sevigne, and some critical notices. It has also two steel engravings, the Bride, which is good, and the Chambers of Representatives, at Brussels, *very* fine. The work promises well, and is, we should think, worthy of a large patronage.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The March number contains a copper-plate engraving of the upper Genesee Falls, not strictly correct, but handsomely executed. The reading is of a good quality, but not, we think, so rich as is that of some of the previous numbers. We give this publication, however, a preference over many others of greater pretensions.

PARLOR MAGAZINE & LADIES' CABINET,—Is the name of a new monthly periodical, which has for its motto "quality before quantity," which has been very well adhered to in the numbers which have been published. It has in its list of contributors some of the most popular writers of the day. It is edited by E. G. Squier, a gentleman competent to give popularity to the work. It is published in Albany, in numbers of 32 pages, at $2 00 a year.

☞ We give the same amount of reading, and *fully* as good, in the GEM, for $1 00 a year.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.—We will again remind the public of the publication of this history, at Philadelphia, in weekly numbers, and at the same time again recommend it to their favor.

MECHANICS,—Go to Mr. Moore, in the Arcade, No. 2, and purchase a paper, devoted to your interests, which is published in New York. It is worthy of your support.

LADIES' COMPANION FOR MARCH.—This is a supurb number containing a large amount of the best reading. The engraving in this number is one of the most touching associations that we have ever seen. It is Hagar in the wilderness. "And the Angel of GOD called to Hagar out of Heaven." The scene is one of unsurpassed beauty. It contains also the spring fashions and two pages of music. Patronise it, lovers of taste.

☞ LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade, sells single numbers of the preceding and many other publications, at the publishers' prices.

URE'S DICTIONARY.—Number two of this re publication has reached us. We can but commend it to the attention of every individual who values and who would promote science. It will be found to contain more scientific information, and that which may be applied to the practical operations of every-day-life, in arts, manufactures and useful experiments, than any other work.—Published, in semi-monthly numbers, by La Roy Sunderland, 126 Fulton-street, New York.

MESMERISM.—Park Benjamin, editor of the New World, has recently become a convert to the doctrir es of animal magnetism. He says that in less than ten years the general principles of the science will be admitted by the scientific.

Some interesting experiments have recently occurred in New York. They appear astonishing; and we will say that the respectability of those engaged in them, gives us no permission to question the truth of their declarations.

Variety.

LOOK OUT.—When you find that your horse has been "taken with a leaving" during the night, lock the stable door and look out.

When you have fifty thousand dollars in your pocket book, and suddenly find that your pocket book has become an *abstraction*, then look out.

When pretty women pass along the side walk, opposite your office window, you are at liberty to look out.

When a pretty woman is looking out for you, look out.

When you are riding in a railroad car, and are told to "look out!" look out, of course, but keep your head in.

When somebody you don't know, offers you something you never saw, desiring you to buy it at less than half its value, look out.

Look out for rain whenever the almanac tells you; and if it don't come, why you can still keep on the look out.

ADVICE.—If you are not married, make up your mind to become so this year. If you are not in love, get in, fall in, tumble in, as soon as possible. If you are, propose, propose. The girls are asking, "Why don't the men propose?" And don't take their refusal. The ladies have a shocking habit of saying no when they mean yes. They are fond of contradiction, and like to be supplicated. Accommodate them.

It is not good for man to be alone. Nor woman either. A human being with no one to love, is a miserable being. Old maids and old bachelors are moral abortions. When a man gets married he doubles his motives to exertion.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion that he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and judge, and discourse and discriminate; can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing room, and attracts the attention of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, or to train up a child in the way he should go.

"I will not have such a noise here," angrily exclaimed the keeper of a porter house to a man who had been patronizing his bar too frequently, and annoying every body around him. "Now, look a here," stammered out the drunken man, "if you want to keep a quiet house, you mustn't sell liquor." The landlord was conquered.

EARS.—Men were created with two ears in order that they might hear both sides of a story before passing their judgment. Yet there are many persons who hear but one side before making up their minds; but these are, invariably, persons of weak minds. A lady, commonly called "aunt Abigail," whom we once knew in the country, was remarkable for this latter failing. She was once told that a young man had run away from home. "The ungrateful *sarpint!*" cried she, "to leave his poor old parents who need his labor for their support."

Soon afterward she was informed that his father had turned him out of doors, and he had been thus compelled to leave. "Oh! the cruel old wretch to send his boy off and deprive him of a home!" cried she.

Soon afterwards she heard that it was the mother's intemperate habits which caused her son to leave home.

"What an unnatural woman she must be," cried Aunt Abigail, as she put on her sun bonnet to carry this new version of the story to her nearest neighbor.

It turned out that neither had the son left home nor did the mother use ardent spirits, nor had the father had any quarrel with the lad. Then Aunt Abigail was puzzled, for she had made up her mind three several times for nothing.—*Atlas.*

HINDU WIDOWS.—Some time ago, Baboo Mothylal Seal offered a reward of 10,000 rupees to the first Hindu youth who would marry a widow. Hitherto, no one has been bold enough to win the prize; but a case is likely soon to happen. A respectable native young man, brought up at the Hindu College, is negotiating a marriage with a youthful widow, also respectably connected. The principals in the matter are head and ears enamored of each other, and are both restlessly anxious for the nuptials. So, in all likelihood, an important example, favorable to the extinction of one of the most barbarous Hindu customs, is likely to be set by this young man to his countrymen.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.—The eye of the common house fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with eight thousand hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex, all acting as so many cornea, eight thousand included in a space no larger than a pin! all hexagonal, all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of eminent men.

"Tom, my boy, you should be careful always to keep your nose clean, and avoid the bonds of iniquity."

"Yeth- pa—I know what bondth them ith."

"Do you? tell me then—hold up your head and speak out."

"Yeth, thir. They ith the *Mithithippi* bondth, ain't they?"

"*To* be sure, Tom—*to* be sure!"—*Ephraim's Scrap Book.*

ANCIENT MUSIC.—So great was the number of characters in the ancient music, that Plato, who was unwilling that youth should spend too much time upon music, allowed *three years* to learn the elements; but that he should be master of taste or expression in that time, or to be able to compose music to a new Lyric, was not expected.

ACTIONS BEFORE WORDS.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all the sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother! Why I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition he made."

A very delicate lady in this town covers her cheeks with paint when going out—she says she does not like the young men to see them naked. Very modest!

Why is a man up stairs whipping his wife, like a gentleman? Because he is *above doing a mean action.*

There is a girl in Vermont so tall that she has to squat down to look over the Green mountains. A high girl that.

"I'm going to the vale of *tiers*," as the barrel of flour said, when it was getting lowered into the ship's hold.

RIGHT.—A cheerful look and forgiveness, are the best revenge for an affront.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Dramatic Extract.

Mr. Editor,—You are probably better acquainted with the motives that prompt an amateur to seek a publication of his effusions than I am able to explain them. The following fragment of an unfinished drama I send you, with no very sanguine hope that its merits are sufficient to procure it a place in the columns of the Gem;—but upon this yourself will decide, and oblige yours, &c. H. V. Z.

Sanford,—

Thus shapes adversity, her every wind
To cross my path, which ever path I tread;
While never lags misfortune in pursuit
To blast the blossoms of my proudest hopes.
But when came she with her appalling train
Of envy, malice, hate, and worst of all,
The petty scorn of idiots, whom wealth,
Unwitting, had label'd "*wise*,"—but that
I'd dash them hence, as would the fretted steed
Th' ensanquin'd fly, and thitherwards would pass
No farther tho't. But now I'm stung too deep
Not to turn upon, and crush the stinger.
Think not I'd make pursuit of *that* which bore
The poison'd fang, for *it* was but a tool
That moved, slept, and dreamed by instigation
Of a haughty villian;—tho', were my path
To bear the blot of such a presence,
My foot may crush the leprous lump.
But now my vengeance slumbers from aught else
To pamper, grow, and rush on Melnot.
I've crawl'd an insect thro' contumely,
And bore the stifling curse of indigence;
Dream'd thro' the dumb *aurelian;* and all
For the bright hope of rev'ling in the sky
Of fame, and honest opulence of wealth.
But scarce my new fledg'd wings had spread abroad
To bear me raptured on the ambient air,
Than did that demon strike a cripling blow,
That numb'd my energies, and trembling back
Sent all aspiring hope, to depths profound
Of first oblivion, in barren waste.
Now conscience lead me to the full extent,
And judgement most profound, guide to the end
That sacred justice bids my vengeance go;
For now my soul is fix'd in its resolve
To pull down Melnot from a height too great
For such a grov'ling brute, whose only work
Is spitting venom from his lofty perch.

What is Solitude?

By C. F. Hoffman.

Not in the shadowy wood
Nor in the crag-hung glen,
Not where the echoes brood
In caves untrod by men;
Not by the bleak sea shore,
Where barren surges break,
Not on the mountain hoar,
Not by the breezeless lake;
Not on the desert plain
Where man hath never stood,
Whether on isle or main—
Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers;
Voices in lonely dells;
Streams to the listening hours
Talk in earth's secret cells;
Over the gray-ribbed sand,
Breathe Ocean's frothy lips;
Over the still lake's strand
The wild flower tow'rd it dips;
Pluming the mountain's crest
Life tosses in its pines;
Coursing the desert's breast
Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave—if thou would'st be lonely—
Leave Nature for the crowd;
Seek there for one—one only
With kindred mind endowed;
There—as with Nature erst
Closely thou would'st commune—
The deep soul-music nursed
In either heart, attune!
Heart-wearied thou wilt own,
Vainly that phantom wooed,
That thou at last has known
What is true Solitude!

Benevolence.

The simple is akin to the sublime,
If justly we philosophise the time,
I love to fling a trifle into rhyme,
And thus appears the virtue of a chime.
A blind old beggar, with his hat in hand,
Neglected by the busy passers-by,
I noticed shyly at a corner stand,
With moisture falling from his sightless eye,
A child came by—a laughing creature—
With joy and innocence in every feature,
Skipping forth gaily to an apple stand,
She saw the begger and became less gay;
Then flung the bit of silver in her hand
Into the old man's hat, and ran away.

Olden Memories.

By Lewis J. Cist.

They are jewels of the mind,
They are tendrils of the heart,
With our being are entwined,
Of our very selves a part;
They are records of our youth,
Kept to read in riper years;
They are Manhood's well of Truth,
Filled with Childhood's early tears;
Like the low and plaintive moan
Of the night-wind 'mongst the trees,
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,
Are those "Olden Memories."

Like the dim traditions, hoary,
Of our loved and native clime;
Like some half-forgotten story,
Read or heard in olden time;
Like the fresh'ning dew of even
To the parched and drooping flower;
Like the peaceful thoughts of Heaven
In life's tempest stricken hour;
Like the cadence of a song,
Yet, oh, sweeter far than these,
Are the thoughts that round us throng
With those "Olden Memories!"

In the solitude of even,
When the spirit, lone and dreary,
Turns from earth away to heaven,
As the refuge of the weary;
In the dreamy twilight hour,
When the world is still and calm,
And light zephyrs gently shower
All their plentitude of balm;
Oh, then, sweeter than perfume
Borne on aromatic breeze,
To the softened spirit come
Those dear "Olden Memories!"

In our days of mirth and gladness
We may spurn their faint control,
But they come, in hours of sadness,
Like sweet music to the soul;
And in sorrow, o'er us stealing
In their gentleness and calm,
They are leaves of precious healing,
They are fruits of choicest balm:
Ever, till thy soul departs
To its mansion in the skies,
Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
All thine "Olden Memories!"

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

Marriage Hymn.

God of the marriage hour!
Joyous, yet trembling, at thy feet we bow!
Bless with the strength of all-created power,
And with thy spirit, seal the solemn vow!

We know that thou are near,
Guiding the humblest sparrow lest he fall.
With mirth and song, why mingle doubt and fear?
When light is on our path, should clouds appal?

'Tis ever thus on earth,
Hope, on its eagle pinions seeks the skies,
Love springs triumphant from immortal birth,
Yet these are fettered with encumbered ties.

The solemn vow hath been
"One for eternity, in faith and prayer!"
Cleanse from each breast the slightest shade of sin,
Make them, henceforth, thine own peculiar care!

Futurity unveil!
Show us our pathway brightning 'till it close!
Vain prayer! which may not in its strength prevail,
To win unchanging bliss, and sweet repose.

Grief hath its stormy hour,
And joy its brief and passionate control,
But grant us peace, the Christian's holy dower,
To guide our bark unshattered to the goal!

We would be wholly thine!
Guide through life's mazy labyrinths our feet,
Take us, at last, from this thy earthly shrine,
A'band unbroken, to surround thy seat!

The Veteran.

By T. H. Bayly.

It was a Sabbath morn,
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch,
There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And gabing round the group, he cried,
Do none remember me?"

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there,
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling, said,
"You now remembe me?"

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept,
"I am friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me!"

Epigram.

"The rascal has robbed me—"
I pity your grief!
"All my manuscript verses!"
I pity the thief!

The Disenthralled.

By J. G. Whittier.

He had bowed down to drunkenness,
An abject worshipper;
The pride of manhood's pulse had grown
Too faint and cold to stir;
And he had given the spirit up
To the unblessed thrall,
And bowing to the poison cup,
Had gloried in his fall!

There came a change, the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain—
And like the passing of a dream
That cometh not again,
The shawow of the spirit fled,
He saw the gulf before,
He shuddered at the waste behind,
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest oak,
Its poison vine apart;
He stood erect—returning pride
Grew terrible within,
And conscience sat in judgment on
His most familiar sin.

The light of Intellect again
Along his pathway shone,
And Reason like a monarch sat
Upon his golden throne.
The honored and the wise once more
Within his presence came—
And lingered long on lovely lips
His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down;
Wreaths for the princely conquerer;
Pride for the kingly crown;
But nobler is the triumph hour,
The disenthralled shall find,
When evil passions boweth down
Unto the God-like mind.

Very's Poems.—The following sonnet, by Jonas Very, is from one of the most remarkable collections of poems that have appeared in this country.

The Railroad.

"Thou great proclaimer to the outward eye
Of what the spirit too would seek to tell,
Onward thou go'st, appointed from on high
The other warnings of the Lord to swell;
Thou art the voice of One that through the world
Proclaims, in sterling tones, 'Prepare the way;'
The lofty mountain from its seat is hurled,
The flinty rocks thine onward march obey;
The valleys, lifted from their lowly bed,
O'ertop the hills that on thee frowned before;
Thou passest where the living seldom tread,
Through forests dark, where tides beneath thee roar,
And bid'st man's dwelling from thy track remove,
And would'st, with warning voive, his crooked paths reprove."

Marriages.

In this city, on the 3d instant, by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. James W. Manchester, to Miss Margaret S. Moore. Also, by the same, Mr. Alexander Button, to Miss Harriet M. Holman.

In this city, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. J. Chase, Mr. Charles C. Lunt, to Miss Sarah, second daughter of James Roys, Esq.

In the town of Gates, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wallis, Mr. Isaac Coffonger, to Miss Lydia Batty, all of the above place.

At Buffalo, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, Capt. E. P. Dorr, to Miss Sarah Prince, all that place.

In Auburn, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. N. Barrel, Mr. EDWIN H. COBB, to Miss DELIA ANN, daughter of Joseph S. Miner, all of the former place.

At East Bethany, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Henry U. Lathrop, Esq., to Miss Harriet Lavinia, daughter of Mather Peck, Esq., all of Bethany.

In Alexander, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Mr. Edward Hodges, to Miss Adeline, daughter of Nathaniel Loomis, Esq.

In Marion, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Greenfield, Mr. Lewis H. Danforth, to Miss Susan Kelly, both of Walworth.

In Gates, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Isaac Coffinger, to Miss Lydia Battin, all of the former place.

At Bergen, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Anderson, Mr. Hiram Knickerbocker, to Miss Mary Wilcox, daughter of Mr. Charles Wilcox, all of the above place.

At Sinclairville, Chautauque county, February 3d, by the Rev. Mr. Frink, Capt. Henry Church, of Rochester, to Miss Susan Marsden, formerly of New York.

In Lyons, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Mr. Morton Brownson, to Miss Harriet J., daughter of Newell Taft, Esq. On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Nathan Baker, Mr. John W. Bullock, to Miss Jane Olmsted. On the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of Auburn, Mr. E. M. Ford, of that place, to Miss Maria Crull, of Weedsport. Also, by the same, Mr. Edson Smith, to Miss Mary A. Crull, both of Weedsport.

In Wolcott, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Charles M. Green, to Miss Elizabeth Cuyler, all of that place.

In Bristol, on the 20th ult., by Rev. S. Goodale, Mr. Charles G. Crandel, to Miss Ester Dubois, all of the above place.

In Lockport, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Fillmore, [illegible]. Spafford Hovey, of Alabama, to Miss Deborah R. [illegible], of the former place.

[illegible]iddlebury, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. R. Richar[illegible], Mr. Homan Brown, of Bethany, to Miss Sophia A. C[illegible]in, of the former place.

In Rush, on the evening of the 9th inst., by the Rev. John Copeland, Mr. Peter P. Stull to Miss Julia Jafferds, both of the same place.

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THE AMATEUR MUSICAL PARTY.

MUSICAL PARTY.

"If music be the food of Love, play on;
Give me an excess of it, that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die."

That's not a bad idea of Milton's, or Moore's, I forget which; but it's of no consequence, they are so much alike! The idea of stuffing a monster to cure him of eating!—I wish I had lived a good many years ago, before people thought at all; for then I might have had a chance of thinking something new! It's of no use living now, for every body has heard every thing, and no body believes any thing original. I don't mean to say that Milton is not original; but I suspect that some of the old chaps who lived in his day, said the same thing of him—which is a great comfort to me; because, when a good thought strikes me, and I happen to say it in somebody else's words, people laugh, and say that they have heard it before. However, I can sing, which no body can deny.

Thus spoke a simple friend of mine, as he stood before his glass, preparing himself to attend a musical soiree at a fair friend's house. He was chiefly remarkable for the softness of his nature, the hardness of his head, and a monstrous developement of self-esteem. He was of small stature, with a large head, long body and small legs. He wore his hair quite off his forehead, falling in graceful ringlets behind his ears, chiefly for the purpose of displaying a broad, unmeaning mass of forehead, of which, poor simple soul! he was particularly proud. His form, from its disproportion, was peculiarly clumsy; but his room contained various casts and drawings of the Apollo Belvidere, because, as he said, it strikingly resembled him. He was an especial favorite of the ladies, for he abounded with the most silly and trifling chit-chat of the day. He knew all the prevailing fashions, from the shape of a bonnet to the breadth of a shoe-tie. Besides, the ladies could laugh at him, and by feeding his vanity could get him to execute the most trifling commission that their caprices could suggest. The certain way to mould him to your will was to praise his voice and singing. He believed them both perfect. It sometimes occurred to him, as a remote probability, that his form and forehead might be matched, but as to the oneness of his vocal powers he seemed perfectly assured.

He formed one of a party of distinguished amateurs who revelled in the pathos of "We've lived and loved together," and went mad outright on hearing "The Maniac." Beside the voices, they boasted of a piana-forte, a clarionett, and a violin. At his request I joined him on this occasion.

As we entered the room, the company exclaimed, "Oh, here he is, here he is!" "Oh, Mr. Johnson, I am so glad you are come!" said a fair young creature. "Now we can begin. We have been waiting for you an age, quite an age, I assure you, and our souls have been faint from the want of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," which is the piece Mr. Tapetie has chosen as an opening piece. Will the fair Miss Clementina condescend to make the accompanying music on the piano?" So, to harmony they went; and they kept it up admirably, which was chiefly owing, I believe, to the perfect independence of each performer, both taking, deliberately, their own way. At the conclusion of the duett, we were all highly delighted; no one really more so than myself. An animated discussion then ensued as to the relative importance of music, as a branch of female education. This question was argued pro and con with remarkable ability on each side. So equally were the opponents matched, that it appeared likely to become a drawn battle, when my dapper little friend settled the question, declaring it to be highly necessary accomplishment for ladies, as it made them "so soft." This opinion was greeted with roars of laughter, and considered as conclusive argument in favor of music. He was then requested to sing a song, and after a vast deal of pressing he yielded at last to the popular wish.—It is impossible in writing, to do justice to his voice or style. His voices, for he had two, were not inaptly christened, by a waggish friend, the Antipodes, because, as he said, they never could be

brought together until time and space were annihilated. As high as D his lower voice was well enough, had it not been for its unvarying huskiness, but after D came the break, and over this break he could not get comfortably, for his voice snapt short off, and flew up so high that it was lost in altissimo. Upon this he prided himself, for he was sure that it was original. His style was something between a sigh and a snuffle, or it might be, a pleasing union of both. He chose as his first song, "I love her, how I love," being the best calculated, as he whispered confidentially to me, to develope his break. Before he had proceeded half through with it, the whole company were convulsed with laughter, the more violent because suppressed, and at the end of it, the demonstrations of delight perfectly overpowered him. He received them as just tributes to his merit, and declared that it was quite pleasant to be truly appreciated.

After this the mirth grew fast and furious.—Songs followed by duetts, succeeded each other in rapid succession. The children, dear things, who had been, until now, remarkably quiet, began to exhibit symptoms of revolt. They, however, smothered up their excited feelings until it was proposed to perform "On the lake where drooped the willow," with the whole vocal and instrumental strength, when I perceived evident preparations for a decided movement. The gentlemen who sang the bass took his seat by the piano-forte, for he always sat, because, he said, that if he sung standing, he drew his breath so low that it injured his constitution! Miss Clementina with a beau on either side presided at the piano-forte. The clarionet and the violin were arranged in due order. Never shall I forget the exquisite noise of that combination. The instruments played in unison, if that wretched violin could be said to play in unison with any thing. Scrape, scrape, scratch, scratch, never reaching the proper note within a quarter of a tone. Ugh! my teeth are on edge at the bare recollection. The lady sang the air with them, the two tenors vamped a second, and the gentleman who sat, ditto a bass.—As the song progressed, one little Miss threw another down upon the carpet, and began jumping upon her. The little sufferer screamed most lustily, from seemingly leathern lungs, to the evident delight of the black servant, who as he quitted the room, grinned horrible delight at the hideous row.

The discordant tumult had worked me up to a pitch of agony bordering upon frenzy, when Master Tommy put an end to the affair by a delicious coup de main. He had been for some time engaged, under the piano-forte, in tying the leg of the right hand beau to the music-stool; and, having completed his arrangements, he ran a pin, nearly up to the head, in the other leg. Away flew the stool from under the fair lady, and back flew the gentleman, overturning in his backward flight desks, instruments, and players. The lady in her descent clung frantically to the beau upon her left hand, and dragging him down with fearful velocity, deposited his head in that part of the seated gentlemen where he supposed his voice to be situated, knocking him into a distant corner of the room. What afterwards ensued I know not, for, maddened by the confusion, I rushed out of the house, in the midst of yells, shrieks, groans, and hysteric sobs, and have never entered it since.

Good Advice.—Never send any thing to be pridted until you have read it over carefully at least twice, after you have written it; once to see whether you have written nothing wrong or unwise; and once to see whether the spelling and grammatical construction are correct, and whether the letters are sufficiently plain for the printer's boy to read. Many people, for the neglect of this rule print what they are sorry for afterward.—Many don't get their pieces published at all; and many wonder why omissions are made by the editor; yet they would wonder still more to see their articles in print, as they wrote them. Sentences begun and not finished, or things mixed up so strangely together that nobody can decipher the meaning. Some of our best educated men send perfect nonsense to an editor to be printed, because they will not give themselves time to know what they write.

A Compliment to the Ladies.—A minister a short time ago held forth to his female auditory in the following manner:

"Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female, after the resurrection, for it was only that the glad tidings might *spread the sooner!*"

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the following morning an elderly man was seen walking briskly toward the lower part of the city. He was a hale hearty old fellow, not too fat, nor thin; with a merry, joyous eye, and a good-natured cherry face that had a smile in every wrinkle. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, and under his arm he carried a cane, which he sometimes transferred to his hand, for the purpose of aiding him in walking. He must have been past sixty, for his hair was silvery white; yet his cheek was rosy, and his step firm and elastic, like one in a green old age; who in spite of time and trouble kept a young heart in his bosom; and as he walked briskly along, looking now at the blue sky, now at the houses, now at the throng who toiled through the street, and now pausing at a shop-window to examine some trifle that caught his fancy, or nodding with a frank good-humored smile to a passing acquaintance, there was so much buoyancy and sunshine in him that it made one young to look at him. It was just the day too to meet such a man; a soft, warm morning in the midst of winter. Ice and snow were melted, and the genial hours of spring seemed stealing back at a time when all nature was bleak and desolate.

The old gentleman had a companion, who as he walked gaily along, pausing or increasing his pace as suited his humor, adapted his gait to his; stopping when he stopped, going on when he did, and listening quietly, yet with deep interest to the remarks which dropped from him. This person was a young man of three or four and twenty; tall, thin, with a quick bright eye, black hair, and rather pale. There was a strong contrast between him and the old man. There was more of earnestness, perhaps of sadness in him, and he bore the look of one who had buffetted his way through the world, and even in the outset of life had become a stern and determined man. The expression of his face was prepossessing; for even amid its seriousness, frankness was stamped on every feature; and when he laughed, which he frequently did, as they went along, there was something gushing, heart-felt and child-like in its tone, which showed that trouble and not nature had wrinkled his brow and saddened his spirit.

They were apparently conversing on a subject which interested them both deeply, although that interest displayed itself differently in each.

"Keep cool, my boy, keep cool!" said the old man, looking merrily out of his blue eye, and placing his cane under his arm and his hands under his coat-tails; "keep cool, we'll match him yet; but we must fight him with his own weapons. Above all things, don't get excited."

"I am not in the least excited," replied the other gravely. "Indeed, Doctor, of the two I think you are the most so," said he, smiling. Then after a pause, he asked: "Do you think her father ever made such a will? It seems scarcely possible."

"I don't intend to think about it," replied the old man. "It's strange; but strange things happen every day. It *is* strange—very strange. If it wasn't for the sin of swearing, I should say it was d—d strange, if that's any comfort to you."

"Well," said his companion, laughing, "if you won't commit yourself on that point, of course you will not undertake to think whether the law will uphold such a will or not."

"Of course I won't; for that's just what we are going to a lawyer to inquire about," replied Doctor Thurston, for he it was. "After we've seen him, I'll think boldly, and not till then.—Here's the place." As he spoke, he pointed to a brick building, two stories in height, be-labelled from top to bottom with small tin signs, indicating in gilt letters that the crop of attorneys was numerous and flourishing. Among these was one sign, discolored and gray, and almost illegible from age. On it were simply the words "D. Fisk."

"That's the man," said the Doctor, pointing to the sign. He'll ferret his way to the very bottom of this matter, depend on it. I know him well."

Having thus expressed his faith in the abilities of the professional gentleman whose territories he was preparing to invade, he opened a small glass door at the bottom of a narrow stairway, and ascending, found himself in Mr. Fisk's outer office.

Law certainly engenders dust and decay; for every thing was covered with the first, and seemed in a very advanced stage of the last. There were three tables in the office; broken, and covered with ragged baize; six or seven chairs, some lame of a leg, and one or two deficient in an arm, or weak in the back. Loose papers were lying on the tables, and empty ink-bottles and old hearth-brushes under them, half buried in dirt, cobwebs, and shreds of paper, apparently the accumulated sweepings of years; and indicating, either that Mr. Fisk was too much immersed in the duties of his profession to care about the cleanliness of his office, or else that dust, cobwebs, and empty bottles, and broken chairs and tables, were essential to the proper management of an extensive law practice.

At one of the windows a young gentleman, belonging to the class of individuals usually denominated "students at law," was intently occupied in the abstruse employment of blowing with his breath on the glass, and cutting the initials of his name thereon with his fore-finger. Another young man, with light hair and spectacles, clad in a coat sufficiently exploded under the arms and ragged at the elbows to belong to that class of habiliments technically called "office-coats," was slumbering sweetly over a lucid work on Law Practice; while behind him at the fire a third student, a promising young gentleman, out at the elbows, and with no buttons on the back of his coat, was engaged in the rather matter-of-fact employment of roasting chestnuts on a broken shovel, with a large hole in its bottom, carefully keeping the nuts in their place with the feather end of a quill.

In front of the fire, with his back to it, his hands in his breeches pockets, a pen in his mouth and one behind his ear, indicating that it required the active exercise of several pens at the same time to keep up with the heavy business of the office, stood Mr. Cutbill, a gentleman with thin whiskers and a Roman nose. He was the head clerk; worked hard, talked equally hard when he got an opportunity, and stood in wholesome awe of Mr. Fisk.

"Ah! Doctor!" exclaimed he, advancing and offering his hand as soon as he saw who they were; "glad to see you; *very* glad to see you. In law again? It does one good to get a Doctor in a lawyer's hands; indeed it does. You bleed us, and we bleed you! Ha! ha! But I suppose you'll pay off the score when you get us on our backs."

Doctor Thurston laughed, and said that he might trust him for that.

"No doubt, no doubt. Sit down, Sir; sit down both of you," said he, bowing and smirking.

"Can I see Mr. Fisk?" inquired Doctor Thurston, without taking a seat.

"He's engaged just now," replied the clerk; quite busy."

"Will he be so long?"

Mr. Cutbill pursed up his mouth, looked at the ceiling with his left eye, as if he were going thro' some abstruse mathematical calculation, by which he would be enabled to give the precise time in minutes and seconds; after which he said he tho't not, and drew the skirts of his coat open behind.

"Take a chair," said he, pointing to an article of that description with no bottom to it. "Oh! ah! I beg pardon; don't take *that;* we keep that for the long-winded fellows who tell the same story over every time they come here. It's uncomfortable, and they don't sit long."

Here Mr. Cutbill laughed in a subdued manner, and said: "We won't give *you* that chair, Sir;" and he pushed two others toward them.

"Fisk has his hands full, eh?" inquired the Doctor, as he and his friend seated themselves.

"Run down, Sir, run down," replied Mr. Cutbill, straightening himself up, and throwing his chest forward by way of exercise. "Clients, clients, from morning till night. In a confidential way, Sir: he has the best run of clients in the city; all first-raters. I think," continued he, relapsing into a deep calculation, "that I may say Mr. Fisk has not a single bad client; none of those who sneak into an office as if they had no business there. None of those who open a door on a crack, and peep in, while they ask advice; none of those who knock: now take my advice," said he, growing animated; "never open a door to a knock. We never do it—do we, Torker?"

"Devil a bit; catch *us* at it!" replied the person thus addressed. After which he breathed violently on the window-pane, and with the fore-finger of his right hand cut a capital T with eminent success.

"If you do," continued Mr. Cutbill, "ten to one, you'll stumble on a dun, or a perambulating female, begging for a donation to some unheard-of charitable society, of which she is both member and object, or a small gentleman in a white cra-

vat, anxious to found a church on the top of an iceberg, where he is to preach to the Esquimaux on the sin of luxury and high living. Confound it! Mr. Juniper," exclaimed he, breaking off an enumeration which promised to be a long one, and addressing the young gentleman engaged at the fire: "you'll have Fisk on us if you don't keep those chestnuts quiet." This abrupt remark was elicited by a succession of sudden reports, emanating from the culinary department, like a volley of small artillery.

"Can't help it," replied Mr. Juniper, composedly continuing his occupation; "a man must eat when he's hungry. I wanted a knife to nib their noses, but I hadn't one; so I'm blow'd if they mayn't bu'st just as much as they please. You're always grumbling, but bloody ready to eat 'em."

Mr. Cutbill turned very red, and assumed an air of extreme dignity, for the purpose of overcoming any ill impression which this remark might have made on the clients. At the same time he told Mr. Juniper that he had always, up to that time, thought him a gentleman. In reply to which Mr. Juniper informed him that he was a "poor squirt," and if he again let his coat-tail fall in his shovel, as he was doing at that particular moment, he would set it on fire.

Farther conversation of the same pleasant character might have followed, but just then there was a stir in the inner office.

"By Jove! there he is!" exclaimed Mr. Cutbill. "Go in, Doctor, and you, Sir," said he, bowing to his companion. "Quick!—don't wait for him to come here, or there'll be the duece to pay. That Juniper," he added, sinking his voice, "don't care a straw how much of a row he kicks up, because I'm head clerk, and take all the blame. Mum!" said he, placing his finger significantly to his lips, and favoring the Doctor with an infinite series of sudden, sharp winks. At the same time he seized a law book, and plunged over head and ears in an intense perusal of its contents. The door of the inner room opened, and a voice said, "Good morning." Then a man passed through, nodded slightly to Mr. Cutbill, who bowed deferentially, and went out.

Without waiting for any farther suggestion, the doctor and his companion ushered themselves into the presence of Mr. Fisk.

He was a small man, thin and wrinkled, with a large prominent and bright eye. His hair was matted and twisted in every direction, from a habit of running his fingers through it, when in deep thought; but other than this, there was nothing peculiar about him, except an immoderately large shirt collar, which stuck up under his ears, apparently supporting his head on his shoulders. The table in front of him was covered with bundles of papers tied with red tape, either waiting their turn to be perused, or laid aside after having been read; and a great many loose ones were strewed around in the utmost disorder. All the chairs in his immediate vicinity were covered with open law-books with the faces down, and some were even lying on the floor. Before him was a paper on which he had been writing. When they entered, being deeply engaged in investigating the various means by which an insurance company might receive a premium of insurance, and in case of fire not pay their policy, he did not look up until Doctor Thurston spoke.

"Ah! Doctor! I'm glad to see you. Sit down," said he, pointing to a chair.

"This is Mr. Francis Wharton, of whom I spoke to you," said the other, by way of introducing his companion; "an intimate friend of Miss Crawford."

The lawyer looked significantly at the person thus presented to his notice, and shaking hands with him, again requested them to be seated. At the same time he took a chair opposite, and without speaking, looked at them, as if to know the object of their visit.

"I came here on the same business about which Doctor Thurston has already spoken to you," said Wharton, in reply to the look which seemed more particularly directed to him.

Mr. Fisk merely bowed.

"I am not aware whether the particulars were fully detailed then."

"It would be well to mention them again," said Mr. Fisk, quietly. As he said this, he pursed his mouth up into a point, and folding his hands on the top of his head, leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the wall. He did not speak nor move until Wharton had given the whole history of the claim set up by Bolton, and of his two interviews with Miss Crawford. He mentioned that until that will was produced, nothing had ever transpired to make them suppose her other than her father had always represented her to be, his legitimate child. When he had got through, Mr. Fisk sat up in his chair.

"And you wish me to resist the probate of that will?" said he, as composedly as if resisting the probate of wills was an every-day matter with him.

"Most certainly!" interrupted Doctor Thurston, who had held in as long as his nature would permit; "most certainly we do!" repeated he, warmly, and thumping his cane on the floor.

"On what grounds?" inquired the other, nibbing a pen, and laying it on the table, in readiness to continue his writing as soon as they should be gone.

"On the ground that it is a forgery."

Mr. Fisk gave a slight and unsatisfactory cough, and then said: "What proof have you?"

Doctor Thurston started up, and walked rapidly up and down the room. "Proof, proof," exclaimed he; "the will itself proves it. On the very face of it, it is a foul, glaring lie. Doesn't it set forth the girl, my own little Ellen Crawford, as illegitimate! What could be more false than that?"

"Perhaps she is," said Mr. Fisk, with a quiet smile; and not a little amused at the fiery old man, who paced up and down the room like a lion at bay.

"My God! Helen Crawford illegitimate!—Haven't I known her since she was no higher than my knee?—very shortly before her mother's death. Didn't her mother on her death-bed call me to her, and put that little child in my arms and bless it, and beg me to love and watch over it as if it were my own?—and haven't I done so? Crusty and crabbed an old fellow as I am, hasn't there always been a warm spot in my heart for her? God bless her! and don't I love that dear little girl more than all the world beside? Wouldn't I protect her with my heart's blood? I'd like to see the man who'd wrong her while this old arm can strike a blow!" said he, clutching his cane and shaking it fiercely, as if at that moment he would have derived intense satisfaction from breaking the head of somebody. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Fisk," said he, striding up to the table, and striking his hand vehemently on a pile of law papers, and thereby raising a cloud of dust; "if she's illegitimate, so am I;" and he again struck his fist down, as if he had driven a nail home and was clenching it.

"Did you see her mother married?" inquired Mr. Fisk; "did you ever know any one who did?—or did you ever see her marriage certificate?"

"No."

"Did you ever see the clergyman who performed the ceremony?"

"How could I? He died very shortly after it; before I knew the family."

"Did you know his name?—and did you ever see the church-record containing the memorandum of their marriage?"

"No."

"Do you know in what church is was performed, or in what city?"

"No."

"Then you know nothing about it," replied Mr. Fisk, "nor whether it is true or not. Her father in his will says she is a natural child; and he certainly ought to know something about it."

"What's to be done, then?" demanded the doctor, impatiently.

"I'll tell you. In the first place, although the character of this Bolton is bad enough to justify suspicion of the worst kind, still nothing can be done without *proof*; and it would be worse than useless to advance so sweeping a charge as that of forgery, unless we have strong testimony to support it. You must ascertain if possible whether Mr. Crawford was really married to his daughter's mother: also when and where; the name of the clergyman, and of those present at the ceremony; and whether any of them are still living; if a marriage certificate was made out, who saw it, and what has become of it. Any thing that will tend to substantiate Miss Crawford's legitimacy will be useful of course only to cast suspicion on the will. You might also learn whether Mr. Crawford at any time made a previous will, and how he disposed of his property in it; and how he there mentions his daughter. When you are able to give me more definite information on these points, I shall be able to advise you more effectually.—Your opponent is a vigilant fellow, and one who manages his cards adroitly; and I will frankly tell you that I fear you will not find the proof of these matters so clear as you imagine; for you may be sure that Bolton sifted this matter thoroughly, and knew the strength of your testimony to a hair, before he committed himself so boldly as he has done. He is shrewd, sagacious, and unprincipled, and would stick at nothing to accomplish his ends."

"Depend on it he never offered to marry Miss Crawford without some ulterior object. He was afraid of her. I'd stake my life on it!" exclaimed the doctor, earnestly.

"It looks suspicious indeed," replied the lawyer, drumming with his fingers on the table. "Who did you say were the witnesses?"

"Two fellows I never heard of, nor ever heard him speak of. I forget their names."

"He has not yet applied for letters testamentary, I suppose?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know," replied Doctor Thurston, "but I think not. He told Miss Crawford he intended to. She has not heard from him since."

"She being illegitimate, it would not be necessary to cite her."

He drummed on the table for some time, and then said, rising to give them a hint that they had occupied enough of his time, "I'll attend to it; and you mustn't fail to communicate any thing you may learn. Good morning."

He bowed as he spoke, and neither the doctor nor his companion having any thing more to communicate, they took their leave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Now then to my work!" muttered the Attorney, a few days after his interview with Miss Crawford; "there nothing left but law, and all depends on skill and management."

Now that he had abandoned all hope of compromise, and was determined to advance and support his claim at all hazards, and to abide the event, whatever it might be, he was a different man; cold, calm, and calculating. He measured every difficulty, fortified every weak part of his cause, and shutting his eyes to those things which he knew might happen to blast him, but which he could not prevent, he waited patiently for the result. He lost no time in presenting the will for probate; and to avoid all appearance of apprehension, he caused a citation to be served on Miss Crawford, apprizing her of the time when the will would be proved, and summoning her to attend. These steps taken, nothing more could be done for fifteen days, as the law required the lapse of that space of time between the serving of the citation and the proving of the will; and fifteen days of intense anxiety they were to Bolton.

In the mean while, neither the friends nor the counsel of Miss Crawford had been idle, although they kept their operations profoundly quiet. On questioning her, they learned that her father had frequently spoken of his marriage with her mother, and had mentioned that she was poor, and an orphan at the time, and that from opposition on the part of his parents, the ceremony had been performed in secret, and with none present except the clergyman and two witnesses. She had never heard the names either of the clergyman or of those who were present, nor had she seen her mother's marriage certificate. She knew that she had once possessed one, but she believed it to be lost. In the course of their investigations, however, they stumbled upon a will made by Mr. Crawford, several years previous to his death, in which he mentioned Helen Crawford as his only child by his wife Catharine, and left her sole heir to all his property. On this document, however, there was a memorandum, stating that it had been revoked by a will of a later date, which they were unable to find.

These facts having been communicated to Mr. Fisk, fairly awakened his suspicions, and he knuckled down to his work in good earnest. He set on foot inquiries concerning the character of Wilkins and Higgs, by which he discovered that they were men of the worst possible reputation; familiar with crime, and the intimates of those who followed it as a regular means of livelihood; and as he proceeded in his investigations, many other little matters leaked out respecting the habits of those two gentlemen, which, in all probability they would have preferred should remain in obscurity, or known only to themselves. By his ingenuity also, a friendly communication was opened with persons frequenting the same haunts with the two confederates, and several of them were paid to keep an eye on their motions and conversation, and report what they dropped to the watchful lawyer. But little however was gained in this way; for Wilkins was too sullen and moody, and Higgs too much on his guard, to let any thing escape that might implicate them. They however were several times traced to the lawyer's office, and had once or twice been observed in earnest and excited conversation with him in the street.

The visits of Wilkins to the widow had likewise been observed, and as they were frequent, Mr. Fisk naturally supposed that his intimacy in the family must be great; and with no other object than that of leaving nothing untried, he determined to spring a mine in that quarter. Matters were in this state, when about nine o'clock one cold frosty morning, a stout man with a pimpled face verging into purple toward the end of his nose, opened the door of a small tavern in the neighborhood of Centre street, and stepped into the open air. He looked up and down the street, then at the sky; stamped his thick cane shod with iron heavily on the pavement, and cleared his throat; after which he deliberately placed his cane under his arm, and buttoned his coat up to his chin. This done, he turned slowly round, and looked in the door.

"Come along you cuss, will yer? P'raps you 're waiting for a perswader. If y' are, ye'll get it, blast yer!" And he shook his heavy stick insinuatingly at the object of his remarks.

Thus encouraged, a large white bull-dog walked to the door with a step as deliberate as that of his master, stared up and down the street, then at the sky, the same as the gentleman who preceded him had done; after which he seated himself on end, and looked pleasantly up in the face of Mr. Rawley, as if he had nothing to do with a volley of epithets which that gentleman was just then showering upon him, and as if he wished him not to hurry himself in the least.

Mr. Rawley having unbottled his anger, pulled the door of his house to, put his stick under his arm, and thrusting his hands in his breeches pockets, walked briskly down the street, followed by Wommut, who kept so close to his heels that it seemed a matter of some singularity that his nose escaped collision with them.

Mr. Rawley walked on for some distance, when suddenly he stopped and uncorked again: "Come along, you cuss!—you in-*fer*-nal cuss! Must I be a bustin' my lungs all day a callin' arter you?"

These remarks were addressed to Wommut, who was again delinquent, and who had paused at the corner to watch the progress of a fight which was going on between two small dogs, with the eye of a connoisseur, who seemed desirous of dropping a hint or two to them on the subject.

"Come, I say!" shouted Mr. Rawley, brandishing his cudgel.

Wommut approached in an oblique direction, which brought him a little nearer his master, and a great deal nearer the combattants, and then paused, and looking over his shoulder at his master, winked his eyes slowly, and made a painful effort at swollowing, which showed that his feelings were deeply interested.

"Come here, will yer?" bawled out Mr. Rawley.

Wommut deliberated a moment, then pitched headlong into the fight, and shook both dogs violently, by which piece of exercise, being apparently much relieved, he went to within twenty feet of his master and placidly seated himself, waiting for him to go on.

"Haven't I brung you up in the best of 'ciety, yer brute yer? and is this the way you're going to disgrace me, by stickin' your ugly muzzle into every wulgar rumpus atwixt all low-lived mongrels you meet, and you a reg'lar thoroughbred bull? Do it agin, that's all; do it agin!"

And Mr. Rawley shook his stick ferociously at the dog, who kept at a respectful distance, until his master had become somewhat mollified, after which he gradually narrowed the space between them, until he followed as before, with his nose almost touching his heel.

It was a fine cold morning. The air was quiet; the sun shone cheerily, and every thing looked gay and bright. Even the old houses in that ruinous part of the city had a fresh appearance.—Mr. Rawley walked sturdily on, thumping his cane on the stones until they rang, and clearing his throat manfully. He struck into Chatham street, and along that thoroughfare he directed his course, jostling his way among the crowd, and giving way for nobody. Through Chatham street, along the Park, and down Broadway he kept on, and close at his heels followed Wommut, until they came near Wall street, a few blocks above which Mr. Rawley turned off into Nassau. It was early in the day, and that narrow street was thronged with people, among whom he drifted on, until he came to the small two-story building, on the outside of which Mr. Fisk kept his sign, and in the inside of which he kept his office.

He ascended the outer steps, and pulled open the door at the foot of the inner staircase.

"Go up!" said he, holding open the door, and king over his shoulder at the dog.

In obedience to his hint, and aided by the application of Mr. Rawley's foot, which accompanied it, Wommut preceded his master, until he reached the top of the stairs, where he gave a short asthmatic cough, and seated himself.

"Is this 'ere where Mr. Fisk keeps?" inquired Mr. Rawley, after he had attained the same eminence with the dog, and looking very hard at Mr. Cutbill, who was looking equally hard at Wommut.

"This is his office," replied the head-clerk, continuing his earnest gaze at the dog.

Mr. Rawley, on receiving the answer, took off his hat and placed it on the floor, laid his stick beside it, pulled off his gloves and threw them in his hat, unbuttoned his coat and shook it gently, after which he drew from his pocket a dirty spectacle case, and an equally dirty pocket-book of a large size. Laying the last on his knee, he opened the first, and fixing a pair of iron spectacles carefully on his nose, he proceeded to unstrap the pocket-book, from which he took a letter, and without saying a word reached it to Mr. Cutbill. Having successfully accomplished this feat, with equal deliberation he replaced the pocket-book, and spectacles, buttoned his breeches pocket, pulled down his waist-coat, and stared Mr. Cutbill full in the face.

That gentleman read the letter through, and then said:

"Oh, Sir, you're Mr. Rawley?"

"Yes, Sir, I am that individooal." And Mr. Rawley looked as if asking, "and now that you know it, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm delighted to see you; and so will Mr. Fisk be," said Mr. Cutbill, advancing, and rubbing his hands. "We were quite anxious to see you, indeed we were. A fine dog that, Sir, a *very* fine dog!"

"He *is* a fine dog," replied Mr. Rawley, with some emphasis; "a remarkably fine one."

"Upon my soul, I think I never saw a finer.—A pointer, I think?"

"No Sir; a bull—a regular bull; a real out-and-outer."

"Fine fellow!—fine fellow! Poor pup—pup—pup!" said Mr. Cutbill, looking insinuatingly at Wommut, and patting his own knee, by way of hinting to him that his intentions were friendly. "Is he vicious! I hope he ain't."

"He wicious! Let me catch him a-being wicious—that's all! He never killed nobody. He used a young nigger rather rough last fall, and bit a hole in the bowels of a small Irish infant; but it was all in play. He's the best natured dog in the world, if you let him alone."

"Oh! we won't disturb him then," said Mr. Cutbill, increasing the distance between himself and the amiable animal; "we won't notice him; but he's a prodigiously fine dog. I think Mr. Fisk is at leisure to see you; and you had better go in and take him with you. I'm sure Mr. Fisk will admire him; he's such a noble specimen—so like a lion. If he don't like my looking at him, I won't. He looks as if he didn't."

"It aint you that's a 'citing him," replied Mr. Rawley. "It's that chap there," said he, pointing to Mr. Juniper, who was saluting the dog with sundry pellets of chewed paper, ejected through a tube; while Wommut, laboring under the delusion that his nose was beset by divers flies of a species hitherto unknown, kept snapping in every direction. "Let me tell you this, my chicken," continued Mr. Rawley, "if you've cut your wisdom grinders, you'll let that animal alone; for when his dander's fairly riz he's h—ll for assault and battery. A gen'leman worried that same dog one fine day, and the next year that same gen'leman wore a wooden leg. I only mention the fact; that's all."

"Mr. Juniper, for God's sake don't disturb the animal!" exclaimed Mr. Cutbill, earnestly; "of all abominable things, cruelty to dumb beasts is the worst. Poor fellow! poor fellow! I hope he don't make mistakes when he's excited, and bite the wrong person?"

"Not often; but he does sometimes, 'specially when he's aggravated about the nose."

"Indeed! ah! I think you had better step in the next room; Mr. Fisk will see you at once.—He's very anxious to. Walk in sir; *do* walk in. Take the dog with you; a splendid animal!—beautiful!—a perfect study!" And Mr. Cutbill fairly bowed Mr. Rawley and his companion into the back office and shut the door.

Mr. Rawley remained for some time shut up with Mr. Fisk, and when he came out both he and Wommut wore an air of profound mystery. He looked at Mr. Cutbill, and then strode down the steps without saying a word. Wommut had already descended two steps, in pursuance of his example, when he detected Mr. Juniper in the act of throwing the cover of a book at his head; and turning short round, was ascending for the purpose of taking a gentlemanly notice of the aggression, when he was arrested by the voice of Mr. Rawley. He paused on the top step, looked Mr. Juniper full in the face, raised his upper lip, and favored him with a sarcastic smile which displayed all his teeth, and then quietly descended the steps, and made his egress from the door, being somewhat aided therein, as in his ascent, by a kick from his master.

That gentleman now directed his course to the upper parts of the city. He did not stop at his own tavern, but dodged in and out of various places in obscure parts of the town. He had undertoned gossipings in corners with several suspicious fellows, apparently obtaining but little satisfaction to his inquiries. He then went to Wilkins' house and had a long and mysterious conversation with the red-headed lodger on the second floor, who treated him with singular deference. Thence he directed his steps to a small house in the bowery; and very shortly after might have been seen holding by the button no less a person than Aaron, the drab-colored body-guard of Mrs. Dow. Their colloquy must have been most satisfactory, for he chuckled and laughed to himself as he left him, and snapped his fingers, and swore lustily at the dog, which last demonstration of pleasure he did not intermit until he reached his own house.

What the nature of the conversation was, has not transpired; but during the whole of the evening succeeding it Aaron was observed to wear an air of profound and uneasy gravity. He shook his head ominously in the kitchen, and threw out so many cloudy hints that a certain gentleman who should be nameless, but whom they all knew, and particularly Mrs. Dow, and who came in and out of a certain house as if it were his own, and spoke to a certain respectable man-servant as if he were a dog, would "get his bitters soon," that the red-haired cook with prominent teeth, to use her own expression, "was ready to bu'st with cur'osity."

A dozen times in the course of the evening Aaron thrust his head in the little parlor, (where Mrs. Dow was dozing over a large Bible and a small prayer-book, with a small stove under her feet,) to see what the hour was. Eight o'clock came, then nine; a quarter after, then half after, and at last ten. As the clock struck, Mrs. Dow lighted an under-sized lamp, with a particularly large extinguisher attached to it by a brass chain, and examined all the windows, doors and latches, to see that they were properly secured. Having satisfied herself in this particular, and having thrust a long sharp-pointed stick violently under every chair, sofa, and side-board, and into every dark closet in the lower part of the house, and having closely scrutinized every drawer of sufficient magnitude to contain any thing larger than a rat in the last stage of decline, she felt morally certain that there were no hidden interlopers in the house; and accordingly took herself off to bed, first giving Aaron a particular charge not to set the house on fire, in any accidental manner whatever.

No sooner did Aaron hear the door of her room double locked, and the bolt drawn, than he clapped his broad-brimmed hat on his head and sallied out; and being somewhat flurried at the stealthy nature of this proceeding, he ran with all his might, two blocks in a direction contrary to what he wished to take before he stopped to think. He then paused, buttoned his coat up to his chin, fixed his hat firmly on his head, and changed his course.

The crowd had begun to thin off from the more public streets; and the narrow ones were comparatively quiet and deserted. It was a long time since Aaron had ventured out at such an unseemly hour, and his courage being of the passive rather than the active kind, he began to feel far from comfortable at the loneliness about him. He kept a wary eye on all the dark corners, and gave a wide berth to every alley; which he felt certain was a lurking place for tall black-hearted ruffians armed with ropes, ready to sally out and strangle him on the spot, pack him up in an empty pork barrel, and sell him to an eminent physician, who would ask no questions, but would quietly boil him down, and make a skeleton of him before that time to-morrow night. At length he came to a street more dimly lighted than the others, and at the corner of this he stopped. It was so dark that he could not see a hundred yards; but within that space there was no one stirring.

"Here's a go!" muttered he, looking suspiciously about; "a wery lonesome street! How

a man might be invited to die here, wiolent! It smells of murder and arson, and sich. No matter," said he, clearing his throat very loud, and straightening himself up: "I'm under diwine pertection here as well as in my bed; though it *does* strike me that diwine pertection in my bed is a securer kind of pertection than diwine pertection just in this neighborhood."

He continued standing still for full ten minutes, as if in expectation of the arrival of some person. But the only one who did make his appearance being a single man of a very cut-throat expression, who loitered slowly past him, his resolution was fast evaporating.

"If he isn't here in five minutes more," he muttered, "I'm off."

To employ his thoughts during that interval, he very devoutly struck into a hymn, which considering all circumstances, he was delivering with a great fervor, when a gruff voice exclaimed in his ear:

"What yer raisin' such a row about? If there *is* a land of pure delight, where saints infernal dwell, as you're tellin' all this 'ere neighborhood, *this* aint it."

"Is it you, Mr. Rawley?" inquired Aaron, a little tremulously.

"To be sure it is; and you—you're the rummest man of your years I ever *did* see. Here's this 'ere animal," said he, pointing to his dog, "has been a wantin' to walk into your mutton ever since we turned the corner. He hates melancholy tunes, and supposed you wanted to pick a quarrel with him."

"It is a lonely spot, and a savage," replied Aaron, gravely.

"Pshaw! come along! There aint much danger when you've got *him* with you;" and Mr. Rawley nodded his head toward Wommut as he spoke.

Without further remark, he turned on his heel, and walked rapidly on, (followed by his dog and Aaron, who took especial care to keep under the wing of so valiant a protector,) until he crossed Broadway, and found himself in front of a large house in the neighborhood of Hudson Square.—Here he stopped.

"You wait here till I call you," said he. He ascended the steps, rang the door-bell violently, and in a few moments was ushered into a richly-furnished room. At a table sat Mr. Fisk engaged in writing. A number of papers were unfolded in front of him; and one or two law-books were lying open, as if he had just been referring to them.

He looked up as Mr. Rawley entered, but did not speak or rise.

Mr. Rawley deliberately walked to the table, laid his cane on it, and wiping his forehead with a cotton handkerchief which he drew from his hat, said:

"I've brung the indiwidooal."

"Who?" demanded Mr. Fisk.

"Him—the widder's man—the one we was arter."

"Where is he?"

"In the street. You needn't call him till you want him."

"I want him now; beside, he might get tired and go off."

There was something so ludicrous in the idea of Aaron's going off, that Mr. Rawley shut his eyes, and compressing his lips, indulged himself in a fit of violent internal laughter, which threatened to shake him to pieces, and caused his stomach to quiver and undulate like a large jelly.

When he had partly recovered, he said:

"Bless your soul! *He* go! He can't! When I came in, I tipped Wommut a wink; that was enough. *Let* him go off arter that, that's all. If he does, he'll leave a pound of man's flesh in the keeping of that there waluable animal." And here Mr. Rawley was attacked by another violent fit of merriment. "There aint a constable," he continued, "nor deputy-sheriff like him for hanging on. A bone won't buy him off. He settles all the quarrels between me and my customers, and seems to take a pride in it."

Mr. Fisk then told him that as it was growing late, it would be better to introduce Aaron at once. Whereupon Mr. Rawley vanished, and in a few minutes returned, followed by the man-servant and Wommut. The latter walked stiffly across the room, and seated himself on the rug directly in front of the fire, while Aaron paused at the door. Mr. Fisk told him to come in, and to take a chair, which he did; and having perched himself in a very uncomfortable position on the extreme edge of it, attempted to look about him with an air of total unconcern, in which he signally failed. Mr. Rawley in the mean time betook himself to a long arm-chair, planted the end of his cane firmly on the floor, and clasping both hands over the head of it, rested his chin on them, and rolled his eyes from Aaron to the lawyer with a look of keen and cunning interest.

Mr. Fisk, after a few casual remarks, during which Aaron so far recovered his composure as to seat himself comfortably, asked if he was acquainted with one George Wilkins.

"Of course I am," replied Aaron, confidently: "haven't I let him in at the widder's twice a week reg'lar, except the two months he was away at the South?"

Mr. Fisk made a memorandum on a piece of paper in front of him. "Now Aaron," said he, "I want you to answer, as accurately as if you were under oath, all that I shall ask. You know my object, I suppose?"

"This gen'leman," said Aaron, pointing toward Mr. Rawley, "says you're to prevent that Wilkins from marrying Mrs. Dow, the widder. I want the same thing too."

Mr. Fisk looked at Mr. Rawley, who was going through a series of the most violent contortions of countenance, for the purpose of giving him a hint to confirm the story which he had fabricated, to enlist Aaron in their interest. Then without paying the slightest attention to the extraordinary performance, he said:

"Such was *not* our purpose; although, if we succeed, Wilkins will have something else to do than to persecute your mistress with his attentions; and may find his motions somewhat less at his own command than they have hitherto been."

Aaron looked earnestly at him, and then uttered with an interrogatory jerk of the head the single word "Penitentiary?"

Mr. Fisk nodded.

"Go on, Sir—go on!" exclaimed the other, rubbing his hands violently, and giving several other peculiar indications of intense satisfaction. "I'm ready."

"Well then," said the lawyer, "to save time, confine your answers strictly to the questions I shall ask. You mentioned that you knew this Wilkins?"

"I do," replied Aaron laconically.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Tall man, black hair and whiskers; owdacious and rascally; bad cut to his eye."

"Wounded in the eye?" inquired Mr. Fisk.

Aaron stared at him, as if he did not understand.

"I didn't," replied Aaron, energetically. "I said the cut of his eye was bad."

Here Mr. Rawley laughed so prodigiously, that he was attacked with a violent fit of coughing; whereupon Wommut rose, and walked leisurely around the table, to see if any thing was required in his line. Finding that there was not, he returned to the rug, where he remained the rest of the evening, winking and blinking, with his nose so close to the fire that he could not keep his eyes open.

When Mr. Rawley became somewhat composed, Mr. Fisk went on with his inquiries.

"When did Wilkins go to the South?"

"In the end of July last."

"Ah! that's important. You're sure of that?" said the lawyer, with some animation.

"I'll swear to it," replied Aaron, resolutely.

"When did he come back?"

"In the middle of September. I can tell the very day when I get home. I made a note of it."

Mr. Fisk rubbed his hands with an appearance of still greater animation.

"Are you sure he did not return before that?"

"I am," replied Aaron; "hut he wrote reg'lar. His letters wasn't post-paid nuther."

"How do you know he wrote them?"

Aaron, acting upon the well-known principle of law that no one is obliged to criminate himself, remained silent. Mr. Fisk saw the dilemma, and inquired what they contained.

"Love, of the sweetest mixtur'.'

"Could you get one of them?"

"It can't be did," replied the other, with the decided manner of one who felt confident of what he asserted; "it's totally onpossible. They're under lock and key, in the red box with her best teeth, and she keeps the key herself. Them letters were of the urgentest kind," said he, with increasing animation; "they was alarming in their natur'; and what's to be did, must be did soon; for it's not onpossible that the widder might elope with him if it's put off. She's getting dreadful desp'rate."

"No fear of that!" replied Mr. Fisk. "If she is ready Wilkins is not. He's married already, and will not risk taking a second wife until he gets rid of the first."

The man-servant rose erect, his hair bristling nearly as straight up as himself, as he exclaimed:

"Married! Got a wife!"

The lawyer nodded.

Aaron gave a rapid flourish of his right leg, intended for a caper, snapped his fingers, uttered a loud laugh which terminated in a whistle, and then suddenly recollecting where he was, stopped short, and looked earnestly at the opposite wall, as if he had just made some important discovery in that quarter.

Mr. Fisk waited until this violent effervescence had in a measure subsided, and then said: "I wish you to remember that this conversation is strictly confidential; and that whatever you may learn from either Mr. Rawley or myself respecting Wilkins or his associates is not to be communicated to any one, and least of all to Mrs. Dow. It is not our intention that he shall escape us, or be enabled to carry out his designs against your mistress or any other person; but in order to insure success, we must be secret; for if our plans are discovered before they are ripe, they will be frustrated."

Aaron promised the required secrecy; and a long conversation then followed between him and the lawyer, in which the latter learned much respecting the habits and character of Wilkins; though but little as to that of his companion Higgs, of whom Aaron had never even heard.—Enough however had been elicited to satisfy Mr. Fisk that he had obtained a clue which would enable Miss Crawford to contend successfully against the will, and to throw upon it a suspicion of forgery, which he imagined it impossible that they could remove.

After making several notes and memoranda, he threw down his pen with the air of a man satisfied with his work, and told Aaron that he considered his information of much importance, and appointed a time at which to see him again. He then thanked him for the trouble he had taken; and said that he would not detain him any longer.—Aaron understood this as a hint to go about his business; so he took up hat, and being again assured that his mistress should come to no harm, and once more enjoined to secrecy, he departed, after lingering for a moment, in the hope that Mr. Rawley would offer to accompany him. That gentleman however made no motion of the kind; so he set out alone. His way was through streets dimly lighted, traversing a part of the city notorious for crime and midnight violence. Stealing along like a thief, now muttering a prayer, now an exclamation of terror, and now startled at the sound of his own footsteps as they echoed on the stone pavement, he at last reached the door of his home. Cautiously unlocking it, and closing it noiselessly, he stole up stairs and crept into bed, where his heavy breathing soon indicated that for the present he was at rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I CAN'T DO IT."—What a volume of human misery is unfolded in that short sentence! What mighty efforts of undeveloped genius are chained by this conclusion of despondency, when a barrier chances to interpose the onward progress of the will, and sometimes of mere human volition!—What domestic unhappiness, what downward marches of the otherwise worthy, to the gloomy and solitary abodes of poverty; what anxious solicitude that fills the breast of the dependent wife; what arduous wrestling with the demon of despair; what social wretchedness; what national evils are all depicted in the spirit of that expression! It is the language only of the self-wretched—the determination of the weak and imbecile. It is the voice of the moral coward, who, standing upon the shore of some desolate island in the stormy ocean of life, and looking out upon the billows strewn with the wrecks of earthly grandeur and human happiness, is so blinded by fear that he cannot see the gleam of hope that flickers amid the surrounding gloom. It is the articulated feelings of the traveler of the desert, who, having gained an eminence, sees nothing but barren plains before him, thirst parching his tongue and weariness subduing his strength. But shall he lie down without hope? Nay, let him press forward; make but one effort, and a green oasis will meet his vision, a cool stream will bubble up from some unforeseen fountain, and he will reach his journey's end crowned with the rich rewards of perseverence.

Scientific.

FIXED STARS.

The number of stars of the first magnitude to be seen in the heavens is extremely small, not more than fifteen or twenty being visible. Outside of this class the stars of the second magnitude exist in greater numbers, there being from fifty to sixty known, while there are of a third magnitude more than two hundred to be seen. There is a difference between stars of the same magnitude in point of size and splendor. Nor must it be understood that there is any definite line of demarcation between stars of different magnitudes. The form of speaking is the same as if I should speak of men of the first magnitude, meaning those above six feet high, and those of the second between six feet and five feet six. This would be a perfectly arbitrary distinction, and so is that of the stars.—Now astronomers have seen the necessity of some classification of this kind, and have therefore divided the visible stars into seven orders of magnitudes, the smallest being of the seventh. As to the number of stars, it cannot be told with any approach to accuracy. When we get up to those of the fifth, sixth, and seventh magnitudes, their number is beyond computation. The probable number which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye, has been estimated at 20,000; but this is a mere rough estimate. When, moreover, we come to apply the telescope to the examination, we discover a farther series of stars from the eighth to the seventeenth magnitudes, which are far too small to be visible to the naked eye.

If now, the nearest fixed star, that one which can be seen under the most favorable circumstances, be separated from our system by so vast a chasm, what must we suppose to be the case with those of the sixth, seventh, and still more of the sixteenth magnitude, visible only by the most powerful telescopes? A star of the seventh magnitude can easily be compared with one of the first in point of splendor, by the photometer, just as the light of a sperm candle can be compared with that of a lamp. Sir John Herschell has compared the splendor of a star of the sixteenth magnitude with that of one of the first, and has found that the light of the latter is equal to three hundred and sixty-two times that of the former. From this, it may be inferred that the distance of a star of the sixteenth magnitude is such that it would require thousands of years for its light to reach our system. These considerations present to our minds most comprehensive views of the economy of the Universe.—For if light requires a thousand years to come from one of these plainly distinguishable stars, there can be now no doubt that it takes twenty times as long to come from others; and what are we to infer from this but that there are visible objects in the universe which 20,000 years ago existed as they are now seen. Light left these stars 20,000 years ago, and has just reached the earth upon which we live. For 20,000 years past, then, these stars for aught we know, may not have existed. Into what a singular historical state does this view throw creation! Our system, then exists at an enormous distance from the nearest fixed star, and look in what direction we may, the same chasm yawns between us and it.

The telescope of Sir William Herschell was of a power that has never been possessed by any other, and many curious results have flown from his survey of the heavens. If we cast our eyes upon the different portions of the firmament, we find the stars very unequally distributed, in some parts being very closely clustered, and in others scattered at great distances from each other. There is a line across the heavens called the milky way, presenting the appearance of a mass of whitish light, traversing the whole arch of the firmament, composed of stars so thickly clustered together as to appear blended into one mass of white light.—Now after the most close and careful investigation, Sir William Herschell came to this conclusion: that our sun is one of a vast stratum or bed of suns, the length of which is very great compared with its breadth, and its breadth great when compared with its thickness. The appearance of this stratum is that of an oblong bed of stars, in which they are crowded as closely together as possible. Now, Herschell accounted for the apparent difference in the distribution of the stars through space in this way: If a person placed on the earth sees the stratum through its smallest diameter, he looks directly through it, and the stars appear at some distance from each other; if he sees it through its breadth, he sees them closer together; if he looks through its length, they appear denser still. In this latter case, they have the appearance of a white light. And now I beg you to endeavor to strain your imaginations, for the mind aches in the attempt to grasp views like these, to a full conception of these stupendous discoveries. Remember it has been proved that the distance of the sun from the nearest star of this immense bed is such that light can traverse it only in three years, at the amazing velocity of 200,000 miles in a single second. Nothing is more certain than that every star is at least as far as this from the one nearest to it. I spoke of the stars as clustered closely together; but this was with reference to dimensions of which this whole mass of stars is but a point.

With regard to the double stars, I shall have some things to say calculated to raise in the mind conceptions which I think will be fruitful of good. On a careful examination of some of the double stars, Sir William Herschell thought it probable that they were two suns at an immense distance from each other; their apparent proximity he accounted for by supposing that we see one behind the other, the view being thus fore shortened. If so, he reasoned, it will be well to ascertain the effect of the Earth's motion in its orbit upon their apparent distance from each other. The immense diameter of this orbit he supposed would of course produce a change in their apparent distances.—With reference to this he set about his examination; and the result was one of the most important discoveries in modern astronomy, one of the numerous instances which continually occur in which a person, seeking what is not to be found, finds that for which he was not seeking and which he did not expect to find. He watched these stars, and found that they did change their relative position. This inspired the hope that at last he had obtained the long sought effect of the earth's motion in its orbit on the motions of the fixed stars. But he soon saw that the change was quite different from the one he had expected, and his first feeling was one of disappointment. But a sentiment the reverse of this soon succeeded it. He found that these two stars were in motion with respect to each other, and on pursuing the inquiry still farther, he arrived at a fact of absorbing interest, that those twin stars were members of a double Solar System, and in motion round each other in paths similar to those marked out by the planets; their orbits he found were elliptical. Thus he found that they obey the same law of gravitation that Newton discovered, and arrived at one of the most magnificent conclusions in the whole range of science, that our Solar System exerts an influence upon the remotest part of the Universe. He saw in the fixed stars the same mechanism which was traceable in the arrangements of the Solar System;—one of the many evidences brought to light out of the store-house of Philosophy of the greatness and power of the Creator.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Fifteen Minutes to Spare.—In passing from one engagement to another, during the day, there are often small portions of time for which many make no provision, and so loose them entirely.—A good economist, however, of time, which is money, and to many their only capital, will always have something to fill up these spaces. Put together, they make days, and months, and years, and are worth saving. Some persons are so constituted that it is next to impossible for them to be systematic, methodical, and steadily and continuously diligent. They can work only by fits and starts; and they work best when the spirit moves them, compensating by the earnestness and energy with which they labor for the season during which they loaf or lounge. Such gentlemen of genius are, however, rare; a good many lazy fellows, who imagine themselves members of this class, having, in fact, no right to be ranked with them, and deserving to be talked to first for their idleness, and secondly for their impudence in trying to excuse their drone-like propensities, by pretending to be like the few eccentric great men, who are, in respect to the way in which they do things, a law unto themselves. Most people, to accomplish any thing, need to be constantly industrious; and for them it is wiser never to have "fifteen minutes to spare," and always to have some little matter to which they can turn their hand. A certain mathematician, we forgot who, is said to have composed an elaborate work, when visiting with his wife, during the interval of time between the moment when she first started to take leave of their friends and the moment she had fairly finished her last words. We heard once of a young man, eager for knowledge, who read the whole of Hume's history of England whilst waiting at his boarding house for his meals to be served. No excuse is more common for ignorance, than a want of time to learn; and no excuse is more frequently false. It is not always false.—Unconsciously one may get engrossed in business and entangled with engagements, so that he cannot well release himself and escape. But it is bad to do this; and against it one should be on his guard. In many cases, however, such entire occupation of time is not the fact: it is only imagined to be the fact. Every body, every day, wastes moments if not hours, which might be devoted to useful ends. "Where there is a will, there is always a way," says the proverb. A systematic arrangement of business, habits of rigid punctuality, and a determination to gather up the fragments, will enable a man to make wonderful additions to his stock of knowledge. The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks: so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions and with strength a man's mind. Because we are merchants and mechanics, we need not be ignorant of all that lies without the boundaries of the counting room or the shop. Because the good woman looketh well to her household, she need not abstain entirely from looking into books. If to make money, or get a dinner, the mind must be entirely neglected, it were better to be poor and starve. But there is no such necessity as this, as one may discover, who will with justifiable avarice make good use of every fifteen minutes he has to spare.

Turkish Proverbs.—A little stone can make a great bruise. In a cart drawn by oxen you may catch a hare. A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy. It is not by saying honey! honey! that a sweet comes to the mouth. He who expects a friend without faults will never find one. He sells a crow for a nightingale. A man deceives another but once. It is difficult to take a wolf by the ears. You can't carry two melons under one arm. To live quietly one should be blind, deaf and dumb. All that you give you will carry with you. The fool has his heart on his tongue: the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart. Good wine and handsome women are two agreeable poisons. Every event which causes a tear is accompanied by another which produces a smile.—An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow. Do good and throw it into the sea—if the fishes don't know it, God will. He who fears God does not fear man. If your enemy is no larger than a pismire, fancy him as large as an elephant. A wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house. He who knows everything is often deceived. More is learned by conversation than by reading. A friend is more valuable than a relative. There are more invisible than visible things. He who rides a borrowed horse does not ride often. Don't trust to the whiteness of the turban—the soap was bought on trust. Death is a black camel which kneels at every door. When you visit a blind man shut your eyes. Blood is not washed out with blood, but with water. Although the tongue has no bones, it breaks bones. The heart is a child; it hopes what it wishes.

James, in his novel of Cœur de Leon, thus describes confidence in love: "The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts, which binds two beings together more closely, more dearly, than the vows of passion or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we delay its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence which we find but seldom in this world."

Remarkable Similarity.—There is a remarkable similarity between the heathen mythology, and some of the odd conceptions of the Indian race. Minerva is said to have sprung full armed from the brain of Jove. Pushmataha, an eminent Indian chief, when asked who was his father, replied, "Pushmataha has no father—thunder and lightning struck a hollow poplar tree, and out jumped Pushmataha."

"Diseased benevolence often tramples on more rights in going to its object than it secures in reaching it. It is easier to be benevolent than just; easier to give something from our abundance to relieve the poor, than by our justice to supersede the necessity of alms-giving."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGHZINE.—This valuable commercial periodical for March comes to us filled with the usual quantity of useful and interesting matter. It contains ten separate essays upon subjects relating to commerce, besides a vast amount of miscellaneous and statistical information. But the gem of this number is an article upon "Free Trade Fairly Reciprocated," in reply to an essay in a former number by CONDY RAGUET, of Philadelphia, the great champion of Free Trade in this country. The subject is very ably reasoned, and completely demolishes the arguments so frequently advanced by the opponents of protection, that the foreign trade of this country is advantageous under present regulations. The various theories of that class of pretended "Philosophers who are too impracticable to *work* as they *profess to think*," are handled without much ceremony. By "*free trade*," says the writer, "we mean FAIR TRADE; such as exists or should exist between independent nations; not that which is proffered by *wily diplomatists*, nor such as *professors* of political economy would have, if their Utopian schemes should be realized." We shall transfer the whole of this admirable article to our columns. The other papers of this Magazine are equally worthy of consideration. "Mediterranean Commerce to India" and "The Tobacco Trade of the United States" will both be found valuable for their historical and statistical information. The sketches of distinguised merchants contain a Biography of Benjamin Bussey, or Roxbury.

LAW REPORTER.—This (the March) number has an article on *Repudiation*, which alone is worth twice the price of the magazine. It gives a particular history of the Mississippi affair, speaking of the legal, political, moral and patriotic sophistry employed to justify this outrage upon justice, in terms of severe rebuke. But the article to be properly appreciated must be read. The reader will also find in this number other matters of utility.

N. Y. LANCET.—This excellent work continues its reports of lectures, reviews of recent medical publications, and reports of useful discoveries in medical practice.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—This monthly, setting aside its strong political bias, is one of the most impartial and talented publications in the United States, although it publishes some foolish things as well as other periodicals; and as an instance, we name "The Burglars," which certainly is neither talented, instructive nor moral. But then it has a lengthy notice of the character of the late William Ladd, the great advocate of peace, which alone compensates for all other defects.—A biography of Bryant, the odes of Sappho, Stars that have set in the 19th century, Wordsworth's sonnets on the punishment of death, the last severely and justly criticised, appear in this number, and also other good things.

KNICKERBOCKER.—The contents of this number are Grenada and the Alhambra,—the Past of Life,—Moonlight at Sea,—my Grandfather's Portfolio,—Conscience,—Song of the Winds,—Edward Alford,—a Sonnet,—Flowers,—Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-folio,—Lay of the Hawk,—Storming of Stoney-Point,—Forgetfulness,—Torquato Tasso,—Haunted House,—Life in Hayti,—What is our Life?—The Attorney,—Ah! come to me, Mary, &c. &c., altogether a rich number.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK, and NEW YORK VISITOR,—both contain some matter worthy of attention. They are got up in a very good style, supported by a good share of native talent, both are embellished with steel engravings, the latter with plates of the fashions, and the former with numerous wood engravings.

LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.—This magazine, as we have before said, proposes to give the fashions in advance of all other publications, and we suppose they do so. But, aside from this peculiarity, we take pleasure in recommending it for its reading matter. The March number contains as great a proportion of really excellent light reading as we have seen in any single magazine for many a day.

LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE,—OR PICTORIAL LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE.—The foregoing is a general title under which Morton McMichael, of Philodelphia, is publishing a series of works of "standard literature." We have already noticed the Life of Napoleon: The 7th and 8th numbers are published, as richly illustrated as their predecessors. The publisher has commenced the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, by De Poe, that old, but always interesting work. The younger portion of community will doubtless seek for this with eagerness. Four numbers have been issued, handsomely printed and richly embellished. This work will be adorned by **300** engravings, and will be the finest edition ever published. Price 12½ cents a number.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.—This is not, certainly, a phrase of *very* definite meaning; nevertheless, it is used by D. Appleton & Co., New York, as a kind of a title to a re-publication of certain works in periodical numbers. In addition to "Handy Andy," they have commenced "Our Mess," another tale about Irishmen, and so on. These works are got up in a good style of typography and on superior paper; of their merits we may hereafter speak more definitely.

THE PEOPLE'S LIBRARY,—Continues the publication of the Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, which, by the way, will be concluded in the next number.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.—The March number is going forth to its young patrons, with its pleasant and good things and pretty embellishments. The publishers, however, say one thing that is particularly flat; and that is, that they employ editors more competent than S. G. Goodrich. If they intend to make the people believe this, we shall set them down as more competent to say silly things than any body else in their line.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Edited by S. G. Goodrich, the real Peter Parley, is a most excellent publication for children. Its matter is characteristic of the numerous publications, by the same author, which have been before the public for years.—The embellishments are in place and neatly executed. The publishers say they have the largest subscription of any juvenile periodical in the United States.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The March number contains five articles, the last of which is a review of Dr. Hamilton's lecture, delivered before the Rochester Athenæum in February, 1841. Mr. Fowler takes hold of this lecture in his own peculiar home-thrust style. There is also an article of much interest, giving some supposed newly-discovered principles in Animal Magnetism. It is a subject which is attracting, just now, a large share of public attention. None should condemn without thorough investigation. Take the Journal as a whole, it never possessed more interest than since it has been under the editorial care o Mr. Fowler.

☞ Mr. Moore, No. 2 Arcade, sells single numbers of all the foregoing publications at the publishers' prices.

ROCHESTER MECHANICS.—We saw on Monday afternon in the Rifle Factory of Mr. BILLINGHURST, another superior specimen of Rochester Mechanism. It will be recollected by most of our readers, that it was announced in this paper a few months ago, that DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA, Emperor of Brazil, whose cornation took place in September last, had transmitted to Mr. WILLIAM GARDNER, of Geneva, an order for three rifles, one of which was to be made for his own particular use. Mr. Gardner transmitted the order to this city, to Mr. William Billinghurst, of the firm of Milstead & Billinghurst, by whom the guns were constructed.

The Emperors' rifle is now finished, and was sent off last evening by the eastern cars. Its workmanship reflects much credit upon the artist. The barrel, which has a bore of 85 to the pound, is two feet eight inches in length. The stock is composed of the finest black walnut, highly polished and mounted with silver, beautifully chased. The guard is also of pure silver, finely ornamented by the engraver. Upon the side of the stock is a snuff box, lined with silver, with a gold cover, engraved, and opening with a spring, from which his Brazilian Majesty may at any time during his hunting excursions regale his nose, if he likes. The whole is enclosed in a very beautiful mahogany case, lined with crimson velvet. Its cost is about $400.

We saw at the shop of Mr. B. two barrels—one a rifle and the other a shot-gun—to be fitted to the same stock, of workmanship similar to that of the Emperor's rifle, to be sent to Brazil at the same time.

It is with pride that we refer to those proofs of the ingenuity and skill of American Mechanics, and this feeling is increased when we see such evidences that some of our most ingenious artizans reside in our own good city of Rochester.

PAY THE MECHANIC.—The rich man who employs a mechanic does not always know how much inconvenience, loss of time, and expense he exposes them to, by neglecting to pay an undisputed bill on presentation. Without going too deep into the subject, let us propose a very simple example of constant occurrence. A mechanic undertakes a job, for which his honest charge is fifty dollars. It is done to the satisfaction of his employer. He expects his pay on the presentation of a bill. Why should he not receive it? He has no bank credit; he pays cash for stock, and he pays cash for labor. He has been employed for a week on that job, with two or three journeymen besides, furnishing the raw material, paying shop rent, and other expensive contingencies.—Why should he be asked to wait six months or a year for his money? He must pay his hands on Saturday, provide for his family during the week, pay for his stock, and lay up something against rent day. Is it reasonable, is it just, that his tardy employer should ask him to wait for his money until his convenient time, when cash is not scarce, when three per centum a month is not to be had on the loan of money that belongs to others, or which ought to be appropriated to the payment of his honest debts, instead of sleeping and fattening at interest on post notes, or contributing to the artificial wants of his family, or gratifying a reckless spirit of speculation in visionary stocks? Is it righteous, is it just, that a man of supposed wealth should do this; and leave the honest and hard-working mechanic to the mercy of small creditors, the importunities of journeymen, and the rapacity of usurious extortioners? Certainly not.

LOVE.—I distinguish four seasons in love.—First, comes love before betrothal, of spring; then comes the summer, more ardent and fierce, which lasts from our betrothal to the altar; the third, the richly laden, soft and dreamy autumn, the honey-moon; and after it, the winter, bright, clear winter, when you take shelter by your fireside from the cold world without and find every pleasure there.

There is no nobility like that of a great heart; for it never stoops to artifice, nor is wanting in good offices where they are seasonable.

Poetry.

Mechanics' Song.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

All jovial Mechanics! come join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along:
Though some may be poor, and some rich there may be:
Ye are all contented, and happy and free:

Ye Tailors! of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town:
Remember that Adam, your father and head,
Though the Lord of the word was a tailor by trade.

Ye Masons! who work in stone, mortar and brick,
And lay the foundation deep solid and thick:
Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame;
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye Smiths! who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear while you smite and you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you're careful to strike while your iron is hot!

Ye Shoemakers! nobly from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with your awl to the last;
And Cobblers, all merry, not only stop holes.
But work night and day for the good of our soles.

Ye Cabinet Makers! brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good
And Joiners and Carpenters, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades, and you've nothing to fear.

Ye Hatters! who oft, with hands not very fair,
Fix your hats on a block for a blockhead to wear;
Though Charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and sins of all men.

Ye Coach Makers! must not by tax be controlled,
But ship off our coaches and fetch us home gold;
The roll of your coach made Copernicus reel,
And fancy the world to turn like a wheel.

Ye Carders, and Spinners, and Weavers attend,
And take the advice of "Poor Richard" your friend;
Stick close to your looms and your wheels and your cards,
And you need never fear the times being hard.

Ye Printers! who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians and Jews,
Let your favorite toast ever sound in the streets,
"The freedom of Press and a volume of sheets."

Ye Coopers! who rattle with driver and adz,
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads,—
The famous old ballad of "Love in a Tub,"
You may sing to the tune of your rub a-dub-dub.

Ye Ship Builders, Riggers and Makers of Sails!
Already the fame of your labor prevails,
And still you shall see, o'er the proud swelling tide
The ships of our nation triumphantly ride!

Each Tradesman turn out, with his tool in his hand
To cherish the Arts and keep Peace through the land:
Each 'Prentice and Journeyman join in my song,
And let the brisk Chorus go bounding along.

ECCLESIASTES, XI. 6.—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

In the morning sow thy seed,
Nor at eve withhold thy hand,
Who can tell which may succeed,
Or if both alike shall stand,
And a glorious harvest bear
To reward the sower's care.

In the morning sow thy seed,—
In the morning of thy youth;
Prompt to every generous deed,
Scatter wide the seeds of truth:
He whose sun may set at noon
Never can begin too soon!

Nor withhold thy willing hand
In the eventide of age,
E'en to life's last lingering sand,
In thy closing pilgrimage,
Seed may yet be sown by thee,—
Sown for immortality!

"By all waters," be it known—
Every where enrich the ground,
Till the soil, with thorns o'ergrown,
Shall with fruits and flowers abound;
Pregnate with a sweet perfume,
Decked in Eden's loveliest bloom!

Sow it in thy youthful mind;
Can you have a fairer field?
Be it but in faith consigned,
Harvest, doubtless, it shall yield,
Fruits of early piety,
All that God delights to see.

Sow it on the waters wide,
Where the seaman plows the deep;
Then, with every flowing tide,
You the blessed fruit shall reap,
And the thoughtless sailor prove
Trophy to the cause you love.

Sow it 'mid the crowded street—
Lanes and alleys, dark and foul,
Where the teeming masses meet—
Each with an immortal soul,
Sunk in deepest mortal gloom,
Reckless of the coming doom.

Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—
Scenes of infamy and crime;
Suddenly, may Paradise
Burst, as in the northern clime
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

Sow it with unsparing hand,
'T is the Kingdom's precious seed;
'T is the Master's great command,
And His grace shall crown the deed;
He hath said, the precious grain
Never shall be sown in vain!

Long, indeed, beneath the clod,
It may lie, forgot, unseen—
Noxious weeds may clothe the sod,
Changing seasons intervene,
Summer's heat and Winter's frost—
Yet that seed shall ne'er be lost.

But, at length, it shall appear,
Rising up o'er all the plain—
"First the blade and then the ear,"
Then the ripe, the golden grain;
Joyous reapers gladly come,
Angels shout the harvest home.

T. RAFFLES.

From the Ladies' Companion for March.

Vigil of Marie Antoinette.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

'Tis the night, and o'er the town,
Weary slumbers cometh down;
In a gorgeous palace room
One pale lamp just shows the gloom,
And a woman's patient face,
Tinged by sorrow's withering trace;
Now most pale with fear, and now
With hope's radiance on her brow,
Why with that sad heart of care
Is the lady watching there?

Tearless is her soft blue eye,
From her bosom bursts no sigh;
Burning hopes and feverish fears
Have dried up the fount of tears.
Trembleth she at every sound
Stealing on the stillness round:
Now there comes a sudden start,
While each life-drop leaves her heart;
Now she listeneth eagerly
For the signal to be free.

Now she paceth to and fro,
And her pulse beats quick and low;
Now she turns he eager eyes
Towards the brightening eastern skies;
Fading are the stars of night,
Hope is withering like their light.
Bursts from her one heavy sigh—
'Tis hope's dying agony!
Morn, with its awakening stir,
Gladdeneth every one, save her.

Morning with its glorious glance
Riseth brightly over France:
How did its first blushes fall
Through the darkness of that hall!
How did first its sunbeam dart
On that weary woe-worn heart?
Meekly turns she from the day,
That hath swept all hope away.
From her lip bursts no wild shriek,
No vain tear is on her cheek;
But in the silence of despair,
She shows what woman's heart *can* bear.

From the New World.

Away, I am Weary of Dreaming.

I.

Away, I am weary of dreaming,
Through a lapse of long sorrowful years,
Where each cup that was brightest in seeming,
Most surely was flowing with tears!
I have breathed the wild lays of desire,
The light note of gladness and pride;
But though gay when they rung from the lyre,
Each echo grew sad ere it died.
Then away! I am weary of dreaming
Through a lapse of long sorrowful years,
For each cup that was brightest in seeming,
Too surely was flowing with tears.

II.

Like the child who hath heedlessly wasted,
The hours of a long summer day,
And carefully gathered, and tasted,
Each flower and brook by the way;
So I've turned—every duty forsaking—
Where'er a false pleasure might shine,
To find in this hour of my waking,
That the night and the darkness are mine.
Then away! I am weary of dreaming
Through a lapse of long sorrowful years,
For each cup that was brightest in seeming,
Most surely was flowing with tears.

The Wish.

While others breathe their wishes vain,
For Wealth and her attendant train,
I have my wishes too;
And sometimes find a rising sigh
Forcing a tear-drop to my eye,
As I their track pursue.
But still it is not wealth I crave,
Except when I would fain relieve
The wretched and the poor;
I—for myself—I would not be
Dragged from my dear obscurity,
For heaps of golden ore!
Give me a habitation low,
Devoid of equipage and show,
In some secluded vale,
'Mid an enclosure purely green,
Except where rain-bow flowers are seen,
With clumps of lillies pale;
A little, flowery garden near,
Fragrant and blooming should appear,
All beauty to the eye;
And one with vegetables stored
To spread my hospitable board
In rich variety;
A spacious yard with trees hirsute,
With some for shade and some for fruit,
To crown my lonely cot;
And weeping elms an ample row,
With glittering dew drops, bending low,
Should deck the peaceful spot;
A mountain distantly behind,
Where ceaseless waves the busy wind,
Should rear its broad, dark brow;
Along its sides the flocks should graze,
Safe sheltered from the noon-tide blaze,
And angry storms that blow.
Then give me calm, domestic peace,
That happy substitute for bliss,
To gild my path obscure;
Then, though the great on me look down,
The proud deride, the haughty frown,
And censuring say, 'You're poor,'
I would not envy kings their thrones,
The rich their wealth or splendid domes,
Nor all the earth could give,
But blest in my obscurity,
And full of days know how to die,
And greet a welcome grave.

Variety.

DANDIES.—There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from a hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along the path of pomposity with all the self importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken! I have an antipathy to such people. They are mere walking sticks for female flirts—ornamented with brass heads, did I say? No! their caputs are only half ripe musk melons, with only thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Tinkered up with broadcloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft solder, vanity, and impudence, they are no more men than a plated teaspoon is solid silver! I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet door.—*Dow, Jun.*

COURT OF CHANCERY.—"As unfit as I am for Heaven," said Bishop Warburton, "I had rather hear the last trumpet than a citation from the Court of Chancery. If ever you have seen Micheal Angelo's last judgment, you have there in the figure of the d——l, who is pulling and legging at a poor sinner, the true representation of a Chancery lawyer, who has caught hold of his client's purse."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father;" and accordingly off she went.

"Have you heard my last speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "No," replied the person addressed, with a shrug, "I wish to goodness, I had."

A boy sixteen years old has been sent to jail in New York for refusing to support his wife, fourteen years old, and child, four months old.—*N. Y. Post.*

Dr. FRANKLIN observed, "the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I would neither want fine houses nor fine furniture."

Why does a portrait painter resemble a clown? Because they both gain a living by *making faces.*

The N. Y. Tattler defines a dark lantern thus —*A Negro smoking a cigar.*

Marriages.

At Scottsville, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Lewis Cheesman, Mr. Smellius B. Robinson, of Farmersville, to Miss Harriet E. Robinson, of the same place.

In Clarkson, on the 3d instant, by A. Manley, Esq., Mr. Oliver S. Walling, of Rochester, to Miss Mary Ann Halman, of the former place.

In Royalton, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. C. Hammond, Mr. Chauncey Hart, to Miss Sophia Ross, all of that town.

In Lyons, on the 27th ultimo, by Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Mr. George I. Warder, of Arcadia, to Miss Hannah Eliza Moore, of Lyons.

In Palmyra, on the 27th ult., by Rev. K. Townsend, Mr. James Tannehill to Miss Altha Norton, both of Ovid, Seneca county. In the Baptist church, on the 20th ult., by Rev. A. H. Burlingame, Mr. Ezra P. Day, to Miss Mary C. Baxter.

In Lockport, on the 24th ult., by Rev. Philo E. Brown, Mr. Edwin Baden, to Miss Maxcy Celia Brink, all of the above place.

In Norwich, Chenango county, on the evening of the 21st ult., by the Rev. L. A. Barrow, Mr. Thomas J. Noyes, merchant, to Miss Ellen G. Hale, all of the above place.

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.

This is a picture intended for the special edification of our juvenile friends; though we are by no means certain that grown people cannot cull a useful lesson from it. Poor little urchin—how frightened he looks! "Won't he catch it?"—Look at the housekeeper, and let her severe and unforgiving frown answer! He is caught "stealing sweetmeats." Doubtless, in the simplicity of his heart, and from his not having any very distinct notion of the fault he was about to commit, he watched his opportunity and safely crept to the closet, mounted the chair, and inserted his longing fingers into the forbidden jar. But, just as he is about to take out the delicious morcel and put it into his mouth, in pops the housekeeper, and detects him in the very act. There is no escape—the evidence is perfect. He must submit to as famous a whipping as ever naughty boy received—yea, and deserved too; for he has done wrong, very, very wrong, and if he be not punished, he will be very likely to do so again. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Let a boy off who is caught stealing sweetmeats, and there are ten chances to one that he will soon be caught stealing something else.

The stealing of "forbidden sweets" commences at a very early period in the history of the world. It was brought into fashion by that lady whom "John Milton, poet," calls, with an Irishman's cleverness, "the fairest of her daughters, Eve." Not to speak it profanely, the fruit of the forbidden tree must have been sweet. We do not incline to the commonly-accepted opinion that it was an apple; no, it must have been that ready-made sweetmeat, an apricot—rich, juicy, luscious, and very tempting to a thirsty individual of "the tender sex," in a sultry afternoon. But whatever may have been the fruit, peach, pear, or pomegranate, plum, mango,* or orange, the habit of stealing succulent and sugared morsels has become, in consequence of a taste derived from our first mother, remarkably prevalent. Indeed, all sweet niceties, it may be remarked, as of Sherman's wonderful vermifuge lozenges, "children cry for hem." But, let them cry for them for them ever so much, there is no reason why they should get up in chairs, and convey them out of jars surreptitiously.

Popular Tales.

From the Lady's Book.

HIRING A SERVANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Well, I'll just give up at once; so there now! It's no use to try any longer!" said Mrs. Parry, passionately, as she came into the parlor, where her husband sat reading, and threw herself upon the sofa.

"Why, what is the matter now, Cara?" inquired Mr. Parry in a quiet tone, for he had seen like states of excitement so often that they had ceased to disturb him.

"The matter? Why a good deal. Sally is going away day after to-morroow, and I shall be left without a cook again. And what shall I do then? Can you tell me that?"

"Hire another," was the unmoved reply of Mr. Parry.

"Yes, it's easy enough to say 'hire another.' But saying and doing are two things. I never expect to get another as good as Sally, and *she* has been troublesome enough, dear knows!"

Mr. Parry laid aside his newspaper, folded his hands together, and assuming a resigned attitude, looked his wife in the face with an air of composure that annoyed her exceedingly.

"You seem always to think this trouble about servants a very little matter," she said, somewhat pettishly; "I only wish you had the trial of it for awhile!"

"I have no desire, I can assure you, Cara," he replied, in a soothing voice. "I never envied you, or any other woman, the pleasures appertaining to household duties. But you must allow me to think that much of the annoyance and difficulty which is too frequently experienced, might be avoided."

"No doubt you think so. All men do. I verily believe there never was a man yet who possessed true sympathy for the peculiar trials incident to house-keeping."

"Come, come, Cara! that is a sweeping declaration," Mr. Parry replied, smiling. "I, for one, think that I feel for you in all your various and conflicting duties, and were it in my power, would lighten every one of them. But, as I cannot do this, I cannot, of course, think that in entering into them you do right to allow them to make you unhappy."

"It is easy enough to talk, Mr. Parry; but how do you think that I or any other woman can look on unmoved, and see every thing in disorder? If dinner is late, or badly cooked, you are very sure to speak about it; and how do you think I can feel easy when I see that through the inattention of the servant, such a thing is going to happen, or feel at all pleasant after it has happened?"

This was carrying the truth right home; and Mr. Parry remembered all at once, that at sundry times he had grumbled because dinner was not on the table promptly; and on various occasions because the meat was overdone or underdone, or the vegetable cold or badly cooked. He therefore sat very still, and did not reply. Mrs. Parry perceived the impression she had made, and continued:

"Or, how do you think that I can feel otherwise than I do in prospect of just such things occurring again, and a dozen others more annoying still!—I've had trouble enough with Sally, to get her to understand how things ought to be done, and it disheartens me outright now that she is determined to go away. I don't care so much for myself, but I know how these household irregularities annoy you, and that you blame me for them, even if you don't say any thing."

Mr. Parry was silenced for the time. He saw that he was thrown completely "in the wrong," and that it would be useless to attempt then to argue himself out of his unenviable position. His wife, thus victorious, had the uninterrupted privilege for that day, at least, of being just as unhappy as she wished, in prospect of Sally's departure, and the annoyances that were to follow this event.

During that day and the next, a gloom pervaded the household of Mrs. Parry. Sally felt more than ever anxious to be away. Once or twice the idea of remaining passed through her mind; but a sight of Mrs. Parry's overcast countenance instantly dispelled it.

On the morning of the day on which Sally was to leave, an Irish girl, who had learned, through the chambermaid, that the cook was going away, applied for the situation.

"Are you a good cook?" inquired Mrs. Parry.

"O yes, ma'am; I can cook anything."

"Where did you live last?"

"I am living in a tavern, ma'am."

"Why do you wish to leave there?"

"I don't like the place. You are so much exposed in a tavern."

"What is your name?"

"Margaret."

"Well, Margaret, you can come on trial to-morrow morning. Sally is going to stay to-night."

And so Margaret went away, promising to come back in the morning. At dinner time Mrs. Parry seemed a little more cheerful.

"I've engaged a cook," she said, after the meal was nearly over.

"Have you, indeed! Well, I'm glad of that, Cara. You see you've had all your trouble for nothing."

"I'm not so sure of that," she replied. "It's one thing to hire a cook, and another thing to be pleased with her. She's an Irish girl, and you know that they are never very tidy about their work."

"But they are, usually, willing and teachable. Are they not?"

"Some of them are. Bnt then, who wants the trouble of teaching every new servant her duty? It's enough to pay them their wages."

"Still, in thus teaching them we are doing good. And we should always be willing to take upon ourselves a little trouble, if, in doing so, we can benefit another."

"That would be too generous! I might, on your principle, be willing to do nothing else but teach ignorant servants their duty, and thus fit them to make other houses pleasant, instead of my own. For it generally happens, that when you have made one of them worth having, she knows some one with whom she had rather live than with you. There was Nancy, that didn't know how to wash a dish or cook a potatoe when I took her. She lived with us a year, until she could turn her hand to every thing, and then went to Mrs. Clayton's, where she has been for six years. Mrs. Clayton told me day before yesterday that she was the best woman she had ever had in the house, and that she would not part with her upon any consideration. And here is Sally, with whom I have had my own time. She's getting to be good for something, and now she's contented here no longer."

"That does seem a little hard, Cara. But then, don't you feel a gratification in reflecting that, through your means, Mrs. Clayton has obtained a servant who fills her place so well as to give satisfaction to the family?"

"I can't say that I do," Mrs. Parry replied, in a half positive, half hesitating tone.

"Then if you do not," her husband said, seriously, "it is time that you began, at least, to make the effort to feel thus. The reason that we are so often made unhappy by the actions of those around us is, because we regard our own good and our own comfort of primary importance. Any thing that disturbs these, disturbs us. But if we desired to impart benefits as well as to receive them, we should come, as a necessary consequence, into a state of mind that could not be easily agitated. We would see in the wrong actions and the shortcomings of others, that which affected them injuriously, as well as ourselves, and in trying to modify or correct them, we would have a reference to their good as well as to our own."

"That may all be true enough; but I am sure that I could never act from such disinterested motives. It is not in me."

"It is not in any one naturally, to act thus, Cara. But that is no reason why good principles may not be formed in us. You can at least see, I suppose, that if all acted thus with reference to the good of others, every thing in society would move on much more pleasantly than it does?"

"O yes, of course. But if only a few, why, they might work their lives through for the good of others, and be no better off by it."

"A selfish idea, I see, is uppermost in your mind, Cara," her husband said kindly, and with an encouraging smile, for it was not often that he could get her to consent to talk rationally on such subjects. "The few who thus acted, would not have in their minds the idea of a reward. The delight which naturally springs up in the mind from the performance of good actions to others, would be to them a much higher gratification than any thing that could be given to them as an external reward for what they had done. Let me see if I cannot make this plain to your mind. Suppose Mrs. Clayton had so thoroughly educated an ignorant servant as to make her fully acquainted with all the household duties that might be required of her; and that after she was thus fitted for the performance of these duties, this servant left her, and finally came into your family. Do you not think that Mrs. Clayton might feel delight in the thought, that through her efforts to instruct that servant, she had acquired the ability of obtaining a comfortable home at any time, and you had the pleasure of having one in your family who lightened you of many a care, and caused your household arrangements to move on harmoniously?"

"Yes, I can see that she might. But I am not so sure that she would feel thus."

"And you can see, no doubt, that to feel thus would be much better than to have none but purely selfish affections."

"Yes, I can see that, too. And farther, I should be very glad if I could have principles of action so elevated."

"You may have them, Cara. We all may have them," her husband said, earnestly and feelingly. "But then, it will be necessary for us to begin the correction in us of whatever is altogether of self; and to begin too in humble and little things. I must cease to complain, if every thing should not happen to be as orderly as I desire, and cease to do so, because I know that to complain thus will necessarily make you unhappy. I must not regard myself exclusively. And you, in reference to your servants, should regard them and their good, as well as the perfect order of your household arrangements. Under such a system, if carefully carried out, *with the heart in it*, a wonderful change would occur. In case things went wrong,—and perfection cannot be attained in any thing here—you would cease to feel annoyed and dispirited as you now often do. The higher and more unselfish motives from which you acted, would superinduce a condition of mind not easy to be disturbed."

"I fear, husband, that I have defects of character which will prevent my ever acting thus," Mrs. Parry said, in a tone slightly desponding.

"A consciousness of your weakness, my dear Cara, should make you doubly watchful. The end to be gained is worth years of trial. If you can only gain your own consent to commence the work of reformation from principle, you will soon begin to perceive its peaceable fruits, and thus find ample encouragement for perseverance."

"I can at least *try*, husband," she said, looking up into his face with an expression of calm determination. "But," and her countenance changed, and assumed a look of despondency, "how shall I begin?—that is the puzzling question."

"To begin aright is almost half the victory. And here I must confess that I hardly know how to give advice. But perhaps I can suggest a tho't or two that will help you. This new cook who is coming, you say, is an Irish girl. It is not probable that, in the outset, she will be at all capable of doing her work as you wish it done. Make up your mind to this, resolving, at the same time, that you will be kind and forbearing towards her. That no matter how awkward she may be, or how ignorant, you will not exhibit in her presence any thing like impatience. Think of her too as a poor girl, who has had few opportunities, and who is now in a strange country, and perhaps altogether friendless. Your kind feelings will then be drawn out towards her, and it is impossible for you to feel kindness and concern for her without its being perceived. The Irish character, you know, is grateful. From the awakening up in her mind of affection towards you, she will be doubly anxious to serve and to please you. Thus a life will be put in all her actions. Under such an impulse, she will learn quicker, and remember better, all you wish her to do, than she possibly could if she were acted upon by less elevated motives."

"I see and feel the force of what you say," Mrs. Parry replied, in a subdued tone, "and will, at least, try to put into practice the hints you have given me."

On the next morning, after breakfast, Margaret came, and Sally went away, leaving the kitchen in her charge. For a little while after Sally had left, Mrs. Parry permitted herself to feel discouraged; but from this state of mind she soon roused herself, and went out into the kitchen to instruct Margaret in her duties. It first occurred to her, after she had gone in where the girl was, that she ought to do something to make her feel easy and at home. The wish to do this was soon followed by an idea of how it might be done. So she said—

"Come, Margaret, bring your box up stairs, and I will show you your room."

So Margaret lifted her box, which she had set down in one corner of the kitchen, and followed Mrs. Parry up into one of the garret rooms, which was plastered, and had but a few days before received a fresh coat of whitewash.

"This is the room, Margaret, in which you, with the chambermaid, will sleep. She will keep it in order, of course; your duties will lie in the kitchen. You will find her very kind, and you must try and live on good terms with each other."

"It sha'n't be my fault, ma'am, if we don't," Margaret said, warmly, for she felt Mrs. Parry's kind manner, and was instantly drawn towards her.

"You say that you understand how to cook almost anything," Mrs. Parry remarked, after they had returned to the kitchen.

Margaret hesitated a moment, while the color rose to her face. At length she said, with a good deal of feeling in her tone of voice—

"I wouldn't deceive you for the world, ma'am, now you seem so kind to me. I am not a very good cook, for I never had much chance; but then, ma'am, I am anxious to learn."

"But, didn't you tell me, Margaret, that you could cook any thing?" Mrs. Parry asked in an altered tone.

"O yes indeed, ma'am, and so I did. But then what could I do? If I had said I wasn't a good cook, you wouldn't have taken me; and so I'd a had no chance to learn at all. But indeed, ma'am, I'll try to do right, and if trying 'll do any good, I am sure I will please you."

Mrs. Parry hesitated. She hardly knew what to do or say. There was something in Margaret's present frankness and apparent sincerity that she liked; but this was counterbalanced by a direct, premeditated falsehood, and an intention to deceive. After pausing for a few moments, she said—

"Well, Margaret, I cannot say that I like your attempt to deceive me, but now you are here, I will, at least, give you a trial."

"Indeed, ma'am, it was necessity entirely that made me do it; but I knew that if I tried I could learn, and I thought, surely the mistress will have patience with me when I am willing!"

This modified Mrs. Parry considerably; and feeling, from having at first almost compelled herself to take an interest in the poor Irish girl, some touches of real concern for her, she said—

"If you are really willing to learn, and anxious to please, Margaret, I have no objection to taking some pains to instruct you. But then I shall want you to pay attention to what I tell you; so that, after I have once given you a plain direction, you will not discourage me by forgetting it, when you come to do the thing over again."

Margaret promised faithfully to do the best she could, and then set about her work. Heretofore, on hiring a new cook, Mrs. Parry had installed her in the kitchen, and then left her to go about things in her own way, under all the disadvantages of being in a strange place, unacquainted with the economical arrangements of the family. Of course, no one ever suited her at first, and it was usually some weeks before things got into regular going order. In the present instance, however, she felt that there was a positive necessity for her to be in the kitchen frequently, and also a necessity for her to plan and arrange all the work there. She found Margaret really ignorant of the very first principles of her assumed calling. But she was so willing, active, and good tempered, that she could not get out of humor with her, though several times during the morning she was sorely tempted. Dinner was ready at the hour, and well cooked too, for it had all been timed and performed under Mrs. Parry's own direction; and she well knew how to do it.

"Your dinner is in good time, and in good order," Mr. Parry remarked, after sitting down to the table; "and you don't seem to look worried, though a little warm, as if you had been pretty busy. I hope your new cook has proved herself better than you had anticipated that she would be."

"She has proved to be quite deficient in every thing," Mrs. Parry replied.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. I thought she recommended herself highly."

"So she did. But she confessed to me this morning, that she did so to secure the place, hoping to learn afterwards."

"That is a bad sign. I suppose you do not intend keeping her."

"Well, as to that, she seems so anxious to learn, and withal, so willing and good tempered, that I feel very much disposed to take some trouble with her. I have been in the kitchen most of the morning, and indeed, cooked the dinner pretty nearly myself. I see much in her to like, though a good deal that tries my patience. I must confess, that so decided an untruth as she told me, prejudices me against her. Still much allowance should be made for a defective education, and the disadvantages under which she found herself placed."

"This is sensible and kind, Cara," her husband replied, evidently pleased at finding his wife so readily making the effort to act from motives less selfish than those which had too uniformly governed her in matters relating to her domestics, "and I have no idea that your labor will be thrown away."

"I feel, somehow or other, that it will not be thrown away," Mrs. Parry said; "and I also feel that my mind is much calmer and more encouraged than it would have been if I had left her alone in the kitchen, with the determination to send her away if she were not able to do things to my liking."

"You are getting hold of the true philosophy, Cara," said her husband, with an encouraging smile. "We never cultivate good feelings towards others, or make an effort towards being kind to them, that we have not a reward in a composed state of mind more than compensating for the self-denial or trouble it may have cost us."

"The truth of what you say is not only apparent to me, but I can realize it from having felt it," was Mrs. Parry's reply.

That evening a Mrs. Coster, one of her friends, came in to spend an hour or two. Their conversation, by a natural transition, passed to the subject of servants.

"I am almost out of all heart," Mrs. Coster said with a sigh, as soon as the topic was introduced. "Indeed, I've given up all hope of ever having any peace again while I am in the power of so unprincipled a class of domestics. Is it not too bad, that the happiness of a whole family must be interrupted by a cook, or a chambermaid? It makes me feel downright angry whenever I think about it. I see it as clear as can be that we shall have to break up and go to boarding."

"That would be exchanging one evil for a dozen," remarked Mrs. Parry.

"So I used to think," Mrs. Coster replied.—"But, really, I have been forced to change my mind. Every day the trouble with servants is increased. If you get one that is worth having, she will be off at the end of two or three months; and nine out of ten I wouldn't give house room. They are, in fact, not worth the powder it would take to shoot them! But how are you off in this respect, Mrs. Parry?"

"Well, I have my own troubles, Mrs. Coster. Sally, who has been with me a good while, left me this morning, and I've got a raw Irish girl in the kitchen, who couldn't cook a dinner in a decent way to save her life."

"O dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Coster, clasping her hands together, and rolling up her eyes. "Then you have got your hands full. I had a trial of one of your raw Irish girls once, and a pretty piece of baggage she was. I left her to cook the dinner on the first day—and such a dinner! But I will not make the effort to give you an idea of it, or the dozen other things she *attempted* to do. I never want to hear of raw Irish girls again, since I had a trial of Margaret Coyle."

"Margaret Coyle!" Mrs. Parry said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Margaret Coyle; and I hope in mercy it isn't her that you've got!"

"Yes, it is no other than her," Mrs. Parry replied, despondingly.

"O dear! O dear! Then you've got your hands full! Why, unless she has changed a good deal since I had her, she is not able to do a single thing as it ought to be done. And, besides, she is slovenly and dirty. You'd better send her off at once, for you will never make any thing out of her."

"She seems, at least, willing and good tempered," urged Mrs. Parry, in her favor.

"Not by any means. I found her dilatory and unmanageable; and she is the only servant who ever gave me a saucy word."

"Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Parry, "It's a hard case, truly! Why can't domestics feel some sense of justice towards the families in which they reside?"

"Because they are a low, unprincipled set!" Mrs. Coster replied, warmly; "and I don't know that we ever need expect much more from them. They're generally envious of their mistresses, and ashamed of the idea of being servants, and think, in consequence, that it shows a spirit of independence, to be saucy and disregardful of the comfort of the families in which they reside."

After Mrs. Coster went away, Mrs. Parry seemed much dispirited, and remarked to her husband, that she was afraid all her hope of making any thing out of Margaret was vain."

"That may be," Mr. Parry remarked. "But it does not at all follow, it seems to me, from what Mrs. Coster has said. I am confident that she never gave Margaret a fair trial. And I am further inclined to think, that she worried the poor girl until she was roused, and answered her back in a spirit of offended pride."

"Yes, that may be very true. I never thought that Mrs. Coster had much feeling for her domestics. She expects them to do just so, and never spares them if there is any deviation from her rules. Nor does she think it required of her to consider them at all, except as necessary appendages to her family."

"That is a great error," Mr. Parry replied.—"So long as the majority of people look upon domestics as necessary evils, so long will the majority of people find it hard work to get along with them. Nor is this kind of trouble confined altogether to the one party in the case. The servant has as hard, and usually a much harder time of it, than the mistress. She is expected to do every thing for the comfort of the family, and yet is to be considered no farther than as entitled to her regular monthly hire. Too often, she is made to bear all the surplus ill-humor of the woman in whose service she is engaged; and, as a general rule, is too often a stranger to all kindness and consideration. This is speaking with a good deal of seeming latitude; and yet, Cara, you will admit that there is too much truth in what I have said."

"I cannot deny it," Mrs. Parry replied, seriously, "nor can I get away from the conviction, that I am far from being innocent in the matter, myself. We are too apt to take it for granted that those under us are also below us in feeling; that they are not entitled to the same consideration that those are whose condition in life is equal or superior to our own."

"That, certainly, is a great fault. It may often happen, too, that the poor girl who is forced to go into the kitchen, is one the promise of whose early years was far superior to that of the individual for whom she is compelled to labor. And she may, also, have as acute feelings, and be possessed of as sound moral principles. But who considers her in this light?"

The conversation thus commenced, continued for some time; but we will not weary the reader by repeating it farther; enough has been given to show the principles it involved.

During the next morning, Mrs. Parry gave up her time to Margaret, and endeavored, in a kind manner, to instruct her in the duties she had assumed. The poor girl seemed very anxious to learn, and evinced a quickness of apprehension that disappointed Mrs. Parry agreeably. To see how far she recollected the directions given on the day previous, the same kind of a dinner was prepared. Margaret was at fault but once or twice, and when the omission was pointed out, she said she would try and never forget that again; and said it so earnestly, that it was evident she would be likely to keep the thing in her memory. Much to the surprise and pleasure of Mrs. Parry, in the course of a week, Margaret could get along very well in the kitchen, carefully continuing to do every thing in the exact way she had been told that it ought to be done. Sometimes, when Mrs. Parry was in a less calm and pleasant state of mind than usual, and any thing would go wrong, or Margaret would forget some particular direction, she would speak to her in a voice less kind than she had from the first assumed when addressing her. Whenever this happened, the poor girl would look up into her face with an appealing expression, and sometimes the moisture could be seen gathering in her eyes. Mrs. Parry always felt this, and it enabled her to correct in herself a habitual petulance when any thing occurred to disturb her. The improvement manifest in Margaret continued, and at the end of the first month, Mrs. Parry was better pleased with her than with any one she had ever had. From a uniform, kind consideration, she had come to feel an interest in her, and one day asked her why she had left her native home. The question seemed to excite some painful emotions in the mind of the Irish girl, but she replied readily and respectfully:

"Misfortunes, ma'am. When my father and mother died, and the landlord rented our cottage and acre of ground to another family, me and the two little children were turned out, to do the best we could. We had always had a plenty of good potatoes, and milk, and oatmeal bread, and we were as happy as the greatest in the land. But now the hardships came. I didn't mind myself so much, for I was most grown up, and could do pretty well; but it made my heart ache to see little Jamie and Catharine turned on the parish, with no one to be kind and good to them as I had been. Poor things! it was hard fare and cruel treatment they had. And I could do nothing for them, though I am sure, if my heart's blood could have done them any good, they should have had it. Little Catharine didn't stand it more than a year. It was wrong, maybe, but I did feel glad when she died. O, ma'am, if you had seen her when she was laid out for a little while before they boxed her up with rough boards, and put her down in the ground, without a priest or a word of prayer over her, it would have made your heart ache, I am sure, as it did mine. Before she went into the poorhouse, she was as fat and round as your little George is now; but when she died, she was all

skin and bone, and her eyes were sunk 'way down in her head. And when little Jamie was let come and see her, before she was buried, he looked so pale and thin, and full of sorrow, that it broke me down entirely. O ma'am, you don't know what it is to see those you love as dearly as your own life, suffering and dying before you, and yet have no power to help them." The girl paused a moment or two to recover herself, and then continued—

"Well, Jamie, he didn't last long. He died as Catharine had, from want of good food and kind treatment. I saw the last of him too, and then it seemed as if a great load had been taken off my heart. I knew they had both gone where they would be happy. Some time after this, my brother, who had been in this country a few years, sent me over some money, and asked me to join him, saying that he would take care of me. I came out of course. But, ma'am, when I got here, he had died with the fever. I felt like I should have to give up. I was in a strange country, and among strangers. But they told me at the tavern where I was, that if I would turn to as chambermaid, they would give me four dollars a month. I was glad enough to do so. But I did not like it much, especially when I got acquainted with one or two girls who were employed in families, and who said it was so much pleasanter there. I didn't like the exposure of a tavern, and wanted badly to get into the quiet of a private house. At last, one of my acquaintances told me she could get me a place as cook. 'But I didn't know how to cook,' I told her. 'O, never mind that,' she said; 'tell the woman you can cook every thing, or she won't take you; and you can easily learn after you once get the place.' So I did as I was told. The woman wasn't kind and good to me as you have been, ma'am. She gave me things, and told me to get dinner; I made bad work of it, of course. And then she got angry, and called me ugly names.—O, it made me feel so bad! From asking a little, as far as I could venture, and taking notice why she found fault, I tried to get as near right as I could. But it was no use. I was ignorant, and she did not seem to have any feeling for me. I staid only a week or two, when she got angry with me for doing something wrong, and said very hard words to me. I couldn't stand it any longer, ma'am, and so talked back to her. This made her a great deal worse, and I thought I had better leave and go back to the tavern, and so I did. After a while I heard that you wanted some one, and I told you, because I was persuaded to, the same story about my knowing how to cook every thing. You know the rest, ma'am. I think I improve some, don't I?" she added innocently.

"O yes, Margaret," replied Mrs. Parry, "you have improved very much; and if you continue to improve, and are as willing and good tempered as you have been, I think there will be no need of our parting soon. But was not that Mrs. Coster with whom you lived?"

"Indeed, ma'am, and it was!" Margaret said, looking up with surprise.

"I know her very well, Margaret, and she is, in many things, a kind-hearted woman. But she is sometimes thoughtless. She, I suppose, expected to find in you what she wanted, a good cook, and was much disappointed, and consequently, out of patience, when she found that you could do nothing that you had engaged to do."

Here the conversation ended between Mrs. Parry and her new cook, for whom, after hearing her brief history, she felt added kindness, and also an increased degree of confidence in her. Nor was she disappointed. From, apparently, the most unpromising materials, she came into the possession of a domestic, through kindness and consideration for her, who was ever faithful, and thence invaluable. And even more than this—she had been led to see in herself and correct it, that which, while it influenced her, would have made it impossible even to retain, for any length of time, a good servant. That particular disposition was, a habit of petulance and fault-finding, when things were a little wrong. Nothing so discourages a domestic, as the clouded brow of her mistress. If there is sunshine, she will go about her duties with cheerfulness, and perform every thing quicker and better. But the great prerequisite in the mistress of a family, is that calm, dignified and uniform consistency of conduct which commands involuntary respect. There are within the circle of almost every woman's acquaintance, some who are never troubled with domestics. All about them seem to be in the cheerful performance of every duty. Let the manner of one of these towards her servants be observed. She is never heard to speak to them in a tone of command, and often, in giving directions, she will be heard to say in a mild tone, "Nancy, I wish you" to do so and so; or, "Will you" do this or that thing. And yet, no one hesitates, or uses improper familiarities towards her. She has no better materials to act upon than others, but she moulds and fashions them in a different way. On no occasion does she get excited, and say unreasonable things to them; for this would destroy in their minds all respect for her; as it always does in every instance where such a bad habit is indulged in. But we will not tire our lady readers by lecturing them upon their domestic duties. We are sure that they have their own troubles in this respect. Nor will we presume to condemn any who cannot come up to the standard we have attempted to raise; but, if they will only try to do so, and carefully look within, rather than without, for difficulties and hindrances, we are sure that some of them will be able to get along with that troublesome class of people called helps, domestics, or servants, as fashion or prejudice decides, much better than heretofore.

From the World of Fashion.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of the room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it," said the man, "why aint you abed and asleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping, for?" said the wretch. "It's bad enough to have a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in in the morning. Get to bed, you imp. Do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man, with an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears; "you'll wake mother; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now," and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily; "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother, till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule. Will you disobey *me*? Take that—and that, you imp," and raising his hand, he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead-color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh, woman! thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue.—Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him, should she too leave him?—She had borne much; but, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her—she was dying of a *broken heart*.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes.—There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room, "is this the way you receive me, after being out all day in the rain, to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say;" but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but—why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh!—mother's dead?" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was sobbing violently, as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her hands, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once. "Dead! dead!" he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh! speak, and forgive your repentant husband?" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears, as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily! I have been a brute, a villain! Oh! how can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh, God! annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit, "I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in; I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh! no; you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame; "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly.

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as

all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner; some happiness then might have been mine again in this world: but God's will be done! I am weak; I feel I am failing fast. Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then placing it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child, our only born, when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender; it is the only thing for which I would care to live." She paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "Will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, you will obey your father, and be a good boy; as you love your mother, you will?"

"Oh! yes," sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you? Oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, "poor babe, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks, and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer; the candle wants snuffing; there, lay your face down by mine. Henry, love, I can't see; has the wind—blown out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh, God!" murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter, "this is *death!* Charles—Henry—Jesus—re——"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse.—He could not endure the look of that still, sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society.—But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE PIASA:

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States, not even the highlands of Hudson, can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluffs of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles in width, extending to a similar bluff that runs parallel with the river.

One of these ranges commences at Apple creek, and extends, with few intervals, for many miles along the left bank of the Illinois. In descending the river of Alton, the traveler will observe, between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine, through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa. Its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Illini, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird, which the figure represents, was called by the Indians the Piasa, and from this is derived the name of the stream.

The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this:

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great magalonyx and mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in this land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off, in his talons, a full-grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was artful as he was powerful; would dart suddenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off into one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illini. At length, Ouatoga, a chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of the tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to Ouatoga in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and a poisoned arrow, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant he pounced upon his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit; and returning to his tribe, told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected, and placed in ambush as directed. Ouatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey. Ouatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and planting his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death song of a warrior. A moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and as swift as a thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung, and every arrow sent to the feather into his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Ouatoga was safe. Not an arrow, nor even the talons of the bird, had touched him. The Master of Life, in admiration of the generous deed of Ouatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved on the face of the bluff. Such is the Indian tradition. Of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain: the figure of a large bird, cut in the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How and for what purpose it was made, I leave for others to determine. Even at this day, an Indian never passed that spot in his canoe, without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rocks are almost innumerable.

Near the close of March of the present year, I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of a cave connected with the above tradition, one of those to which the bird had carried his human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide, who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot. The unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering, we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of this cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us; high over our heads a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the blasted top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound or sign of life was near us. A Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene. Not a cloud was in the heavens; not a breath of air was stirring. The broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had met the eye of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted; the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height. The shape of the cave was irregular; but so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty by thirty feet. The floor of the cave, throughout its whole extent, was a mass of human bones. Sculls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extended, I am unable to decide; but we dug to the depth of three or four feet, in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here. How, and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible even to conjecture.

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

Mr. Catlin, in his new work on the North American Indians, relates the following interesting anecdote of his horse Charley:

"On this journey, while he and I were twenty-five days alone, we had much time, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet overlooked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasure and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley, and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his lasso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drank, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these evenings when he was grazing as usual, he slipped his lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the lasso in hand and endeavored to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear-skin and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night I waked, while I was lying on my back, and on half-opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought) of an Indian standing over me and in the very instant of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse Charley had 'played shy' till he had 'filled his belly,' and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position with his fore-feet at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing fast asleep!

"My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast among the cane-brakes along the bank of the creek. I went busily to work, preparing my own, which was eaten; and after it I had another half-hour of fruitless endeavors to catch Charley, while he seemed mindful of success on the evening before, and continually tantalized me by turning around and around, and keeping out of my reach. I recollected the conclusive evidence of his attachment and dependence which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I tho't I would try them in another way; so I packed up my things and slung the saddle on my back, trailing my gun in my hand, and started on my route. After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing, with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped, and had left a little fire burning. In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairies around for a while, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hur-

ried step to the spot, and seeing every thing gone, began to neigh very violently, and at last started off at the fullest speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course as if he was well-contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manœuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward positions. Though this alarming freak of Charley's passed off and terminated so satisfactorily, yet I thought such rather dangerous ones to play, and I took good care after that night to keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."

AN INTERESTING CASE,

Showing what good a Temperance Paper can do.

Mr. J——, near the village of B———, came into this State from New England, about four years ago, with a wife and two small children.—He had a few hundred dollars, which he invested in land, on which he erected a cabin. He had been a moderate drinker for some years before he left the land of his fathers, and as his new dwelling was in the neighborhood of a grocery, the temptation could not be resisted. He neglected his family and business, and gave himself up to dissipation. It was not long before the officers of the law seized upon his little property to satisfy his hungry creditors, and the *grog-seller* among them. His family were reduced to the last extremity of want. As his poor wife was one day unburdening her sad heart to a sympathizing neighbor,—the same who communicated the facts to us—she raised the almost hopeless inquiry, "Can any thing be done to save my wretched husband?" "Indeed," said the kind neighbor, "I don't know. It is a hard case," at the same time taking two numbers of the little sheet issued by the Executive Committee of the Temperance Society from his pocket, he said, "Give him these and ask him to read them." "But he won't read them: he will tear them up, and abuse me for offering them to him," exclaimed the wretched wife. "Well, then, lay them on the mantel-piece there; who knows but he may read them, and that they may be instrumental in saving him?" They were accordingly laid on the shelf. The next morning, as the miserable husband arose late, wretched in body and mind from the effects of his late debauch, he some how or other got his hand on these little papers. He opened one, sat down, and began to read. He became interested, and continued reading for an hour. He then opened the other and read it for some time; his anxious wife all the while watching his emotions with agonizing interest. After he had got done reading, he arose and said, "I will tell you what it is, my wife; the next temperance meeting there is in town, I mean to go and sign the pledge." "Well, John, I wish with all my heart you would," exclaimed his wife modestly, as the tears gushed from her eyes. "And if I do sign the pledge," continued the husband, "there is another thing I mean to do." "What is that, John?" "I mean to *keep it*, and never drink any more whiskey."

To cut short the story, he went to the temperance meeting, which soon occurred, signed the pledge, *and kept it*. Some weeks after, he attended a meeting in the neighborhood, was awakened to a sense of his condition as a sinner against God, soon obtained peace and comfort, and said our informant, one year after, he has been one of the most consistent and exemplary members of the Methodist society. His family are well provided for, prosperous and happy.—*Illinois Herald.*

THE CLASSIC LANGUAGES.

What shall we say of these languages? Of Greek and Latin, what can be better said than has been done by Colbridge, in the following unparalleled description?

"Greek,—the shrine and genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closet by Thucdides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes! And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the State; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by Cicero, and by *him* found wanting; yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus."

If such be the Greek and Latin, who can describe the stately and giant-built Hebrew! the most simple, the most philosophical, and the most ancient of written tongues; with letters like blocks of marble, with words like kings' palaces, with sentences like cities walled up to heaven; though robed in the beauties of holiness, yet rugged as the mountains about Jerusalem; unchangable in its idiom, unyielding in its structure, unvarying and solemn in its tone, from generation to generation the language of rigor and of judgment, of adoration and obedience; spoken first in the Garden of Eden, or by the builders of Babel; written first on tables of stone by the finger of Jehovah; forever preserving its awful dignity, whether sung by the Seraphim above, or by the choirs of the Temple, whether carried to the highest heaven of sublimity by Isaiah, or brought down to play amongst the roses of Sharon and the lilies of the valley by Solomon; and destitute alike of the elasticity of the Greek, and the martial prowess of the Latin, unable to soar with the one, or charge with the other, but ever marching with the slow and measured of an ancient army of elephants.

These three languages contain all the treasures of the ancient world; Hebrew, Greek and Latin, once reconciled at the cross, and brought into mysterious union around the head of the dying Son of God, have, from that day to this, formed the united repositories of classical and theological learning; the mines out of which have been dug all the jewels of truth and beauty which adorn every language of Christendom.—*Prof. Halsey.*

When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshments.—One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The Emperor sat motionless, with his hand spread over his eyes. The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace. At last, the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinction, "Eat sire; it will do you good."

The Emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you not belong to Genesee?" (a village near Paris.)

"No, Sire, I come from Pierrefitte."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, Sire."

"There is true happiness," replied the extraordinary man, who was still Emperor of France and King of Italy.

Beautiful is the love of a sister; the kiss that hath no guile, and no passion; the touch is purity, and briugeth peace, satisfaction to the heart, and no fever to the pulse. Beautiful is the love of a sister; it is moonlight on our path—it has light, but no heat; it is of heaven, and sheds its peace upon the earth.

A MODEST EDITORIAL REQUEST.—The editor of the Davenport Sun wants the man who stole his ax to bring it back *so he can grind it* for him.—*Detroit Adv.*

Scientific.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

In the early stages of civilization, when trafic between different nations was confined, navigation was almost entirely coast-wise, and made principally to countries not far removed, and inhabited by people of not dissimilar habits. The property of the magnet was soon discovered; that when suspended freely it directed itself to the poles; and this became an instrument by which the early powers of navigation were increased and the progress of civilization greatly aided and advanced. It was soon found, however, that this instrument put by Providence into the hands of man was irregular in its operation, and that it could be usefully employed only by application of the intellect. It became apparent that the magnetic needle not only did not direct itself strictly to the pole, but that it was not constant to any fixed point; that it was liable to continual variations, depending upon its place and other circumstances. Still it was seen that it had a sufficient direction to be of essential service to the navigator; and the irregularity which had been observed, only stimulated to action the faculties of the intellect.

It was found that it did not point due north; and soon after its first adaptation to the purposes of the navigator was discovered, it was at first supposed that its deviation from the true direction was fixed and permanent, and it was thought that if the amount of this variation could be detected, all that would be necessary to its correction would be known. But on transporting it to different places, it came to be observed that its variation was governed by no known fixed law; but that it differed continually in different places, and that using it as a mariner's guide, only a rough approximation to the true direction could be obtained.—Natural philosophers long sought to lay down upon a chart these variations of the compass, for every place upon the globe, so that the variation for each place might be registered, and thus forever known. But no such chart was ever thus made of practical service; and resort was finally had to simpler rules, by which, from day to day, the exact deviation of the needle from the true meridian might be determined. There are many of these methods in common use, and for the sake of illustration I will point out one.

Suppose that the direction of the needle, in a certain case, is west of the real north; the manner in which the mariner upon the trackless ocean would determine how far west it might be, would be this: Certain rules are supplied him by which for every day in the year he can tell the sun's declination, its distance from the celestial equator; his own latitude he can easily calculate. He has the means of telling the point in the horizon at which the sun will rise, and can say how many degrees it will be on the meridian from the pole. Now suppose the angle of the sun's direction be 70 degrees, while the angle of the direction of the needle from the sun is 65 degrees; he knows that the needle varies 5 degrees from the true north. Thus, after making the correction, he has the true north, which will continue the same while the needle retains its variation, which will be more or less according to the position of the ship, the lapse of time, &c. This is down upon his log and carefully preserved, so that his direction may be always known.

The magnetic needle not only does not always preserve a constant direction towards the north, but when suspended upon a horizontal axis, it will not hang in a vertical direction, but will stoop downward a certain angle. This fact was discovered early, and is called the DIP.

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He made answer on the following day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last long, if it's half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it."

QUITE A RUN.—"I don't see that any thing is the matter with this plum pudding," said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Well, who said there was?" growled out his neighbor.

"I concluded there was, as you all seemed to be *running it down!*"—*Picayune.*

The Cresent City says they presented a bill to an "undertaker and coffin-maker," who grumbled loudly because it was not taken out in trade.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1842.

"THE ATTORNEY."—We shall hereafter publish two chapters of this story in every other number, as we receive it.

HIRING A SERVANT.—We ask all to give this story a careful reading. The moral, or *morals*, rather, for there are several of them, is so obvious, beautiful and just, and so applicable to many of the conditions and circumstances of life, that we can but think our readers will esteem it one of the best selections that has graced the Gem for a long time.

CORRESPONDENTS.—"A German Story" is accepted. We shall endeavor to publish it in our next number.

The lines about a canary bird and the author's sweet-heart we are unable to read in full. The poetry may be very good, for aught we know. As it is, it appears to us to be excellent *blank* verse, whether it rhymes or not.

"The Lonesome Friend" has stepped out.

What has become of J. D. R.,—A. C. P.,—D. W. C. R.,—E. H. H.,—J. E. D.,—J. W. C.,—QUINTIUS,—E. M. A.,—CORNELIA,—E. HAINES,—F. W. M.,—and many others, whose signatures we do not recollect? We and the *public* would be thankful for their renewed attentions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AMERICAN ECLECTIC.—The January and March numbers of this magazine have but just reached us. But if any thing can compensate for so great a delay it is the merit of the work; for certainly there is no literary publication with which we are acquainted, that can maintain a higher rank than this. To those not familiar with the publication, we will say, that it consists of "selections from the periodical literature of all foreign countries;" and we will add that it is *real* literature, not the light trash that is over-flooding the world; but that which informs and elevates the mind. We would advise persons of sense and reflection to patronise the American Eclectic. It is published bi-monthly, each number containing 200 pages, at $4,00 a year to mail subscribers.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The February number is out in good season, (it being a republication,) and what is better, the typography is very much improved. Among the most interesting articles are The Cora Laws,—Central America, Ancient and Modern,—The Pyrenees,—and National Education. It has also, under the head of "Our Portrait Gallery," an etching of Robert J. Graves, professor of the institute of medicine.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The February number, like most of its predecessors, is good. The contents are as follows:—Things of the Day,—Roadside Sketches,—Protestantism in Geneva,—The World of London,—The Northern Circuit,—Lewis on the Government of Dependies,—Caleb Stukely,—De Cresci, (a poem,)—Father Tudkin's Malediction,—and Ten Years of the Whigs.

WILD WESTERN SCENES,—Is the title of a narratives of adventures in the western wilderness, forty years ago, in which Daniel Boone acts a conspicuous part. This story has been published in the Baltimore Phœnix and Budget during the past year. It is now issued in numbers, very neatly got up. We may say for it that it is one of the most interesting stories of Indian and border life that has been published. J. B. Jones, late editor of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, is the author.

HANDY ANDY.—Number two of this work is published. The principal characteristics of the first number prevail in this.

MUSICAL CABINET.—Part 9th (March number) of this work contains six literary articles, four musical compositions for instruments, and three for the voice. Our music teachers say this is as good a musical work as any published; and they know.

N. Y. LANCET.—No. 13 of this work, with the good qualities of which, we suppose, the medical community has become acquainted, is published, and is ready for delivery at Mr. Moore's news room.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This store-house of engravings and elegance is out in good season. The April number has reached us. It is embellished with two splendid mezzotinto engravings, an elegant lace pattern, and two pages of music;—"There 's no land like Scotland."

LADY'S BOOK,—For April, is equally prompt with Graham's Magazine. The ladies, we believe, pronounce this work to be one of the best in the world. This number has a fine mezzotinto engraving, representing Beauty and Innocence; and another engraving, "printed in a novel manner." The list of contributors indicate no ordinary degree of talent.

BOSTON MISCELLANY,—Contains some tales, essays, poetry, some of which are not bad, a steel engraving, a plate of fashions, literary notices, and three pages of music.

URE'S DICTIONARY.—The third number of this valuable work has appeared. It contains highly instructive articles, illustrated by engravings, upon bleaching, book-binding, and the manufacture of brass. We would again take occasion to call attention of all engaged in the mechanic arts to this excellent publication. It will be completed in twenty-one semi-mouthly numbers, at the low price of 25 cents per number, making when bound a volume of 1400 pages, illustrated by 1241 engravings. Published by LA ROY SUNDERLAND, 126 Fulton street, New York.

☞ MOORE, Arcade Hall, is agent for the above named publications.

"ZANONI," by the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. This long expected work from the pen of BULWER has just been issued from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, and has, with commendable enterprise, been placed before the reading public of this city by G. W. FISHER, No 6 Exchange street. From a cursory examination of the work, and from the tone of the press in our eastern cities, we infer that it is equal if not superior to any of the former works of this distinguished author. It is said to be a story of thrilling interest and free from many of the blemishes that have made some of the works of Bulwer objectionable to some readers. The scenery is laid in France and Italy, during the time of the French Revolution, and ROBESPIERRE figures as one of the principal characters. Many of the incidents of that exciting period are skillfully interwoven in the romance. The book will doubtless meet with a ready sale, and we hope friend FISHER will be amply remunerated for his pains in placing it thus early before the public.

"DEH-HE-WA-MIS, or a narrative of the life of MARY JEMISON." This is the title of a neat little volume of 190 pages, printed at Batavia, by WILLIAM SEAVER, containing a narrative of the life of Mary Jemison, the well known "white woman," who was taken captive by the Indians in Pennsylvania about the year 1750, and resided with them until her death—a period of seventy-eight years. The locality of this little work makes it peculiarly interesting, exhibiting as it does many of the incidents connected with the early settlement of Western New York, as well as the manners and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants. It has also, an Appendix with a sketch of the life of "Hiakatoo" and Ebenezer Allen, and an account of GEN. SULLIVAN'S campaign. The typography and binding are creditable. For sale at HOYT'S, State street.

MICHIGAN LITERARY GEM.—This is the title of a new semi-monthly, published at Kalamazoo. It appears well, (with the exception of poor paper,) and the contents are good. Price $1,00.

The publisher is informed that we have sent all the numbers of *our* Gem, regularly; and we should have done so if he had *not* published our prospectus.

THE PRINTER'S APPRENTICE.—A young man was once apprenticed in this city as a printer. He boarded at the home of his father, who was in easy circumstances, but who required his son to pay for his board from the avails of special perquisities, generally spent in pleasure. This the young man thought was hard, but when he was of age, and master of his trade, his father called him and said, "Here, my son, is the entire amount of money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship; I never intended to retain it, but have reserved it for your use—with it I give you as much more, as a small capital to commence business." The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to the son. His fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisities which his father had withheld from him, and were now penniless in vice. He was enabled with a good character to commence a small business, and now stands at the head of publishers in this country. Most of his companions in apprenticeship are miserably poor, vicious and degraded.

The same man has told me that he never was but once in the theatre. On that occasion he had been pursuaded to go by his fellow laborers, who were accustomed to it, and who furnished him with a ticket. On taking his seat in the box he remembered that it was precisely the hour his mother was accustomed to retire for prayer, and he well knew that the burden of her prayers embraced the salvation of her children. He rushed from the room, and never returned to it. Those sons are privileged who have praying mothers, and fathers to discipline and restrain them.—Faithful parents make their children to be blessings to the world, and crowns of glory to themselves. Who does not honor the parents, who are honored in their children?—*Patriarch.*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—A few days since, some workmen digging a hole for a brick-clamp, about three miles from March, Isle of Ely, discovered the remains of a boat firmly embedded in the soil, about six or eight feet from the surface. Skeletons of two men were also found, one apparently leaning over the side of the boat, the other lying at the bottom. Neither of them was perfect, and care not being taken to preserve the remains, soon nothing but a few odd fragments of bones were left to gratify the curiosity of those who visited the spot. The teeth alone were in an excellent state of preservation, but they were lost by the men who picked them out. The boat was in a slanting position, but no correct idea of the size could be obtained, save from the thickness of the planks, which seemed to indicate considerable strength. The wood, as well as the nails were in a state of decomposition, especially the latter, which crumbled to pieces with the slightest pressure of the fingers. How these remains can have been deposited is a curious subject for speculation. The most probable idea is, that at some period when the fens were entirely covered with water, deep enough to allow of the passage of boats, this might have been upset and settled in the mud, and covered over by the deposits of succeeding floods.—*Bury Post.*

"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah to a modest young Miss in one of our shops.

"Fifteen shillings, Sir—it's a superb article."

"You are a *little dear*, are you not?" said Obadiah.

"Why, all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing.

Obadiah came strait away.

DEFINITION OF A BONNET.—The following definition of a bonnet, by a wag, is very good:—A protection for the back part of a lady's head—a something designed to keep her hair up, and to show the fine outlines of a beautiful forehead. A frail casket, in which a dazzling jewel is only *one-third concealed.*

Poetry.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

The Widow and her Son.

The following lines were suggested by the sight of a beautiful picture by Thomas H. Illidge. Esq., in the Liverpool Exhibition of the year, 1841.

The sunset hour! how many hail
Rejoicingly its glow,
Bordering with golden hues the veil
That twilight spreads below.
Gladly the peasant sees its fire
Tinging the old tree stems:
Turning church window, roof, and spire,
To gold and living gems.

The lover hails its reign on earth,
For then he knows, full soon,
The loved one from her home comes forth,
To wander 'neath the moon;
But never may its fleeting waves
So fittingly be shed,
As on the hallowed place of graves,
The City of the Dead!

So thinks the pale and silent one,
Who seeks her husband's tomb;
With him went down her cheering sun,
And all around was gloom.
Yet, as in darker skies there are
Some little streaks of light,
Still shines for her *one* lonely star,
When all besides is night.

She brings that living treasure here,
With awed and reverend tread,
Yet, with the love that casts out fear,
He stands beside the dead.

Her home hath grown a lonely place,
Though friends may gather there—
Without the *one* beloved face,
What pleasure can she share?

Her *home!*—no more her *house* may claim
A word so very dear,
The only spot that hath that name
For her on earth is *here!*

Now hath it grown a daily joy,
To steal from friends and kin,
And by this tomb, with that fair boy,
To talk of him within.

Each day he lists with ear intent,
To all she can impart,
She builds her husband's monument
Within that orphan's heart.

And who can tell but after years,
May witness to the power,
A mother's words, and prayers, and tears,
Can have at sunset's hour?

When dark temptations shall be his,
Perhaps this thought shall save:
"My mother warned me once of this,
Beside my father's grave!"

Well, painter, didst thou choose the hour,
To paint the widowed one
Beneath the magic and the power
Of that decling sun.

This is the spot her heart holds dear—
This is her happiest time—
Her gentle spirit rises here
To something of sublime.
If 'midst her sorrow, hope, or pride,
Her heart may overspread:
'Tis when these twain are by her side—
The Living, and the Dead.

M. A. BROWNE.

HOPE.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

What is Hope? The morning gale
That bears upon its wing
The perfume of the thousand flowers
Of Life's fresh, blooming spring.

What is Hope? Life's noontide sun,
In summer's blushing prime,
That, with its tints, so brightly gilds
The fleeting wings of Time.

What is Hope? The mellowing breath
Of autumn's gentle gale,
That ripens for the reaper, Death,
The wanderers of Life's vale.

What is Hope? Life's waning moon,
When wintry storms arise,
That, through the vista brightly seen,
Conducts us to the skies.

The Ass and the Flute.

As through the field a merry ass,
In search of thistles chanced to pass,
A shepherd's flute forgotten lay,
Direct, by chance, in Grizzle's way;
And as again he *stops* to feed,
His breath, by chance, inflates the reed;
Sudden the unusual sound he hears,
Astonished Grizzle pricks his ears,
And proudly said, or seemed to say:
"Oh, ho! how well the flute I play!
Will mortals still our music slight?
Egad! I'll bray from morn till night."

MORAL.

A fool, without a claim to wit,
May once succeed the mark to hit;
And should success be crowned with praise,
Enough—the ass for ever brays.

Forest Worship.

BY EBEN. ELLIOT, THE CORN LAW POET OF ENGLAND.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high;
Beneath the frown of wicked men,
Our country's strength is bowing,
But thanks to God! they can't prevent
The lone wild flower from blowing.

Hark, high above the tree tops,
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds,
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men,
The poor man's worth is dying;
But thank'd be God! in spite of them,
The lark still warbles, flying.

The preacher prays, 'Lord bless us!'
'Lord bless us!' echo cries;
'Amen!' the breezes murmur low,
'Amen!' the rill replies:
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts,
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here—O! God of earth and heaven,
The humble heart is praying!

How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cooshat's coo—the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide!
With evil deeds of evil men,
The affrighted land is ringing;
But still, O Lord, the pious heart
And soul-ton'd voice are singing.

Hush! hush!—the preacher preacheth,
'Wo to the oppressor, wo!'
But sudden gloom o'cast the sun,
And sadden'd flow'rs below.
So frowns the Lord! but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not, in his gather'd brow,
Your day of tribulation.

Speak low, thou heav'n-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above;
God whispers in the thunder—hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But thank'd be God! they can't prevent
The storm of heaven from speaking.

[From the Lady's Book.]

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

BY WM. G. HOWARD.

When summer winds are sweeping
In playful murmurs by,
And the bright waters sleeping,
Reflect the jewelled sky;
When the green trees are flinging
Their shadows o'er the lawn,
And morning larks are singing
Their welcome to the dawn:

When wintry storms have shaded
The earth with wing of wrath,
And each sweet flower has faded,
That bloomed along my path;
When suns are coldly beaming
Upon the snow-clad plains,
And watery wastes are gleaming,
Unloosed from crystal chains:

When sorrow's storms are beating
Upon my houseless head,
When fond delights are fleeting,
And hope's gay dreams have fled;
When friends are all departing,
Whose love 'twere bliss to keep,
And bitter tears are starting
From eyes unused to weep:

'Mid every change relying
On God, with faith divine,
To thy kind succour flying,
In whom all glories shine;
Thy watchful care shall shield me,
While life prolongs its light,
Till death is lost in victory,
And faith is turned to sight.

[From the New York Ladys' Daily Gazette.]

Lay of the Iowa Chief.

A lone Indian came from the far distant West
To seek for and weep o'er his people at rest;
And weary he wandered, over mountain and plain—
Not a mound was there left—and he sought them in vain.

"Like the Wolf I am hunted away from my home,
From the prairies and forests I once lov'd to roam;
My warriors have fallen, and my people are gone,
And their once haughty chieftain now weeps them alone.

Then the prairies were like to a garden of flow'rs,
They vied with the choicest of art's fairy bowers,
And their fragrance was sweeter than Eastern perfume—
But the "Palefaces" came and they died in their bloom.

And the forest trees echoed the eagle's shrill cry,
And chimed with the winds that went furiously by;
But they bowed to their fate—like a warrior each fell,
As the ax of the white man rang for their last knell.

Then we launched our canoes on the far-reaching wave—
Not a tribe was so free—not a tribe was so brave;
And we fought and we conquered the insolent foe,
And our maids taught us love where the weep-willows grow.

The moon had gone down, and on bosoms we lov'd,
We slumbered and dreamed, as in daylight we roved;
But the "white man" he came, like a panther at night,
And the Iowa's chieftain was last of the flight.

As the leaves of the oak my braves were in number—
Now far away, deep in the cold earth they slumber,
They are gone, and their graves—I seek them in vain—
The white man hath planted o'er the bones of the slain.

E'en the bear hath its cub, and the dove hath its mate,
But the heart broken Indian, who cares for his fate?
The fox hath its cavern and the eagle its nest,
But the Iowa chieftain hath he no where to rest. G. R. M.

One Glass More.

Stay, mortal, stay! nor headless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there's such a curse,
Which all that drink, shall feel:
Disease and death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of, give me "one glass more."

Go, view that prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze, gaze, upon those earthly hells,
And ask when they began.
Had they a tongue—O man, thy cheek,
The tale would crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak,
And answer, "one glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleach'd in affliction's blighting storm,
And doom'd in want to roam;
Behold her!—ask that prattler dear,
Why mother is so poor,
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'T was father's "one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate:
The pois'nous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.
O fly the ale house, horrid den!
Nor linger at the door;
Lest thou, perchance, should'st sip again
The treach'rous "one glass more."

Temperance Star.

Watchmen! tell us of the night!
What the signs of promise are?
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glorious temperance star!
Watchman! does its beautious ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day;
Wrested from the tyrant's spell.

Watchman! tell us of the night!
Higher yet the stars ascends—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. T. Carlton Mr. SILAS BALL to Miss CYNTHIA HAIGHT, all of this city.

In this city, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Pliny S. Palmer, to Miss Elisa Jane McCulley.

In Aurora, on the 15th instant, by Rev. Mr. Mattoon, Mr. Samuel C. Jennings, of Palmyra, to Miss Charlotte E. Wood, daughter of Isaac Wood, Esq., of the former place.

In Manchester, on the 19th instant, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Festus A. Goldsmith, Printer, of Palmyra, to Miss Martha Thompson, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, on the 12th instant, at Rev. Mr. Thompson's, by Rev. Mr. Lee, of Rochester, Mr. Michael Mahoney, to Miss Catharine Chambers, both of Canandaigua.

On the 19th instant, by R. B. Johnson, Esq., Mr. Gilbert Oliver, of Palmyra, to Miss Elizabeth Judson. On the 11th instant, by Rev. T. Castleton, Mr. Alfred Haley, to Miss Elisabeth Brooks.

At Hornby, Steuben county, on the 13th instant, by Rev. S. S. Howe, Mr. Robert Wilson, of Geneva, to Miss Sarah Jane Coriella, of the former place.

At Lyons, on the 6th instant, Mr. B. V. Ellis, to Miss Lydia Burt, both of that village.

At Galen, on the 6th instant, Mr. Albert Fort, to Miss Phebe Gillett.

In Batavia, on the 17th instant, by Rev. Allen Steele, of St. John's Church, Mr. Rice Baldwin, of Elba, to Miss Lucy Whelock, of that place.

In Richmond, on the 16th instant, by Rev. Mr. Justin, Mr. John Morley, of Canadice, to Miss Hopy Skinner, of the former place.

In Lyons, on the 17th instant, by Rev. Ira Ingraham, Mr. Benjamin F. Cheesman, of Clyde, to Miss Matilda A. Bradley, of Lyons.

In Lockport, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. John C. Raymond, to Miss Elisabeth Baldwin, both of that town.

In Greece, on the 10th instant, by Rev. J. B. Olcott Mr. Charles Foegate, to Miss Ann H. Covert.

In Lyons, on the 8th instant, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. B. V. Ellis, to Miss Lydia Burt, all of this place.

In Galen, on the 5th instant, by N. B. Gilbert, Esq. Mr. Albert Foot, to Miss Phebe Gilbert.

In Perry, on the 9th instant, by Rev. J. B. Alverson, Mr. Charles B. Huntington, to Miss Lucy Jane Olin, all of Perry.

In Colon, Michigan, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Job Tyler, Mr. Ozias H. Atchinson, of Hadley, Illinois, to Miss Julia Ann, daughter of Hon. Comfort Tyler, of the former place.

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COLIGNY.

COLIGNY.

Among the many characters distinguished in European history, there is scarcely any one more deserving the attention of the American patriot, than the celebrated Admiral Coligny. If the Pilgrim Fathers of New England are worthy of all praise, for founding an asylum for religious liberty, Coligny is not less to be commended for having planned and attempted a colony for the same purpose, and that too upon our own shores; and while *they* gain the applause which results from brilliant success, *he* should not be refused the reverence and sympathy which is due to greatness, virtue, and above all, misfortune.

The Admiral Coligny was born at Catillonsur-Loin, in the year 1516, of noble parents, and received the best education that the times afforded. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, from which he never swerved during his whole life. In his youth distinguished himself in several battles, under the reigns of Francis I and Henry II, by his great bravery and skill. After the death of the last mentioned king, Catharine de Medici was declared regent, and by her rigorous acts against the Protestants, she caused them to rise in arms. The Prince de Conde and Admiral Coligny were chosen as Commanders of all the Protestant forces.—After the death of Conde, which happened at the battle of Jarnac, the whole command devolved upon Coligny, and well did he prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. He carried on the war against the troops of Catharine with various success, sometimes conquering, sometimes suffering a defeat, but never permitting himself to be disheartened, however great his loss might be. Catharine de Medici, finding, at length, that she could not exterminate the Protestants by force of arms, resolved to do so by stratagem. She therefore concluded a peace with them, and invited the principal of them to court, where they were received with the greatest apparent cordiality. But Coligny, knowing the treachery of the Queen, and suspecting some plot to be concealed under this veil of kindness, resolved to defeat her ends. For this purpose he intended to form a colony in the New World, where the Protestants, should circumstances hereafter compel them, might retire and live in peace and security. With this design, in the year 1562, he sent out an expedition consisting of two ships, under the command of John Ribaud. These vessels arrived on the coast of Florida in the month of May of the same year, and Ribaud entered a river which he called the May, but which was subsequently named San Mateo, by the Spaniards; it is now called St. John's.—Here he erected a column, (of stone,) on which was incribed the arms of France, as a token of possession. He then sailed farther north, and left a colony at the bay of Port Royal. But this colony, on account of dissensions among the chiefs, was soon abandoned. A short time afterwards, Coligny sent out three other vessels, under the command of Laudonniere. He reached Florida on the 20th of June, 1564, and sailed up the river May. Here he found the column which had been left by Ribaud still in existence, and decorated with garlands of flowers, which the Indians had hung around it, and which the chief Saturiova now showed him with great apparent gratification. Laudonniere, struck with the beauty of the place, determined to form his settlement here, and commenced building a fortress, which he called Fort Carolina. But a scarcity of provisions arose, and the colonists became discontented, and desired to return to their native country. Laudonniere withstood their demands as long as possible, but finally yielding to their importunity, he embarked on the 28th of August, and began his voyage; but he had sailed only a short distance when he met with a fleet of several vessels, commanded by Ribaud, who was appointed to succeed him in the command. They, therefore, all returned, and the colony soon advanced to a more flourishing condition. But things were not long allowed to remain in this State. On the 20th of September an expedition of the Spaniards, under Melendez, arrived at the fort, and with the exception of women and children, massacred every living soul. This proved a death-blow to all the hopes of Coligny; and thus the colony which, had it been suffered to have flourished, would have saved France a civil war, and prevented the great massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, was entirely destroyed.

Charles IX and Catharine now began to display their hostility more openly than ever against the Protestant religion. They imposed such rigorous exactions upon its professors, that they once more rose in arms, and once more Coligny led them to battle. Here he met with various success; but on the whole, fortune seemed to incline in his favor. Catharine, at last, despairing of ever conquering the Protestants in the field, again concluded a treaty with him. Coligny was invited to Paris, where he was received with the most distinguished marks of favor. He had one hundred thousand francs given him by Charles IX as an indemnity for his losses in the wars, and was admitted to a seat in the council.

Things continued in this condition until the night of St. Bartholemew's, the 24th of August, 1572; a night in which one of the most horrible transactions that ever disgraced humanity, occurred; a night in which thousands of innocent beings were sent to their final account without previous warning; a night in which deeds were perpetrated (the result not more of religious than political animosity) which are now equally reprobated by Catholic and Protestant. Particular orders had been given to prevent all chance of Coligny's escape. The Duke of Guise, with a band of miscreants, hastened to his house, which they surrounded. A man by the name of Besme then entered the room in which Coligny was sitting.—"Art thou Coligny?" said he. "I am he indeed," said the admiral; "young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs; but do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." Besme immediately plunged his sword into his body, and his companions pierced him with many wounds. The body was then thrown out of the window into the street, where Guise was impatiently waiting to see it. He wiped the blood off his face in order to recognize the features, and then gave orders to cut off his head, which he sent to Catharine. This head was then embalmed and sent to the Pope, whilst his body remained in the street, exposed to every indignity from the ferocious rabble.

Thus perished Coligny, one of the greatest and most remarkable men that France ever produced. Well might his enemies exult in his fall; for he was the bulwark of the cause which he had espoused. With him perished the best hopes of Protestantism in France. The succeeding leader renounced the faith; and then there followed persecution, exile and apostacy, till the Revolution levelled all distinctions, and seemed for a time to have extinguished all religion with a deluge of political fanaticism.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

A GERMAN STORY.

BY PUBLIUS.

"Ham.—There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."
HAMLET.

"Page—I will not believe such a Catalan, though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man."
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Students, as a class, are proverbially fond of the pleasures of conviviality, and German students by no means form an exception to the general rule. They are in the habit of assembling three or four nights in the week at a favorite drinking house, where they solace themselves until into the "small hours," with tobacco, beer, the light wines of Germany, and an occasional story from one of the company, which answers the place of the Morning Paper at a Londoner's breakfast. It may be doubted, on the whole, whether these convivial gatherings are not productive of good,—amusing to a degree they certainly are; and no one who has been a student will dispute the advantages of occasional relaxation. In these familiar reunions, what may seem a little strange, drunkenness is unknown. The hours are passed in unrestrained

conversation — diversified at times, it is true, by a burst of merriment, and a general shouting and jingling of glasses, — but in the majority of instances, as innocent as it is ungarded. There is a free and easy air about these assemblies which captivates a novice.

Let us ask the reader to accompany us in imagination into the long eating room of a Berlin hostelrie, and take a seat among the jovial drinkers and smokers in students' garbs, who are arranged around the board. The din of merriment has been temporarily hushed by a sharp rap on the table from the doughty knuckle of the President. That Strasburgher on your right agreeably takes his pipe from his mouth, puffing out a cloud of smoke from a pair of distended cheeks, preparatory to a fit of steady attention. He is the son of a burgher, and feels the necessity of maintaing a certain "presence" fitting his connection. The Swabian yonder hastily gulps down a half-glass of beer, which, in the eagerness of a warm contest with the young Hanovarian at his elbow, he has left unemptied; and the ferocious Westphalian, with the sabre-cuts on his face, who keeps order at the foot of the table, awaits the pleasure of the President with a rigidity of muscle which imparts an additional curve to his *moustache*.

"Karl, there, will give us a story, in his best style," announces the President. "Nay, my good Bursche, no apologies. But first let us replenish our glasses, and here's — a health to the fair, and long life and a longer purse to our worshipful host of the Blue Dragon."

The toast is drank with noisy enthusiasm. As the *lin* of glasses grows faint, a restless little student in blue may be seen arranging his gown, as he rocks to and fro in his chair with an uneasy motion, and anon knits his brow in the energy of thought. Presently, all eyes are turned towards him. He coughs, three several times, and is fain, at last, to clear the cobwebs from his throat by a fresh glass of beer, before he can muster courage to proceed. His story, we will suppose, is nearly as follows:

"Once on a time, there dwelt among the Hartz mountains a peasant youth, who went by the name of Johan Strauss. His cottage was built in a secluded dell, not far from the spot, where you may now see the ruins of the castle of Eldenstein, and directly at the foot of one of the black, frowning cliffs of the Hartz, which hides its bristling head in the clouds. The wind, which was always observed to whistle with a melancholy sound through the neighboring forest, imparted a lonely air to the spot, and poor Johan was often startled from his bed by shrieks and shouts of wild revelry, which made the hollows of the hills groan again. Between his cottage and the mountain, ran a little stream, which watered a garden, that supplied him with the means of a comfortable subsistence.— When not employed in his garden, Johan, who had no companions but his old housekeeper and his own thoughts, spent many a lazy hour in wandering through the dim pine forests, climbing over charred logs and mossy rocks, stumbling into old caves which had never seen the light of day, and roaming through long majestic colonades of trees, which seemed intended to shade some ghostly banquet hall. Johan, if his neighbors were to be believed, had seen many strange things in these wanderings. When questioned on the subject he invariably shook his head, and declined to answer — a proceeding which impressed every body with the belief that he knew much more than he was willing to impart. His housekeeper, who made her periodical journeyings to the market-town with a little pannier of garden-sauce, was often stopped by the way, to be questioned about some recent adventure of Johan. But the good dame, to do her justice, was a decided woman, and never told — more than she knew.

One pleasant afternoon, Johan, who had extended his wanderings farther than usual, was roused from his musings in the shade of an overgrown pine, by the approach of night-fall, which warned him to turn his steps homeward. A mountain stream lay in his way, bridged by a decayed log which accident had thrown across, and which was slippery with moss. Johan, as I said, had been musing. Now, whether it was from this circumstance, or from the effects of a little black bottle, which always stood at his elbow at dinner, I am unable to say, but it is quite certain that he lost his balance and fell into the stream. It was deep and rapid, and Johan unfortunately was no swimmer, and more than that, — a thing very unusual with him — he was frightened. He struggled and gasped, and gasped and struggled, but to no purpose. Each effort only whirled him the farther down the stream, when he 'found himself' suddenly seized by the hair and dragged to the shore. It took Johan, like a good German, some time to recover his self-possession, and with it his usual flow of ideas; and he had no sooner assayed to look up, than he saw a female form bending over him, and felt a soft hand on his temples. The hand was soft, it is true, but never did soft hand pertain to the same person with so ugly a face. The eyes were sunken and meaningless, the mouth horridly mis-shapen, and the skin as tanned and wrinkled as that of any old dame of eighty. Johan, as I have hinted, was a valiant man; but it was growing dark, and he was far from home, and the face of his gentle preserver was so little prepossessing, that it is hardly to be wondered that he fancied himself in the clutch of a fairy. A musical voice, however, whose tones thrilled on his ear like a tune which he had heard on his mother's knee, but had half-forgotten, re-assured him; and, to make a long story short, he bowed a hundred awkward acknowledgements, which were graciously received, and without inquiring particularly into the history of the stranger, which, as a reader of novels, I must pronounce out of the common course, he made his way home, without further ado.

"Johan went to bed as usual, but that cherub voice rang in his ears. He dreamed of nothing all night but of Sphinxes, who sang like angels, and of Calibans, with voices as enchanting as the fabled notes of Orpheus. In short, he was captivated by a *sound*. The hideous face which had frightened him would, it is true, occasionly loom up through the darkness, to scatter the bright tinselry of his vision, but Johan, who loved an adventure as tenderly as he did his black bottle, was not to be deterred from pursuing the affair for all that. Accordingly, no sooner had he swallowed his frugal breakfast, and watered his garden, on the morrow, than he repaired to the spot which had been the scene of the adventure. Viewed in the mellowed light which struggled through the tracery of the surrounding forest, it was a home for a fairy. The grass was as smooth as velvet, spangled here and there with clumps of delicate flowers, which peeped out from their green beds like stars from the blue vault of heaven; and a curious seat, which was fashioned from a hollow in the bank of the stream, and supported on either hand by mossy stones, invited him to recline. He sat here for hours, watching the play of light and shade on the clear waters of the mountain stream, as the wind stirred the leaves above it, — but no fairy made her appearance. He lingered until half-tempted to resign the pursuit, when as he was rising for the twentieth time to depart, a slight noise induced him to turn his head, and the heroine of his adventure stood before him.

"Her dress was a light and graceful drapery, thrown carelessly over limbs whose roundness and grace were fashioned after the exquisite pattern of the Venus de Medicis. Her small foot trod as daintily on the yielding grass as ever did slipper-ed toe of beauty on the carpet of a ball-room.— Johan, who had an eye for these things, did not fail to notice this ease of step and grace of posture, which appeared in singular unison with the rough, forbidding outline of her face. He even fancied that he could discover a sort of wrinkle upon the neck, as though the head had been awkwardly joined to the body, so strangely contrasted was the brown and furrowed cheek with a bust of delicate whiteness, and the soft hand aforesaid, which was as fair as a snow-bell, and as prettily moulded as the handle of my pipe.

"Johan was less reserved this time, and made bold to address the sylph in an accent of courtesy. He was answered in tones as sweet, and musical, and melancholy, us the notes of the wind harp — at one moment, low and thrilling, like a spirit's whisper, and anon rattling on with a joyous sound, like her own mountain brook over its stony bed. Johan had never known the witchery of a sweet voice before, and averting his eyes, to allow his fancy the fullest range, he drank in the music of its intonations with something of the delight which an angel might feel on listening for the first time to the harmony of the spheres. There was a subdued melancholy in her manner which excited his curiosity and induced him to ask her history.

"She stood musing a moment, and replied:

"'It's narrative might fill you with pain, while with me, it would be only re-kindling fires which have long slumbered under the ashes of a deserted hearth-stone. Forbear, I pray you, to press me farther.'

"This only inflamed Johan's curiosity the more, and in answer to his intreaties, the maiden proceeded as follows:

"'My father is the Count de Eldenstein, who dwells in the castle over the hill. I was beloved, and my hand sought in marriage, by one of the Fairies of the mountain, who, in revenge for my neglect, has changed the youthful beauty of my face to the frightful mask which you now behold, and condemned me to dwell among the nymphs of this mountain stream, till I may find a lover who will take me as I am, and in whose arms I may recover at once my lost beauty and freedom.'

"This was enough for the gallant Johan, and waiting only for a coy whisper of consent, he seized the enchanted beauty in his arms, and hurried from the wood. Suddenly the heavens, which a moment before had reflected the full radiance of a summer sun, grew dark, the wind rose, and played a furious dirge among the rocking pines, the lightnings flashed across his path, and thunders broke over him; but encouraged by his panting charge, he relaxed neither speed nor courage. A fierce trampling, as of a thousand war-horses, and shrieks and unearthly yells resounded through the forest. But assured that could he only pass running water he was safe, he pressed the more breathlessly forward, until, faint and exhausted, he reached the brook, which seemed interposed a merciful barrier between his own little cottage and the domain of the fairies. One foot was already in the stream, and he was fain to impress a kiss on the face which peeped over his shoulder, and which had already lost half its hideousness, when a sound like the knell of doom broke upon his ear — and the shrill tones of his housekeeper interrupted his slumbers with the information that the sun was high in the heavens, and that his breakfast had been waiting an hour!

"Johan has been heard stoutly to maintain the reality of his vision, and always affirmed that its

unfortunate termination was some damnable device of the mountain spirits to rescue his charge from the arms of a deliverer. Some of the more incredulous of his neighbors were so cruel as to doubt his ever having seen such a personage at all; but," concluded the student in blue, "I must avow myself a faithful believer in the whole of the legend."

Rochester, March, 1842.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

About nine o'clock one fine morning, Aaron walked deliberately into Mrs. Dow's little back parlor, in his shirt-sleeves, with a stiff brush under his arm. He paused in the middle of the room, rolled up his sleeves, took the brush from under his arm, and proceeded to polish a small mahogany table particularly directing his strength against a yellow stain which had lately made its appearance in the wood.

"*He* did it—he! he!" muttered he, grating his teeth. "That is the wery identical place where he sot down his tumbler. I seen him do it, and I knowed a spot would be the consequence. Never mind!" Here he shook his head in a manner indicating that he derived a slight degree of consolation from certain sources unknown to the world at large; and he continued polishing vehemently. It was not long however before the comfort derived from the unknown sources appeared to be exhausted; for he stopped again.

"I wish I had him here under this 'ere wery brush!" muttered he, pinching his lips tightly together, and concentrating the whole visual energy of two very irascible eyes on the stain with an expression of venom and hostility which might have had a powerful effect on any thing less obdurate than a spot in mohogany. "I wish he was that spot, and I was the indiwidual that had the rubbing him out. This is what I'd do!" In demonstration of his meaning, and under the agreeable delusion that he had Wilkins under treatment, and was rasping him down, Aaron put forth a degree of strength and vigor that completely annihilated the real object of his efforts long before the imaginary one had received what he deemed satisfactory attention at his hands.

"And *she!* a encouragin' him!" said he, casting a sullen look over his shoulder at his mistress, who sat in a pious frame of mind dozing over a tract in front of the fire. "Sixty, if she's a day; shouldn't wonder if she was seventy, or even ninety. She looks every hour of it. If that's the small beggar that rung yesterday, I'll wallop him!"

The concluding part of his remark was called forth by a violent ring at the door, which interrupted the current of his thoughts, though it did not restore his good humor. Strong in his amiable resolution, he smoothed his hair over his forehead, laid his brush on the table, and proceeded to see who had favored him with this sudden summons.

On the side-walk stood a dwarfish boy in loose pantaloons, with a small cap perched on his head directly over his nose, and his hands thrust to the elbows in the pockets of the pantaloons just mentioned, where he jingled and rattled a number of small coins with great violence, at the same time looking up the street with an air of profound abstraction. On seeing the door open, he walked gently back, ascended the steps with the leisurely air of a person who had plenty of time and a great aversion to violent exercise, and eyeing Aaron from head to foot, said:

"Hullo! old feller! Do you live here?"

The man-servant looked at the stunted marker (for he it was) for more than a minute; for having come out with the fixed determination of walloping a small beggar, and judging the stunted marker to be nearly of the same dimensions, out of his trowsers, and not having entirely resigned his intention, he was casting about in his mind as to the most approved mode of commencing, when he was taken aback by the abrupt salutation. A man of his years, addressed in such a tone by a small boy in loose trowsers! He had never met with such a thing in the whole course of his experience. Before he had time to recover from the shock produced by this unheard-of proceeding, the boy, who was growing impatient, said:

"Wake up! old beet-nose; you needn't stare so. I see your peepers; cussed ugly ones they are too; but you've got a tongue as well as them, ha'n't you? Just rattle it; 'cos I can't stand here talking all day to a dumb youngster, if he *does* wear dirt-colored breeches."

"It won't do," said Aaron drawing a long breath. And accordingly he woke up, and inquired what he wanted.

"Is there a young woman here by the name of Wiolet Dow? If there is, trot her out. I want to converse with her."

"Mrs. Dow *does* live here," replied Aaron; "but" ——

"She does, does she?" interrupted the boy.—"Well be spry. Young fellers like you should stir about lively, and leave it to old men like me to crawl. Speak quick, what you've got to say."

"But—" continued Aaron, as soon as the boy gave an opportunity to the current of his speech to ooze on; "but" ——

"But what?"

"She ain't a chicken."

"Oh, ho! Past twenty?" said the marker, with an inquiring nod.

Aaron winked a slow affirmative.

"Thirty—forty, fifty—sixty?" said the marker, just pausing sufficiently between each number to permit Aaron to perpetrate a deliberate assent to each.

"Oh! she's one of them vimmen as get gray, but wo'n't give up. I've seed 'em afore. They 're quite common," said the boy, dusting the sleeve of one arm with the cuff of the other.

Aaron's face brightened into a broad grin, and he began to feel sociably inclined toward the visiter, who proceeded to perch himself on the iron railing, where he sat swinging his feet to and fro.

"You are quite at home young man," said Aaron, leaning against the door-post, as if he too had no intention of terminating the conversation.

"Of course, I are," replied the boy: "I 'spect to spend the morning on this 'ere very rail, unless I sees that voman to-once."

"You're a strange boy. What's your name?"

"Charles Draddy," replied the other, without hesitation, and swinging his feet with great violence. "What's your'n?"

"Aaron."

"Oh, ho!" again exclaimed the boy; "then you're the man I want!" He placed his finger significantly at the side of his nose, and screwing up his mouth to a point, as if he had no very distant idea of perpetrating a whistle, he said: "I came from Mr. Fisk, counsellor at law. Do you twig?"

Aaron's eyes brightened, and he nodded mysteriously.

"I want to see your young voman herself. No other young voman wo'n't do. Oh, no! I guess it won't. I say, old feller," said he, sinking his voice, and inserting two of his fingers in his jacket pocket, and making visible therefrom the end of a piece of paper; "do you see that?"

Aaron nodded.

"Well, do you know what that is?"

"No, I don't."

The boy leaned forward, and said in a low voice. "It's a *soopeeny!* One of them things as walks old vomen up into court whether they vant to or not, and squeezes the truth right straight out of 'em, jist like the juice out of a lemon."

"Oh, ho!" said Aaron; "is it about that Wilkins?"

"He's the man," replied the other; "but *this*," said he, touching the paper, "is for your old voman. Counsellor Fisk and I vants to clap the screws on her."

Aaron favored the boy with a sagacious wink, as much as to say that he understood his meaning.

"You see," continued the marker, "the counsellor spoke to Mr. Rawley, a pertickler friend of mine; you know Mr. Rawley?"

Aaron answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Mr. Rawley knowed a good many of the witnesses what was wanted; and he was to ha' soopeenied 'em all; but he hadn't time; so he sent me arter the one as roosts in this 'ere dwellin'. Now my little feller, how I'll find her? She ain't up to trap, is she?"

"Not she; not she! I'll fix that," said Aaron; and he forthwith disappeared from the door, and proceeded to the back-parlor, where Mrs. Dow sat with her eyes still devoutly fixed on the tract, in which she had made but little progress possibly from the fact that she held it in her hand upside down.

"A boy want's you at the door," said Aaron bluntly.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Dow, instantly closing the book; "did you say a boy?"

"Yes, I did."

"Are you sure it's only a boy?" inquired Mrs. Dow, glancing nervously at the glass. "Only a boy—not a man?"

"It's a boy," replied Aaron; "and a werry dirty one."

"A boy!" repeated the relict of Mr. Dow, rising and coloring, "and a dirty boy, too? Perhaps he's a small one, Aaron. Small boys do sometimes get dirty."

"He *is* a small one," said Aaron, "but he's old. His years is got the start of his statur'."

"Where can he come from!" exclaimed the widow. "I've heard of boys who came to steal—especially dirty ones. Sometimes they bring letters. Those are generally nice boys; but nice boys will get dirty sometimes. I've been so myself occasionally; but I'll go and see him at once."

In pursuance of this resolution Mrs. Dow sallied into the entry, followed by Aaron.

"How are you, young vomen?" said the stunted marker, who had already found his way to the room door, without removing his cap, and looking her full in the eyes, and at the same time nodding sociably.

"Not very well," replied Mrs. Dow, much mollified by a speech which insinuated that she still maintained an appearance of juvenility: "I've got a bad cold; quite a bad cold;" and Mrs. Dow coughed very slightly by way of illustration.—"But I'm better now, thank you; much better, Sir."

"Your 'spectable mother must feel werry glad; she must feel werry relieved, she must," said the stunted marker, taking advantage of a momentary embarrassment on the part of the lady to make a wry face at Aaron, which drove that worthy individual into a corner in strong convulsions, to the imminent danger of his suspenders.

"Oh! Sir, my mother, Sir: I ain't got no mother, Sir!" answered Mrs. Dow, simpering and coloring.

"Mrs. Wiolet Dow is the lady in question," replied the boy gravely; at the same time looking inquiringly at Aaron, who nodded and winked with great vehemence.

"I'm Mrs. Dow," said the relict.

"No! but you ain't though? Mrs. Wiolet Dow, Esq.?"

Mrs. Dow bowed.

"Then I soopeeny you!" exclaimed the boy, thrusting a dirty paper in one of her hands and a piece of money in the other; at the same time flourishing a paper before her eyes. "You've got the copy, and the fee, and there's the 'riginal.—You're in for it, old voman! Wo'n't you be salted when they get you into court? Wo'n't your affections be walked into? Oh! no; not a bit!"

Having displayed several extraordinary feats of agility in commemoration of the successful discharge of his task, and terminated them by turning heels overhead in the entry, a performance in which he was in no way impeded by the tightness of his garments, he gave a loud yell, and bolted out of the house as if shot from a cannon.

"A soopeny!" shrieked Mrs. Dow, holding the small piece of paper at arm's length in one hand and clutching the money convulsively in the other. "What's the meaning of this, Aaron? What's it about, Aaron?"

"Perhaps you'd better open it and see," said Aaron; "it's a very mysterious business, out and out, *I* think."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the widow, following his advice. "I'm *commanded* by all the people of the state of New-York to go to court! Me, a lone widow, to go to a court!—to be exposed to the licentious gaze of a crowded room of at least three hundred male men—without the judge!—Bless me! and there's a penalty too! I'm to pay two hundred and fifty dollars! What will they do with me, Aaron? What do they do with witnesses?" demanded she, tugging with nervous violence at a brown handkerchief, the end of which appeared from the mouth of a side pocket.

"Axes 'em questions," replied Aaron. "The young gen'leman that just went out says they squeezes 'em just like they squeezes lemons; but I don't know nothin' about that."

"*That* I never *will* submit to!" exclaimed the widow, indignantly. "*Never!* I'll die before I'll submit to *that!* Oh! Aaron!" said she, suddenly relapsing into the melting mood, as was indicated by her speaking in a broken voice, and blowing her nose with great force: "nothing of the kind ever happened to me in the life-time of the late Mr. Dow; nothing!—and he had a great deal to do in law. He foreclosed three mortgages; sent two women to the penitentiary for stealing

baby-linen; and once went to see a man tried for running over three hens and a fat child, and I was never soopenied in all these—not once. If he had lived, this never would have happened. I'm sure of it."

"I rather think so myself," replied Aaron, gravely.

"Oh! no; I know it wouldn't!" repeated the widow, sobbing, and again making energetic use of her handkerchief. "Something will happen! I know it! I feel it! I shall faint!" And in pursuance of this resolution she put the money in her pocket and the paper on a table; and sunk into the open arms of the man-servant, who gently deposited her in an arm-chair, where in the course of time she sobbed herself into a gentle slumber.

Just at the particular time that these things were going on in one part of the city, Higgs was walking sentimentally along in another, with his hands under his coat-tails, indulging a low whistle, pausing thoughtfully at every corner, and looking up and down the streets as if he owned a house in each, and hadn't made up his mind which to visit first.

It was a fine soft day, glowing and warm for the season; and there was a feeling of luxury in idling about—now looking in a shop window, now pausing to read the signs over the doors, and now drifting along with the crowd—that just suited the taste of Mr. Higgs, and which he fully indulged until he had wandered off to a remote part of the city, where the small size of the dwellings and their mean and dilapidated condition denoted that the very poor had their homes.

There is not much amusement to be found in the haunts of the wretched; and this idea presenting itself with much force to the mind of Mr. Higgs, he had quietly reclined himself against a lamp-post in front of a mean-looking house, to make up his mind whither to direct his steps, when his attention was attracted to some one speaking in the house.

"Let it be a mahogany one," said a plaintive voice, which seemed to come from a room on the ground floor. "The best is not too good for him;" a low half-suppressed sob followed; "and tell him," continued the same voice, "that he shall be paid soon, if I work my fingers to the bone." All was quiet for a moment, and then Higgs heard, in a stifled voice: "God bless you, my boy!—go!" and a thin sickly-looking lad came out of the house and ran off at the top of his speed.

It was not long before he returned, panting for breath, and went into the room.

"What do you think, mother?" said he, earnestly; "he wouldn't let me have it!"

"Did you tell him all?" said the same sad voice which Higgs had heard before; "what has happened, and how poor we were?"

"Yes, I did; and he said he wouldn't; there was no use in talking about it; that I might go to the poor house for one; or for the matter of that, bury him without one. He said *that*," continued the boy, sinking his voice so low that Higgs could scarcely hear him, and speaking as if the very idea startled him.

"Oh! no, no! he could not have meant *that!*" replied the mother. "Bury my poor dead little boy in that way!"—and she sobbed as if her very heart would break.

Higgs' curiosity was excited by what he heard; and he rose and peeped cautiously in the room.—It was very small, and every thing in it was wretched and poor. Near the window was a woman, yet young, but with whom sorrow and suffering had done the work of years; and at her side, with her hand clasped in her's, stood the boy who had just returned. They were both bending over a cot on which lay the dead body of a child apparently about two years of age. They were too poor to have done much for him, and the same little frock which he had worn when alive was his shroud now that he was dead. His light hair was parted over his forehead. There was a slight color in his cheek, and a smile around the small mouth, as if some angel had stolen away the spirit in an hour of happiness. All was like life; but the dark, sad eye of the mother, and the sorrowful look of the boy at her side, told their tale.—The little fellow was resting in the long sleep which has no end; and his childish voice would never again gladden his mother's heart.

There are spots of gold even in the darkest character; and that bold bad man who shrank not from vice and crime, had strange feelings and recollections as he looked upon the face of the sinless child before him. Dreams of by-gone days and scenes and faces which he had long forgotten swept through his mind, softening his spirit. He wondered if he could ever have been young and innocent like *him*. He looked at the weeping mother, and it brought back to him a faintly remembered face which had once hovered around him in dreams; but so long since that he could scarcely remember it; and then he thought of those who had played with him when they were boys together. Some had died then; some had grown up into youth, and then they too had died; some had gone he knew not whither; others had risen to wealth and respectability; and some had become stern, hardened men like himself.

Higgs drew back from the window, thrust his hand in his pocket, and walked directly into the house, and into the room where the child lay.

"*There!*" said he, placing a bill for a considerable amount on the table. "Take that. Bury the child as you want to. Think of me sometimes; and if you find it convenient, when you are saying your prayers, put in a good word for me: I need it." Without waiting for an answer, he turned and left the house.

He had spent so much of the day in strolling about that he had not gone far when a clock sounded the hour of three in the afternoon. No sooner did he hear it than he changed his course and struck across to the eastern part of the city. His pace was now steady and rapid, like that of one who had a place of destination which he wished to reach without loss of time. In twenty minutes he stopped in front of a house more than a mile from where he set out. It was a small filthy tavern in the outskirts of the town. A sign had once hung over the door; but that had long since fallen to the ground, where it had been left to decay under the influence of time and storm.

Higgs however required no such indication to inform him where he was. He went through a passage with the air of a man perfectly at home; opened an inner door, and entered what appeared to be a kind of sitting-room for visiters. It was dark and gloomy, and redolent of gin and stale segars. The walls were discolored and stained; and from a pale yellow had gradually tanned into a deep snuff-color. Altogether, it was as cheerless and uncomfortable as might have been expected from the out-of-the-way part of the city and the wretched neighborhood in which the tavern stood. One or two old prints, blackened by smoke and time, hung against the wall; and a dirty sand-box filled with stumps of segars occupied the middle of the room, near a wooden table with a broken leg. A decrepit tongs and a shovel without a handle were lying together in the chimney-place, in the very centre of which sat a man in a rough great-coat, with his head bent forward, and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees, as he sat over a dim fire.

Mr. Higgs was at no loss to recognize Wilkins in this person. In truth it would seem that he expected to find him; for scarcely favoring him with a glance, he walked up, and slapped him between the shoulders, with a degree of friendly violence, which seemed to strike the person thus favored as quite unnecessary; for he requested him when next he addressed him, either to keep his hands off, or to lay them on with more tenderness.

"Why, what ails you?" demanded Higgs, abruptly; "your flesh ain't eggs, is it? It wo'n't mash at a touch, will it?"

"What the devil brings you here? what do you want?" demanded Wilkins in a surly tone.—Without satisfying either of the interesting inquiries, Higgs went to the table, and looked successively into two small pitchers which stood on it; and having applied his nose to both of them, he took up the one-legged tongs and hammered lustily on the table.

"Hallo! what's the muss?" bellowed a voice from a small window; opening into an inner room; "what you banging that there table for? Don't you see it's weak in the j'ints? Peg away at the floor, if you want to knock something; but when you come into a gen'leman's house don't be a smashin' his furniter arter that fashion."

In pursuance of this hint, Higgs shifted his blows from the table to the floor, and knocked with a force that soon brought a slip-shod girl, without stockings, and with remarkably red heels, to know what he wanted.

"Fill *them!*" said Higgs, pointing to the pitchers. The girl took them up, eyed the inside very scrutinizingly, and disappearing, in a few minutes returned, and placed them foaming on the table. Higgs, pushing one of them toward Wilkins, buried his face in the other for some moments, then replaced the pitcher, with a sigh of satisfaction, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

Wilkins had sat watching him in silence, until his thirst was satisfied, and then asked, in no very placable tone:

"What brings you here?—what do you want? Blast me! if I don't begin to suspect you. You never come near me now-a-days unless there's something to be got out of me."

Higgs looked at him for a moment, as if making up his mind what answer to make, and then said bluntly: "Of *course* I want something. You don't think I'd come to this out-of-the-way, ungenteel little dram-hole, when there's respectable places in the city, on purpose to find you, unless I wanted something, do you? If you *do*, you don't know me as well as I thought you did."

"Well, then let's know what it is," said Wilkins; "and don't sit there, staring and gaping as if you had something in your mind you was afraid to tell. You haven't murdered any one, have you?"

"Pish! you know I haven't. What the devil ails you, man?"

"No matter what," replied Wilkins, not in the least mollified by the interest in his welfare denoted by the question; and turning his back on the questioner, and stirring the fire.

Higgs, before going into the communication he had on hand, got up and shut the door. He then went to the small window opening into the other room and shut that, having first looked through it and satisfied himself that the apartment beyond was empty. He then returned, and drawing a chair so close to Wilkins that even a whisper could be heard, said: "I've come here to talk with you about that lawyer, Bolton; and to let you into a small project I have on foot, before proposing it to him. I knew you were to be here at this hour."

"Well, what about that man?"

"You know that you and I and the lawyer are all in the same boat."

Wilkins looked at him with a troubled glance, but said nothing.

"And you know that he's a man that wouldn't think twice before he put a halter round our necks, if we stood in his way."

"Don't I know him?" said Wilkins, in a low, fierce voice; "don't I know every corner of his black heart! I *ought* to. Well, go on."

"If we were in his grasp," continued Higgs, in the same subdued manner, "and he could squeeze a few thousands out of us, and we couldn't help ourselves, do you think he'd do it?"

There was something almost fiendish in the wild mocking laugh that preceded the response of Wilkins, as he said:

"*Do* it! He'd wring out the last drop of your heart's blood for *that*. Aye, he'd d—n you in this world and the next for *that!*"

"Then," replied Higgs, in a stern, determined voice, "I'll show him that *two* can play at that game. This is what I mean. He has showed his hand to the girl; he has showed the will; he has let out that we are the witnesses to it. He's in for it; there's no back out for him. He admitted as much to me. *He can't go on without us!* But as yet we ain't committed; for we have only stuck our names to the paper; we have proved nothing, sworn to nothing, and might be seized with a sudden loss of memory, and know nothing about it; or we might have done so only for the *purpose of preventing a fraud*, by blowing on him when we were called on as witnesses."

"Well," said Wilkins, "what's your drift?"

"Drift! It's plain enough," replied Higgs; "I've got a d—d bad memory; and I don't believe any thing less than twenty thousand dollars will restore it, in this 'ere identical case. And I'd advise you to have as bad a one too."

"But will he pay it?" demanded Wilkins, earnestly.

"Pshaw! what can he do? He can't stop. If he does he's d—d. If we won't help him he's d—d. He *must* [illegible]! Even then he will have a hundred and sixty thousand dollars for his share. He says the old man left two hundred thousand dollars."

"My pay isn't money," replied Wilkins, relapsing into his moody humor. "He's to give me service for service."

"Make him do that too," replied Higgs. "If he wo'n't come in to my proposition, I'll pay him back the five hundred dollars I've got, and withdraw from the service. This being flush isn't such great things after all. It's agreeable enough at first; but in the long run, it isn't half so exciting as going on tick, and knowing there's always some one to take an interest in your health. Curse me, how bad Mr. Quagley felt when I was near dying once, and owed him a small bill of forty dollars. His feelings was quite touched."

Wilkins folded his arms and sat for some time in silent abstraction, giving no other indication of

his being awake than by slightly drumming with his foot on the floor. At last he said:

"There's a good deal in what you say; yet I've sworn *not* to blow on him, but I have not sworn to stand by him." Turning to the pitcher, he took a deep draught of the ale, which had hitherto stood neglected at his elbow. "You shall know what I intend to do, before long."

Higgs bowed in token of satisfaction; and after a pause of some duration, crossed his legs, leaned back in the chair, and asked:

"What have you done about that divorce? I wish you'd do something soon."

A change, as rapid as lightning, came over the face of Wilkins, as he replied:

"What's it to *you* what I do, or when I do it? or if I take six months or a year?—or if I never do it? What's it to *you*, I say?" And he struck his clenched fist, which he had shaken at Higgs during these vehement questions, violently on the table.

"What's it to *me?*" inquired Higgs, with some surprise; "that's a good one! Why, d—n it! I told you I intended to marry her myself."

"By G—d! you shall die first!" exclaimed Wilkins, starting up and dashing his hat on the floor. "You mus'n't come interfering between me and my plans. That girl I cast adrift because I intend to pay off the ill usage I've had at her hands. She shall live and die alone; wretched, in the very kennel; and let me see you raise a finger to help her! Marry her! *No one* shall! Sooner than *that*, I'd keep her in my own grasp; and if I broke my own heart in doing so, I'd break her's too."

"It was agreed between us," replied Higgs, earnestly, "that I was to prove whatever you wanted; you were to throw her off, and I was to take her. Honor! George, honor! When a gentleman looses his honor he looses what's precious;" and Mr. Higgs shook his head, as if he experienced feelings of the most poignant regret at the idea of such a dereliction on the part of his friend.

"I agreed to nothing," replied Wilkins, in the same savage tone; "and if you attempt to cross me it will be the bitterest thing you ever did."

Higgs's policy at present was not to exasperate Wilkins, lest he might in a fit of stubbornness come to the resolution of not obtaining the divorce. He therefore merely said;

"We wo'n't quarrel about it. If I was mistaken, I was—and there's an end of it. I've not lived to my age to fight about a petticoat. I must be off now. You know we've got to go to the lawyer's to-night."

Wilkins nodded sullenly.

"Eight o'clock is the hour," said Higgs; and without farther remark he arose and went out.

CHAPTER XX.

In the same office where he had hatched so much harm, the Attorney sat with his arms folded, his brows knit, and his amiable face gathered into a frown which bespoke any thing but mental tranquility. On the table near him lay a note, written in the peculiar penmanship and worded with the elegance so characteristic of Mr. Higgs, in which, after informing the Attorney that he had strong misgivings that they were performing the rather incongruous acts of getting themselves in a box and into a pickle, he appointed that evening to see him, and to discuss their plans. On this note the Attorney from time to time bent his eyes, now and then removing them to gaze abstractedly around the room. His thin lips moved and twitched nervously, and at times he unfolded his arms, and clasping his long thin fingers about his knees, sat there motionless, looking wistfully in the smoking embers, and dreaming over plans which were corroding his heart, and which, even if successful, were dearly bought. Once a voice reached his ear from the street, and he straightened himself up and listened; but it sank suddenly into silence, and he relapsed into his old attitude. One might have supposed him dead—for his features were pinched and pale, and had a rigid, unearthly look—but for the brilliancy of those black, glittering eyes, and the low muttering which occasionally escaped him.

An hour or more had passed in this manner, when suddenly a step was heard in the passage below; then one or two heavy jarring treads, as if a person had stumbled in ascending the stairs in the dark. Bolton shook off his abstraction, turned to the table, snuffed the candles, thrust the note which was lying there in his pocket, drew one or two papers near him, and commenced writing.—In the mean time the stumbling continued, until the person had surmounted the stairs, and was heard coming through the upper entry. Bolton did not raise his eyes from the paper as he entered; but he knew, without doing so, that the tall, gaunt man who strode boldly in was Wilkins. Without speaking, he threw his hat on a chair, and shaking his head to free his face from the long elf-locks which hung over it, drew a chair to the fire, seated himself opposite the Attorney, with the air of one who had every inclination, and only wanted an excuse, to give vent to a long-hoarded and abundant supply of ill humor.

Bolton wrote on, pretending not to notice him, until he could make up his mind how to meet him. Wilkins, however, soon solved this difficulty, by demanding abruptly:

"What have you done in that business of mine?"

The Attorney raised his head. "Ah! Wilkins! it's you? So you've come? I wanted you."

"What have you done in that business of mine?" repeated his visiter, taking no notice of the extended hand of the lawyer, which accompanied the remark.

"You mean that girl?—your wife?—the drab?"

"Come, none of that!" replied Wilkins, with an impatient gesture. "I didn't come here to hear you call names. She's no drab; and you know it. All you've got to do is to look to your work, and keep your tongue quiet. What have you done? I ask again."

"As yet, nothing."

"Then," replied Wilkins, "*do* nothing. Our compact is at an end."

Bolton laid down his pen; his face became a shade paler, and his voice trembled slightly, as he asked:

"What now, Wilkins? What do you mean?"

"Don't I speak plain?" said Wilkins. "You want something more, do you? You shall have it; ay, to your heart's content."

He rose, took his chair by the back, stamped it heavily on the floor within two feet of the Attorney, and sat down on it. "*This* is what I mean. A certain lawyer was to get George Wilkins divorced from his wife; and on condition of his doing so, George Wilkins was to prove a certain signature to a certain paper. Perhaps you understand that?"

Bolton glanced nervously about the room; for Wilkins spoke in a loud and excited key. "Well," said he, "well?"

"*Well!*" echoed Wilkins with a bitter laugh; "*well!* A month went by. The lawyer was pushing his own business on finely; but when Wilkins came to see what had been done in his, the answer was, "Nothing yet!"

There was something so unusual in the manner of his visiter, something so reckless and mocking, and withal so savage, that the Attorney fairly quailed. "Now what I've got to say is this," said Wilkins: "I want nothing further at your hands. I want no divorce; and you, *you* who think of none but yourself; who blight and curse and poison all who come in your path; *you*, d—n you! *you* may prove your will as you can! May hell seize me, if I move a finger, stir a step, or utter a word to save you from the gallows! *Now* you understand me!"

"I do!" replied Bolton, whose hesitation vanished at the more imminent danger which threatened from this new resolution of his confederate. "I *do* understand you," repeated he in that low, clear, calm tone, so often the voice of strong, concentrated purpose or of bitter wrath. "No one could have spoken more plainly. Now hear *me*. You made a promise and confirmed it by an oath, that if I performed a certain service for you you would do the same for me. Relying on your good faith, I have taken steps which have compromised my safety beyond recal. I cannot retrace them. I cannot undo what is now done. There is no escape for me, except in going on. That will is already in the hands of the surrogate. Your name is to it as a witness; and prove it you *shall!*—Clench your fist if you will," said he, grating his teeth, and shaking his thin finger at him; "I fear you not. I have you in my gripe. I can tie you neck and heels, and place you where you'll rot. You're mine, and prove that will you *shall*.—There are but three cases in which the law will dispense with your testimony, and allow *your signature* to be proved."

"What are they?" asked Wilkins, doggedly.

"You must be insane, which you are not, or you must leave the State."

"Suppose I wo'n't?"

"*Then*," said Bolton, leaning forward, and speaking slowly, "to get along without your personal testimony, the *law* says you must be DEAD!"

Wilkins sat opposite to him, eyeing him with a sullen, fixed stare, evincing neither surprise nor fear; but seeming rather in deep and perplexed thought. At last he said:

"And so, Bolton, you would blow on an old comrade, who had stuck to you through thick and thin, because he had run you too hard once!"

"I *would*, if he gave out at last," replied the lawyer.

"And you would forget how often he had served you when none else would; and you would have him laid by the heels, and locked up, to rot and fester, and beat himself against his prison walls, and to lie there and rave, and curse the hour that he came into the world?—would you?"

"I would!"

"Or if you didn't, you'd send him to kingdom-come, off hand?"

"The *law* says that the witness must be *dead!*" repeated Bolton, sternly.

"But suppose the man was me, Bolton—your old tried friend?" said Wilkins earnestly, drawing his chair closer to the table, and leaning over it, and speaking rapidly; "*me*, who know so much of your dark doings?—who never turned my back on you till now?"

"The law makes no exception for friendship," replied the lawyer.

Wilkins drew back. All trace of passion and excitement disappeared from his face. His features became cold, passionless, stone-like; and he spoke like one whose thoughts were far away, as he said:

"I said blood would come of it, some day; yes, I said it, or I dreamed it; but it's true!"

He thrust his hand half unconsciously in the breast of his coat, and then drew it out. "Well, well!" said he, "I'll wait—I'll wait. It may not come to it yet; but it will some day."

He leaned his cheek on his hand, and gazed steadfastly in the fire, which flickered and smouldered in the grate, giving a wild, uncertain expression to his harsh features. At times he raised his head and looked with a troubled, irresolute eye at the lawyer, and his lips moved as if he were speaking, but no sound came from them. How long a time might have elapsed in silence, is uncertain; for before it was broken, a quick step was heard coming up the stairs and through the entry. Then there was a sudden knock at the door, and before it could be answered, the door was flung open, and Mr. Higgs presented himself.

The excited looks of the two who already occupied the office did not escape the quick eye of the new-comer. He half suspected that a rupture had taken place between them, and by way of inducing an explanation, said:

"You look amiable, both of you. What's in the wind?"

Wilkins turned his back upon him and made no answer.

Higgs glanced an inquiring eye upon Bolton.

"He is faint-hearted, and would give out," said he, with a slight sneer, and pointing to Wilkins.

Wilkins merely rolled his eyes up to him, but took no further notice of him.

"Come, George," said Higgs, going up to his friend, and placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder; "What's the matter? Out with it, man."

"Pshaw!—you know."

"Ah! ah! I understand," replied Mr. Higgs, into whose mind a ray of the truth flashed. Then turning to the lawyer, he said: "It's a trifle—quite insignificant; merely this: Mr. Wilkins and myself, on having a small talk respecting this 'ere business, came to the conclusion that there was a great deal of risk and not a great deal of pay; which you know is quite as disproportioned as a very large dog with a very small tail, or any other figger that may suit the case."

Mr. Higgs paused to observe the effect of his remark, and his very appropriate simile. Bolton merely bowed.

"And we thought," continued he, "that as the old gentleman had left a cool two hundred thousand, you might fork over to us a cool twenty thousand a-piece; quite a trifle, considering the risk, and the fight that the young woman is determined to make, which you know was altogether unlooked for, and not at all mentioned in the contract."

"And suppose I refuse?" replied Bolton, impatiently.

"Then we abjure the proceeding, root and branch. I re-forks the five hundred which the old gentleman left me, a very little diminished, considering the respectability of my appearance for the last week or two; and we wash our hands of the whole business, and gently retire, wishing you all success in your undertaking."

"And this is what you will do?"

"Most positively, and decidedly, and so forth," replied Mr. Higgs, taking a seat, and crossing his legs.

"Well," said the Attorney, after a long pause, "will twenty thousand a-piece clear me of all claims from both of you?—and will you never make others?—and will you carry this matter through in spite of all obstacles?"

Both Wilkins and Higgs assented.

"I see no alternative. It's yours. Do you want a written promise to that effect?"

"No, thank you; I prefer not,' said Mr. Higgs quietly. "I'll find a way of enforcing the promise, if you should happen to forget it.

Bolton attempted to laugh, but turned away, biting his lip with vexation; for he felt that he was in the hands of one at least on whom he had no hold, and who neither feared him nor would abate one jot of his power over him, while there was an end of his own to be gained; but as he had already said, there was no alternative.

"Well," said Mr. Higgs, "now that that's settled to our mutual satisfaction, let's know what's the most ticklish part of this business? What's the spot as won't bear handling? That's what we were to consult about."

Bolton seated himself, and opening a small drawer in the table, took out a memorandum, and after running his eye over it, said:

"That old witness to the marriage. If he were out of the way, I'd feel safe. I know no other obstacle. He's here day after day, on some pretext or other. I don't know what to make of it. If we could get *him* out of the State ——"

"Or out of the world?" suggested Higgs.

Bolton looked steadily at him, but said not a word.

"Hist!" exclaimed he, at length. "Some one is coming. I'll shut this door, and meet him in the other room. Stay here quietly, till I send him off." As he spoke, he went out, shutting the door, and was heard speaking to a person in the outer room. In a few moments he returned, with a face as pale as if there had been no blood in his frame. He shut the door after him tight, pushing it again and again. Then he went up to Higgs and whispered:

"It's the very man!—the old fellow!—the witness to that marriage!—the *only* witness!'

His black eyes dilated until they seemed on fire, his lips compressed, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Well?" said Higgs, looking up in his face.

"He's the *only witness to her legitimacy*," said the lawyer; and he stopped again. "He's in the other room—ALONE."

"Well," said Higgs, still looking at him; "what of it? You won't consent to—you know what? You told me so yourself."

Bolton, without heeding this remark, said: "He came here to ask where he could find Miss Crawford. He thought perhaps I knew and would tell him. He's going there to-night, as *he wants to see her particularly.*"

He paused and cast a glance at Wilkins; but he sat with his head between his hands, and looking on the floor; and then he and Higgs stood face to face. Neither spoke, but the Attorney saw that the thin sharp features of his confederate were rigid and pinched; his jaws firmly set, as if screwed together, and his lip quivering with fierce emotion.

"Sit still, both of you!" said Higgs, in a hoarse whisper; "don't stir on your lives—neither of you. I've often risked my life for less than twenty thousand, and by G—d I'll do it now! Your dirk, George; but no!—no blood; a blow will be better." As his hand reached the knob, Bolton's resolution failed him, and he sprang forward:

"Stop! stop! my God! my God! I cannot! I dare not!"

"But *I* dare!" hissed out Higgs; "don't balk me now, or by G—d! you'll rue it!"

"What would you do?" exclaimed the Attorney, wringing his hands.

"Talk to him! *talk* to him! *only* talk to him!" muttered he. "Back, back, I say! Keep the door shut; tight—tight! Ask no questions; see nothing—hear nothing; and don't come into that room, or I'll cut your throat!"

He laid his hand on the door, and Bolton would again have interfered; but Wilkins rose, seized him by the shoulders, and dashed him back on the floor as if he had been a child; while Higgs flung open the door, and darted into the other room.—But it was empty. The outer door was open, and the old man was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Edinburg Observer.

Monument to Burns' Highland Mary.

It was not without some fear of disappointment that we availed ourselves of an invitation to examine a design intended to embody the feelings and wishes of the admirers of this interesting though melancholy episode in the life of Scotland's poet. Our fears were speedily and agreeably dispelled on beholding the design, itself the result of a combination of talent rarely to be found united, but in every respect worthy of so interesting an object and so powerful an alliance. It consists of an elegantly proportioned monolithic obelisk and peseetal, simply and tastefully ornamented, designed by Mr. Kemp, the well-known architect for the monument to Sir Walter Scott. The pedestal is enriched on three sides by pannels, sculptured in basso relievo, from the chisel of Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, Fisherrow, a young artist of brilliant promise, and a pupil of Thorwalsden, whilst the fourth side is occupied by a simple tablet, containing an inscription from the esteemed pen of the celebrated Delta. Of the sculpture it is not easy to convey to our readers an adequate idea; the principal panel represents the solemn pledge of the lovers at their parting on the banks of the Ayr; the female is an elegant and classical embodiment of rustic sweetness, simplicity and grace; the expression of the head, in particular, is replete with lovely fascination—the figure and action at once speak sincerity, unaffected modesty, implicit confidence, and devoted attachment. The bard himself is delineated with that energetic earnestness so characteristic of his compositions, and a gravity of deportment especially suited to the solemnity of that parting scene so touchingly depicted by his own words:

"Wi' mony a vow and lock't embrace,
Our p. rting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder."

There is no affectation here; neither gewgaw nor trifling frippery in attitude, action, nor drapery; he stands erect and independent, proudly conscious of moral worth and self reliance, an embodied image of his own noble sentiment:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that."

There is, however, an accompanying tenderness of expression, beautifully suited to the circumstances of the scene, and justly appropriated to the most sensitive admirer of female purity and loveliness. Of the suitable beauty of the inscription by Delta, it is fortunately in our power to produce the best evidence by presenting a copy; it is worthy alike of the object, and of the accomplished author's well-earned reputation:

Erected
In memory
of
MARY CAMPBELL,
Whose youth, beauty and innocence,
Won the heart
and
Inspired the immortal muse
of
ROBERT BURNS
With those strains which are unsurpassed
For moral dignity
and
Depth of pathos.
HER MORTAL REMAINS
Have lain unnoticed in this spot
For half a century;
Yet
"The fame of her name"
Has pervaded the civilized world,
And the tears of millions have been shed
For the untimely fate
of
HIGHLAND MARY.

The result of the whole design is a tribute worthy of the united exertion of the gifted individuals who have contributed, each in his peculiar department, to the accomplishment of so gratifying an object. When erected it will be one of the most attractive and interesting features of which Greenock can boast.

HOODS.—The New Bedford Bulletin says that queer-looking hoods, now worn by the ladies, are named "kiss-me-if-you-dare."

The challenge is superfluous. No gentleman would ever think of offering to kiss a female, who wears such an evidence of ——. You may fill the blank with any word you please.—*Bost. Cour.*

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

The following account of a remarkable family in France, celebrated no less for their singular beauty, than for their continual intermarrying, is from the lately published work, by Miss Costello, entitled "Pilgrimage to Auvergne:"

During our stay at Montbard, to whose excellent countess and her society we were indebted for much attention and politeness, we accompanied some friends of hers to visit a family in the neighborhood, who are remarkable in many ways; in the first, from their residence at the ancient abbey of Fontenai; next, from their bearing the names of Mongolfier and Seguin; and lastly from their singular beauty. The head of this family is son to the well-known Mongolfier, whose discoveries of the power of balloons have made his name familiar. He has a great many daughters and neices, married, all of whom live in his house, and each of whom is more or less beautiful. It is a sight to astonish a stranger to see the drawing-room, into which one is ushered, filled by degrees with a crowd of lovely young girls, few of them above twenty, some with one infant, some with several as pretty as their mothers, and to hear that all these are sisters and cousins; they all, it seems, marry relations, some so near as to startle English and Protestant ideas of propriety. One exquisitely lovely young woman—a perfect Houri, with dark eyes, for instance, was the wife of her uncle, the brother of her mother, and the father of her cousin, who was the wife of her brother, and thus her daughter and her sister. This last was also as beautiful as can be conceived, and so young, that when she produced an infant, it appeared almost a fable to consider her as a mother. Another of these nymphs was a widow, with a sweet, melancholy expression in her magnificent dark eyes, quite enchanting. The youngest married sister-cousin entered the room with the only single one of the party, not so regularly handsome as the rest, but full of grace, vivacity and brilliancy. She had a large straw hat, with a blue riband, such as is worn by peasants, thrown negligently over her bright hair, and shading her face, which was all roses and smiles—her shape quite unconfined, as was the case with each, as pliable and waving as a dancing girl, her step like a dryad, her eye like a gazelle; in fact, as the whole party formed into line and accompanied us through the aisles and cloisters of the abbey, I could not help thinking they looked like a band of young priestesses, chosen for their beauty to officiate at the shrine of some pagan deity, as they walked along with their arms entwined around each other, and the charming heads peered over the pretty shoulders, while explanations of all the wonders of their domicil poured from their lips. They all appeared to possess remarkable talent, some for drawing and painting, some for music and singing; and we were delighted, during our long visit, by the evidence given us of the latter accomplishment. One of the finest instruments, by Pepe, I ever heard, was touched with consumate skill by her whom I considered the most beautiful of this lovely community of aunt-mothers and wife-neices.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—A visitor once went into a school at Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl in one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her little clenched first was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said she, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected his sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more. If men and women, families and communities and nations, would act on this principle, the world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1842.

THE ENGRAVING.—In this number was executed by Mr. A. OAKLEY. It is well done, as all may see by an examination. We may say farther, that this style of engraving is one of the most difficult, and requires no ordinary degree of skill in the execution. We would bespeak for Mr. Oakley a share of the public favor in this department of Art.

CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly accept of the proposition of our Cincinnati correspondent.

Several communications on hand will be attended to in our next number.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE METROPOLITAN for this month is mostly made up of papers continued from former numbers, the general character of which is already known to the reader. A charming tale by Mrs. Abdy, one of the oldest writers for the Magazine, entitled the "First Equivocation" appears in this number. The following is a free translation of the celebrated German "Song to the Rhine:"

Song of the Rhine.

BY MRS. ABDY.

O never shall lawless and tyrant possessors
The sway of our glorious river attain,
Like clamorous ravens the eager oppressors
May hunger and strive to subdue it in vain;
While gaily its waters are sparkling and bounding,
While flow'rets its banks of fresh verdure entwine,
While the dash of an oar in its current is sounding,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

While plenty its rich purple vintage is crowning,
And generous wine shall be pressed from the fruit;
While rocks in its stream stand majestic and frowning,
Defying the spoiler its strength to uproot;
While castles and palaces seem by reflection
In the depth of its clear placid bosom to shine,—
So long shall we guard it with pride and affection,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

While love stricken youths shall woo Beauty's fair daughters,
By the side of its banks, in truth's eloquent tongue;
While one glittering fish shall spring forth from its waters,
Or one early-known song by its peasants be sung;
So long shall we bravely defend our fair river,
Or its waves shall our cold lifeless bodies enshrine—
O, the hand of oppression shall vanquish it never,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The third number of Vol. XIV, of this popular and well known periodical, has made its appearance from the extensive publishing office of Mrs. MASON, New York. It is filled with the usual variety of political and miscellaneous reading. There is food for the contemplation of the classical reader in the "Pagan Oracles;" for the Artist in the "Portraits of Versailles," and for the lovers of fiction in the "Northern Circuit" and "Caleb Stukeley." A fine essay upon the "Prussian Monarchy" will interest politicians. "Roamings in Rome," and the "World of London," also contain many excellent thoughts. "Things of the day, No. II" bid fair to be a pleasing series of papers, notwithstanding the blows dealt out occasionally to brother Jonathan. Gov. SEWARD is roundly abused for writing a letter to an "Irish Repeal Association."

"LADIES' COMPANION."—This beautiful and well-conducted magazine, for April, has made its appearance. It is embellished with a fine view of the village of Sing Sing, a plate of fashions, and the fine old Scotch ballad, "Whistle and I'll come come to you," set to music. The original contributions from celebrated writers are rich as usual. The "Leaves from a table book," by WILLIS, are continued, and there is also a beautiful poem upon the "ruins of Uxmal." W. W. Snowden, 109 Fulton-street, New York.

N. YORK LANCET.—This publication, valuable to the student and practitioner of medicine and surgery, if not to the general reader, continues, if not to improve, yet to sustain its [illegible]est and utility.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The March number of this slashing Tory periodical, follows close upon the heels of its predecessor. Its contents exhibit the usual variety, and the political papers are less tinged with Toryism than usual. The fine tale of "Gasper, the Pirate" is continued, and thare are six chapters of "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," by the well-known author of "Charles O'Malley." The most valuable portions of this number, however, are its critical papers, among which are reviews of "James's Recent Novels," and a very favorable criticism of the "North American Indians," by our countryman GEORGE CATLIN. There is also an etching of Viscount GORT, one of the few survivors of that band of distinguished men whose fame illuminated the closing scenes of the Irish Parliament. The poetry, and other miscellaneous articles, do not require particular notice. The American edition, which is a fac-simile of that published in Dublin, is published by Mrs. MASON, N. York.

We find the following announcement in the present number:

The publishers of the Dublin University Magazine have the pleasure to inform the friends and supporters of that Journal, that they have completed arrangements with Mr. LEVER, (Harry Lorrequer, author of Charles O'Malley,) by which he undertakes the Editorship of the Magazine, reserving for its pages the publication of "Jack Hinton," and other tales by the same author.

Mr. Lever will also contribute largely and exclusively to each number of the Magazine, the management of which under his auspices will commence with the April number.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—The April number of this standard magazine contains some articles of unusual worth. The reception of Mr. Dickens is spoken of with commendation, as "a striking symptom of a more just and pure appreciation commencing to prevail, in the general public mind, of the only true greatness by which one man can be distinguished above the common level of his fellows—the greatness of goodness, and of genius faithfully applied to its high mission of the improvement and elevation of mankind." It contains also a third essay on Association and Attractive Industry; and other papers, some of a strong political cast.

POET'S MAGAZINE.—Here is a new enterprise, or enterprise applied in a new field. E. G. SQUIER, of Albany, has commenced a monthly publication "of original and selected American poetry." The editor says the work "is designed to place before the American people in a neat and elegant form, the best productions of the American muse."—We think the project a laudable one, and one that should meet with abundant success. Each number will consist of 48 pages. The first contains, besides an introduction of 4 pages, 31 poems, all of which have been pronounced good. The price is $2,00 a year.

N. YORK VISITOR,—For April, presents, besides some excellent reading, a fine steel engraving of "La Grange Terrace," a plate of fashions, showing an *approach* to natural waists, and a very pretty temperance song set to music.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.—The April number is decidedly superior to its predecessors, both as regards reading and embellishment. It has three engravings and a piece of music. The mechanical execution is always unexceptionable.

☞ The foregoing publications, and many others, may be obtained of LUTHER MOORE, at the News Room in the Arcade.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Birds sing less in August than in other months. Ladies chatter less in February. The former of these curious facts in natural history has some mystery about it—but the why and wherefore of the latter may be found in the circumstance that February is the shortest month in the year.

Scientific.

From Baird's Travels in Europe.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

A steamboat leaves Stockholm every week, and touches at Gefle, Hudiksvall, Hernosand, Umea, and other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, at Wasa on the eastern, on its way up to Tornea, at the head of the Gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice or on St. John's day, when, from a neighboring mountain they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernician system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the northwest, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northeast, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm, at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light, from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened about that time four years ago, to be going up to the promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight, with ease, even whilst passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English Quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at that portion of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season, there is nothing unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things, as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, all nature falls into stillness and repose, whilst it is yet light. And if you have been unaccustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Hernosand or Tornea, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen any where, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel, with his grey coat and musket.

MOUNTAINS.—There are 120 ridges of mountains more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 150 from 5,000 to 10,000, many of them extensive ridges.

Mount Blanc is 14,540 feet above the Lake of Geneva, and this is 1,233 feet above the level of the sea.

Sukanda, in the Himalayas, is 25,560; and Dhawalagiri, in the same chain, is 27,000 feet, and visible above 250 miles. Nineteen of these mountains are higher than Chimborazo.

A village in the Himalayas is 14,700 feet high. The goats produce the wool for shawls. At 15,500 feet, beds of fossil are found. At 20,000 feet there is perpetual snow. They have been ascended 19,600 feet.

VALUE OF EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising at *six* in the morning and *eight*, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which will afford exactly eight hours a-day for ten years; so it is the same as if ten years were added to life—a weighty consideration, in which we could command eight hours a-day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

If your sister while tenderly engaged in conversation with her sweetheart, requests you to bring her a glass of water from the adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—Who was the man who first introduced salt provisions into the navy? Noah—for he took *Ham* into the ark.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

"I Remember! I Remember."

I remember! I remember!
All the pleasures, free and wild,
Of the merry, merry days,
When I was but a child—
In my childish mirth and glee,
Prattling on my mother's knee,
While her loving looks on me
Fixed, she fondly smiled.

I remember! I remember!
Oh! Time never can destroy
The memory of her tones of love
When she'd call me "*her good boy*"—
And whenever I was bad
She would look so grieved and sad,
Oh! it made me doubly glad
Again to give her joy!

I remember! I remember!
When I used to go to school,
How "the master" went his round and
With his little two-foot rule;
And how he'd bring it—whack!
On each luckless urchin's back
He encountered on his track,
That was cutting up the fool!

I remember! I remember!
How in SPRING's first vernal bloom,
Over meadow, hill and valley,
I would dearly love to roam;
And with lads and lasses gay,
On the merry first of May
Gather, all the live-long day,
Wild-flowers of sweet perfume.

I remember! I remember!
In the glorious SUMMER time,
When the rich earth teemed with beauty
Like a maiden in her prime—
Then, to make hay in the sun,
Or go fishing in the run,
Ending with the glorious fun
Of an evening swim.

I remember! I remember!
When the AUTUMN brown had come,
How we used to go out "nutting,"
In the woods not far from home;
And with sly and stealthy pace,
There the quail and rabbit trace,
Or with "Pout" and "Juno," chase
Th' opossum "up the gum!"

I remember! I remember!
Oh! along, long time ago,
When in WINTER, with my sled,
I coasted in the snow;
How we boys would climb some hill,
Just as little boys do still,
And with merry, right good will,
All together, down we'd go.

I remember! I remember!
Oh! I never can forget
All the joyous sports and pleasures
Of the days whose suns are set!
And how sadly comes the thought
Of those days which now *are not*,
But whose memories all are fraught
With youth's joyous pleasures yet!

Cincinnati, Ohio. L. J. CIST.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUTH C. P.

Hushed those rude sounds which mirth so lately gave,
Now sadness reigns, and sighs employ our breath;
For we have borne him to the gloomy grave,
An early victim to disease and death.

Well may we weep, though long unused to tears,
Our bosoms heave with unaffected grief;
For that glad smile, oft seen, no more appears,
The hand that gave, no longer gives relief.

Mute is the voice we lately loved to hear,
Dim is the eye that brightly beamed on all;
No strains can lend sweet rapture to his ear,
Whose noble limbs have borne the sable pall.

Respected youth! while bright thy prospects burned,
What tender chords were touched within thy breast;
How was their love with faithfulness returned,
By whom thou wast, by Heav'n, who wished thee blest!

Hope fed thy soul, deceitful never more—
And promised all delighted sense can see,
Health, honor, fortune, happiness, in store—
For disappointment snatch'd them all, with thee.

Thy fate is mourned by many a loving friend;
But yet to her, beloved, affianced one,
Who, hopeful much, made all on thee depend;—
The darkest cloud obscures the brightest sun.

Thy name, still dear, in mem'ry long shall live,
We oft, with her, rehearse thy mournful tale;
But thou behold'st what offerings we give,
In Hear'n rejoicing, while we here bewail.

When Spring succeeds cold Winter's piercing blast,
Or Summer flowers perfume thy lowly bed;
When Autumn strews the hallow'd spot with mast,
Or Winter's snows lie thickly o'er thee spread;

With steady care we'll guard thy honored tomb,
Where tears shall flow, regrets abundant rise;
Till we, like thee, have felt our final doom,
Then, hope to meet triumphant in the skies.

Alfred, N. Y., 1842. J. D. C.

The Home-Bound Bark.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-foul sweep,
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
Hang the vulture's raving cry:
Like the startling breath,
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout mast's bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Mid the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard,
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh, many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of wo,
For those who sleep,
'Neath the surges deep,
Ten thousand fathoms low.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail,
For the home-bound sail,
That will never more return!

Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore.

Variety.

THE IRISHMAN'S CAT.—A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the church warden's Office of Manchester for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, enforced his suit with much earnestness:

'Och, yer honor,' said he, 'sure I'll be starved long since, but for my cat.'

'But for what?' asked his astonished interrogator.

'My cat!' rejoined the Irishman.

'Your cat! how so?'

'Shure, your honor, I sould her eleven times, for sixpence a time, and she was always at home before I could get there myself!'

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated, and as John Wilkes said, "the very worst use you can put a man to is to hang him." Punishment to prevent crime, gentlemen! It comes like the physician's prescription at the funeral, too late. To check crime we must check the disposition to crime; to prevent acts, we must create an omnipresent control over the heart; set up the man in watch over himself, and make conscience the universal preventive.

The naughty boys at Springfield kiss the young ladies in temperance meetings. He of the Springfield Republican is of opinion that such things are not consistent with *total abstinence*. The question appears to be this—is kissing *intoxicating?* Who does answer.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

A FEW HINTS TO KEEP AWAY HARD TIMES.—Rise early in the morning, and be diligent during the day, in attending to our business, and not worry ourselves by our neighbor's concerns.

Give encouragement to home industry, and in all cases give the preference to American manufactures over foreign.

Instead of following the fashions of Europeans, let us cultivate a spirit of independence, and decide for ourselves, how our coats, hats and boots shall be made.

Keep out of the streets, unless business calls us to transact that which we cannot do in our stores, shops or dwellings.

By all means keep away from drinking and gambling houses.

When we buy an article of clothing, study commendable economy, at the same time get a good article, and when made take particular care of it, and wear it out regardless of any change of fashion. Fashion is a great tyrant, and men are fools to be slaves to it.

Stay at home nights, improve ourselves by reading, writing, or instructive conversation, and retire to our beds at an early hour.

Be kind to our relations, obliging to our friends, and charitable to all.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

"Did you ever present your account to the defendent?" enquired a lawyer of his client.

"I did, Sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why then I came to you."

The editor of the Phila. North American, in a notice of Zanoni, makes a just distinction. He says:

The author, in all his romances, instead of making fiction aid reality, makes reality aid fiction; and hence the utter worthlessness, in a moral point of view, of all his writings.

'When you meet with a Sheriff in the street, with whom you are familiar, always salute him first; and if you chance to be going the same way, take him by the arm, rather than permit him to take yours. There is a vast difference in the effect upon spectators.'

An occulist once operated upon an eye of his own, and put it out. Enoch thinks this is giving an eye to business.

'Why don't you hit one of your own size?' as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge hammer.

'Come in out of the wet,' as the shark said when he swallowed the nigger boy.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. H. Jarvis, Mr. BEZALIEL CULVER, of Cambridge, Washington county, to Miss ADALINE MARBLE, of this city, formerly of Hoosack Falls.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. JOHN BRADLEY to Miss MARIA SHELEY, all of this place.

In this city, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. Whitney, Rev. J. CHASE, to Miss MARY ROYS, daughter of James Roys, Esq.

In Medina, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. R. K. Bellamy, Mr. Frederick Crosby, to Miss Lusina Averill.

In Le Roy, on the 22d ult., by the Rev. E. Mead, Mr. Simeon Bascomb, to Mrs. Betsey Saunders, all of the above place.

In Lima, 29th March, by Rev. S. Seager of Lima Seminary, Mr. W. H. Barton to Miss Lydia J. second daughter of Col. C. Lane, merchant, all of Lima.

In Marion, March 30th, by Rev. S. T. Griswold, Mr. Orrin Hicks, of Palmyra, to Miss Maria Pooley, of Marion.

In Sodus, on the 23d ult., by A. B. Williams, Esq., Mr. Mungo Patterson to Miss Agnes, daughter of Robert Clow, Esq.

In New Fane, Niagara co., on the 30th ult., by the Rev. S. Selmser, Mr. John Stickles, to Miss Sarah Alvira Miller.

In Macedon, Wayne county on the 23d ult., Mr. Charles B. Rogers, to Miss Mary Jane Scoville, all of the above place.

In Zion Church, in Palmyra, on the 28th, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. James M'Elwain, of Lyons, to Miss Susan F. Durfee, daughter of Mrs. Susannah Durfee, of the former place. On the 24th ult., by I. E. Beecher, Esq., Mr. Hugh Reed, to Miss Sarah Mills, both of Farmington. On the 13th ult., by Rev. Wilson Osborn, Mr. Stephen Post, to Miss Sarah Ann Gifford, both of that town.

In Canandaigua, on the 19th ult., by R. B. Johnson, Esq. Mr. Gilbert Oliver, of Palmyra, to Miss Elisabeth Judson, of Canandaigua.

At Gasport, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. R. Dunning, Mr. David Worthington, to Miss Emily Spalding.

In Geneva, Vt., James Bee, to Miss Martha Ann Flower.

Well has this little busy Bee
Improved life's shining hour,
He gathers Honey now all day
From one sweet chosen Flower;
And [illegible] this hive, if Heaven shall please,
[illegible] a swarm of little Bees.

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Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

MY COUSIN CLARISSA.

BY PUBLIUS.

"*Bene.*—Oh! she misused me past the endurance of a block; she told me .... that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHIG.

"*Ant.*—She was a brave beauty, in sooth, with an eye like Hesperus, and a tongue which was of the temper of a Damascus blade; and she did bestow herself, as she had said—go to, stand upon your courtesies, young one."

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

My cousin Clarissa! how shall I describe her as she appeared at the witching age of sixteen? My pulse flutters even now as I write her name after the lapse of twenty years; and I have only to close my eyes, and I can see her upon the sofa before me, with her body bent forward in the attitude of listening, her head thrown back, her face beaming with that tantalizing smile of hers, and lit up with the lustre of her black eye. The ancient sculptor—what was his name? who fell in love with a statue of his own fashioning, would have been excusable, if it had been her form which he was chiseling. But no—the fire of passion which sparkled and blazed in her eye, and the *soul* which shone through every movement, and imparted a character of its own to the motion of her hand, or her step in walking—all this would have been absent, and the cold marble would have been as unlike the original, as that was to those sleepy, listless beauties who seem too indolent to breathe, and are fit only to be looked at. Clarissa's life was all motion. I never knew her downcast, or dispirited; her voice never lost its music, her eye its sparkle, or her step its buoyancy. I will be frank with the reader—I loved her.

She was the most provoking creature in the world; and when I add that she prided herself on being a girl of spirit, every reader will understand me. The impersonation of the idea is vividly before me at this moment, in the shape of a rattling black-eyed miss, with a ringing voice, rogueish lips, made lovelier by a half-developed pout, and a toss of the head which says plainly enough, "I am not to be caught." My cousin Clarissa was precisely such a being. To the usual caprice of her sex, she added a fondness for practical jokes, and a delight in mischief, which annoyed me in a thousand little ways, and when I have gone to her with a remonstrance on my lips, she would stare at me with such an air of frightened innocence, that she fairly shamed me from my purpose. At one moment I fancied that this behavior was only a contrivance to conceal her partiality, and at the next, she would dash all my hopes by some untoward play, which, though it was delight to her, was the bitterness of gall to me.

I have often queried with myself, whether at that time she was aware of my partiality. I had never said any thing which could betray my secret; but, as I have thought it over since, my eyes must have betrayed me. Yes, and the glow which mantled my countenance on meeting her searching glance, or taking her hand, she must have known it all.

Among the occasional visiters at my uncle's, was one Joseph, the son of a neighboring country gentlemen, who had lived in the fields from his birth, and knew little else than how to pull a trigger, catch fish, and tell interminable sleepy stories. We were nearly of the same age, and not particularly good friends—a circumstances which Clarissa did not fail to notice, and which she turned to her usual account, by playing us off against each other. She was forever rallying me on my lack of that courage of which Joe was as constantly boasting—a thing which galled me excessively, for if I was tender of anything, it was of my reputation for fearlessness. A little incident will illustrate this passion of hers and my own absurd sensitiveness. We were all three walking one day on the banks of the R——, which, those who are acquainted with the stream will remember, flows between high and precipitous banks, when Clarissa espied a bird's nest on the limb of a tree overhanging the stream. It might have been sixty feet from the water. She was bent on possessing it, and turning from Joe who prudently declined his services, she jestingly said, "And as for cousin here, his delicate limbs forbid the idea of his venturing." The taunt, as was intended, inflamed my blood, and hastily replying "we shall see," I threw off my shoes, and groped along the bare trunk of the tree, which was so nearly horizontal as to incline only very slightly upward, and was without a branch for twenty feet, and reaching its extreme limit, was barely able to grasp the nest, by leaning over and extending my arm to its fullest tension. I could observe Clarissa tremble visibly, as I held up my prize in triumph, and set about returning from my dizzy position. But that was not so easily accomplished, especially as one hand was encumbered. I slipped; my brain reeled; and in a moment I was dangling over the abyss, clinging for life to a frail branch which was breaking with my weight.—How I escaped, or by what means I succeeded in getting back to *terra firma*, I know not. But get back I did at last, though I had dropped my prize in the stream. There was a flush upon Clarissa's cheek, and a look of affection and concern in her tearful eye, as she grasped my hand and craved my pardon for her thoughtlessness, as she called it, which was worth the world. She never questioned my courage after.

For some time succeeding this adventure, she remitted her customary annoyances. Until, one afternoon, as we were riding together, she began to rally me on my horsemanship, on which she knew I piqued myself, with her usual weapons of raillery and humor.

"To tell you the truth, Frank, you know nothing at all of the noble science of equitation.—There you are at this moment, sitting as timidly on your spirited animal, as if you were a girl who had mounted a horse for the first time. I am ashamed of you. Now there's Joe——"

I cursed him between my teeth.

"There's Joe, for instance, manages his horse with the grace and fearlessness of an Arab. It is a sight to see a man ride thus. He would scale yonder bank at a bound, I warrant you. But what are you about, Frank?" I heard her exclaim, as I put spurs to my steed, which was an animal of mettle, and flew with the rapidity of lightning in the direction of the object she had mentioned. It was some eight feet in height, and nearly perpendicular. My horse approached it with his muscles tense, and his whole frame braced to the effort, as though he had heard the taunt, and was determined to vindicate his master's reputation. With a fierce bound, his fore feet were upon the brink; they slipped; he fell backward; threw me from him—and that is all that I remember.

My cousin attended me during the month's illness and confinement which followed, with the assiduity of a sister, smoothing my pillow, dressing my bruises, and providing me the most delicate food. She was seated by my bed-side one delightful evening, when I had almost recovered, with her embroidery in her hand, looking up every moment from her work as if to anticipate my wants.

"I am extremely grateful to you, Clarrissa."

"You would be a sad dog, if you were not," she replied, playfully; and then adding in a serious tone, "But do not talk to me of gratitude. I take the whole blame of your hurt upon myself, and am heartily sorry for it, I assure you."

"But I am not, my dear cousin, for this month that I have lain here has been the happiest of my life. I cannot tell you the pleasure I have enjoyed in feeling your soft hand upon my temples, and your breath coming quick and fast over me, and seeing your bosom heave, and your eye fill with tears. Oh! if you only knew the delight, the rapture——

"Hush, Frank! you are ill yet, and I fear your head is wandering." And so she refused to listen to another word.

I seized an opportunity, soon after my recovery, as we were seated together by her piano, on which she had been playing some of my favorite airs, accompanied by her own most melodious of voices, while I turned over the leaves of her music book, to declare my passion. I inwardly congratulated myself on the dexterous way in which I began. She had been playing "I won't be a nun." I fancied that her face was a little flushed, as she turned from the keys before her to ask my opinion.

"Beautiful! exquisite! Russell could not have done it better. And, talking of nuns, I am resolved, since you won't be a nun, that I certainly shall not be a monk. Don't you think, Clarissa, I have a notion of being married!"

"Indeed! and who is the fortunate——"

"Stop! I have not asked her consent yet; but then I don't doubt it will be granted—not the least. She is a handsome, rogueish romp, with black eyes, and the smallest hand you ever saw; very discreet, withal, and an excellent manager, peculiarly agreeable in her attentions to the sick: and what is a summary of all, just turned of "sweet sixteen." Do you think she will do?"

"But who is she? I am dying to know. You can't mean Miss A——?"

"Oh, no! But I have not told you half her charms. And then she has such excellent taste; plays so beautifully; sings so sweetly: in short, my dear cousin, you are the loveliest creature in the world!"

"Nonsense!—but what has that to do with the pretty belle you have been describing?"

"Every thing!" I exclaimed rapturously, seizing her hand, and preparing to drop on my knees in the most approved tragedy fashion; "Every thing! for you are the very angel I have been describing—and—and—"

I hesitated, and she finished the sentence.

"You are a fool!"—fetching me at the same time a smart blow with her hand which she had disengaged from my grasp, and laughing provokingly, as she sprang from her seat and tripped out of the room.

The jilt was engaged to Joe, all the while!

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

FRAGMENTS.

Friendship, in every form, is one of the most delightful connexions formed on earth. It is, in fact, the highest attribute of Heaven. There is no being on earth, however groveling his motives or despicable his character, who can say he does not enjoy the society of his friends, or realise the importance of cherishing friendship, when once formed. We are all too prone to forget that the gifts of Heaven are not to be trifled with, while at the same time we are conscious that bitter will be the consequences of such forgetfulness. He who has no friend to whom he can look in the hour of trial, darkness and despair; no friend to guide him through this thorny wilderness, to cheer him in the hour of trial, or comfort him when misfortune is gnawing at his very soul; to move with noiseless step and catch the slightest murmur, when disease has stretched him on a restless couch; to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want, and with careful hand smooth the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, proffering to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught; or ever and anon breathe in low and whispering tones, of life, hope and health, in store for happy days to come; or point him to that heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come, where the dark power of death shall no longer have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishable clay; to stand by his dying bed and behold the last spark of life expire; to close his eyes as Death's unrelenting dart has reached his very vitals, and then follow him with slow and measured tread, to the lonely grave, and there shed a silent tear in remembrance of his many virtues; and, as the cold clay falls upon his coffin-lid, echoing an unearthly sound, he exclaims, "Oh! I shall never forget the friend that lies slumbering here: nay, never, while reason acts her part, can I forget his many virtues;" that person, it would seem, is one of the doomed of Heaven, and was only (in the actual meaning of the words) *born to die.*

The tranquility of a mind gradually reposing on the bright hope of another world, is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful close of a busy life, provided that repose is founded on the bright views of a christian hope, looking beyond this vale of tears. The mists of doubt, which are constantly hovering around the soul, are dissipated by its meridian splendor; the storms and perplexities of life are hushed into silence, the delirium of pleasure fled, and the freed mind left basking in the sunshine of reason, while the wounds of conscience are healed by its unearthly balm, and the heart once made sorrowful by the separation of friends so dear, looks above for a happy reunion, and rejoices at the thought, that there the golden ties of friendship can never more be severed by the cold hand of Death.

Home! What name more familiar or welcome to every ear than the name of home? What a crowd of fond associations come rushing upon the mind, as it falls from some careless lip, and is left vibrating upon the ear like the sweet strains of some far off but well-known music, awaking all the finer feelings of the heart, and lulling its discordant passions into a sweet and dreamlike repose. Much as bards of old have said in its praise, much as modern poets have sung of its worth, still the name is ever new, and may justly be numbered with the few which were never born to slumber in the human breast, or lose their value by being oft repeated. The lonely traveler, wandering far from the home of his youth, amid some trackless forest, will often turn in imagination to scenes left behind; and how his heart beats with fond emotion, as he thinks, "I shall yet behold in living reality, the home of my youth, around which cling my heart's affections." The sea-tost mariner, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," will often turn to the quiet scenes of home, and amid the lightning's flash and thunder's peal, will listen (in imagination) to the tender and ever-soothing voice of his youthful wife, and be cheered by the constant prattle of those which gathered near him, around the winter blaze. The prisoner, banished far from his native land, shut from the light of day, will forget awhile the cold straw couch, the iron grate and massive walls which bind him to his lonely cell, and linger in thought around the home where plenty smiles, loved forms mingle, sweet voices greet the ear, and smiling glances meet a quick return. The aged sire, whose head is bleached by the frosts of four-score years, will lift his prattling grand-son to his knee, entertain him as with magic power, while he relates the joys of home. Perhaps he will wander with his dancing dog across the flowery mead, (near by his youthful home,) or with his loaded gun upon his shoulder, saunter forth to play the gamester's part, and rob some feathered warbler of its sportive life, or, ever and anon, by moonlight, he will hasten to his merry mates, where they, in sportive glee, will while the happy hours away, and by the pale moon's flickering ray, will tell of joys gone by and joys to come. But here the aged sire will pause, and sighing deeply, will reply, these are scenes and joys of early, happy home. The wild and frantic maniac, sporting with some fairy child, startles at the name of home, and for awhile will pause, as if again endowed with reason, and in laughing accents, will repeat—home! "sweet home! be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

MIRA.

A Miser's Reflections.—On fixing his signature to his will, before using it, however, he uttered a deep drawn sigh, or rather groan, and exclaimed in a sorrowful voice, "Is dis all what a long life come to? For dirty or forty years, since I arrived at Bristol, I gave mine time, and labor, and judgment, droadging like a shlave, and denying myself the holy days and luguries and comforts, dat I schrape togedder, by hook and by grook, a handsome broperty; and in one liddle moment, vid one single sgratch of mine pen, it shall all pass away from me eber and eber, and another shall enjoy it, houses, and stock, and debts, and bills. I must leave them all pehind. Dis is what makes it so bitter to die."

"More rum," says the toper. "More money," says the miser. "More beaux," says the maiden. "More subscribers," says the editor. But there are few who desire more virtue, wisdom and grace.

Popular Tales.

From the Lady's Book.

WHICH IS THE LADY?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How opposite are the manners of Mrs. Carlin, and Mrs. Lawton!" said Josephine Merry to Mr. Wilkins, her kind old uncle. "In comparing them, you see the difference between those who move in the best society, and those who do not."

"Clearly enough," remarked the uncle, in a quiet, good-humored, but somewhat ironical tone.

His niece looked him in the face for a moment, as if to gather from its expression something more definite than she could find in the words and tone of voice. But failing to do so, she went on.

"The ease, and lady-like self-possession of the one, are strongly contrasted with the retiring backwardness, and, at times, seeming embarrassment of the other. O, I could give the world, if I had Mrs. Carlin's elegant manner!"

"And yet, Josephine, I would a thousand times rather see you like Mrs. Lawton, than Mrs. Carlin."

"Why, uncle!"

"I speak the truth, nevertheless. The first is, conventionally, a lady; the other, one by nature."

"You judge harshly, I fear, uncle. Mrs. Lawton is, I doubt not, a lady in heart; but Mrs. Carlin, at the same time that she is one, makes her exterior correspond perfectly with her interior."

"There again we differ. I have observed Mrs. Carlin more closely than you have; and I am too old, now, to be blinded by mere external show.—She has practised rules of politeness so long, that she looks upon them as the essentials of a lady. If another violates one jot or tittle of these, she cannot conceive of such an idea, as that it is required of the true lady to look deeper than the surface, and see if there be not a heart in its right place, below; and, at the same time, consider the ignorant breach of an unimportant conventional law as no sin against good manners."

"But all conventional rules of politeness, you know, uncle, are founded upon correct social principles. A true gentleman or lady perceives them, as it were, instinctively, and acts them out; but it becomes necessary for some to study them, that they may learn how to associate with others, without rendering themselves offensive."

"And there, Josephine, is the essential, and never-to-be-forgotten difference. The true gentleman and lady, *perceive* what is really polite; they who are not so by nature, have to be taught good manners. The latter have always more external show, and give more importance to an implicit obedience to fixed rules of etiquette than the former. The first perceive that true politeness must, of necessity, vary the form of its exterior requirements, under certain circumstances; with the last, the written code is as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

"And you class Mrs. Carlin with the last, and Mrs. Lawton with the first?"

"I do."

"Well, uncle, you have an older head than I have; and can, likewise, see much deeper into character. I must, therefore, be willing to think that you may be right, even if I cannot see as you do."

"That is just as far as you ought to go. Only hold yourself willing to see the truth when presented, no matter how it may be opposite to your present views and feelings, and you cannot go far wrong in any thing."

A day or two after this conversation occurred, old Mr. Wilkins said to his niece,

"I've had a queer idea in my head, Josephine, ever since we had our talk about politeness."

"Indeed! and what is it, uncle?"

"Why, I've been thinking about testing the true good-breeding of Mrs. Carlin and Mrs. Lawton. What do you think of it?"

"I can't say that I know what to think of it. Much will depend upon the way you intend proceeding."

"Of course. The way, then, which I have thought of is this. You know that your Aunt Mary is one of the kindest hearted persons in the world, and a perfect lady. She rarely seems to think of herself. And yet, she never, I believe, studied a book of politeness in her life. Well, I've an idea of sending word to Mrs. Lawton that we will spend an evening with her this week, including tea of course; and then to do the same to Mrs. Carlin. During these two visits, your Aunt Mary, [illegible]s getting pretty old now, will be sure

to break through some unimportant rule. By the way in which she is treated by these two ladies, will we be able to judge how far their manner is the external form of a true principle of politeness. What do you think of it, Josephine?"

"I can't say, uncle, that I would like to see Aunt Mary made the subject of such a trial.—Still, as I have no fear of her feelings being wounded in any way, and as she is my uncle's sister, and he knows better how to act towards her than I do, I cannot, of course, make any objections."

It was, consequently, settled, that the two visits should be paid. Sometime before evening, on the day named for the visit to Mrs. Lawton, Josephine and [illegible] elderly maiden lady, called in upon [illegible]. Although she did not receive them with that elegant manner, so much admired in Mrs. Carlin, yet Josephine felt, and so did Aunt Mary, that every word of welcome, and every pleasant smile were from the heart. Particularly was Aunt Mary gratified, for Mrs. Lawton was careful and constant in her attentions, and seemed to fall, naturally, into whatever appeared most pleasing to her. Towards tea-time, Mr. Lawton and Mr. Wilkins came in. Neither Aunt Mary nor Josephine had ever met Mr. Lawton before. But both felt at ease as soon as introduced. Like his wife, he seemed to perceive at once the true character of Aunt Mary, and was particular in endeavoring to make the old lady feel perfectly at home.

When tea was announced, Josephine could not help feeling a momentary uneasiness, for she had perceived, during the afternoon, one or two unimportant, and seemingly unnoticed, breaches of fashionable etiquette. She feared that there might occur something more marked at the tea-table.—Nor did she feel at all relieved, when on being handed butter by Mr. Lawton, Aunt Mary used her own knife, which was, of course, as clean as the butter knife, not having yet been used for any other purpose, to transfer a portion of butter to her own plate. Her turn came next, and she used the butter-knife of course. Her uncle did the same. But she was not a little surprised and relieved to see Mrs. Lawton, when the plate was handed to her, and while Aunt Mary, who had already become conscious that she had, thoughtlessly, broken a very proper rule of table etiquette, was looking at her, use her own clean knife in taking butter. Mr. Lawton, who had also perceived Aunt Mary's little error, imitated it as his wife had done, and thus, without any one at the table having an idea of what was passing in the minds of the others, the little incident, unimportant in itself, under the circumstances, was made to take its true position of unimportance.

The tea was handed around in due course, and Aunt Mary very naturally poured it out into her saucer, as she had always been used to do at home. Indeed, she could not have sipped from her cup without endangering her fingers, or actually dropping it with its scalding contents upon the tablecloth. Josephine let her cup of tea remain untouched, that it might cool a little, but her uncle turned his out into his saucer, for the purpose of keeping Aunt Mary company. Mr. Lawton did the same, and also Mrs. Lawton. Thus all were made to feel perfectly at ease. Occasion requiring Aunt Mary again to take butter, she used the silver knife appropriated to that purpose, much to the satisfaction of Josephine, who, understanding her aunt's true character, could not bear that it should be thought for a moment that she did not know the plain rules of the tea-table.

The tea hour passed off very pleasantly, and so did the whole evening. Mrs. Lawton was particular in her attentions to Aunt Mary, and constant in the effort, without it so appearing, to make her visit an agreeable one. Her manner seemed every hour to become more truly expressive of good feeling, and before the evening closed, Josephine could not help looking at her in silent admiration, as she sat listening, with a pleasant smile upon her countenance, to Aunt Mary, who was entertaining her with some reminiscences of bygone times.

After the visiters had returned home, and Aunt Mary had gone up into her room, not, however, before expressing her delight with the visit, and pronouncing Mrs. Lawton every inch a lady, Mr. Wilkins said to his niece, "Well, Josephine, what do you think of Mrs. Lawton now?"

"Why, I think, uncle, with Aunt Mary, that she is every inch a lady. If she had Mrs. Carlin's manner, she would be perfection."

"Nonsense! Such a manner would spoil her."

"I can't see how that can be, uncle."

"Why, it's merely artificial. There is no heart in it."

"Surely, you can't think so poorly of Mrs. Carlin as your remark would indicate!"

"Just as poorly, Josephine. Whenever you meet with any of those people whose elegant manner is always the same; who are at all times and on all occasions full of bows and smiles and graces, be sure that there is something wanting below, for which these are assumed. A true gentleman or lady, cannot be, at all times, the same—a mere stereotype edition of the best and happiest state. Nor does a true gentleman or lady make the mere observance of certain forms the passport to favor, no matter how perfect may be the acting. They can perceive the value of the diamond, even before it has passed through the hands of the lapidary, and of the gold, before it has been in the crucible."

"Still, uncle, you know that, if there were no observances of what are true rules of etiquette, there would be little to make society agreeable."

"Do not misunderstand me, Josephine. I am as much in favor of all observances of polite society, so called, as you or any one else can be.—What I object to is, the making of these rules laws for all occasions, and applicable to all persons. Now, I think it is the part of a lady or gentleman to come down and accommodate a little, when one really excellent in character is brought in contact with them, even if he is ignorant of some of the modes and forms of good society. I have always been in the habit, and shall continue so, of looking or trying to look beyond the surface."

Josephine did not reply to this, but sat for a moment thoughtful; she then said,

"I do not think we can possibly pass a more pleasant evening at Mrs. Carlin's than we have at Mrs. Lawton's."

"I shall be agreeably disappointed if we do.—But take my word for it, we shall all feel constrained, notwithstanding Mrs. Carlin's elegant manner; and if your Aunt Mary is so impolite as to cut the butter with her own knife, even if it be clean, she will receive but few attentions afterwards."

"Indeed, indeed, uncle, I cannot think so."

"Well, you will soon see."

"Hadn't we better give Aunt Mary a hint [illegible]"

"O no, not for the world! You know we proposed these visits. Let us go through with them, and then you can judge for yourself."

The afternoon came for the proposed visit to Mrs. Carlin, and Aunt Mary and Josephine went according to arrangement. They were received in the kindest and most affable manner, and were pleasantly entertained for an hour or so, when Mrs. Carlin's attentions began evidently to be less and less directed towards Aunt Mary. Why it was so, Josephine, who noticed it, could not imagine. She had perceived nothing out of the way in Aunt Mary, and could not for a moment think that Mrs. Carlin had perceived any think vulgar in her. But nevertheless, this was the truth.—Aunt Mary had a very common-sense way of looking at things, and she usually expressed herself in a corresponding manner; not in vulgar language, nor in a way to wound the feelings of any one, for she was really a lady, and had moved in her day in the *best society*, so called truly. Her sin was this:

A new fashion among the ladies, recently introduced, had been mentioned.

"You have not adopted it yet, I believe, Josephine," said Mrs. Carlin.

"No ma'am, not yet."

"You intend doing so, of course."

"I hope not," remarked Aunt Mary, smiling.

Mrs. Carlin turned towards her with a look of surprise, not observed by either of her visiters.

"Why, Aunt?" asked Josephine.

"Because, it is hardly becoming."

"Not becoming?" Mrs. Carlin said.

"I do not think so," replied Aunt Mary, looking her in the face with her quiet, benevolent smile. "But, perhaps, I may be thought a little antiquated in my notions, still I should not like to see my niece adopt the fashion."

Mrs. Carlin said no more. But her estimation of the lady who could condemn, as unbecoming, a fashion of which she had expressed by inference her approbation was at once dimished. So direct a breach of good manners had not occurred before in her house or in her presence, from time almost immemorial.

Mr. Wilkins, who came in towards evening, was received by Mrs. Carlin in that "elegant manner," so captivating to Josephine. Mr. Carlin came home soon after, and acted the gentleman to perfection. The attentions which Aunt Mary had at first received, were now renewed by Mr. Carlin, and she again felt pleased and entertained; an agreeable conversation was kept up until tea time, when all assembled, in the best spirits, at the table.

Josephine felt more concerned than she did when tea was announced at Mrs. Lawton's. She *felt*, although she tried to think differently, that the same charity would not be extended to her aunt here, if she violated any little form or usage. Mr. Wilkins was altogether self-possessed, and observant. At length the butter was handed to Aunt Mary by Mr. Carlin, and she took her own knife, yet unused, and cut it!

"Have some butter, Josephine?" said Mr. Carlin, in a quick tone, taking hold of the butter knife, and turning it so that the handle would be next to the young lady, as he presented the plate.

Josephine felt keenly this evident rebuke of her aunt, for having so grossly violated a plain rule of table etiquette. Her cheek burned and the tears rose to her eyes.

The plate was next handed to Mr. Wilkins, and then to Mrs. Carlin, who used the butter knife very formally, as did also her husband.

The tea was next passed round, and while all sipped the hot fluid from their cups, Aunt Mary poured hers out to cool in the plate-like saucer and thence drank the exquisitely flavored "imperial." This did not escape the observation of Mrs. Carlin, and she felt really outraged to think that Mr. Wilkins and his niece should have presumed to introduce the sister and aunt at her house when she so evidently had yet to learn the very rudiments of good breeding.

Conversation was carried on during the meal, but it was to a certain extent constrained; at least Josephine felt that it was so. Nor could she help contrasting the amiable and polite consideration for her aunt, which Mr. and Mrs. Lawton had exhibited, with the rigid formality of Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, and their evident unkindness towards the same individual. She felt greatly relieved when the moment to rise from the tea-table came round; of one thing she felt glad, which was, that when her aunt was offered butter a second time, she used the butter knife.

"[illegible] can see by that, that it was not ignorance [illegible] want of breeding!" she said to herself, half indignantly.

After tea Mr. and Mrs. Carlin were very polite and affable to Mr. Wilkins and his niece, but neither of them seemed to feel much interest in Aunt Mary. The old lady tried to talk for awhile, but meeting little kind encouragement, she relapsed into silence, and so continued without any effort being made to interest her, until the hour came to go home.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how were you pleased with your visit?" asked Josephine, after they were seated in their own parlor.

"Not as well as I was at Mr. Lawton's," she replied.

"And why not, sister?" said Mr. Wilkins.

"Because neither Mrs. Carlin nor her husband understand in what true politeness consists," responded Aunt Mary, emphatically.

"Why, Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Josephine.

"It's truth, child. It is not because I am old, that I speak as I do, or that I feel offended at what has occurred; but this I pronounce an infallible criterion. No one who neglects or treats with indifference an aged person, can be truly polite. Even the violation of some little forms or rules by an old person is no excuse. True politeness is that which yields to and considers others, and regards their condition and even their prejudices; false politeness is selfish in its requirements—every one must come up to its standard, or be insulted."

"But surely, sister, you were not insulted?"

"I never take an insult, brother," she replied, smiling—"but if I did, I should certainly have taken one to-night."

"How so?"

"Why, more than four or five times I made a remark, during conversation, to Mrs. Carlin, and she paid no regard at all to it; and at tea-time, when I poured my tea into my saucer, or rather plate, for they don't have saucers now, and set the cup upon the white tablecloth, for there were no cup-plates, and I suppose they have none, as polite people don't use them, I saw Mrs. Carlin glance meaningly at her husband. Now this was an outrage upon good breeding, as I consider it. I am too old to learn to handle a cup of scalding tea; and every true lady would have regarded with the same kind feelings that Mrs. Lawton did, this departure in me from the modern customs of the tea-table."

"Why I didn't know that you took any notice of these things, Aunt Mary," said Josephine.

"There you are mistaken, child. I generally see pretty much all that is going on, and very often think that I also perceive the motives that direct actions. I did see, and it warmed my heart towards them, the kind consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, who even went so far as to drink tea from their saucers, to make me feel easy, and who even went farther than that: when I had, in a moment of forgetfulness taken my knife at first to cut the butter, as I do at home before using it for any other purpose, as it comes handier to me, they both quietly imitated the act, and for no other reason than to prevent me from thinking that I had violated a rule of the tea-table. How different was the conduct of the lady and gentleman we visited to-night!"

"Really, sister, I had forgotten your former habits of close observation," said Mr. Wilkins. "You still retain them, I perceive, in full activity."

"And I hope I shall continue to do so, as long as I live; not to find fault, but for purposes of useful discrimination."

"Did you see any other departures from good manners to-night?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "But I have no doubt that you did."

"Certainly I did. And what is a little curious, is the fact, that nearly all were in consequence of some one of us violating a conventional point of etiquette."

"Ah, indeed! And where did I go wrong, sister?"

"You were so impolite as to look at your watch during the evening."

"Yes, I know that I was. Well?"

"When you did so, Mrs. Carlin gave her husband a look which I happened to see, and such a look! I can call it nothing else than one of sneering astonishment."

"Still I had no other way of ascertaining the time. It is impolite now to have a clock in a parlor; and we might have sat long beyond the proper hour had I not looked at my watch."

"But why is it impolite to look at your watch in company, Aunt Mary?" asked Josephine.

"It is considered impolite for this reason. All the rules of etiquette are founded upon a desire to make every one feel pleased with himself; if, therefore, your guest keeps examining his watch, the presumption is, that he is tired of your company, and is anxious for the [illegible] to come when he may decently retire. It is a still greater violation of propriety if the entertainer looks at his watch; for that is a palpable indication that he thinks that the time spent in your company long. But, it is a very different matter where, as in the case of your uncle this evening, it becomes necessary for an individual to know the time, that he may not intrude upon the family where he is spending an evening, nor stay away from home beyond a proper hour. Under such circumstances, a departure from the rule, instead of an adherence to it, becomes true politeness. And herein is to be perceived the difference between those who are ladies and gentlemen, naturally, and those who are merely so in externals. The first know when to vary and how to vary prescribed rules; the last abide by them in all cases, and even consider their violation as an outrage upon the social virtues—in fact, an unpardonable sin."

"Well done, sister! You have said just what I wanted to say to Josephine the other day, but could not succeed. I really didn't think that you were as much your former self as you are. I remember when you were the welcome guest in the first circles in the good old times of right feeling and true politeness. Times are changed now; at least they seem to me changed—for my sister Mary against whom no one dreamed of bringing the charge of want of good breeding, is now a palpable violator of rules of etiquette. And I too, it seems, have not been able to get along without offence."

"I begin to fear that I may have offended too, in something, though innocently," Josephine said, with an expression of concern on her countenance.

"It is by no means impossible. Though I am inclined to think, for your comfort, that no such offence has been given. I say offence, for a breach of politeness, with some individuals, is thus viewed."

"I certainly hope not, uncle. Still if I have, I am conscious of not having felt or thought unkindly of either Mr. or Mrs. Carlin, except on account for their manner of treating Aunt Mary; nor of having selfishly preferred to gratify myself in any way that could possibly have hurt them, or put them to the smallest inconvenience."

"With that consciousness rest contented, my dear niece," Aunt Mary said, affectionately. "But I would not have you unmindful of external rules; they are right and necessary in social intercourse; only fill them with life. Let them be at all times, not merely cold externals, but the living, breathing forms of an ever active and present principle of true politeness. And this principle is a genuine, unselfish desire, that all with whom we are in association should feel easy and happy. Whoever feels such a desire can never be impolite; he may not be nicely observant, through ignorance, of some conventional forms, but none can complain that he has ever wounded their feelings through selfishness, or offended pure taste by any breach of true decorum."

"And now, Josephine," said her uncle, as Aunt Mary ceased speaking, "you have had an opportunity of deciding between the claims to gentility of Mrs. Carlin and Mrs. Lawton—WHICH IS THE LADY?"

"Mrs. Lawton, of course," responded Josephine decidedly.

"And having seen the difference between true and false gentility—may you never forget the lesson," added Mr. Wilkins.

"I will try not to do so, uncle," said the warm-hearted girl, pressing her lips to his forehead, and bidding both him and Aunt Mary an affectionate good night.

Scientific.

From the New World.

NOVEMBER METEORS.

The Albany Evening Journal of the 12th November last, republished an article from the New York Tribune under the above title.

The writer of that article proceeds to state "from numerous observations that have been made upon these bodies, the following conclusions have been drawn: That they are not of terrestrial formation, but have their origin beyond our atmosphere, that they are light and combustible bodies, that the rapidity with which they enter our atmosphere, sometimes as great as four miles per second, evolves a sufficient degree of heat to consume them before they reach the earth."

And further, that "for this insight into their nature, and for the following theory respecting them, the world of science is indebted to Professor Olmstead of Yale College."

And that "his theory, with a few trifling qualifications, has received the sanction of the distinguished French philosopher, M. Arago, and of many others of almost equal scientific celebrity."

According to his theory, "the meteors proceed from a nebulous body revolving round the sun, in an orbit slightly inclined to the ecliptic, and interior to that of the earth—its aphelion near the earth's orbit and its perihelion near Mercury, with a period of revolution not differing much from one hundred and twenty-eight days. Of the nature of this body very little can be known. Bodies of great extent, as is probably the case with this, and of anomalous properties, may be coursing their way within the bounds of our system, in the vast spaces that intervene between the orbits of the different planets, of whose very existence we may be ignorant, unless in their revolution they should be brought within the sphere of our orb's attraction and thus portions be rendered visible."

"There is reason for believing that an illumination in the eastern sky, which usually accompanies the occurrence of this phenomenon, in appearance differing too much from an aurora borealis to ascribe it to any thing of that nature, is none other than the body in question, and that this illumination is identical with that which has long been known to astronomers as the zodiacal lights."

From the above liberal quotations it would seem Professor Olmstead and others of equal celebrity, have adopted the opinion that the November meteors proceed from that body which it is conjectured by astronomers produces the zodiacal lights.—That such is their opinion, is confirmed by Tho's Dick in his Celestial Scenery, p. 245, where, in remarking on the zodiacal lights, he states: "Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, the celebrated Arago, Biot and others, are now disposed to identify this phenomenon with the cause that produces the November meteors, &c. &c."

Having never seen Professor Olmstead's theory on this subject, other than as above quoted, and therefore perhaps unable to appreciate the course of reasoning which results in the opinions he has adopted; but as these opinions seem to be founded on conjecture merely, and the entire subject still open for investigation or suggestion by others, with great deference to the "world of science," a hypothesis is hazarded, in part corresponding with the preceding, but with material and important qualifications.

It may not be improper to premise, that the region of space between the orbit of the Earth and that of Venus affords ample room for the action of any body of a density and magnitude not materially varying from that of the Earth or Venus, without deranging the order of either. This cannot be doubted, as the mean approximation of the orbit of such a body to that of the Earth or Venus might not be much less than fourteen million miles, far exceeding the distance of [illegible] its of the asteroids from each other. Nearly the same may be said of the space between the orbits of Venus and Mercury, though in the latter case some allowance ought to be made for the magnitude of the body.

The "nebulous body" is stated "to revolve in an orbit interior to that of the Earth—its aphelion near the Earth's orbit and its perihelion near Mercury—with a period of revolution not differing much from one hundred and twenty-eight days." An orbit of this density would necessarily cross that of Venus, and altho' a half century has not elapsed since such an orbit (except the comets) would have been considered altogether inconsistent with the general arrangements of the solar system, yet as the principle has been established by the discovery of the asteroids, we have no reason to controvert that principle with regard to other bodies to be discovered.

It must be remarked, however, that the magnitude of an orbit must be ascertained from its relative position as well as form, and in this case the supposition would not be without foundation, that an orbit answering the description of that assigned the "nebulous body," would approximate, if it did not exceed, that of Venus in magnitude. The inquiry might then be made, whether the periodic time of revolution assigned the nebulous body in an orbit of that magnitude, does not seem to infringe the regularity of that system of order impressed by Deity upon the movement of celestial bodies, by which their "periodic times are regulated according to their distances." The times of a body entirely within the orbit of Venus, and between that and Mercury, if one hundred and twenty-eight days, would seem to harmonize more with the general arrangements of the solar system.

In making these remarks it is not intended to be understood as objecting to the theory, that the zodiacal lights originate within the earth's orbit, but to show, by natural deduction, the basis of an opinion, that the November meteors are not connected with, or proceed from, a body thus situated. That the zodiacal lights do originate within the Earth's orbit, be the cause what it may, is evident from their appearance at times before sunrise in the east, and at other times after sunset in the west, for two to two and a half hours; the duration of this appearance would seem to indicate nearly the distance from the sun of the orbit in which they originate.

If the meteors proceeded from a cause within the Earth's orbit, they could not be seen in the zenith at midnight, and all night, and for nights in succession—they could not be seen in the same apparent portion in the heavens, while the spectator on the surface of the globe would materially change his location in the regions of space—they could be seen only apparently in the neighborhood of the sun for a brief space, in the morning in the eastern hemispnere, or in the evening, in that of the west.

The November meteors appear periodically after long intervals, two or three nights in each year, for a few years in succession, gradually diminishing in number after their first appearance. They always appear to move from the same point in the heavens.

These facts, in connection with the preceding considerations, have induced the opinion that these meteors do not originate within the Earth's orbit—that they are not "light and combustible bodies, evolving a sufficient degree of heat to consume them before they reach the earth"—nor do they proceed to the earth—nor are they consumed.

In the absence of all proof on the subject, either by discovery or otherwise, would it not be more reasonable to adopt the hypothesis that the meteors are connected with another body of matter revolving round the sun in an orbit of a magnitude not much varying from, yet superior to, that of the earth in Gemini, with a periodic time of revolution which does not much exceed that of the earth

—that the body of matter, though chaotic, is in a state of gradual concentration, revolving on an axis, with myriads of particles, or masses of different magnitudes, not "light and combustible," but more or less dense, revolving about the primary body at some regulated distances, and that when that body arrives at its aphelion (if in November) many of those particles or masses in their revolution come so near the earth as to pass thro' a segment of its atmosphere, with a velocity so great that the friction caused by the resistance of the atmosphere evolves combustion sufficiently brilliant to leave an apparent train, which becomes extinct or invisible the moment they emerge from the atmosphere.

The velocity ascribed to the meteors, would seem to correspond with our ideas of the apparent movement of bodies thus situated, in a direction nearly opposite to the earth's diurnal motion; while the one would seem to be stationary, the momentum of the other would seem to be greatly augmented. This seemingly opposite movement would be the natural appearance of two bodies revolving in the same direction, (on independent axis, the one without the other,) to a spectator on the surface of one of them.

If these meteors were light and combustible bodies and falling toward the earth, it would seem, without the intervention of projectile power, the attraction of gravity would be inadequate to produce the extraordinary velocity attributed to them.

The established opinion that the earth's attraction would overcome the attraction of such bodies moving within the range of its atmosphere, has not been sustained by the facts in this case—because the supposed chaotic body without doubt possesses sufficient power of attraction to retain its own concomitants in their proper orbit, as other celestial bodies do their satellites.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Messrs. Editors—Perhaps the following extract will be read with profit, certainly with interest, by many of your readers. It is from a little work entitled "Passing Thoughts," by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH; a gifted authoress, whose works are all deservedly popular. A READER.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

"One of several things that are "too hard for me," and which I cannot by any means comprehend, is the passion thus designated in Scripture, with the awful character superadded, that it is "the root of all evil." I can readily conceive that money, as a means of procuring other gratifications, may be coveted almost beyond bounds.

He who has a full purse, may cast his eyes over every stall in Vanity-Fair, and select whatever pleases them. He may command all that tends to fulfil the "desires of the flesh and of the mind," in its worst sense of their corrupt cravings; he may take a nobler range, and minister out of his substance to the temporal necessities of his poorer brethren; or he may ascend yet higher ground, and, the love of Christ sustaining him, scatter the bread of life in the way of famishing souls. That the possession of money, therefore, should appear to men of all characters a desirable good, as far as to render a cautionary injunction needful even to the holiest of God's people, is natural enough. But there is a form sometimes taken by this money-loving principle that equally amazes and disgusts me, when found among those who profess more than nominal christianity; while, in all cases, it is unspeakably contemptible, and revolting to common sense. I mean the passion for hoarding money.

"When a person lays by a sum, without any intention of spending it, and without any defined object of future usefulness to other individuals, is it, can it be of more value to him than an equal quantity of the dust that lies upon the earth's surface, or of pebbles that glitter in the brook?—"Thou fool!" is the recognised title of him who lays up much goods for many years, in order to take his fill, to eat, drink and be merry. Thou knave! may be safely superadded, when the wretched being grasps at gold, that it may lie by and canker, and the rust thereof be a witness against him, while the poor cry unto the Lord for lack of what he hoards in darkness. Still, the miser exercises a species of self-denial—preposterous and wicked, indeed, but self-denial nevertheless—and that is a thing not voluntarily submitted to by many. Such characters do cross my path, and I gaze after them and marvel; but the number is fearfully great, of those who come within the meaning of the text, and whose love of money, though they hoard it not, is a prolific root of evil, sprouting forth on all sides.

"When I see a child, with a penny in his hand or pocket, carelessly glance at the half-naked figure and wan countenance of another child, crying for bread, while he retains his penny, in the cherished prospect of the cake or toy shop, where he hopes to barter it for some superfluous indulgence, I behold the unfolding germ of what will become a very evil tree.

"When I see a purchaser striving to beat down the humble dealer, who, perhaps, consents to be robbed rather than lose a customer, I find the tree in blossom—and what blossoms! Often have I witnessed a scene that crimsons my cheek with the blush of shame and indignation. Some poor industrious creatures offering for sale a few baskets, or some other little work of ingenuity, the pale face and gaunt figure bearing witness how important the trifle at which the article is priced must be to the seller; while the buyer, who would not miss thrice the sum, stands chaffering and 'beating down' the disputed vender, until she carries off the article at half its value, and glories in her disgraceful 'bargain.'

"This does not always result from the love of money; for I have seen the pence so unfeelingly withheld from an industrious artisan, carelessly flung, within a few minutes afterwards, to some sturdy vagrant, who made his appeal to the questionable charity of the donor. A scene in a stage coach I can never forget: We were waiting for the moment of starting, when a poor woman, evidently in the last stage of consumption, offered some fine oranges at the door for sale. One of the passengers commenced bargaining, (I hate the very word,) and succeeded in tantalizing the distressed creature, until she emptied her whole store into his lap, with a dispairing look, for what I, who had often filled a basket for such famishing outcasts, well knew to be far beneath the prime cost of the fruit; and as, while replacing his weighty purse, he bragged over his capital bargain, I could scarcely refrain from telling him that by withholding the little profit on her stock, he had left that almost dying woman destitute of the means of replenishing it; and had, perhaps, wrested the morsel from the lips of a starving family. Oh! the love of money taking this shape, slays many a victim among the honest poor; driving many more to crime and irretrievable ruin!"

An answering "blush" might be felt on many a cheek of those who should read the latter part of the above extract.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.

Away back in the State of New York lives a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who always keeps a thousand dollar bill. With this bill in his pocket, and a shabby coat on his back, he prides himself in playing tricks with strangers—particularly such country merchants as have recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and are not acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As an instance of this kind, he went lately to a new merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without any crown, and his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars worth of goods. The merchant stared at him; but as there was no hazard in laying out the articles for him, none of which were to be cut, he executed the command. When the goods were ready, the merchant stared more to hear his scurvy customer ask him to charge them.

"Charge them!" exclaimed the man of merchandise—"ha, ha! we're not in the habit of charging our goods to every body. We keep a sharp look out for breakers."

"Won't charge 'em den?"

"Not to you, I thank you. You must have a better coat on your back to expect credit from us!"

"Den if you won't charge 'em," said the Dutchman, with great moderation, "I must dry and pay for 'em. I must dry and pay for 'em down, if so be supposin' I can muster moneys enough."—Then taking a thousand dollar bill from his pocket, extended it towards the merchant, with a leer on his face, and said, "Vill you change dat?"

"That, what?—a thousand dollar bill! Is it possible that—that a man of your appearance—"

"Wat, Misther, be's you scar't, ha! Did you never seen tousan dollar bill afore?"

"A man of your appearance," continued the merchant, in astonishment, "with a thousand dollar bill! I could have sworn—"

"None of your dam't swearin' here, if you please, misther; but give me mine change, dat I may be off to mine farm again."

"Off to your farm! A thousand dollar bill! Who are you? If I may be so bold."

"Who be's I? Why, don't you know your own neighbors, man? My name is Fritz Van Vogler,—a poor man, mit no more as one thousand acres of landt, and dis shmall bill in my pocket, dat vas—so if you'll change it, and let me begone, I'll dank you."

"Change it! Lord, sir, where should I get money of a morning to change a thousand dollar bill?"

"Den vat shall I do, misther? You won't drust me; nor you won't change my tousand dollar bill."

"Trust you! Mr. Van Vogler—that I will, to the amount of a thousand dollars, if you wish.—You didn't suppose I was afraid to trust you," said the merchant, growing very complaisant.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the Dutchman, as loud as he could laugh; "you begins to haul in your horns a little, does you? Strange wat wonders a shmall tousand dollar bill will work in a man's good opinion! So you'll drust me now, will you?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir."

"No, I'll be damn't if you shall—if so be supposin' I can find silver enough in mine pocket to pay you." As he said this, the Dutchman hauled out an old stocking full of dollars, paid for the goods, and giving another hearty haw, haw, haw, at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, departed.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all kinds of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, a country of conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill.—This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hybernia, is almost, or last habitation, for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin—as there was great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of man, which it resembles.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produces in abundance.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdie, the holes of destruction.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome march upon which it stood.

The above are gathered from a very ancient history of Britain.

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Good God, I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," replied the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

The woman who regularly reads the newspapers will be much the more suitable companion for a well informed husband, and exert far more influence in the family than she otherwise could.

GOING TO COURT.

"Sis," said a young Miss, (raising her eyes from a London paper,) to an elder sister, who was chatting with a young gentleman, "what does going to court mean?"

"Going to court, mean! I—oh—why—did—you—my—what a question—how—don't—should—know," replied the sister, blushing to the eyes.

"Well, isn't that going to court when Mr. G—comes to see you?"

Here was the sop in the fire without warning; for the young gentleman named, was the formidable and accepted rival of the young gentleman present.

"Why, Emma—foolish—silly—girl you're crazy," said the thunderstruck Clara, whilst the gay Charles at her side, felt as if he had been suddenly plunged into a thorn bush, and each thorn giving him a hearty welcome.

"Hah—ah—ah—how stupid you both look," sung out the merry and laughing Emma. "So, Sis, you can't tell me what going to court is—can you, Mr. B? Ha, ah, ah."

"Oh! fire, Emma, to be so ridiculous!"

"Well, I want to know what it is, for I've just been reading in Pa's paper, that Mrs. Queen Victoria had, on her birth-day, more than five hundred gentlemen to court her, Dukes, Lords, and all kinds of *things*. Mus'n't she had a busy time, Sis, and how jealous her beaux must be of one another, and how naughty for a married woman to encourage so many admirers, and how bad her husband must feel to see so many men kis—oh, don't put your hand on my mouth—his wife—and—"

"Hush, my dear," said her mother, who had entered the room without Emma seing her, and had witnessed the uncomfortable situation the other two occupants were in at the lively girl's questions and chatter.

"Well, but ma, how can I learn, when other people that's older won't tell me?"

"Tell you what, my child?"

"Why, what going to court is."

"Come with me, my love," said the astonished mother, who, with difficulty, refrained from laughing outright, "and I will explain to you all about it."

If the two that were left didn't feel comical, and stare at each other without muttering a word; and if Charley didn't clear out in a hurry, as soon as he recovered from the cold bath of perspiration into which he had been submerged; and if Miss Emma didn't get a sly box on the ear and an extra pinch that evening, then—they ought.

Touching Incident of the Revolution.—During the time of the cessation of arms, in the year 1777, while the articles of capitulation were preparing at Saratoga, the soldiers of the British and American armies often discoursed with each other from the opposite banks of the Hudson river, which at Saratoga is but about 30 yards wide and not very deep. A soldier in a British regiment named Maguire, came down to the banks of the river with a number of his companions, who engaged in conversation with a party of Americans on the opposite shore. In a short time something was observed very forcibly to strike the mind of Maguire. He suddenly darted from his companions, and leaped into the stream. At the same moment, one of the American soldiers, seized by a similar impulse, resolutely dashed into the water from the opposite shore. The wondering soldiers, on both sides, beheld them eagerly swim towards the middle of the river, where they met. They hung on each other's necks, and wept; and the loud cries of "my brother! my brother!" which accompanied the transaction, cleared up the mystery to the astonished spectators. They were brothers; the first emigrated from Ireland, and the other had entered the army; one was in the British and the other in the American service—totally ignorant, until that hour, that they were engaged in hostile combat against each other's life.

Occupation.—With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual—least of all an individual of genius—healthy or happy without a profession, *i. e.* some regular employment. Now, though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he shoul l devote his talents to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice.—*Biographia Literaria.*

Perilous Position of St. Petersburg.—It is melancholy to contemplate the constant danger in which this brilliant capital is placed. If Mr. Kohl's picture is not overcharged, the occurrence of a strong westerly wind and high water, just at the breaking up of the ice, would at any time suffice to occasion an inundation sufficient to drown the whole population, and to convert the entire city with all its sumptuous palaces into a chaotic mass of ruins. The Gulf of Finland runs to a point as it approaches the mouth of the Neva, where the most violent gales are always those from the west, so that the mass of waters, on such occasions, is always forcibly impelled towards the city. The islands forming the delta of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, are extremely low and flat, and the highest point in the city is probably not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the average level of the sea. A rise of fifteen feet is, therefore, enough to place all St. Petersburg under water, and a rise of thirty feet is enough to drown almost every human being in the place. The poor inhabitants are, therefore, in constant danger of destruction, and can never be certain that the whole 500,000 of them may not, within the next twenty-four hours, be washed out of their houses like so many drowned rats. To say the truth, the subject ought hardly to be spoken of with levity, for the danger is too imminent, and the reflection often makes many a heart quake in St. Petersburg. The only hope of this apparently doomed city is, that three circumstances may never occur simuntaneously, viz: high water, the breaking up of the ice, and a gale of wind from the west. There are so many points of compass for the wind to choose among, that it would seem perverse in the extreme to select the west at so critical a moment; nevertheless, the wind does blow very often from the west during spring, and the ice floating in the Neva and the Gulf of Finland is of a bulk amply sufficient to oppose a formidable obstacle to the water in the upper part of the river. Had the ancient sages of Okhta kept meteorological records, one might perhaps be able to calculate how often in a thousand years, such a flood as we are here supposing might be likely to occur. As it is the world need not be at all surprised to read in the newspapers one of these days that St. Petersburg, after rising like a bright meteor from the swamps of Finland, has as suddenly been extinguished in them like a mere will-o'-the-wisp. May Heaven protect the city!—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Hours of Rest.—The mind requires regular rest as well as the body, and does not soon recover any excess of exertion. But it is the tendency of the present state of society in England to produce unnatural exertion. Stage-coach horses and walkers against time, are not the only creatures that are worked to death in that country. Many are the laborers (and it is the most sober and industrious upon whom the evil falls) who, by task work, or by working what are called days and quarters, prepare for themselves a premature old age: and many are the youths who, while they are studying for University honors, rise early and sit up late, have recourse to art for the purpose of keeping their jaded faculties wakeful, and irretrievably injure their health forever, if this intemperance of study does not cost them their lives. Archbishop Williams is said to have slept only three hours in the four-and-twenty; "so that he lived three times as long," says his biographer, "as one that lived no longer." This is a marvelous fact; for Williams was a man who employed all his waking hours, and, moreover, was not of the most tranquil disposition. "But," says Dr. Southey, "I believe that any one who should attempt to follow his example would suffer severely for his imprudence."

Value of a Good Trade.—A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together.—"Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy, poor creature am I! If people should ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replied the conjurer; "but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land: the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not do without clothes; but the poor conjurer with his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

Quarrying Stones.—A remarkable example of the contributions of science to the arts of life, is derived from the properties of heat, as applied in the East to quarring blocks of stone, when the object is to excavate huge blocks from the surrounding mass. A groove is cut some two inches in depth in the required direction. This done, the groove is filled with fuel, which is kept lighted until the rock is highly heated. The rock then is of course expanded by the action of the heat; the fuel is then swept away, and cold water immediately poured into the groove. The sudden contraction causes the block instantly to split off.—The same principle is daily exhibited on our tables. If a heated glass be suddenly filled with cold water, it immediately breaks in pieces. In this way blocks 80 feet long and 6 thick are easily taken off with no other labor than that of chiselling out the groove.

A similar example of the application of science to the economy of power is exhibited in France in the quarrying of mill-stones. They are required, as you are well aware, to be circular and flat—cylinders with a very small altitude compared with the diameter—and the stone from which they are made is exceedingly hard. The mode of quarrying them is this: A very high, circular column of stone is wrought out of the requisite diameter. To slice off portions of this, such as are required, by the common stone saw, would be a work of immense labor. A quite different agent is employed. At regular successive distances, grooves are cut around the column, into which are driven dry wooden wedges at evening. The dew which falls during the night being absorbed by the wood, causes it to expand with a power so irresistible that all the stones are found properly cracked off in the morning.

Pan of Gravy.—"Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!" shrieks a half naked infant of about eighteen months old.

"What's the matter of mama's thweet yettle ducky?' says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sarpent in return digs its talons into her face.

"Da den, Misses, I knows wot little massa Jim wants," exclaims the cherub's negro nurse.

"Black hussey! why don't you tell me then?" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a douse in the chops with the shoe.

"Why, he wants to put his foot in dat da pan ob gravy' wot's coolen on de harf," whimpers the unfortunate blackey.

"Well, and why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger, you?" replies the mother of the bawling young one.

Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his feet in the pan, dashing the milk-warm grease about his sweet pumpy little shanks, to the infinite amusement of his mother, who tenderly exclaimed:

"Did momor's yettle Dimmy want to put its teeny-weeny footsys in the gravy. It shall play in the pan as much as it chooses-woosey's, and then it shall have its pooty red frock on and go and see its pappy-yappy."

A Good Rebuke.—The Pittsburgh American tells the following very good story; and we dare say it is a very true one. Who the Judge is who figures as the hero, we know not, but whoever he may be he exhibits the right kind of metal:

Judge B——— had agreed to an arrangement for marrying his daughter to a blacksmith. His son, who had ideas more elevated than any of his ancestors, and was something haughty in his general manner withal, when this astounding information first reached him, sought an immediate interview with his father, whom he found in company with several others.

"Sir," said he to his father, "is that true which I hear, that you intend to marry my sister to a blacksmith?"

"And pray who are you, sir; and who are your ancestors?"

"That sir," replied the son, "I should expec to hear from you."

"O, sir, you shall be gratified—your grandfathers were both weavers," and then, to the *infinite* enjoyment of the son, he amused him and the company with anecdotes of their exploits on the loom.

Doctor Franklin had some queer notions. For example, he thought the judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for, added the shrewd old man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him, and to share his practice among themselves.

EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.—"I will tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; and the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me!" said Louisa anxiously.

"The first is this: To demand of your bridegroom, when the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself never, even in jest, to dispute or express any disagreement. I tell you never! for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession cost you some tears. Farther, promise faithfully and solemnly, never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, sister, and brother, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence and union which will indeed make you one. Oh! if the newly-married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are miserable."

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—John Squashequash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace, on some charge or other, which I do not now recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and, instead of answering directly to the questions put by the justice, merely muttered out: "Your Honor is very wise—very wise—very wise—y-y-your honor is very wise, I say."

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer you made was—'Your Honor is very wise—very wise.'"

"Did I call your Honor *wise?*" said the Indian with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been drunk, sure enough."

VERY FAIR.—"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones."

"Very," sesponded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought, by the lady questioner, fond of literature.

"Have you," continued the inquisitive lady, "ever read Ten Thousand a Year?"

"No, madam—I never read that many novels in all my life!"

A MATHEMATICAL TOAST.—"The fair daughters of Columbia"—May they add Virtue to Beauty, subtract Envy from Friendship, multiply Amiable Accomplishments by Sweetness of Temper, divide Time by Sociability and Economy, and reduce Scandal to its lowest denomination.

DIFFERENCE OF FARES.—The following is an impromptu on the fine of 5s. lately inflicted on a schoolmaster at Eye, for kissing a lady's lips against her consent:

The *fare of a buss* at the most is a shilling;
But the *buss* is a crown if the *fair* is unwilling.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—"Why, it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out."

"That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian; "it cleans him out of house, home, money, and friends."

GOVERNMENT.—The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

THE LAST.—Young Temperance ladies at the North, now kiss young gentlemen's lips, to see whether they have been tasting toddy. Of course they do this from the very best of motives.

SUPERFLUOUS POLITENESS.—Holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain.—*Phil. Times.*

"You are too insinuating" as the oyster said to the knife.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1842.

CORRESPONDENTS.—It will be seen, by this number, that our recent call to contributors has not been unheeded; and as the consequence, we have the privilege of laying before our readers this week some rare articles.

"My Cousin Clarissa" will be read with interest, not, perhaps, from any prominent moral that may be deduced from it, but as being a life-portrait, truly and vividly drawn, of what is often real; and, indeed, we should not wonder if this were no fiction to the author! This Publius, by the way, is one of a thousand; he keeps himself as untangible as an abstraction; he is a real Junius in his way.

E. M. A. is again welcome. We would remark that her productions are of a superior order. As a young writer few will excel her.

That "little chit-chat," should opportunity occur, will not, certainly, be avoided.

Others, who have favored us, will receive our acknowledgments. Let them continue their contributions, and Western New York will soon be on a par, at least, in literary reputation, with the most favored portions of our country.

LITERARY NOTICES.

URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, &c.—If there is a man, and especially an artisan or a mechanic, in the country, who is able, but has not subscribed for this work, it is his duty to do so without farther delay. As an exchange paper says, this work might justly be styled a history of the arts and sciences. Upon every subject of which it treats there are so copious and lucid descriptions that, with the engravings, there can be no excuse in not understanding the causes, effects and practical operations of every branch of arts and manufactures. Mr. Sunderland deserves, as well as all praise, all *support* in this useful enterprise.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The May No. of this elegant repository of literature, as well as gallery of splendid engravings, has already been received in this city. Although we do not commend any very great amount of reading of this kind, yet those who will have it cannot probably do better in making a selection than to choose this. The present number has two superb steel engravings, a plate of colored fashions and two pages of music, "The Orphan Ballad-Singers," composed by RUSSELL.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This monthly, occupying the same place in the estimation among female readers that Graham's does with the other sex, is not less meritorious than the other. Edited by the first female talent in the country, it has a reputation and circulation not surpassed by any work of the kind. The plates, both of scenery and fashion, and the music are not the least of its attractions. The May number has reached us.

WILD WESTERN SCENES.—Those who want one of the most thrilling, laugh-creating, and instructive narratives of adventures in the western wilderness, should purchase this work. What enhances its value is its truth; it being a relation of real events which occurred about forty years ago.

HANDY ANDY,—The story of Irish life and humor rather improves. Those who like to laugh and grow fat can not, probably, better gratify themselves than by buying this work. The third number has been received.

N. YORK LANCET.—Mr. Moore can supply this valuable work as late as the seventeenth number.

Mr. MOORE, at his news room in the Arcade, will supply single numbers of the preceding publications at the publisher's prices.

"Notices of SULLIVAN'S CAMPAIGN, or the Revolutionary Warfare in Western New York; embodied in the Address and Documents connected with the funeral honors rendered to those who fell with the gallant Boyd, in the Genesee Valley; including the remarks of Gov. Seward at Mount Hope. Rochester, published by Wm. Alling, 1842." pp. 112.

This interesting work has just been sent out.—Its chief feature is the Historical Address, with full notes, delivered, last summer, by SAMUEL TREAT, Esq., upon the occasion of the removal of the remains of those who fell in the memorable Western Campaign, under the command of Gen. SULLIVAN. Beside that Address, the volume contains a great deal of agreeable matter, which can not fail to interest the citizens of Rochester and Western New York. The typography and binding are creditable to the publisher—at whose book store the work may be had.

PRACTICAL DEFINITIONS.

GENTLEMAN:—One who cheats you so elegantly that you cannot be offended at him.

LOAFER:—One who wears an old hat and a ragged coat that he may honestly pay his debts.

MAN OF INFLUENCE:—One who compels his debtors and dependents to do as he says, on the penalty of oppression.

LADY:—One that screws her waist to half its natural dimensions, walks like a cow and sidles like a weather-cock.

VIRTUE:—Conformity to public opinion.

BRSINESS-LIKE:—Shaving notes.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL:—Proclaiming the virtues of heathen mythology and its priesthood.

GENESEE FALLS.—Visitors to Rochester should not fail to visit the falls, which, for several weeks have made a fine display. The water has been unusually high, and yet rather free from mud; so that the stooping flood presents a very attractive appearance, second to none but Niagara.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—The professors of Animal Magnetism appear determined to convince the world of its truth. The Rev. La Roy Sunderland, a respectable Baptist clergyman of the city of New York, an editor of a weekly religious newspaper, announces a publication, to be devoted to Animal Magnetism and kindred subjects.—It will show, he says:

1st. That the magnetic forces not only pervade all matter, but that every living being has a peculiar magnetic nature.

2d. That these forces are the means of motion and sensation.

3d. That every mental and physical organ and every muscle, has its corresponding magnetic poles.

4th. That the magnetic forces form the different organs which terminate in the face, and by means of which the various expressions of fear, hope, love, anger, &c. are expressed in the countenance, and the muscles and limbs are made to obey the human will.

5th. That these organs may be excited separately, or their action modified by magnetism, as the condition of the patient may require.

6th. That this magnetic nature is governed by laws peculiar to itself; and may be communicated from one person to another.

7th. As to what these laws are, the number location, and functions of the different organs; the location of the corresponding poles of the mental and physical organs, &c. &c.

QUITE COOL.—A couple of friends were riding together in a gig, when the horse took fright and ran off at a violent speed. The one that was driving called on the other to help hold him.—"O, never mind," said the other, "I guess we can ride about as fast as the horse can run."

INJURY.—A little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pain of repentance.

"Yours in haste," as the cannon ball said when it took the soldier's leg off.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Hope.

"Oh! what is hope?" I asked of a child
As he sported 'midst the flowers wild,
He tossed the hair from his marble brow,
And smilingly said, "I'll tell you now,"
"Hope is a maiden
Lovely and fair,
Whose wings are laden,
With flowers rare;
She strews with roses,
The path I tread,
Though time discloses,
Their fragrance fled."
"Alas!" I sighed as I turned away,
"This maiden may lead thee far astray,
She may deck with flowers the path to shame,
And shroud in sorrow thy tender frame."

"Oh! what is hope?" I asked of a youth
Whose open brow spoke the soul's fair truth,
He leaned his head on his fair white hand,
And thus replied to the strange demand:
"Hope is a sunbeam
Cheering my way;
Hope is a day spring,
Lovely and gay,
Hope is my Mentor,
Pointing to bliss,
Hope from my bosom
Care will dismiss."
"Oh! trust not to Hope, dear youth," said I,
"For clouds will o'ercast your once bright sky,
The beams of Hope will be wrapped in gloom,
Despair shall watch o'er thy lonely tomb."

"Oh! what is Hope?" I asked of a sage
Whose head was silvered by stern old age,
He calmly gazed on the placid sky,
And thus did this wise man make reply:
"Hope is a spirit
Sent from above,
Inciting the saint
To works of love;
It points to heaven,
His resting place,
And cheers his pathway
With smiling grace."
"Then thou shalt be mine, fair Hope," said I,
"Since thou pointest to bliss beyond the sky,
Thou'lt shine in my heart, and cheer my way,
And point to regions of endless day." E. M. A.

Wheatland, April 25, 1842.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Joy of Grief.

There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breasts of the sad.—Ossian.

'Tis even so—I've marked it well
From youth to "yellow leaf,"
If peace within the bosom dwell,
"There is a joy in grief."
'Tis not in dissipation's maze,
'Tis not in folly's round,
Nor yet in glory's brightest blaze,
That greatest bliss is found.

When autumn winds, with piteous moans,
Sigh for the dying year,
A thrill of joy those mournful tones
Send through my list'ning ear;
And when I hear the night-birds song—
A sad and lonely strain,
I never deem the hour is long
Till morn return again.

Had I a harp of heavenly tone,
That I could tune at will,
I'd seek me out some islet, lone,
Where all is calm and still,
And joy beside a peaceful lake,
At even, morn, and noon,
The pensive notes of *Home* to make,
Or plaintive *Bonnie Doon*.

I saw, beside a rounded turf,
A form of fairy mold,
In whose full eye, bent on the earth,
Affection's tale was told;
And as she knelt, and kissed the stone
That bound that narrow cell,
I read in one, low, stifled moan,
More grief than words can tell.

But yet she seemed to that lone spot,
As by enchantment bound,
The waning night she heeded not,
Nor chill dews falling round.
Oh! then the thought of pleasures past,
Stole o'er her clouded mind,
Sweet as the strain of fairy harp,
Borne on the evening wind!

And when, at length, she raised her head,
And bent her eye to trace
The lines that friendship had engraved
On that cold marble's face,
I marked the sudden gush of tears
That came to her relief:
Though high the pile that sorrow rears
"There is a joy in grief!"

The Kishong, 1842. E. H. H.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Penitential Tear.

There's many a tear that dims the eye
From sorrow's fountain wide;
And many a low, heart-broken sigh
Tells what the soul doth hide.

But though that fount be deep of woe,
One tear, that tear that issues thence,
Is more than all the streams that flow—
The tear of penitence.

It speaks of holy love within,
Of trespasses forgiven;
A spirit waging war with sin,
The same that reigns in heaven.

Nor costly pearl, nor gem so rare,
In all their loveliness,
Can with this simple tear compare,
That shines with heavenly grace.

He whose abode is vast and high,
Beholds it with delight;
Oh! all that dim the mourner's eye,
'Tis fairest in His sight.

For in that heart He deigns to dwell,
And stamps his image there;
Oh! ever does He love full well
The penitential tear. A. C. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Anacreon on his Lyre.

TRANSLATED BY J. DORSEY COLLINS.

Of Atreus' sons I fain would tell,
To Cadmus' praise my numbers swell;
But, ah, the lyre, from every string,
The lays of love, alone, will fling.
The chords, indeed, I changed of late,
And all my harp, for one more great;
To celebrate Alcides strove—
Yet still the lyre responded love.
Ye Heroes, then, farewell we bring,
For love alone the lyre will sing.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Presence of God.

Oh! Thou, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, oh God!—
All glittering round the sunset skies
Their fleecy wings are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world.
There while the evening star upholds,
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer:
For Thou, oh God of love, art there!

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Up-springing freely from the sod,
In whose soft locks we seem to meet,
At every step thy smile oh God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace hall or cot;
Give me, oh Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot;
Within their pure ambrosial bells,
In odors sweet Thy spirit dwells;
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis thine, oh God! for thou are there.

Hark! from yon casement low and dim,
What sounds are those that fill the breeze?
It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fisher on the seas;
The old man leans his silver hairs
Upon his light suspended oar,
Until those soft, delicious airs
Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is filled with peace and prayer;
For Thou, oh God! art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms,
Pour forth to thee their hymns of love;
When trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above,
We hear their sweet familiar airs
Where'er a sunny spot is found;
How lovely is a life like theirs,
Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll;
Till, melting on the realms of air,
They reach thy throne in grateful prayer.

The stars—those floating isles of light,
Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of light
That trembles round the form it veils—
They touch the heart as with a spell,
Yet set the soaring fancy free;
And oh! how sweet the tales they tell
Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair—
They speak of Thee, for thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppressed with doubt,
May strive to cast Thee from its thought;
But who can shut Thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought?
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Magnetic like, where'er we be,
Still, still the thoughtful heart resolves,
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blest—
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou the living God art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land, where Thou hast said
The pure in heart shall enter in;
There, in those realms so calmly bright,
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathe their soft plumes in living light
That sparkles from Thy radiant throne!
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of Peace, are there.

Louisville, Ky. AMELIA.

Marriages.

In this city, on the evening of the 16th of April, by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. KANE MAHONY to Miss CATHARINE REYNOLDS, both of this city.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hotchkis, Mr. Isaac R. Hall, to Miss Mary Jane Rogers, all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 17th April, by Rev. Mr. Chase, WILLIAM BILLINGHURST to Mrs. MARY CHECKER, all of Rochester.

In this city, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, MOSES KING, Esq. to Miss MARY A. HITCHCOCK, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by Rev. T. Edwards, V. N. RENSSELAER ROWE, to Miss HELEN E., daughter of Doct. J. B. McGregor, late of Newport, N. H.

In Chili, on the 5th of April, by Rev. J. M. Cook, Mr. SAMUEL L. DIX, to Miss JULIA A. WOODEN.

In South Hadley, Mass., on the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Condit, Dr. HENRY W. DEAN, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH P., daughter of E. T. Smith, of the former place.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Worthington, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, the 6th instant, by the Rev. Jacob Young, Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, of Patterson, New Jersey, to Miss Harriett A. Smith, Principal of the Worthington Female Seminary.

In Bergen, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. Henry Snyder, Mr. Hiram A. Atwater, of Riga, to Miss Eliza Ann Parmelee, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, on the 19th inst., by Rev. A. P. Prevost, William Jeffrey to Caroline, daughter of Darius Gerr, New York.

In Ogden, on the 14th instant, by Rev. Mr. Atchinson, Parma, Henry Kelsey, Esq., Professor of Sacred Music, to Miss Olive C. Trowbridge, daughter of the Hon. W. S. Trowbridge.

In Warsaw, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. S. Judd, Mr. William Webster, Jr., to Miss Calista Keeney.

In Galen, on the 29th ult., by N. B. Gilbert, Esq., Mr. John Hauchett, to Miss Rachel Whitlock.

On the 7th inst., by the Rev. Jesse Elliott, of Wyoming, Mr. George C. Smead, of Bethany, to Miss Alvira Wells of the same place.

In Riga, March 13th, by Rev. J. M. Cook, Mr. George W. Bromley to Miss Lucy Palmer. Also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Lynes W. Palmer, to Miss Louisa M. Griswold, all of Riga.

In Newark, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Wm. P. Davis, Mr. Warren Powers, to Miss Jane C. Schemerhorn both of Lyons. On the same day by the Rev. David Cushing, Mr. John Vine, of Palmyra, to Miss Harriet N. Robinson, of the former place.

At the Garden Resort, in Greece, on the 4th instant, by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Asa L. Johnson, of Plymouth, Chenango county, N. Y., to Miss Rachael Tennison, of the former place.

In Gates, on the evening of the 13th April, Pete Myers, aged 46 years, to Sarah Simpson, aged 16 years.

In Walworth, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Daniel Lyon, Mr. Elihu A. Davis to Miss Sarah Strickland.

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Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

It needed but a glance at the excited features of Higgs, as he broke from the grasp of the Attorney and rushed into the outer office, to see that his mind was made up for murder; but when he found the apartment empty, and his victim gone, its very quiet and air of desertion brought with it a reaction. It was so hushed, so dim and gloomy! A faint blaze flickered up from the crumbling fire, and fantastic shadows leaped along the dusky halls, whirling and flitting about like spectres at revel, and apparently beckoning him on. Higgs was a man of little imagination, and not prone to weak fancies; but for a moment he yielded to a feeling of misgiving. The irresolution however was transient; for the next instant he turned and warning the Attorney back, sprang through the door, darting along the dark passage and down the tottering stairs, utterly reckless of life and limb in his headlong haste. He heard the echo of retreating footsteps in front of him, but when he reached the street he lost them, nor was there a soul in sight.

It was very dark; for although the night was clear, there was no moon. The house stood in a neighborhood where none cared to linger after night-fall; a lone, dreary spot, of bad repute, where a blow might be struck or a stab given, and the last cry of the victim be echoed through the deserted rooms of ruined houses; or if heard, heard only by those too much accustomed to sounds of suffering and despair to heed them. In such a place Higgs feared no interruption to any act of violence. Whatever he did, he knew that few would be the wiser. Perhaps after a time this man would be missed; his body found; a bustle created at first, and a search made; but soon, amid the never-ending stir and excitement of this vast city, the matter would blow over, and both the murderer and his victim be forgotten.

With thoughts like these flashing through his mind, he hurried up the street, looking into the houses. The doors of many were wide open; some because they were deserted and tenantless, others because their occupants were too wretchedly poor to offer temptation for theft or burglary. In one he thought he saw the dim outline of a human figure shrinking back as he approached; but at length entering and groping about in the dark, he found he was mistaken. It was only a door swinging idly in the wind. Feeling his way out, he resumed his search without success. He saw but one person; a man as savage and reckless as himself, who half paused and eyed him as if he were on no peaceable errand; and then went on, hesitating and looking back until the darkness hid him. Finding his task a fruitless one, Higgs turned on his heel and walked slowly back, endeavoring to solve in his mind the somewhat uncertain problem whether the abrupt departure of the old man was in any manner connected with the conversation which had taken place between Bolton and himself, or was the result of accident.

"A vigorous old boy he must have been, or he couldn't have hobbled off so fast! The pettifogger was wrong. There's no use-up about his trotters," muttered he, as he stood at the door of the building, straining his eyes to penetrate the gloom which enveloped every thing about him, and which in the shadows formed by the irregular angles of the architecture, assumed a pitchy blackness.—"He might easily be poked away in this ragged old piece of brick-work. A dozen men might skulk yonder," said he, leaning over an area whose darkness made it seem deeper than it really was. After a vain attempt to carry on his investigations in that quarter, he detached a stone from the crumbling wall and threw it in. A sullen splash followed. "The house is built over a swamp, I remember. He can't be there. Bah! the smell of the stagnant water is enough to choke one!"

He turned away and stood for a moment with his hand on the door post; and then apparently relinquishing the search, went in, his slow deliberate tread jarring heavily along the empty hall.—No sooner had it died away and the door of the office closed after him, than the one which communicated with the street was thrown so wide open that it touched the entry wall; it was gently pushed forward and a head thrust from behind it. After casting a quick, hurried glance about him, the old witness darted out. Half wild with a vague fear of he knew not what, he dashed through the street; now running, now tottering and reeling from age and debility; ever and anon casting a terrified look behind him, as if in momentary dread of pursuit; but still pushing on as if death and delay went hand in hand; and as eager to save the few days of decrepitude which would sum up his span of existence as if his life were in its morning, and his frame full of health and strength. He did not pause nor slacken his pace until he found himself in a wide street where there was a throng of people moving to and fro. When once there he began to feel secure, and stopped to breathe and to look for some one whom he knew. Hundreds passed him; singly, or in knots of four or five; persons of all classes; some pushing along in haste; others sauntering idly on. And with what varied expression! There was the gay glad eye of the young and the happy; the buoyant step of hope; and the slow, shuffling gait, the wandering, vacant look, the hollow cheek, and the moody expression of wretchedness and despair. Night is the season when misery stalks forth and squalid figures that during the noon-day cower in hiding-places which the light of the sun never cheers, then come forth with the bats and owls, and are seen gliding like spectres through the gloomy streets.

The old man saw much to sicken his heart; but the saddest of all was what he could not find—the face of a friend or acquaintance. He had hoped for that. It was an idle hope; for he had been away many long years; and those whom he had left young were gray-headed now; and all was strange where once all had been familiar. He should have gone to the church-yard and looked over the grass-grown grave-stones, and he would have seen there old and long-cherished names; for most of those whom he now thought of, and whom he had not heard of for years, had laid their heads there, and were sleeping undisturbed by the hum and turmoil of the moving thousands above their resting-places.

He stood for some time leaning on his stick, and watching the varying crowds. Then shaking his head sadly, he joined in and drifted on in the living current. Now that he was once more amid the stir of life, he began to wonder what had caused his sudden alarm. He could not tell. The Attorney it was true had seemed very much agitated when he spoke with him; had left him abruptly; had gone into another room, from which had issued the sound of voices in high dispute.—Hearing this, he had skulked off; and that was all. He had heard nothing more. A man had come out, and had even gone into the street to look after him, apparently surprised at his abrupt departure. It was quite natural that he should be; and he was an old fool. So thought the witness as he went on; growing courageous as he left the danger behind him. "Yet it *was* strange too that he should have been seized with such unaccountable terror—for he was no coward; no, he knew he wasn't;" and he clutched his stick, struck it fiercely against a post, straightened himself up, and endeavored to feel young and bold, as he had once done. But he was old now, and young feelings will no more come to an old frame than young hopes to an old heart. His fatigue and fright had been too much for him; and after going a short distance he leaned against a railing, resting his cheek upon the cold iron. He remained there so long and seemed so much exhausted that he attracted the attention of a young man who was standing on the opposite corner, whistling to himself, and with a small rattan beating time to his music on a pile of empty boxes, without seeming to know that he did so. Whatever might have been his object in waiting, he gave it up, and crossing to where the witness was, he walked slowly past him without speaking, but whistling as before. At last he went up to him and said:

"You seem ill, my good fellow, or tired; what ails you?"

"I'm old," replied the other. "Old age is a sickness which has no cure, young man; no cure—no cure! You'll find it out some day, if you live long enough."

"Perhaps I may," said the stranger, a man whose powerful and well-knit frame seemed built to bid defiance to time for many years to come.—"Perhaps I may, and perhaps I may find a home in the ground before that. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed!" muttered the other.—And repeating these words, he prepared to resume his walk, when the stranger continued:

"I am going your way, if that's it?" He pointed with his stick up the street. "And as you seem tired, if you choose you may lean on my arm as far as you go. I'm strong, and it won't trouble me."

The old man thanked him, took his arm without hesitation, and they walked on, he talking of the city as it had been when he was young; how it had changed; how the green fields with their waving grass and bright flowers had given place to massive and gloomy piles of brick and mortar; how the quiet shady lanes which he had haunted when a boy were now narrow streets, with tall houses frowning down on them from each side.—How close and pent up the air seemed to him! He wondered at it too; for he had been used to the city when he was a child; but it was not now what it was then. He had gathered apples in what was now the very heart of this great throbbing metropolis; and where they now were was then far out of town. Things were greatly altered; but he had been absent twenty years, and of course he must expect it; but still it *did* look very strange to come back and find it so changed, and the faces of all about you changed, and no one whom you knew; all dead, or gone off—very few left. God bless me! how full the church yard must be! How the dead must crowd each other! Ay, and the living too; how *they* crowd and cluster together; so close that one cannot find even an old friend. "I've been looking for a man for some days," said he, breaking off in his rambling conversation; "perhaps you know him?—a Mr. Crawford?"

"It's a common name," said the other. "What was his first name?"

"I've forgotten—I've forgotten. The lawyer knows; but he did not tell me. If I could recollect that, I could find him without trouble."

"It will not be easy without knowing that," said the stranger. "There are many of the name; still it can be done. I am going in here," said he, stopping in front of an eating-house and pointing in the door. "I have a keen appetite; and late as it is, have not yet dined. So I'll bid you good-by."

"I'm scarcely less hungry than you are," replied the old man, looking at the house. It was a tempting place, snug and old-fashioned. There was a flood of light within, and through the half-opened door came the flashing blaze of a fire.—Every thing about it had a cheerful and comforta-

ble appearance; while the street was dark and cheerless, and though crowded with living souls, was lonely to one to whom they were all strangers. A companion was a pleasant thing to him; and so without much reflection, and somewhat to the surprise of his new acquaintance, he followed him in, and seating himself, cast an investigating eye toward a table which stood in the middle of the room, covered with viands of various descriptions; serving both as a bill of fare and as a temptation to the appetite. At one end of the apartment, on a small stool, sat a red-faced lady with a large head and a small cap on the top of it, a little the worse for wear. But the wearer was of an amplitude which spoke well for the nutritious qualities of the larder, and fully atoned for any deficiency in the dimensions of her head-gear. On seeing the visiters, by a sudden motion of her feet she caused herself to revolve rapidly on the stool, and looking very hard through a small door, which opened into a dark depository, she called: "Tim!"

"Hallo!" responded Tim.

"Two gen'lemen's waitin' to be served."

"Oh!" said Tim; and he forthwith appeared in the shape of a large boy, with an uncombed head and his shirt-sleeves tucked up. Having received the orders of the two visiters, he with equal alacrity communicated those orders to his mistress, and she with a celerity quite remarkable in a person of her size, set about fulfilling them, so that but a short time had elapsed before a dish of smoking meat was on the table before them, and they both fell to; one with the high relish of youth, and the other with the keen appetite of long abstinence.

"Ha!" said the old man, plying his knife and fork vigorously, and occasionally pausing to wipe his mouth on the end of the table-cloth; "once taste the food and appetite comes. Yet not half an hour ago I had a fright which I could well-nigh have sworn would have kept me without one for a month. Well, well; man is a strange animal!" And as if the arriving at this conclusion was a settlement of all his difficulties, he thrust his fork into the dish and ate with unabated vigor for some time.

His companion, who had been equally busy, with the difference that he did not speak at all, at last laid down his knife and fork, and pushing his plate from him as if he had finished, inquired what had frightened him.

"Ay, you may well ask! you may well ask!" said the old man, shaking his head gravely; "for I can scarcely tell myself. When I was young like you, I would not have turned for a troop of mounted horsemen; but I am old now, young man, and old age is shadowed by care, and fear, and suspicion. When the ability to resist danger leaves one, the fear of it becomes stronger. Timidity and decrepitude come together. And *he*," said he, half speaking to himself, "is a man one doesn't like to be alone with; and it's a dark old place that he lives in; and he *did* look strangely when I spoke to him to-night—indeed he did!—He was so white, and his hands shook, and his voice was husky, and his eyes glassy. No, no! It wasn't *all* fancy; and he slunk off with a slow, stealthy step, like a cat when she steals on a mouse. No, no!—it wasn't for nothing that I was frightened."

"I'm all in the dark," said the stranger, who sat listening with no great appearance of interest, but still amused at the earnest manner of his companion. "Who was the man that scared you?—and what was it all about? Tell me—come."

"I told you before," said the other, "that I was looking for a Mr. Crawford. Didn't I?"

The stranger nodded.

"Well, it was about him. I lived with him many a long year ago, when he was young—before he was married. A gay young fellow he was too; ay, and I was at his wedding; a runaway match—his friends never knew it. There was only I and Daniel Ripley; poor fellow! but he's dead; and the parson's dead, and Crawford's dead, and his wife's dead—all dead but me! It's very strange! But I suppose my turn will come soon. Well, they were married, and shortly after I went away, and have been gone twenty long years. I came back two weeks ago. I went to inquire where Mr. Crawford lived, for I wanted to see him. I found that a man had been looking for me, and asking whether I was alive or dead. He said that he was an old friend of Mr. Crawford's and his name was Bolton; a lawyer—Reuben Bolton."

"Ha!" exclaimed his listener, who had hitherto been leaning back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the old man's face, for no other purpose than that of giving him an opportunity of indulging his garrulity: "ha! what did you say the lawyer's name was?"

"I told you that before—Reuben Bolton. He knew where Mr. Crawford lived; so I went to him to ask, and he questioned me as to what I wanted, and about *him*, and about his marriage; and then he told me he was dead, and he believed had left no children."

"Well, go on!" said the other, now listening with keen attention. "He said he had left no children, did he? What then?"

"Yes, he said so; but he said he'd ask, and let me know. I told him I had a longing to see any of the old man's kin. I loved him, for he was kind to me years ago; and although I had forgotten his first name, I had not forgotten that. But names never will stay in my head. My memory fails," said he, tapping his wrinkled forehead, and shaking his head; "it shows I'm growing old."

"Well, did you see him?"

"Yes, I went there; and he said Mr. Crawford was dead, and had left no children."

"The liar!" muttered the stranger, between his teeth. "Well, go on."

"He told me *that*, and that he never had *had* any; but I knew better," continued he, rubbing his hands with much apparent glee. "I knew he *had* a daughter; and I told him so. And I didn't believe the rest. He seemed vexed and uneasy at having been misinformed, and said he'd ask again, and wished me to come to-day."

"Did you go!" inquired the other.

"Yes, I did. It's a very dreary place at night, and I felt a strange sinking of the heart as I was going up the stairs; and I thought I heard something whispering in my ear to keep away. It was very dismal; and the old house moaned and seemed like an old ghost, so that when I got to his room I was nearly frightened to death; and when he stepped out and met me, I thought the devil himself had come. There he stood twisting his fingers; his eyes on fire; his lips quivering and trembling as if he had an ague fit; and at last he stole into the inner room, and there was something in his eye so devilish that I grew faint-hearted, and hurried out without waiting for him to come back. You see I'm old now, *very* old. I would not have done so many years ago; but I am easily frightened now, and I heard men quarreling and whispering in the back room, and a struggle, There might have been a murder doing there. I don't know—I don't know; but there might have been—there *might* have been. I've heard of such things."

"Is that all?" said the young man.

"That's all. I was coming away when I met you."

"Well," said the stranger, "I can help you to what you want. The man's name was John Crawford. He is dead, and has left a daughter, who is now alive, and no doubt will be glad to see you. Her father died a few weeks since, and by his will gave all his property to this Bolton, and to his daughter—nothing."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the old man, positively. "I dont believe it! I'll go to her and tell her so."

"Well, you can do as you like," said his companion; and taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote a few words upon it.

"There's the name of the street and the number where she lives; and there," said he, "if you want at any time to make farther inquiries of me, is my name and address." As he spoke, he added something to the bottom of the paper. "I must leave you now, for I have overstayed my time, and am to meet a man on business."

"Thank you, my young friend," said the old man, taking his hand; "you've been very kind to me. The young don't often think of the old; but *you* have, and I thank you for it. I'll rest here awhile, and then go on. God bless you!"

The young man turned his frank, good-humored face toward him, and bidding him good night with a merry voice and a warm shake of his hand, he called the servant, paid his reckoning, and went out.

When he was gone, the old man drew a candle close to him, put on a pair of old iron spectacles, held the paper to the light to ascertain the name of his new friend, and read the words: "JOHN PHILLIPS, No. 96, —— street."

CHAPTER XXII.

Late that night Phillips sat in his own room, pondering over the words of the old man whom he had so oddly encountered. The more he thought them over, the more weight they seemed to have. Could it be that he knew more than he expressed, when he so boldly denied his belief that Mr. Crawford had disinherited his daughter? And was it possible that Lucy was right, when in her interview with him she had declared that will to be a forgery?

"It must be so!" exclaimed he, starting from his chair, and pacing the room; "and I have been duped by that scoundrel Higgs. I might have known that truth never came from such a source as that. Lucy was right. She spoke positively; it was no vague suspicion; she said she knew it and could *prove* it. The lawyer too, he trifles with the old man; he lies to him, to keep him from seeing Miss Crawford. He was *afraid* that they should meet—that was it! What *could* have frightened that gray headed old man to-night? His *look*—what was there in that?" He stopped in the middle of his walk, in deep thought: "That might have been fancy. It *must* have been fancy. It *must* have been; for he would not dare to —— Well, well," continued he, breaking off in his musing; "I'll see Lucy to-morrow. Poor girl! she must think me lukewarm, indeed."

Phillips was one of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; and it was not until the following afternoon that he was able to leave the place where he had spent the early part of the day in toil, and direct his steps toward Miss Crawford's residence. His way lay past the office of the Attorney; and as he looked up at the crumbling walls he could not help cursing them in his heart, and wishing that they might some day fall to the ground and crush in their ruins the dark schemer who had his nest there.

Just at the hour that Phillips was on his way to the house where Lucy had her home, a female figure might have been seen walking slowly along a narrow street in the upper part of the city.—This female was Lucy; but Lucy sadly altered—feeble and wasted; her frame worn down by sorrow and anxiety. She paused frequently to rest, and looked listlessly about her, as if her thoughts were far away. None paused to notice her; for there was little in the outward appearance of the meanly-dressed girl to attract attention. A loiterer, as he passed, might glance at her frail figure, and at the lustrous eyes, so deep and dark that it seemed as if the very soul were looking out of them, and wonder who she was and what she did in the streets, when she should have been where kind hands could minister to her wants; whether she would live through the winter, or whether the spring flowers would blossom on her grave; and his eye might even sadden for a moment; but that was all. Before he had reached the next street the poor girl was forgotten.

But if they thought not of her, she thought as little of them. She had but one motive of action now—but one thought. And that was an intense burning desire to extricate her husband from the influence of Bolton. The fear of what might happen to him, and that she might not be successful in foiling the Attorney, had made the havoc of years in her appearance; had robbed her of her look of youth; and had impressed upon her brow that expression of deep and sad thought which time alone should bring.

If she was feeble when we last saw her, she was far feebler now. Her breath was short and labored; her cheek pale, transparent and colorless, except a single bright spot in it, brilliant and glowing, as if the last rays of life were lingering there before they departed forever. She tottered as she walked; but still there was something so restless and earnest about her manner, that it seemed as if an eager, powerful will were taxing her debilitated frame beyond its strength. She never murmured: but there was something painful in her sad smile as she surveyed her own attenuated form, when she was obliged to pause from fatigue. She felt that in all else than earnest devotion of heart and fixedness of purpose, she was not the same that she had been but a short time since, when she spent the whole day in search of her husband. Her heart was very heavy now; for she had no hope of his love to cheer her on: no, no; he had crushed that! Her strength too was gone; but what of that? She could move about, and while she could do that, something might yet be done for him. She knew that at times a strange sensation of sinking came over her whole system; but that would soon wear off; she knew it would, and she had no other ailment She was still young; her eye was not heavy, and her cheek was very bright. And so she dreamed on, forgetting herself, thinking only of Wilkins; and in her plans and schemes for his welfare, unconscious of the cloud that was gradually covering her with its dark shadow.

It was a work of time for her to reach her point of destination, which was no other than Bolton's office; for thither she had resolved to go, to see the lawyer himself; to use tears, entreaties, arguments, and if necessary even menaces, to effect her object; and she thought that she knew enough to bend him to her will. At all events, it was worth the trial.

As she went on, engrossed in her own thoughts, she did not observe that for some distance she had been followed by a man who kept her always in sight, loitering slowly after her, and retarding his own steps to keep pace with hers: and it was not until she came in sight of the house in which the lawyer's office was, that he walked up to her and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Lucy!"

The girl started; a slight flush passed over her face, as she looked up and saw who it was; and a faint smile flickered about her mouth; but it went as soon as it came.

"Ah! Jack!" said she, her lips trembling as she spoke, "you see I havn't given up yet. I'm going *there!*" She pointed to the dilapidated building which loomed up against the sky. "I will see the lawyer myself; and perhaps when he hears what I have to say, and knows that I am *his* wife, and that my heart is breaking, he will find some means of extricating George sooner than have my death at his door. They say he is a skilful lawyer, and perhaps he will do that. I can but try, you know," said she, with a faint smile; "if I succeed, I feel as if I should be quite well, though I am very faint now, and a very little wearies me." As she spoke, she pressed her hand against her side, and her breath came quick and fluttering, like that of a wounded bird.

"Let me go with you, Lucy," said Phillips, earnestly; "let me go with you to protect you from insult; for believe me, you will need protection. *Do*, Lucy; dear Lucy, *do!* I will not open my lips unless he treats you ill. You shall do every thing, and say every thing. Only let me be with you; and let him see that you have at least one friend left. It will obtain for you a milder answer and a more patient hearing. I will not say a single word. I will stand only as your protector. Will you, Lucy?"

The girl shook her head. "No, Jack, it cannot be. You know why, already. You know what suspicions are in George's mind respecting you and me; and God forbid that I should do aught to give color to them. No, Jack, I thank you; from the bottom of my heart I thank you; and under other circumstances I would gladly accept your offer. But now I cannot. I must go alone; and whatever is in store for me I must meet—and God give me strength to do so with a good heart! Good by, Jack; I'm wasting time. God bless you!" She made a slight motion of her hand, as if bidding him farewell, and attempted to smile; but her lips trembled, and the tears gushed in her eyes as she left him.

Bolton was sitting at a table, engaged in examining a bundle of papers, when the door opened and Lucy entered. He had never seen her, except on the night at Mr. Crawford's, and did not now recognize her. Observing only a meanly dressed female, he might have made some uncourteous answer to her question whether he was at leisure, for the poor were not welcome visiters at his door; but he observed that she was exceedingly beautiful, so he told her to take a seat.

Lucy merely bowed, and although she grew deadly pale, she remained standing. Bolton paused, and looked at her as if to inquire what she wanted.

"My name is Wilkins," she said with some effort; "Mrs. George Wilkins."

Bolton's face became a shade whiter, and it might have been that his eye grew a little troubled; but his manner was calm.

"I have the pleasure of knowing your husband. I am happy to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Wilkins also."

He said nothing more; being resolved not to aid her, in any communication that she might have to make.

"I presume," said Lucy, after a pause, "that you do not recollect having seen me before?"

Bolton looked at her earnestly, and ran over in his mind a long list of those whom he had ruined and beggared. Her husband was one of them; but Lucy he had never seen; and he shook his head as he said: "I do not."

"And yet you *have* seen me," said Lucy, quietly.

Again the lawyer fixed his eye on that wasted face, and dreamed over the past. It well might have belonged to one of his victims; but he could not remember it; and he asked where it was.

"At Miss Crawford's," said Lucy firmly.—"You may recollect the evening you first brought a will there."

Bolton looked suspiciously at her; but whatever emotion he might have experienced, he evinced none, and said nothing.

"A will," continued she, "which gave you all Miss Crawford's property, and left her nothing."

"I remember its contents," said the lawyer, quickly. "Well?"

"Who made that will?" demanded Lucy.

Bolton moved uneasily in his chair, and asked: "What's this will to you?"

"Much!" replied Lucy, "much! I wish to God that it was not! Will you answer my question?"

"My good woman," said Bolton, coldly, "my friendship for your husband would lead me to treat you with all due respect. But as this is a matter which does not concern you, I must decline speaking on the subject. I am not in the habit of making my own private affairs the subject of conversation with strangers, especially strange women."

Lucy's heart beat violently, and she grasped the top of a chair to support herself, as she said:

"I came here to perform a duty; and perform it I will, if I die!"

The paleness which overspread her face seemed reflected in that of the lawyer, as he sat watching every word.

"That will was signed by Mr. John Crawford," said Lucy, in a clear, distinct voice; "and it was witnessed by my husband and one William Higgs. Is not that what you say?"

The Attorney made no reply.

"Be it so!" said Lucy; "whether you speak or are silent, the facts are the same. That will is a forged one. I *know* it to be so. I can *prove* it; and I came here to tell you so, before you or my husband were gone too far for your own safety."

"Words! words!—idle words!" said the Attorney. "What wild phantasies women *will* get in their heads! Miss Crawford, without the slightest reason, calls this will a forgery, and sends you here to echo her cry; as if a woman's din could frighten me, or a repetition of the cry of 'forgery' could prove an authentic instrument a counterfeit! If this is all you have to say, you may save your time and breath."

"And is it so?" said Lucy, earnestly. "You *will* go on in this criminal transaction! You have already involved my husband in ruin, and will sink him yet deeper. Will nothing induce you to spare him? Oh! think of what he was and what he now is—a poor, wretched, broken-down man; and do not make him worse. Do not make him one who cannot look his fellow-men in the face. You have blighted him already. For God's sake leave him a quiet conscience! I will be as secret as the grave. I'll never breathe what I know to a human being; and I will bless you and pray for you; you, who have been a curse to him and me; if you will but let him escape this last and greatest sin of all!"

"So you've come to entreaties at last," said Bolton, with a sneer: "I expected it. But you waste breath," continued he, sternly. "That will shall be proved; but at the same time I tell you that it is authentic."

"And *I* tell *you*," exclaimed Lucy, in a clear loud tone, "it is *not*. I tell you that it is forged, and bears its falsity on its very face."

She leaned forward and whispered in the ear of the lawyer. He made no reply, but sat as if frozen; not a muscle moved. His face became ghastly and livid; his eyes opened and glared wildly from their sockets, and his hand rested listlessly on the table, but it did not stir.

Lucy was frightened and ran to the door to call for help. This brought the Attorney to himself. Starting to his feet he caught arm.

"Come back!" said he, sternly; "come back! I say. You shall not leave this room till I have heard more. Is what you have told me true?" demanded he, fiercely; "true, by the God of heaven?"

"It is."

"And who can prove it?"

"There are fifty at least," said Lucy. "Will you go on now?"

"I *must!* Do you hear *that*, woman? I MUST! Hell is before me and hell is behind me! Fifty can prove it; but it may never reach their ears. *You* alone are ready to do so; and you—*you dare not!*"

"Indeed, for my husband's sake, I dare do any thing."

"For his sake, for *his* sake, you dare not!" exclaimed Bolton; "for by G—d! you'll condemn *him* if you do! He is an accomplice in the fraud, and will go to the state's-prison for ten years.—That's screening him with a vengeance!—screening *him*, who at this very moment is contriving the shortest mode of getting you out of his way, except by cutting your throat. Ha! ha! it makes me laugh!" and the Attorney laughed so wildly that it made the poor girl shudder. But there was something in his last words that startled her more than all else; and she waited till he was more composed, and then asked his meaning.

"Simply this," replied Bolton, with a sneer: "I have received instructions from your husband to commence proceedings against you in the Court of Chancery, to obtain a divorce, on the ground of adultery on your part with one John Phillips."

Lucy shrank as if blighted. Her fingers worked convulsively, and she closed her eyes as if to shut out some painful light, and then she asked in a whisper:

"Is this true?"

"True as you live," replied Bolton, coldly.

"And will you swear to it!"

"I will," replied Bolton. "Do you wish farther proof?"

"No, no! I've heard enough." The next moment the lawyer was alone.

She stole out of the room and down the stairs, like a cowed and guilty thing. Jack Phillips met her at the door and spoke to her; but she did not notice him. Her face was like the face of one without life, and her step was irregular and unsteady; and it seemed every moment that she would fall. He joined her, and walked at her side; and she did not forbid him, nor did she seem to be aware of his presence. He spoke to her; but she made no answer. Once or twice she paused to gain breath, and looked him full in the face, and there was so much agony there, that he dared not inquire farther; but he drew her arm in his, and in silence accompanied her until they came to Miss Crawford's house. Here he stopped.

"One word, Lucy," said he; "you know I would do any thing for you, and I feel as deeply interested in your welfare as if you were my own sister—indeed I do. Tell me what success you had with the lawyer. Is there any hope?"

"Only in heaven!—only in heaven!" exclaimed she wildly; and without saying any thing farther, she left him and entered the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the New World.

THE DYNASTIES OF HOPE AND FEAR.

Hope and Fear, twin children of Time, and joint heirs to this kingdom, the world, were taking their usual morning walks through their domains, exhibiting about as much brotherly affection as we should expect from two rival physicians of different schools. Hope had the stem of a little pipe in his mouth, from which he kept tossing off bubbles, that glittered in the bright morning sun quite delightfully, and the little fellow quivered all over, with fun, to see the multitudes that chased them: there were round men and long men, fine ladies and buxum country lasses, chubbed boys like himself, and very pretty little girls, with such bright eyes, that Hope verily danced with pleasure.

I was sorry to see, all this time, that Fear, who carried a rusty iron rod in his hand, did all he could to break Hope's bubbles. Sometimes, just as a great man was closing his hands on one so beautiful that I almost envied him, Fear would manage to touch it with his rod, when it would explode and die away as if into nothing. He would make faces at the children, and shake his rod at them, till the dear little creatures trembled piteously: and even when chasing their bubbles, some of the oldest kept a bright look out over their shoulders, where they were sure to see that rusty iron rod. I would willingly have broken it for him, but that I was somewhat suspicious of a number of lean, gray-eyed men, with the corners of their mouths so drawn, that they looked very melancholy. These men followed close by Fear, and never would trouble themselves to take a bubble, unless it fell into their hands, and then some of them ill-humoredly brushed it off. Many of them had books, which they incessantly perused. I caught a glance at the running title of one; it was the "Sorrows of Werter," and I thought it was but a sorry book for a sorry man to read.—When hope had thrown off bubbles enough to

keep the people busy for a time, he asked Fear to step one side with him, to which Fear cautiously consented. Hope put his pipe into his apron pocket, by the side of a gilt-edged book, which was presented to him by Mr. Campbell, a friend in England, and Fear rested his chin upon his rod.

"Brother Fear," said Hope, (for though he was a boy he could talk like a lawyer,) "why should we spend the few hours of our dynasty in perpetual attempts to frustrate each other's designs?—Soon we shall step together into our common grave, when no follower is left 'to write "resurgam" over either of us.' Shall we not rather apportion the days of our reign, so that each in his season shall be monarch of all?"

Fear nodded.

"I propose, then, brother, that for the space of seven days you fain death, being hid; then I will take your place, and for the same time, the world shall bow and tremble at the shadow of your rod. When, again, if you wish it, we will resume our system of alternate enaction and veto."

Fear nodded again. Hope fumbled in his apron pocket, then drawing out something carefully wrapped in a paper, continued—he was a great reader of Shakspere that "Hope"—

> "Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
> And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
> When presently through all thy veins shall run,
> A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
> Each vital spark; for no pulse shall keep
> His natural progress, but surcease to beat;
> No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
> The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
> To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall
> Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.
> Each part deprived of supple government
> Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death,
> And in his borrowed likeness of shrunk death,
> Thou shalt remain" but "seven quick fleeting days
> And then awake as from a pleasant sleep."

"I fear me I shall never wake again," said the brother.

"That's like you, Fear. Do you not remember fair Juliet and friar Lawrence's pious fraud?"

"Yes, and how I laid poor Romeo by her side with a cup that had no lurking life in it."

"Yes; then away to the caves." • • •

The news spread like wildfire that Fear was dead. And with the news, there went a royal proclamation; that all the created should hope; that each hope should be enjoyed, and whatever was wished should be possessed. Hope was to sit on a golden throne and blow bubbles for all the world to catch, and no wand should break them. In a moment the magic work had begun. A little boy wished, and had two pockets in his pantaloons, a real watch, a new primer, a meeting house full of candies; and the little boy wished no more.—One fellow wished his beard was to Halifax, his wife's tongue in a railroad car bound westward ho! and no back-track behind it. He wished his brandy was a little stronger, and that the world would stop its humming long enough for him to get asleep. Uncle Johnny wished the tides were always low enough to go a clamming, and that his tuning-fork had come a sixpence lower. He proposed to Congress to let their Fiscal Corporations "proceed to pasture," and that they invest capital in Long Island Clam Banks, which have too deep a foundation to be shaken by petty bankruptcies, and whose credit with the "Everlasting Sea" is too firmly established to refuse specie payments, though all the world become *clamorous*. A man who loved to look at nations in their proper aspect, had the British nation moulded into the shape of a cannibal who was making a meal on the imperial Keang ti-fi-chu, and his numberless junks of opium and tea. A Yankee, who was whittling out a machine for the more speedy manufacture of pumpkin pies, shut up his jack-knife and started for Washington, with a petition to the Legislative branch of Hope's Congress, humbly praying that Thanksgiving might "come off" the day his brindled calf was fat enough to kill; pretty distinctly hinting that if the notion were not agreeable to their honorable body, they might calculate to find themselves essentially used up at the next election. I was amused at the aspect things were putting on in college.

A fair young bride who was growling through the honeymoon with the tooth-ache, saw all the teeth in creation cast into the sea, and from that moment dentists grew lean and anxious, and Odontalgia was a bugbear to frighten children with, but there were no more of the dangers attendant on dentition. A disciple of Izaak Walton saw the world roll on as before, only business was so brisk that during the long, happy, summer days, he lay under the elm by the eloquent rivulet and practised his "god-like art," and was started by the appearance of no city fop, with his varnished rod and patent reel, who had come all the way from town for the sake of *material* for a sketch in some forth-coming periodical, treating of a stroll in the country. A metaphysician felt the earth shaking off its dust and vile material sediment, and raising some 30 degrees higher in space. Men kicked off the coils of flesh and blood, and flitted about filmy abstractions, the metaphysician himself the most abstract of all. An unmarried country physician witnessed a remarkable renovation in the elbows of his Sunday coat, the same hour that he discovered an infallible remedy for pulmonary consumption; and before the water boiled in his sauce-pan, or he had carried a mouthful of roast potatoe to his lips, he had settled the physiological enigma concerning the extravasation of the blood between the minutely ramifying branches of the arteries and the venous capillaries. Mary heard Edward propose, and a tasty cottage sprang up in the midst of a garden, of which Edward was the sole proprietor, and Mary's the fair hand that trained the honeysuckle and jasmine that climbed the window and peeped in as if to steal a glance of her smiling face. A coquette fluttered like a butterfly from flower to flower, winning hearts that she might break them, and a new ribbon dangled from her head-dress as often as a wrinkle appeared on the face of either rival. A statesman heard the shouts of the people coupled with his name. The hoary soldier essayed to lift his palsied arms and invoke on him a blessing; men talked of him by the way and at their homes, and the little prattler was taught to name him at his evening prayers. An old soaker sailed over a sea of grog, heading just half a point to the windward of "glorious forgetfulness," while his maxillaries went on the principle of perpetual motion, with no resistance but a quid of tobacco.

A spectacled moralist, who thought the world would be improved by removing its evils, kindled a huge fire on Hemstead plains and employed the dear youth under his charge to bring in all the evil inheritances of Earth and cast them on.—The whole catalogue of diseases was called over, according to Cullen's nosological arrangement, and each thrown in, in its turn: then all the mortifications arising from pug and long noses, red hair and decayed teeth. Disappointments in love, bankruptcies and detection in evil practices; mad dogs, ragged elbows, hang-nails and November gales, came next. Last came old Sin, who was thrown on with a good deal of struggling, and his brood of young ones were pitched on after him. The cloud of smoke was soon dissipated, and the benevolent old moralist wiped his spectacles to assure himself that there was no humbug in what he saw, and that the pretty figure which glided down upon the ashes and bowed to him so gracefully, was Peace, and her modestly-attired companions were her Cabinet. A young physician read the proclamation, and only hoped that the cup of happiness he was then enjoying might never be drained; and I thought it a merry wish; for he was in an extensive business; and that night, as he sat in his study, around whose venerable walls the ruddy glow of a December fire was playing fantastic games, and dandled on his knee his lisping Carriola, while his smiling, black-eyed wife sat by his side reading the New World aloud, he was gratified with the reflection that there was less suffering in the world than there would have been, but for his skill. Contentment, tired of hoarding around a village school-mistress, accepted their invitation and made the doctors' her home. She glided about the house smiling upon all and making herself generally useful. I have often seen one Permanent Happiness in her presence, and heard him whisper soft words in her ear; and I am prone to think the gossips are right for once; I hope it is so, for the dominie is sadly in want of a marriage fee.

There was a fellow reading Childe Harold, who occasionally looked up, shook his head and tried to look melancholy. Hope pitied him and sent a dispatch to offer the man health, happiness, or what ever his heart desired. He basely spurned Hope, averred that he hated man, and himself, and claimed Death as his only friend. Death standing by, snapped his fingers with disgust and refused to touch the loathesome misanthrope, till he was sent for. The wretch then wished Hope was dead!! Ah! Hope, slain by thine own arrows! Ingratitude hath stabbed thee! The king dropped from his throne and his pipe was broken. • • • • • • •

Then Fear, starting from his lonely bed, dispatched his myrmidons to tell the world that little Hope had sickened and died, and by lawful inheritance, Fear was lord of his ample domains. It went on the wings of the wind, breathing pestilence, terror and dismay. Cheeks blanched that a moment before flushed with love and joy.—Hearts beating with rich expectations for the future, suddenly curdled down to "the slow sluggish stream" of terror. Gentle Peace was abused in the house of her friends. Hope had stuck it full of torches, that lighted it up and dispelled its gloom, the thick veil which from Eternity had hung before the future. Fear dashed them out one by one, and the only star that ever illumined it shot madly from its sphere. In some parts it was torn and there shone through the fires of eternal death, and the wails of the cursed were wafted along. Death and his minions mingled with the multitude, and lay violent hands on them at noon-day; and at night, pale, haggard men walked the streets muttering, "*O! for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!*" There was a wedding; but Death danced with the bride, and Consumption with the groom, and Melancholy poisoned the feast.

At dusk, a child was passing by a burial ground, and his voice cleaved to his mouth. His spirits sunk, there was a sound of rumbling carriages under his feet—the hollow graves opened—chariots of fire led on by the thunder, dashed before him, and his dead sister stretched her pale arms to him and shrieked—and that darling child of his mother fell down an idiot. The student dreamed a dream of terror. As he searched among the tattered manuscripts of his library, his sight waxed dim and failed him; his last best work had been condemned and a rival had stolen his Agnes! He feared it, and his dream came true. A fop heard his coat rip from the collar to her waist, as he waltzed. In his agony his foot slipped, and he was near sprawling on the floor: at that moment the reigning belle, in the ear of her partner, reviled his mustaches, and the fop was mortified from his gaiters to the paste-diamond brooch that glistened from the frills of his borrowed bosom.—An old woman sank into desponding fits for her mint, her catnip, her spikenard, ay, all the healing herbs in which

> "Mickle is the powerful grace, that lies,"

had moldered in her garret, and now who shall soothe the pains and aches of the little ones?—Ah's me! and her knitting work narrowed in the heel, and widened in the instep—seam crooked and stitches dropped! little looks it like the work of the best knitter from Oysterponds to Hetchabonnuck. Ah! Fear! you rascally tyrant, if you keep on thus, your subjects will rebel in open day. A madman feared the sea would dry up, and it did; and down sank tottering ships with all sail set. I stalked along to see what secrets the madman's fear had revealed; and there lay the monsters of the deep, in form and power more dreadful than fancy had ever conceived. Oh! those gardens of the sea! There bloomed flowers that the wildest botanist had never dreamed of. There lay skeletons bleached but never before at rest, since they left the habitations of life, but had ever been driven by the silent hurrying tide.—There were some for whom we had mourned on the land. The maids of the sea had laid them in their bowers, and kept by them, ceaseless vigils. They had asked Ocean to moan, and placed by their side, the lights that never burn dim in those fathomless depths. The pride and the wealth of nations were there. Proud ships stood amid waving forests and the moldered bones of their crews scattered over the decks. There were broken sabres, gentle lutes, and dead men's eyes, lying among shining heaps of gold. All that I saw there, eye had not seen before nor may tongue tell it.

But while the pampered wealthy were struck down with apoplexy and the poor pinched with extreme poverty, while the child was frightened by spectres that glared at him at noon-day, in the midst of his sports, and the man of the world became a bankrupt—his property, his friends, his reputation gone—while nations dissolving because law had lost its life and become putrid in its own temple—and Massacre, too confused to assume the name of war, stalked abroad to perpetrate its infernal deeds—while every green thing had perished, and the black portentous clouds had burst in their fury—there was a little band that stubbornly laughed at Fear's mandates and boldly told him that though Hope slept, they could live in memory of the past, and enjoy the present without Fear. The young tyrant raved, tore his hair and vowed to tear up this *Club of Merry Laughers* root and branch. He would scatter their proud plumes to the wind, and make their faces as long as their hearts had been glad. So he

sought out a pretty little woman with an amiable pair of blue eyes and lips too ruby red to be the mother of scandal, and sent her out to scatter an evil report of the members of the Club. But the first of the fraternity that met her, greeted with more than his usual cordiality; he threw her under obligations by his kindness, and almost smothered her youngest daughter with kisses; and the pretty woman returned to her home ashamed of her vile agency, and determined thereafter to make her bohea a little weaker. It was a Merry Laugher's revenge. Fear chafed at the failure of his experiment and was prescribing a more powerful dose for them, when

"The sun went down with his battle-stained eye."

Then Hope, turning on his dreamless bed, perceived that his season for sleep had expired; so he girded himself, bought a new pipe, and walked out like an angel of light to see the ruins of the storm he had not had power to avert; and that very evening he, in person, paid his compliments to the A. C. M. L. and thanked them "for their magnanimous attachment during the period of his fallen fortunes." As he walked the streets, the drooping revived, and men made a desperate effort to shake off the shackles of Fear, who skulked silently from his throne. Some, it is true, vibrated from one to the other, as the prospects of either were more or less flatteriug; but soon the brothers were established as they had been before the revolution, joint rulers of the earth. Though Hope had come, there was no cure for the idiot boy, nor the old lady's moldered herbs, but the fop's mustaches flourished in wild exuberance till they

"Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air."

The student found another and a lovelier than Agnes,

"The sea rolled on as it had rolled before."

From the Young People's Book.

THE BLACK LACE VEIL.

A TRUE STORY—BY MRS. N. SARGENT.

"Mother," said Ellen Rutherford, a little girl of ten years old; "why did Mrs. Homer cry so when Anna Spencer was buried? She was only a servant!"

"True, my child, Anna was a servant; but she was a good one, Ellen. Her duties were all conscientiously performed, and the humblest individuals may render themselves respectable in any station in which God sees proper to place them, if they choose to do so. But Mrs. Homer had other reasons, my love, for the grief you noticed. She thinks herself accessory to shortening the poor girl's life; and if you will give me your attention a few minutes, I will tell you the circumstances which have caused Mrs. Homer such lasting regret.

"It was a cold, bleak morning in the month of January, that a poor woman was seen leading a girl of fourteen through the principal streets of this city, who stopped before the mansion of Mrs. Homer. She came to place the little girl at service, and whilst they stood waiting in the hall until Mrs. Homer could be notified of their arrival, the mother spent the interval of the waiter's absence in impressing upon the mind of her child the responsibilities of her new station.

"'You will mind what I have said to you, Anna dear,' she said for the twentieth time, while with the back of her hand she dashed away the tears that would come. 'You will be a good girl, I am sure, and will please the lady who has been so kind to us.'

"The little dialogue was overheard by Mrs. Homer, who was in a small room adjoining, and when she came forward, she assured the mother her child should be kindly treated and well attended to. Anna had but partially recovered from an attack of measles, but the favorable change in her situation soon restored her to health again. For three years she continued to give entire satisfaction to her employer, while Mrs. Homer began to value her services so highly that she treated her rather as an equal than in the light of a dependent.

"One day Mrs. Homer purchased a very elegant black veil. Anna was sewing when she brought it home, and opening the parcel, she spread it before her. Mrs. Homer laid it over the white counterpane to exhibit the richness of the work, and placing it in various ways of viewing it advantageously, asked Anna if she ever saw any thing so elegant.

"'Tis very pretty," Anna modestly replied—the lady still looking admiringly upon it.

"'Pretty,' reiterated Mrs. Homer, contemptuously; 'why you could not say less were it my old one. 'Tis splendid. Lay down your sewing and look at it.'

"Anna did as she was desired. Piqued at the coldness of her praise, Mrs. Homer caught up the veil and threw it playfully over her head. Anna was a pretty girl. She stood in front of a mirror that displayed the whole of her figure, and as her eye glanced upon the veil as it partly shaded her features, a look of pleased surprise was observable by Mrs. Homer.

"'*Tis* beautiful,' she said, a deeper crimson suffusing her cheeks; 'very beautiful.'

"Satisfied, Mrs. Homer now folded up the veil, and laid it away in a bureau-drawer. That night her little boy took suddenly ill, and for many days he continued in a very precarious condition. Anna gained an increase of favor from the unremitting attention she bestowed upon him. It was about a week after the child's convalescence, that Mrs. Homer discovered her veil had been stolen, and though every means was instituted for the detection of the thief, she was unable to obtain the least intelligence respecting it.

"Greatly as it pained Mrs. Homer to implicate Anna, she thought it justice to the other servants that she also should undergo an examination with them, although she privately assured her of an entire belief in her innocence; but from this period the girl's spirits drooped, and though every kindness was shown her, with the same confidence as before, she gave notice to Mrs. Homer of her intention to leave, and at the end of her month departed.

"Three years had expired, when one day as Mrs. Homer was seated in her costly drawing-room, surrounded by the luxuries and comforts which wealth can always purchase, the waiter informed her a half-starved-looking wretch, accompanied by an elderly woman, requested to speak with her.

"Mrs. Homer's was a heart 'open as day to melting charity.' She bade the waiter admit them. Never had her looks rested upon so miserable an object as one of them. Her eye was sunken, her skin shrivelled away, so that the bones seemed coming through it. Involuntarily Mrs. Homer covered her face, to shut out the sight of her. This was Anna with her mother. Throwing herself upon her knees, with her long skeleton-arms extended towards Mrs. Homer, she exclaimed,

"'You do not know me—you have forgotten the sinful wretch who comes to implore your mercy.'

"The tones of the voice seemed familiar.

"'Can it be Anna?' asked Mrs. Homer.

"'You know me then, at last,' she replied, deprecatingly; 'yes, 'tis Anna, whom remorse has thus blighted. I stole your veil, Mrs. Homer, and here it is,' she added, drawing it from beneath her mother's cloak, 'good as the day Satan tempted me to take it. Many's the time I have determined to bring it back to you, but I could not get the courage to encounter your reproaches. Mother says you will forgive me, for I have suffered deeply for my crime; but I dare not hope it. Yet I could pray for mercy to my offended Maker, if you would just say you do forgive me.'

"Mrs. Homer was unable to speak, and the distressed creature continued,

"'Indeed, madam, though I came not here to accuse, but humbly to throw myself upon your mercy, you were to blame in tempting a poor, ignorant girl, like me, so sorely. You knew not the feelings you stirred up when you threw the veil around me; I looked so well to myself, and the veil was so beautiful. But I did not think to take it, till one day I tried it on me again, and then I could resist no longer. What I underwent afterwards, when you spoke to me so confidentially of my innocence, you will never conceive. I wanted to die, and at one time almost determined to take a bottle of laudanum you had got for little John. My mother knows what I have suffered since, and your own eyes may judge,' she concluded, again extending her arms towards her.

"Tears of bitter contrition bedewed the face of Mrs. Homer while listening to the gir's *just reproaches*. She pardoned her, my beloved Ellen; restored her to the place she formerly held in her family; and during the two years of Anna's life.—for she only lived that short period after her return—Mrs. Homer endeavored by every mark of kindness to obliterate from her memory the transgression which had caused her such distress.—Mrs. Homer is a woman whom all speak highly of. She is beloved alike for her extensive charities, the amiability of her disposition, and the refinement of her manners; and yet, my child, with all these numerous qualifications of good, fitting her in every respect to adorn the society in which she moves and is a member, Mrs. Homer has been taught a lesson by a poor, ignorant servant girl, she will never forget,—that it is not only necessary for a woman of Christian principle to guard against temptation herself, but never to place it within reach of another."

From the Phila. Young People's Book.

PAINTING.

It will be interesting to our readers to be informed occasionally respecting the progress of the fine arts in our country. We afford them abundant specimens of engraving and design. We shall occasionally notice the works of the painters.—On the present occasion we have time and space for only two.

ROTHERMEL is at present engaged in painting a large picture, on a national subject—*Columbus before the Queen*. It is the largest, and promises to be by far the most brilliant and beautiful of all the historical subjects which have proceeded from the prolific pencil of this gifted artist. The design is quite simple; the figures few; but for freedom, breadth and expression, it may already be pronounced admirable. It is Mr. Rothermel's intention to introduce the picture into the Artists' Fund Exhibition; it will be one of the best pictures in the exhibition.

One of the latest pictures by Rothermel is that of *Annette de Morin in the Artisan's House*, painted for Mr. Godey. The subject is taken from the first chapter of James's recent novel; and it is handled in very chaste and touching style. The muscular and powerful frame of the artisan is finely contrasted with the delicate beauty of his wife, and the helplessness of the infant. This picture is painted in a remarkably free, broad and manly style.

The portraits in miniature, painted by Mr. Freeman, are attracting the attention of the *cognoscenti*, and the admiration of all the world.—His portrait of Victoria, painted last year, at Buckingham palace, by her Majesty's command, is, certainly, a masterly performance. It is different in feature and expression from all the other pictures, busts, &c., of the Queen, and is much more beautiful. Mr. Freeman's fine style of coloring, the rich softness of his flesh tints, and the transparency of his shadows, no doubt lend a peculiar charm to this picture; but after making all these concessions to the effect of the artist's consummate skill, one is still compelled to admit that this portrait gives us the idea of a person of much higher order of intellect, and of finer sensibilities, than one would suppose from any of the delineations of the youthful sovereign from the hands of British artists.

The portraits painted in this city by Mr. Freeman are universally admired for their wonderful accuracy of resemblance. This truth to nature, which makes a picture, as some one has felicitously remarked, "like testimony upon oath," is in itself a most important element of beauty. It is this which renders those priceless pictures of the Flemish school so generally popular. It is this which gives meaning and expression even to the representations of still life. The attempt to *idealize*, or, as it is vulgarly called, *flatter*, in a portrait, leads many an artist into lamentable failures. Nothing in art can excel the true expression of nature. The portrait painter's maxim should be, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." An adherence to this principle is undoubtedly the secret of Mr. Freeman's success in England, a country where competition is more earnest, and triumph more dearly bought, than elsewhere among cultivated nations.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A COFFIN.—In making excavations at the Hotel de Ville, at Mons, a leaden coffin has recently been discovered, containing the beheaded body of a female, well preserved, and the robes of black silk, almost perfect. The head was placed by the side of the body, and showed that it was the result of an execution. It proves to be the body of the Countess Inez de Mendoza, who was privately executed in the court of the Hotel de Ville, on the 9th of June, 1618, as an accomplice in the conspiracy of the Marquis de Henriquez. A ring was found on one of the fingers that bore the arms of the Mendoza family—three annulets or. The coffin was transferred to the museum of the town of Mons.

VILLAGE BRIDAL IN SWEDEN.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time that there may be flowers, and in a Southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of the chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to his horse and away, toward the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then 40 or 50 friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd, provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer. To this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in an old boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress.—Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands but a soft heart! Thou are poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in first, young, fervent love. The blessings of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together.—Nor till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After a long struggle, they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

THE HEART'S AFFECTIONS.—The following passage is from Bulwer's new novel of Zanoni. It may assist the reader, who has not perused the volume itself, to remark that the gentle Viola, the heroine of the romance, a young cantatrice of Naples of Naples, had just made a triumphant debut as prima donna, at the theatre of San Carlo, when her overflowing cup of earthly felicity was suddenly dashed to the ground by the remorseless arm of death, which, at one fell swoop, prostrated both mother and father, and left her to the trials of orphanage and the temptations of a dangerous profession:

"And now Viola is alone in the world. Alone in the home where loneliness had seemed from the cradle a thing that was not of nature. And at first the solitude and the stillness were insupportable. Have you, ye mourners, to whom these sybil leaves, wierd with many a dark enigma, may be borne, have you not felt that when the death of some best loved one has made the hearth and the heart desolate—have you not felt as if the gloom of the altered home was too heavy for heart to bear? You would leave it, though a palace, even for a cabin. And yet, sad to say, when you obey the impulse, when you fly from the walls, when in the strange place in which you seek your refuge, nothing speaks to you of the lost, have you not felt a yearning for that very food to memory which was just before but bitterness and gall? Is it not almost impious and profane to abandon that dear hearth to strangers? And the desertion of your home where your parents dwelt, and blessed you, upbraids your conscience as if you had sold their tombs.

"Beautiful was the Etruscan superstition, that the ancesters became the household gods. Deaf is the heart to which the Lares call from the desolate floors in vain. At first, Viola had, in her intolerable anguish, gratefully welcomed the refuge which the house and family of a kind neighbor, much attached to her father, had proffered to the orphan.

"But the company of the unfamiliar in our grief, the consolation of the stranger, how it irritates the wound! And then to hear elsewhere the name of father, mother, child, as if death came alone to you; to see elsewhere the calm regularity of those lives united in love and order, keeping account of happy hours, the unbroken timepiece of home, as if nowhere else the wheels were arrested, the chain shattered, the hands motionless, the chime still! No, the grave itself does not remind us of our loss like the company of those who have no loss to mourn. Go back to thy solitude, young orphan, go back to thy home; the sorrow that meets thee on the threshhold, can greet thee even in sadness like the smile upon the face of the dead."

EPITAPHS.—The difficulty of excelling in this department of literature, has caused it to be neglected by most of our American writers. Indeed, few authors have had the courage even to squint towards this line, since Doctor Johnson brought one of his great guns to bear upon the subject; for it is pretty notorious that this literary artillerist battered down the reputation of every Epitaph maker who had preceded him, or was so presumptuous as to have the misfortune to be his cotemporary. Thus much by way of a preface to the following Epitaph, hitherto unpublished, which a friend of ours professes to have copied from a grave stone in Scotland, albeit his memory does not point him to the Church Yard or neighborhood in which repose the bones of the heroic defunct, whose name and fame are embalmed in these words:—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person:
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat:
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo:
He was shot by a bullet,
Plump through the gullet:
It went in at his throat,
AND CAME OUT AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK!

"If you plaise, Sir, can a thing be lost when you know where it it is?" said an Irishman to the captain of a vessel on the voyage. "No," said the captain; "what makes you ask such a question?" "Bekase, Sir, I have just dropped your tay-pot overboard, and it's at the *bottom of the say* by this time," replied the Irishman.

A FARMER'S LIFE.

"I wish I could see in all our farmers a disposition to magnify their calling; but I have been grieved in many a farm house to listen to lamentations over what they term their "hard lot." I have heard the residents upon a noble farm, all paid for, talk about drudgery, and never having their work done, and few or no opportunities for the children; and I have especially been sorry to hear the females lament over the hard fate of some promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was admirably filling up his duties, and training himself for extensive usefulness and influence.—They have made comparison between his situation, coarsely clad, and working hard, and coming in fatigued, with some cousin at college, or young man who clerked in a city store, till at length the boy has become dissatisfied, and begged off from his true interests and happiness.

I am conversant with no truer scenes of enjoyment than I have witnessed in American farmhouses, and even log cabins, where the father, under the influence of enlightened Christianity and the sound views of life, has gone with his family, as the world would have termed it, into the woods. The land is his own, and he has every inducement to improve it; he finds a healthy employment for himself and family, and is never at a loss for materials to occupy his mind. I do not think the physician has more occasion for research than the farmer; the proper food for vegetables and animals will alone consitute a wide and lasting field of investigation. The record of his labors, the expression of his hopes, the nature of his fears, the opinions of his neighbors, the results of his experiments, the entire sum total of his operations, will prove a deep source of pleasure to any thinking man. If the establishment of agricultural societies, and the cattle shows of our country, should have the effect of stimulating one farmer in every town to manage his land and stock upon the best principles of husbandry, there would be a wonderful and speedy alteration in the products of the earth, because comparison would force itself upon his friends and neighbors; and his example would be certainly beneficial, for prejudice itself will give way to profit."

• • • • •

"It is to be deplored that in many parts of the country the farm-house makes so little pretensions to external beauty, and that it is destitute of those attractions which are always at the command of the occupant.

How many abodes do we know that are almost without gardens, and quite without flowers. It is the part of wisdom to make our habitations the home of as many joys and pleasures as possible, and there ought to be a thousand sweet attractions in and around the sacred spot that we call our home.

This feeling is perfectly philosophical. The fragrance of the rose that is plucked at the door of the cottage is sweeter in odor to the poor man who has assiduously reared it there amid difficulties and discouragements, than if it were culled from the 'parterre' of the palace; and the root which he has dug from his own little garden, is more grateful to his palate than if it were the purchased product of unknown hands; and this argument, if it be true when applied to individuals, is equally valid on the broad principle of nations.

O, we greatly need something more of the sweet and beautiful about our houses and cottages, that shall make childhood, youth and age all cry out, 'there is no place like home.' In your summer rambles away from the hot city, you go to the farmhouses of this and other States; now just think how differently your memory calls up the various houses at which you have sojourned. You can think of the spots like paradise, and there are others that you recollect, and there are only the capabilities for improvement and fine opportunities for the hand of industry and good taste.—How well we recall to mind the pretty white cottage, the deep green blinds, the painted trellis, the climbing shrub, the neat garden fence, the sweetly scented flowers, the entire air of comfort, and how we long again to enjoy the quietness and repose. I believe a garden spot exerts a salutary influence, not only in early life, but in the advanced periods of human existence."—*Rev. J. O. Choules.*

RETORT.—"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a laboring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright, like yours."

The Babes in the Woods.

The newspapers of Halifax, N. S., tell us a sad tale, to which one can hardly listen without a tear. Two children went astray in the woods, on Monday, the 11th of April, about four miles from Halifax. Some hundreds of people, comprising some military and Indians, went in search of them for several successive days. On Friday, a snow storm occurred, and added painfully to the difficulties and depression on the subject. On Sunday, the remains of the children were found about seven miles from the home of their parents.

The eldest of the sufferers was a little girl, between seven and eight years old—the other, a little girl, about two years younger. They were found locked in each other's arms—the youngest with its face on the cheek of the elder. The elder girl, it is said, had taken off her apron, and rolled it about the more helpless and delicate babe. She had the looks of care and sorrow in death, as if, which is not uncommon in such cases, premature responsibility was felt, and that to secure and shield the little innocent by her side, was felt a duty. The younger seemed as if it met death in sleep. Their tender feet were injured by travelling, in vain endeavors to reach home.

What pangs must have introduced despair to the children's minds, mid their loneliness and hunger, day after day, and night after night, in the wilderness; and yet there was a melancholy sublimity connected with their death—the ripening of the spirit under keen distress, and the mutual sympathy and love which is too often wanted at the death-bed of the unfortunate adult. The parents of the children have been subjects of deep commiseration. Distressing as the calamity is, almost beyond precedent, it is a consolation to the afflicted parents that their fate has been ascertained, and their bodies found; and the sorrowing mother expressed a melancholy satisfaction that she had them once more with her before they were laid in the grave.

These sisters were placed in one coffin, constructed in such a shape as to admit of their laying together in the position in which they were found—their faces touching; the left arm of the eldest reaching over little Mary, as if to protect her from the pitiless storm. A suitable monument is to be erected over their grave, to mark the spot in after years where the little innocents are laid.

Galvanism.—The following is a comprehensive and brief history of the origin of an interesting branch of science:

Fifty-one years ago, an Italian priest, Galvani, preparing some frogs for his frugal meal, observed, as doubtless many thousands had observed before, that the muscles of the animals quivered as the nerves connected with them happened to be touched by a metalic substance. He lived in an age of chemical and electrical discovery, and he traced by successive experiments the principal of a phenomenon, for which, simple and indifferent as it seems, he could not account by any law of nature. The investigation led to the developement of that amazing power, which, from the name of its discoverer, is called galvanic electricity—a power which, in the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy, analyzed substances, though simple, into previously unknown metals; which, within fifty years, has supplied telegraphs in some places, superceded the printer's, engraver's and sculptor's labor; which (the least honorable of its triumphs) enables the engineer at a safe distance—a distance of miles, if necessary—to spring mines, or enables him, as in the case of the Royal George, to violate the peace of the great deep with tremenduous explosions, himself remaining all the while in perfect security. The last of the achievments of this mighty power, is so wonderful that we cannot forego the opportunity of mentioning it for the gratification of our fair readers. It is electrotype *painting*.

A drawing is made—no matter how simple—no matter how complicated. The task of copying and perpetuating it is the same to the marvellous agent employed; and from this drawing alone, without any recourse to etching ground or *burin*, a perfect copperplate is obtained in a few hours, at the cost of a few shillings—a copperplate, if we may so say, copied by the hand of Nature, certainly by a natural operation, and therefore more exquisitely faithful to the original than the most accomplished artist could execute.

Aristocracy.—Expletive members of the body politic, upon whom nobility frequently seems to descend for no other reason than because they could not, through any merit of their own, ever expect to elevate themselves to it.

Moral Effect of Dress.—We do not know whether we are singular in our notions, but somehow or other we have always thought that dress has a great deal to do with morals. Without meaning to broach the opinion that a man's morals depend upon the cut of his coat, or the tie of his cravat, we would take the reverse of the proposition, and say that a person's moral qualities are indicated by the appearance of his dress much more frequently than a casual observer would be disposed to think. If one be orderly and systematic in his habits, and punctual in matters of business, ten to one his clothes will be properly put on and kept neatly brushed; whilst, on the other hand, if he be irregular in his attention to his affairs, or whimsical and versatile in his temper, he will, at the same time, be remarked for slovenliness or peculiarity in his apparel. Admitting this to be the case, is it not reasonable also to suppose that the outward man has a good deal of influence on the inward one? If a person be well dressed, he feels like a gentleman, and will be unwilling to be caught in a scrape, or do any thing unworthy of the character; and if his clothes be shabby, he will be careless about what he does, because he thinks no one will expect much good of him where he is not known. It is true, that men of genius are sometimes slovens, but even in such cases, we find the association of which we speak, inasmuch as the abstractedness that attends the waywardness of ill-governed intellect would be likely to manifest itself in all that is connected with habits. One thing is certain, we have rarely seen, and our opportunities for observation have been ample, a sober man become a drunkard, that, however neat he may have previously been in his appearance, the loss of self-respect attendant on the vice of drunkenness, did not show itself in a disregard of outward appearances.—*Madisonian.*

Singular.—We mentioned last week, the somewhat singular fact, as shown by the late census, of there being an equal number of males and females in Washington county, Vt., 11,753 of each sex. We have another circumstance, showing Vermont to be quite as strong an advocate for an equal division of labor, as she has always been for its protection. In the town of Whittingham, in Windham county, there reside six brothers by the name of Blanchard, five of whom are married and have families. They compose one organized school district. The school is kept by the unmarried brother, and is composed of the children of the married ones, nineteen in number, eighteen of which are between the age of four and eighteen, and all are of course cousins. And further the district is equally divided between male and female.

A Simple Magnet.—Davis, of Boston, who is probably the greatest magnetician in the United States, lately showed us a simple method of producing a magnetic needle, a knowledge of which may often prove essentially useful in determining directions, where a regular compass cannot readily be obtained. The process consists in simply twisting a piece of wire, or iron rod. Mr. Davis took a piece of the smallest kind of nail-rod, about six inches long, and fixed one end in a vice, twisted the iron (cold) two or three times round; and then balancing it on the point of a needle, the iron being slightly bent for that purpose, it readily assumed its true magnetic position of north and south. Such little discoveries tend to bring the most useful sciences within the reach of every capacity, and contribute largely to the prosperity of free and enlighted communities.

Love.—To the man from whom death has torn every green-tree tie which bound him to existence as to a blessing; who passes through life with the corroding knowledge, that in the peopled earth there is not one to care for *him*, and the blighted affections of whose heart form nothing but sacred tombs for the memory of the departed—to such a man the artificial though bright smiles, the heartless though glittering courtesies of the world, are but what the bag of pearls was to the famishing wanderer of the desert; and as the one would willingly have given his beautiful treasure for a morsel of bread, so would the other exchange all those flattering attentions for a single smile whose sunny being would be drawn from the fountain of Love.

Borrowing.—"Mrs. Grimes, mother wants to borrow your tub." "She can't have it—all the hoops are off—it's full of suds—besides I never had one—I washes in a barrel, and want to use the tub myself."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

American Magazine.—The third and fourth numbers, March and April, are condensed into one, and the volume closed in this manner, being only three numbers instead of six. The publisher promises to go on again in July; and *perhaps* he will. The present number is illustrated with several engravings, which, though not new, are worth looking at and preserving.

Young People's Book.—This, though it may not be one of the most brilliant publications in the world, is yet very good, and far more useful than multitudes of others that might be mentioned. It is valuable to the young, giving lessons of knowledge and precepts of truth and virtue in connection with proper amusement.

Merry's Museum.—This work, the best thing published for children, still continues its prosperous course. May it have increase of patronage adequate to the expense, talent and care of publication.

Dublin University Magazine.—This re-publication bids well to become a favorite, if talents and good execution can bring such a result. The contents of the March number are Our Mess,—Nuts and Nut Crackers,—The Magician's Apprentice,—The Poet's Nativity,—Portrait Gallery, with an etching of Viscount Gort,—James' Recent Novels,—Tom Moore and Anacreon,—Catlin's N. A. Indians,—Gasper, the Pirate,—Letter from Italy,—Meeting of Parliament,—and National Education.

Lady's Musical Library.—The editor of this work is doing himself honor and rendering the public benefit by the manner in which he conducts this work. We cannot better say what we wish than by adopting the following words, which we find on the cover of the May number: "The Lady's Musical Library is published monthly at the low price of $3 00 per annum, or two copies for $5 00. No similar publication" can surpass it, "either in amount, variety and excellence of its contents, or the elegant form in which it is prepared for distribution among its patrons."

L. Moore, Arcade, is agent for the above.

Northern Light.—The April number of this periodical commences a new volume. Messrs. Olcott and Delavan having disposed of their interest in the paper, it is now conducted by Messrs. Dix, Hawley, Beck, Dean and Potter. We regard this as one of the most valuable publications of the day, and as such we cheerfully recommend it to every class of readers.

To those who may not be acquainted with the plan of the work, we would say that it is divided into four general departments—Polical Science, Agriculture, Literature and Science, and General Intelligence. In the discussion of Political Science, it appears to be entirely free from party bias, admitting articles both in favor of and in opposition to any measure which its correspondents may choose to discuss. In this and the other departments, the name of each writer is given in connection with his communication.

Published monthly at Albany, at $1 per year in advance, or six copies for $5.

The Knickerbocker.—There are a number of interesting papers continued in the May from previous numbers of this magazine. Aside from The Attorney, we may mention Letters from Rome, Edward Alford and his Playfellow, My Grandfather's Port Folio, and Life in Hayti, as belonging to this class. The Funeral of William the Conqueror and the The Review, are two good poems.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Sonnet—On Midnight.

There are who love the cheerful and the gay,
The bright sun, merry song, and laughing flower,—
In jovial bands o'er gorgeous fields to stray,
Or dream of love in shaded summer bower.
To me, the awful stillness of this hour
Hath charms above the brightest noon-tide blaze,
For now I feel the force of fancy's power,
And quit the world, with all its misty maze,
Communing with "the forms of other days."
To my ear there's a language for all time,
And I hear, e'en in this deep loneliness,
A soft voice from some far off land of rest,
That speaks of earthly ties renewed;—a clime
Where the soul blossoms,—boundless, and sublime!
The Kishong, 1842. E. H. H.

The last number of Bentley's Miscellany contains a song by Burns, which has never before been published. The original has been shown to Allan Cunningham, who attests to the genuineness of the autograph. As it is short we copy it entire. The Bonny Lass of Albany is the Duchess of Albany, daughter of Charles Stuart the Pretender.

The Lass of Albany.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[Tune—"Mary's Dream."

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her garden green
And the bonnie lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood,
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three;
But oh! alas! for her bonnie face!
They've wrang'd the lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree;
And a town of fame, whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be,
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gree;
Who now commands the tower and lands,
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently.
The time may come, with pipe and dram
We'll welcome home fair Albany.

[From the Ladies' Companion, for May.]

Chantrey's Monument of the Sleeping Sisters—In Litchfield Cathedral.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Hush!—hush!—tread lightly!—'Twere not meet
So sweet a dream to break—
Or from that tender, clasping hand
One snow-drop's leaflet shake,—

Or drive away the angel smile
That lights each gentle face,—
How waking life would surely fail
To wear so pure a grace.—

Hear'st thou their breathing, as they sleep,
On pillow lightly prest?
Is aught on earth so calm and deep
As childhood's balmy rest?

A quiet couch these sisters find,
Beneath the hallow'd walls,
Where shaded light through storied pane
In solemn tinture falls.

Tracing our Lord's ascending flight,
Up to his glorious throne,
Who took the guileless in His arms,—
And bless'd them as His own.—

Oh, beautiful!—but when the soul
In Paradise doth walk—
There springeth up no angry blast
To bow the flowret's stalk,—

There springeth up no cloud to mar
Affection pure and free,—
And blessed as this peaceful sleep,—
Such may their waking be.

The sculptured forms of these sleeping children are of the most perfect proportions,—and exquisitely wrought.—They are entwined in each other's arms,—the youngest holding in her hand a few flowers. The marble mattrass on which they repose is placed under the beautiful, eastern window of stained glass, in the south coral aisle of Litchfield Cathedral. The epitaph is in accordance with the beauty and pathos of the monument.

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"Ellen Jane, and Marianne,
Only Children
of the late Rev. William Robinson,
and Ellen Jane, his wife.

Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their heaven-lov'd innocence,
Consigns their remembrance to this Sanctuary,
In humble gratitude
For the glorious assurance, that
Of such, is the Kingdom of God.

Kind Words.

BY MRS. CATHARINE H. W. ESLING.

Oh! what a spell of mighty power
There lurketh in kind words,
To gild with light the tempest hour,
And thrill the bosom's chords.

The wounded heart that time hath chill'd,
Whose young glad dreams are o'er,
Can be again with rapture fill'd,
As in the days of yore.

The tear dimm'd eye may sweetly smile—
The cheek regain its bloom,
And joyance linger there awhile,
Like sunlight o'er a tomb.

And half forgotten dreams may come,
Waked by a gentle breath,
And ties of kindred and of home,
Start from their sleep of death.

The long—long years of happiness,
That vanish'd with our youth—
The woven links once wont to bless
With trustfulness and truth.

The sever'd chain that used to bind,
With young affection deep,
The human hearts, where hopes enshrin'd
Their holiest love watch keep.

All that have past away, and left
Their withering records here,
To teach the sicken'd soul bereft,
How transient joys appear.

All from the fount of memory rush,
Like flowrets newly strown,
And the glad bosom's sudden gush,
Attests the gentle tone.

A little thing can sweetly ring
The heart's harp's broken chords;
Whoe'er hath power to bid them sing,
Oh! spare not thou kind words.

Good Bye.

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover a closing day,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good Bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of a courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh;
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
In the warm frank words—"Good Bye!"

The mother sending forth her child,
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears,
For the lov'd one's future life,
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is as cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream,
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last "Good Bye!"

[From Graham's Magazine.]

Western Hospitality.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Hard by I've a cottage that stands near the wood,
A stream glides in peace at the door,
Where all that are weary, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.
To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we freely invite:
You're welcome to come and partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,
And herald the young god of day;
Then with him upspring, depart if you please,
We'll set you refresh'd on your way.
Your coin for this service we sternly reject.
No traffic for gain we pursue,
And all the reward that we wish or expect,
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all trav'llers on life's rugged road,
And myriads would wander astray
In seeking eternity's silent abode,
Did mercy not point out the way.
If all would their duty discharge as they should,
To those that are helpless and poor,
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,
And life, the sweet stream at my door.

Domestic Economy.

Said Striggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shant make both ends *meet*."

The dame replied in discreet words,
"We're not so badly fed;
If we can make but one end *meat*,
And make the other *bread*."

Oh Where, Gentle West Wind.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

"Oh where, gentle west wind, oh where hast thou been?
What sweets hast thou rifled, what friends hast thou seen?
Oh come to me now from my own distant vale;
Come, richest of breezes, and tell me thy tale!
Thy voice from the wilderness, rustling and free,
Comes loaded with increase far dearer to me,
Than riches, or honors, or joys of the dome;
Come breath of the wildwood and tell of my home!"

"I've scaled with the eagle the tree colored hill,
I've skimm'd with the swallow the lake and the rill,
I've sported with bees where the fields are in bloom,
And waved in the forest the Indian's dark plume:
I've swung the wild roses that crimson thy bower,
I've seen thy dear friends in their festival hour,
When heaping the wine cup, they drained it to thee,
"And pledges of friendship, I've brought them with me.

"I've caught, ere it fell from her eye, the warm tear
Of thy mother, who wept that her son was not near;
While father, and brother, and sister replied
To the pledge, as they flush'd with affection and pride.
I linger'd to kiss the soft blush on the cheek,
Of a maiden who sighed, for no pledge could she speak—
That half-stifled sigh I have stolen away,
To sweeten the rose-buds I meet in my way."

"Though dear to my soul is the tree covered hill,
And rich in remembrance the lake and the rill,
Though bird, bee, and blossom, seem sweeter each day;
Oh take, if thou wilt, their lov'd breathings away!
But give me, dear West Wind, oh give ere you fly,
The voice of my friends, and the tear, and the sigh;
The gold of the mountains, the pearls of the sea,
Take, take!—but the sigh, give, oh give it to me!

New Song.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last,
It seem'd to welcome back again
The bright days of the past!
I was a boy—my mimic ship
Sail'd down the village stream,
And I was gay and innocent—
But ah! it was a dream.

And soon I left the childish toy
For those of manhood's choice,
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice:
I thought she gave me blameless love,
The nursling of esteem—
And that such love I merited;
But ah! it was a dream!

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,
I saw her cheek grow pale,
But o'er her fate a vision threw
A bright delusive veil;
I thought she liv'd, and that I saw
Our bridal torches gleam;
And I was happy with my bride—
But ah! it was a dream!

Marriages.

In this city, on the 30th ult., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Timothy Raymond, to Miss Caroline Hubbell.

In Greece, on the 28th ult.. by the Rev. Mr. Olcott, Mr. JOHN DATES, to Miss CAROLINE VERVALIN, all of that town.

In Spencerport on the 5th inst., by Rev. A. Sedgwick, Mr. Martin Le Gay of the firm of Young and Gay, to Miss Catharine Vandeventer.

In Gaines, on the evening of the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Buttolph, Mr. Alvah Beckwith to Miss Julia E. Schlosser, all of that town. On the 1st inst., by the same, Mr. George Ketchum, of Carlton, to Miss Betsey Orcolt, of Gaines.

In Lockport, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. P. E. Brown, Mr. Nathan Botsford to Miss Artemissa Ballou. On the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Filmore, Mr. James Waters to Miss Mary Simpson, both of that place.

In Perry, Deacon Silas Rawson, aged 78! to Miss Thirsting at the age of 25 years.

In Warsaw, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. H. K. Stimson, Mr. Eli Dibble, to Miss Malvina Salsbury. On the 28th ult. by the Rev. G. Waldo, Mr. Wm. H. Pettit to Miss Hannah Simmons, daughter of N. Barlow, Esq. all of Perry.

In Penfield, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. H. N. Seaver, Mr. Almeron Beach to Miss Clarissa Graves, all of Penfield. By the same, May 5, Mr. Wm. H. Paddock to Miss Permelia Beach, of Penfield.

In Chili, on the 29th March, by Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. James Wells, of Scottsville, to Miss Maria H. Colt, of Chili. On Sunday, May 1, by the same. Mr. Giles M. Hazton to Miss Lademia Vasburgh, all of this place.

In Sodus, on the 14th inst., by Nathan Leighton, Esq., Mr. Jonas Miller, to Miss Sarah J. Walker, all of that town.

In Canandaigua, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Thomas Castleton, Mr. Porter H. Phillips, of Naples, to Miss Abigail D. Moore, of that place. On the 24th instant, by the same, Isaac Legore, Jr., of Naples, to Mary Ann Willson, of that village.

In Pavilion, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Strang, Mr. S. L. Youngs, of Moscow, to Miss Eliza Lauderdale, of the former place.

In Caledonia, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Donald C. McLaren, Duncan R. Campbell, to Miss Margery Walker.

At Geneseo on Sunday morning April 24th, by the Rev. Elijah Hibbard, Gilbert D. Bailey, M. D., of Havanna, to Mary Francis, daughter of Rev. M. Tooker late of this city.

In Le Roy, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Buck, Mr. Daniel Le Barron to Miss Hannah Jane Farley, all of Le Roy.

In Sparta, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Samuel Rawson, of Sparta, Mr. Collins Gardner, of Geneseo, to Miss Harriet Watson, of the former place.

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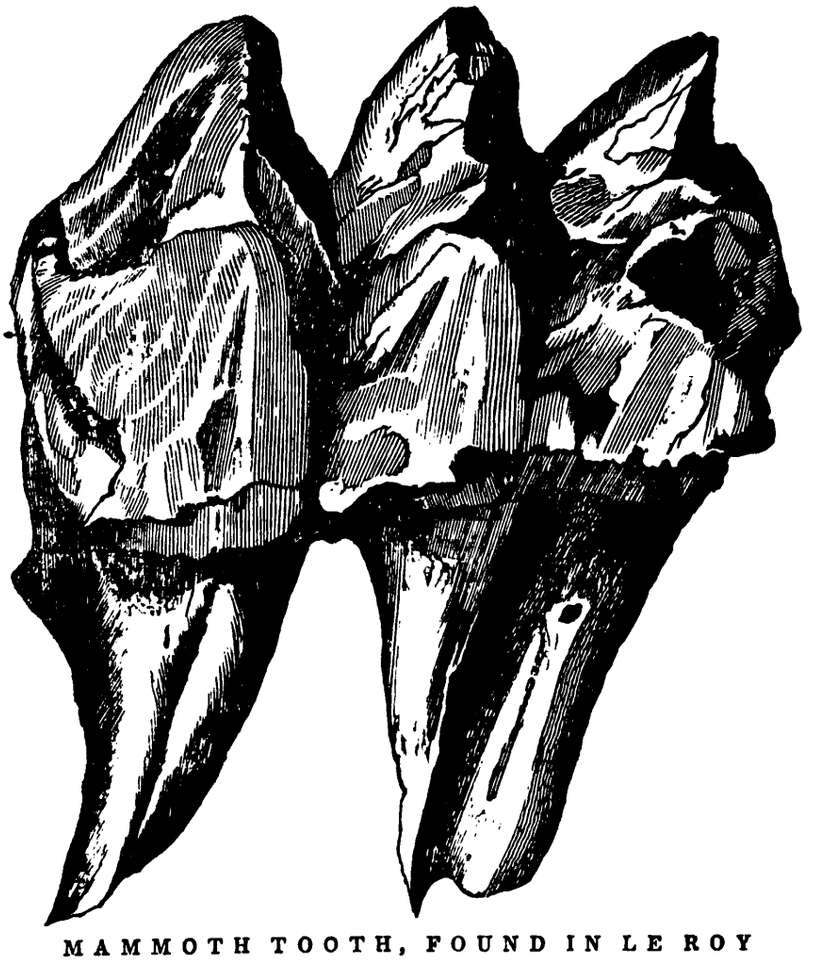

MAMMOTH TOOTH, FOUND IN LE ROY

MASTODON.

A *tooth* of this extinct animal has lately been left at this office for the examination of the curious. It was found in digging a trench on the farm of Mr. Archibald Stewart, three miles south of the village of Le Roy. As the remains of this animal are very widely scattered over the country, they are brought to light by the operations of men. Some years since, many parts of a skeleton, including a tusk about eight or ten feet long, were found near us in Perinton, in a sand-bank. And three years ago, an equally large tusk was found in this city, in excavating the Genesee Valley Canal where it crosses Sophia street, where it lay in the mud and earth in a swale.

The tooth above mentioned is nearly five inches in the longest direction, and has three projections, or acorn-like prominences, on each side, while a part of the roots of the tooth are partially decayed and gone, still leaving the length of the tooth downwards more than four inches. The enamel is fine, white, compact, hard, cracked in some places so as to show well its structure. The tooth had been much used by the animal, as the enamel upon the prominences is worn considerably, and in one case is worn entirely through, so as to show the interior bone.

We hope that the owner will present the tooth to the Young Men's Association, or some of the public collections in the city, where it can be seen and admired by thousands.

Of the Mastodon, or *acorn-toothed* animal, seven species have been discovered by geologists; of which one is in the United States, two in South America, three in Europe, and one in India. The largest of these species is the one found in the United States, and called *Mastodon maximus*, or the greatest mastodon. Some of its remains have been found in Connecticut, many in the State of New York, and many more in Ohio and Kentucky. It was estimated by Mr. Cooper, that a hundred mastodons had been entombed at the Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, with twenty elephants, some oxen and deer, and one *magalonyx*, and that they were destroyed by that *diluvian* action which destroyed the races of animals in the geological era next before the age of the creation of man and the present races of animals. In this opinion most geologists coincide. The bones of these extinct animals become of high interest in geological speculations, and their positions and locations should be accurately marked. That the animals lived and perished long after those which inhabited the shells so abundant in the rocks over this part of the State, is palpable, because they form no part of these rocks and are buried in the earth by which the rocks are covered.

Popular Tales.

ARABELLA WARBECK.

OR THE EVE OF THE NUPTIALS.

CHAPTER I.

There is in the good old city of Glasgow a certain hotel, the name of which I do not choose to particularize; but that may be guessed at, when I state that it has a room which serves the treble purposes of a traveler's, a coffee, and a general reception room. The reader is to suppose that *she* (for I never tell stories to gentlemen) has a peep into this room at the hour of about three o'clock in the day, and there she may see a traveler quite alone. The individual that I am about to describe was, at the time my story commences, about or beyond fifty years of age. His name is ——; but I may as well tell it—Sir Edward Jones. He was, despite his increasing years and grey hairs, and not very strongly-defined wrinkles, a handsome man, with lively eyes, a clear complexion, good teeth, and a noble forehead, on which sat impressed his character—the finest and the best that England can boast of—the perfect gentleman. Sir Edward was a young old man, who struggled against old age firmly and manfully, seeking to beat it down by temperance and exercise, and not troubling himself with concealing a single wound that it inflicted upon him, in its sure progress to an ultimate victory.

There, then, reader, is my hero. He is fifty years of age; and yet see how agitated he appears. Can it be that he is in love! He walks at one moment quietly and coolly up and down the room, then his pace quickens into a trot, and then it is varied by a stamp. At one moment he runs to the door, then to the window, and when there he casts a long and wistful glance into the street. He calls, by turns, all the waiters in the hotel; "Alexander," "Tho's," "John," "James," and "Charles," have been questioned, interrogated, cross-questioned, scolded, abused, and nearly knocked down stairs, one after another. Twenty times has he taken up his hat, his gloves, and his cane to go out, and to meet—perhaps some one that he admires—and twenty times has he again seated, or rather flung himself into an arm-chair, with all the appearance of a man who is *ennuied*, who waits, who expects, who listens, who looks without seeing any thing, who grows impatient, and then begins to despair.

Now, then, reader, I must let you know what is the matter with him. I am about to unravel this secret, and read this riddle for you. The true, the veritable, the exact, and the only cause for all this *ennui* and all this despair is,—but it must be whispered into your very ear, for the worst place in the world to tell a secret is in a hotel: then whisper: the secret is this: Sir Edward Jones, who is fifty years of age, is going—*to be married to-morrow morning! and quite privately, too!* and to one of the prettiest girls of eighteen in all Scotland!

There, now, gentle and fair reader, you have my secret, or rather his secret, and you will keep it, I am sure, as well as any body does the secret told her by another. But I have more to tell you. He is not only in love, but desperately in love: as much so as that middle-aged, charcoal-faced general, Othello, was with the young and gentle Desdemona, who, I have often thought, deserved to be smothered for marrying a black-a-moor; but that opinionion of mine is another *secret*, which I do not care the world to hear of. To return, however, to my hero: he is about to marry unknown to all his friends and relations; he has not even said a word of the matter to his son Richard, a fine young man, a student in Cambridge, and *of course* one who is utterly unacquainted with the ways of this wicked world. It was only a week

before this story begins, that Sir Edward quitted his magnificent mansion in Belgrave Square, to make a tour to Scotland, and—to marry Miss Arabella Warbeck, who had been educated at one of the first boarding-schools in Glasgow, and who was then the prettiest unmarried girl (in his opinion) in the three kingdoms. The truth must be told, that Sir Edward Jones knew very little of the lady that he admired so very much. He had seen her but two or three times, in company with her mother, at some fashionable parties; but he had made the most particular inquiries respecting her, and he was told the very best news, as to her heart, her mind, her character, and her accomplishments. It was said to him that never was there a young maiden that ever yet was educated in or out of a boarding-school, to equal her in real talent, and in solid virtues; and what gentleman could desire more in a wife? It must, then, be known, that this paragon was abroad with her mamma, and the cause of all Sir Edward's uneasiness was—their staying too long. They were three long, very long, dull, tedious hours out of his sight; for they had gone shopping. The intended bridgegroom was waiting, and—we all know what scenes will sometimes occur on such occasions! What could have happened to *her*—to *them?* What could have become of them? What could keep them? Where were they?—Was it not shameful? Was it not cruel? Was it not outrageous, thus to disturb, pester, vex, harrass and annoy a kindly-hearted gentleman, who loves, who adores, who expects, and who calls her in vain?

But, oh! extatic joy! "a well-known voice salutes his ear." It is that of Miss Arabella, who is humming to herself (and thoughtlessly too) the tune to which the words are sometimes put, of "an auld man he cam' wooin'." Sir Edward forgets in an instant all that he has suffered; he no more goes over the carpet in frightfully long strides; he growls no more; he would not now, for the world, hurt a hair of the head of Alexander, Charles, John or Thomas, who were in such peril a few minutes before; for behold! there enters into the room Mrs. Warbeck, and what is still better, and certainly prettier looking, Miss Arabella Warbeck!

"Oh! Sir Edward! Sir Edward!" said the young lady, "see what a very pretty parting gift I have had from my dear, kind, good old schoolmistress—poor love! I thought she would have fainted as she gave me the last kiss."

"Yes, indeed, Sir Edward," observed Mrs. Warbeck, "the good old lady wept for joy that her pupil, her favorite too, was about to be united to a Baronet—to the richest Baronet in all England."

"May I leave the room, mamma?" said the timid Arabella, trying to blush, and hanging down her head.

"Leave the room, indeed! No, Miss, you may not. You must stay beside me, with your husband, Miss—your husband that is to be, to-morrow, Miss Arabella."

"Oh, let her go," said Sir Edward; "let your lovely child do as she pleases. Go, Miss Arabella, and admire at your leisure the handsome present that your mistress has made you."

"May I go, mamma?"

"Yes; since Sir Edward permits it."

Miss Arabella quitted the room humming the air with the ugly words that I have before referred to.

"Sir Edward," said Mrs. Warbeck, in a voice as solemn as that of a clergyman reading the burial service, "that is an angel that Heaven has sent you. Don't you think so?"

"Doubtless, she is so; but then it is not enough that Heaven has sent her to me. It is also requisite that this good angel should consent to stop upon earth, with her husband—with a poor mortal that calls himself Edward Jones."

"Now, now—make your mind perfectly easy as to that; for I can assure you the dear little angel desires nothing better than to become your wife, and—your splendid palace in Belgrave square will be to her a terrestrial paradise. I must say this for my daughter, that she has been so well educated as to know nothing about that ridiculous sort of love, that is so unnaturally described in Lord Byron's or Sir Walter Scott's romances; but she will love you as I loved my poor, dear, departed husband. And now, my dear Sir Edward, I ask, I require from you one favor: it is that I may never have to be separated from my child.—I wish that her pains, her sorrows, and her little pleasures, may all be shared by me. Yet, Sir Edward, she is such an extraordinary, adorable creature, that to see her, to follow her unceasingly, to live with her for ever, I am ready to undergo the greatest sacrifices—to go out with her to every ball, and to sit out even the grandest dinner party."

"That shall be all as you please yourself, Mrs. Warbeck."

"But do you promise me?"

"Certainly I do promise."

"Then, Heaven be praised, all my wishes are crowned with success, and I am ready to die—the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Warbeck having given utterance to this splendid sentiment, thought proper to sigh and to weep, like the manner that becomes all well-educated matrons upon all such occasions as their daughters have made very excellent, prudent, proper and rich matches. She was in the full flow of a beautiful shower of tears, when Miss Arabella again bounded into the room. This affectionate mother instantly dried her eyes, for she saw her daughter held a magnificent casket of jewels in her hands, that she admired with a joy that was almost infantile in the excess of its demonstration.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "see what a treasure I have discovered in my chamber."

"In your chamber, Miss!"

"Yes, mamma, indeed—upon my dressing table."

Sir Edward smiled and said, "Then, will my dear Miss Warbeck be pleased to accept so poor a present, from a regard for me. Will you, Arabella, do so?"

"Oh! Sir Edward, you are too good; I am by no means worthy of ——"

"Eh! what is that you say, you little fool you?" replied Mrs. Warbeck on the instant. "Know, Miss, that a good, handsome, well conducted young lady is worth all the diamonds in the world—that is, when it is her intended husband presents them to her. Arabella, thank the gentleman at once."

"*Grand merci, Monsieur.*"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Warbeck, "and as it is not the fashion at present for ladies to wear diamonds, I shall just, to pay you a compliment, wear them myself, to-morrow, my dear child—"

"But, mamma, that is not exactly what I wish—"

"Hold your tongue, Miss. Sir Edward, will you favor me with your arm, for I have still some purchases to make."

"Very willingly. Adieu! dearest Arabella—*a revoir*—and soon."

"Why don't you speak, Miss? I am very angry with you, and must certainly scold you when I return home."

Arabella had the courage to whisper a few words into the ear of her pitiless, heartless mother. Sir Edward then advanced to Mrs. Warbeck to say to her,

"What has Arabella now said to you in a whisper?"

"Why, she whispered to me, that—*she likes you very much!*"

CHAPTER II.

"Alas!" thought the maiden, as she followed with her eyes that worldly-minded mother, who was thus disposing of her fortune, her happiness, and her future life; "alas! my mother insists, absolutely insists, that I must love this Sir Edward because he is generous, rich and powerful. Is that possible? Say to me, my poor heart, that I feel now to sigh, to groan, and to lament beneath my trembling hand! She insists that I should fall in love with a name, with rank, with opulence, with a Baronet, who condescends to like me. Say to me, is that possible, my soul, who have preached to me a thousand times a contempt for mere grandeur, and a disdain for vulgar wealth? She scolds, she rages at me, because I have not the contemptible talent of hypocrisy, and because I will not speak a lie. She says that I am an infant, a child, that can think of nothing but dreams and amusement. Ah! no; for I have learned, also, how to suffer; and now, why is it that I do not weep? Why not give myself up to despair? Because I am thinking of one who thinks not of me. Yes, I am sure of it. Henry *has* forgotten me. And if so, what have I to do more with love? Has he even answered me? Has he listened to me? Has he come to my assistance? No—no—no; and therefore am I left alone, abandoned, miserably wretched, and forced to marry to-morrow—not an hour longer than to-morrow—a man that I do not love at all; that I do not wish to love; and that I never shall love."

Arabella seated herself, or rather sunk into a wide, deep, huge arm-chair. She closed her eyes, in order that she might better collect her thoughts; in order that she might chat the more peaceably with her two best friends, her two most intimate confidants—with her heart and her mind.

At that same moment, a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, entered the room. He flung a valise violently to the hearth, he shook the dust from his clothes, dashed his hat against the wall, and said in a voice that trembled with emotion,

"At last I have got to Glasgow! Arrived too late, I suppose! I thought I never should be here. I am furious, outrageous, mad! Killed three horses, and broke the leg of one postillion! God forgive me! what a shocking folly it is to be so deeply in love; but then it is the sweetest, dearest, finest folly in the world!"

As he was about to continne his soliloquy, which was a combination of anger, impatience and love, he began to look aroung him and to listen, for he thought he heard sighs and plaintive murmers.—He did not see any one, and, all of a sudden, he could not hear any thing. Then it was that he took it into his head to go over to an old arm-chair, that had the appearance of being banished into a distant corner. He advanced slowly, mysteriously, and on tip-toe. He looked over the back of the chair, and suddenly Miss Arabella, who had been in a day-dream, opened her lovely blue eyes. She uttered a shriek; and out of her senses with joy, she began to weep and to laugh in the arms of her lover—her beloved Henry!

Now, you must know very well, that it is a very long time since Arabella and Henry have seen each other. They must, then, I think, have a thousand things to say to one another. Let us, then, quit the room, and leave them together.—You will hear of them again; you may be sure of it.

CHAPTER III.

It was between the hours of two and three o'clock on the same night, that Miss Arabella Warbeck, who could not think of sleeping, stole into a little private parlor, that was adjoining to the chamber of Mrs. Warbeck, and not far from the apartment occupied by Sir Edward. The position of this parlor rendered it one from which a nocturnal flight was not only possible, but easy; for in this parlor there was a window, out of which you could with ease step into the garden, and at the end of that garden was one of the leading streets of the town.

Arabella was seated at a table on which there was a small lamp and a tiny watch. The hands of that tiny watch seemed to her to be immovable. They looked to her as if they were frightfully lazy; as if nothing could induce them to go on to the hour of appointment. At first Arabella awaited the hour of rendezvous without hesitation, without trembling, and without even blushing. But then, after a while, it must be said to her praise, when it was approaching to the hour for the given signal with her lover, she began to feel ashamed both of her boldness and her affection. She began to be greatly disturbed at the thought of what she was going to do. She began to feel very uneasy for her mother, and for Sir Edward; for herself; for her future repose and honor; and at last she murmured, in a heart-broken voice, "My mother! my mother! your daughter shall never cost you a tear." And then she heroically resolved to leave the parlor, to return to her room, and never to quit until the next morning, when she should go forth to marry an honest, worthy (*middle-aged?*) man, who adored her.—But owing to some unaccountable struggle between her imagination and her conscience, she resolved, at last, to bid Henry adieu—in a letter. This she determined to do; and she began to write to him. She had hardly written three lines, when all of a sudden she felt herself fatigued, jaded, exhausted by emotion, by terror and by watching; she felt herself very weak indeed, so weak that she let her head fall back on the pillow of a sofa, and as she did not like to faint, she closed her eyes, and—fell fast asleep.

A few minutes afterwards, Sir Edward gently opened the parlor door; for, like other lovers, he liked to look upon the stars. Great, however, was his surprise, when he beheld Miss Arabella asleep in such a place, and on the table an unfinished letter, in which he read the following lines:

"It is the fate of my unhappy destiny, combined with the desire of my mother. I must never again see you; never again listen to you; never again—but why utter the word? To-morrow I become the wife of Sir Edward; fly, then, from my sight. It is a sacrifice that I appeal to your honor to make ——"

"Who can this person be?" thought Sir Edward. "Who is this mysterious lover? How could she have ever seen him, educated as she has been so strictly, in the severest school in Scotland? And this too at eighteen years of age! And here is what the mother calls true perfection! angelic innocence!"

He was about to awaken the lady, when a young gentleman jumped into the room! The two rivals gazed at each other for an instant, and the indignation of Sir Edward may be guessed when he discovered that his rival was—Mr. Richard Jones, a student at the University of Cambridge!

CHAPTER IV.

When her affectionate mother had conducted, or rather carried away Miss Arabella, who was *very fainting* fainting, Richard cast himself at the feet of Sir Edward and exclaimed,

"My father! my father! I am innocent: pardon me."

"Rise, Sir," said the old gentleman, "I am no longer your father. I am your accuser and your judge. Why have you come to Glasgow, and what has brought you to this hotel?"

"It was absolutely necessary for me to do so. Honor compelled me to come and see one who—is very dear to me."

"Very well, you chose to pay your visits to this very dear person at moments that are very equivocal; at three o'clock in the morning, for instance."

"Father, since you know all, why do you thus question me? Why thus interrogate me?"

"Because it is my desire to know the most minute details of your love for Miss Arabella Warbeck."

"And wherefore?"

"That is my business. Miss Arabella should be my wife, and not yours."

"Then, Sir, you must know, that it is about six months ago, I accepted the invitation of a friend, and came on a visit to Scotland. He brought me to see his sister, a young lady of large fortune, who was then at school. I saw her and her friend Arabella there, and I was introduced to them as Sir Henry Williams."

"But why take a name and title that did not belong to you?"

"Because, knowing that you were to be in Scotland, I did not wish you to hear of my having been here without your permission. I called at the school often—very often. I loved *her* at first sight. I loved without thinking of it; without any hope of its being returned. One evening, Arabella was on a visit with my friend's family. We went to walk in the garden. I offered her my arm, and I know not how, soon found myself alone with her on the banks of the Clyde. I dared to tell her all my love, and without receiving from her a word, a sigh, or a look which could be construed into an avowal, yet I felt that already we were in heart and hope destined for each other. And after that, my dear father, I continued a month longer in this accursed city, still further to lose my reason. We agreed to write to each other often. We did so every day, and it was thus that I learned she was about to be hurried into a marriage; and without stopping to inquire with whom, here I am, most unintentionally, to offend and injure you."

"Richard!" cried Sir Edward, as he wiped away some tears, "do you, then, love Arabella?"

"Yes, father, to distraction; and you—"

"I cannot say that mine is so very ardent; and therefore, my dear, unhappy, good-natured, free-hearted fellow, since you love her so very much, take her, and Heaven bless you both!"

"Oh! unthought of happiness! Do you give to me her that you intended for your wife?"

"I ought never to have had such an intention. At my time of life, one ought not to think, and has no right to think of loving, adoring and marrying a very young girl. An old man, who has fallen in love, has not a sufficiently long time to live for the purpose of truly regretting and repenting a misplaced affection."

CHAPTER V.

It was about a month after the preceding conversation, that Richard Jones, Esq., of Brunswick Terrace, Regent's Park, was married to the lovely daughter of Mrs. Warbeck, the latter having established herself at a pretty house in Brompton. As to Sir Edward, as soon as the nuptial ceremony was concluded, he bid adieu to love, to his family, his friends, his pleasures, Belgrave Square, and England. Since then, he has dwelt in France, where he has taken one of the finest chateaus in Touraine. He passes a great portion of his unhappy time in hunting, smoking, eating, drinking, and soundly sleeping. This is the conduct of my hero. Is it not, I appeal to every discreet and sensitive heart, a proper example to all future lovers, whose hopes have been disappointed, and whose affections have been blighted by thoughtless maidens, who prefer youth, beauty and twenty summers, to sense, solidity and fifty winters?

From the London Monthly Magazine.

MALGRE LUI.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

[The courtesy of a gentleman, who, for many years, was an intimate acquaintance of the lamented Bayly, has enabled us to present our readers this agreeable little paper. We also had the advantage of the Author's friendship, and have passed many happy hours in his society, when he was the leading star of fashion in the gay city of Bath; besides a visit of some days to him, during his *forced* residence at Boulonge. Any thing from the pen of one who enjoyed such an extensive popularity, cannot fail to be acceptable, and we tender our acknowledgments to our esteemed, though unknown correspondent, for his politeness in affording us the opportunity of publishing an "Original article," by one whose memory is deservedly cherished.—EDITOR.]

There are men who, from no error of their own, find themselves placed through life in a false position. They are, therefore, always uncomfortable, and frequently ridiculous, merely from the awkward exertion of their very best efforts to perform the parts assigned them.

The Drama of life is, in this particular, utterly unlike the Drama enacted at a Theatre Royal. There, the first Tragedian is never, by any chance, forced into the variegated pantaloons of Harlequin, nor is the sylph-like Columbine ever compelled to put on black velvet and come forward as Lady Macbeth. If Thespians attempt characters for which they are unsuited, either in voice, figure, or ability, they deserved to be hissed, for the misrepresentation is the result of their own free will. But in the Drama of Life, the actors have too often no choice of parts; Master Jack is to be a Parson, because there is a living in the gift of his uncle; Bob is to be a Barrister, because his godfather the Judge can get him on; and Timothy is to be a Soldier, in spite of weak nerves and a rickety constitution, because he is the youngest, and the other two having been doomed to the church and the law, nothing is left for Tim but a Coronet's commission.

Thus it is that we have Parsons whose pulpit oratory is any thing but edifying; briefless Barristers, whose time is spent in the composition of nonsense verses; and pigmy Officers, who in their tall caps, look, as they march by the side of their tall troop, like urchins going out to drill, rather than important personages entitled to give the word of command.

My case was peculiarly unfortunate; for, being by nature timid and of gentle habits, I was permitted to walk the milky way of life until my manhood; and then, after being involuntarily united to a very fine woman, I was forced into situations utterly unsuited to my habits, and became at length an involuntary volunteer. I do not hesitate to make public the result of an arrangement so incongruous; there was a manifest contradiction in the very name, the adjective being so completely opposed to the sense of the noun. My wife's main object in life was to conceal my deficiencies, always seeming to consider me a man of valor; and when my timid reserve and nervous apprehension were on any occasion becoming too apparent, she would praise me (*before people*) for my considerate forbearance, and speak of me as a lion in repose.

"When his energies are once aroused," said she, "he is formidable! you, who only see Sir Peter Tremor in his calm repose of domesticity, can little imagine what he is in the heat of political argument, or the storm of indignant anger."

This was all very well in its way, for it kept people from quarreling with me; and as the sword of war seemed likely to slumber during my time, I did not anticipate that I should ever have the qualities imputed to me by my wife, put to the test. But, though nobody quarreled with me, my reputation for valor induced all who did quarrel among themselves to refer their grievances to my arbitration, and when one man called out another, the one who happened to be acquainted with me, was sure to call upon me as his "Friend," insisting that I should act as his second. In such cases I generally took to my bed, leaving my wife to tell fibs about the state of my health. But occasionally I was taken by surprise, and obliged to have oral communication with the desperate challenger. I then astonished him by my pacific tendencies, always exhibiting nothing of valor save its better part—DISCRETION. In many instances I was the happy means of preventing bloodshed, bringing about a cessation of hostilities in ways never suspected by my indignant principal; for I never scrupled at compromising his dignity in secret, making unauthorized apologies and concessions on his part; and thus I have made persons shake hands, who would, had they known all, continued to shake fists.

And surely I was right; my way of cementing cracked Friendships is the very best that could be adopted. 'Tis true that an exchange of shots often produces a reconciliation—always, provided the principals are not externally separated by death. "Exchange" is proverbially "no robbery," but an exchange of shots is apt to rob one of the combatants of life. My peaceful plan was therefore far preferable. I went forth authorized to utter irritating language. But as I invariably substituted the bland accent of apology and conciliation, I brought the opposing parties together in an amicable way, each being led to suppose that the other was the man who had knocked under, and made concessions. To be sure, I now and then narrowly escaped a serious misunderstanding with the second of the opposite party, and had to tell several fibs to extricate myself. But what are fibs compared with the effusion of human blood? I shudder as I write the words, and am certain that all peaceably inclined persons will applaud my conduct. Once, however, my tender regard for the welfare of others very nearly bro't about my own destruction; and thus it happened.

George Slipslop, my wife's brother, "the Cornet," in due course of time became a Captain; and Caroline, prouder of him than ever, frequently invited him, when on leave, to visit us in Dorsetshire. His visits were to me any thing but agreeable; he was loud in his talk, martial in his appearance, and so peremptory in the utterance of his opinions, that he was perpetually either giving or taking offence.

"Give and take" is one of my favorite maxims. But I am no advocate for giving offence, or taking it under any circumstances.

Unfortunately for me, my brother-in-law, the Captain, gave a man the lie direct, and took from him a blow in the face with so bad a grace, that a challenge was the immediate result. He selected me as his second; in vain I pleaded and expostulated, my wife took his part, and I was compelled to acquiesce.

It was a desperate case, and I was resolved to resort to a desperate remedy. Much as I disliked the very look of a pistol, always sympathising with the lady, who asserted, "that loaded or not loaded, it might go off of itself," I minutely examined the brace which were to be used by the contending parties, and with some difficulty I procured a pair by the same maker, precisely similar in every respect. These were primed and loaded according to my notions of expediency in such matters; and on the eventful morning I sallied forth with them carefully concealed under my cloak.—The morning was thick and misty, and there was a drizzling rain. The other second was cloaked like myself; every thing favored the manœvre which I had projected, and with a palpitating heart and trembling hand I substituted the weapons which I had brought with me, for those already provided for the conflict.

The ground was measured, and the combatants had taken their positions. I looked on, dreading nothing but the noise of the report. I shut my eyes, as I always do when near exploding firearms, and when I looked up again, my brother-in-law, the Captain, was sprawling on his back with his face covered with blood.

It was not his own blood, however, nor was it the blood of any human being. It had been procured by me from a poulterer; and though the bladder in which it had been secured, and which had been inserted in the muzzle of the pistol, coming with force against the head of Captain Slipslop, had caused him to fall on his back, and tho' when prostrate, the sanguinary effusion made him believe himself half dead, yet no real harm had been done; and the agitated opponent who knelt over him, inwardly resolving that he would fly the country as soon as the vital spark was extinct, soon saw the Captain rise and shake himself, declaring that though covered with blood he was, strange to say, in a whole skin! There had

evidently been a hoax practised upon them!—They were immediately friends, and both ungratefully vowed vengeance against the scoundrel, whoever he might be, who had saved one or both of their lives.

As soon as I heard the turn which the conversation was taking, I slunk away, and took to my heels. Suspicion had already fallen upon me, and my abrupt departure was considered proof positive of my delinquency.

I suffered severely on this occasion. I was called out; not that *that* much signified, for, of course, I would not go. I got severely horse-whipped before I could prevail on my dear Caroline to interfere in my behalf; and even when she did become my champion, she overwhelmed me with contemptuous and for a long time rendered my home any thing but agreeable.*

Misfortune follows some men with astonishing perseverance, and I have not yet finished my detail of *secondary* troubles. We left Dorchester shortly after the events which I have narrated; my wife decided that I had rendered myself the laughing-stock of the neighborhood; and her word being the law of the house, we removed to a very pretty villa in the New Forest. My amiable Caroline was fond of yatchting; and having formed an intimacy with a gentleman of the Yacht Club, who made Southampton his summer head quarters, she had frequent opportunities for the indulgence of her taste. I never joined the party; not that I am sea-sick, but there seems to me so much danger in play-thing ships, with amateur sailors, on the *real* vasty deep. I therefore used to ramble listlessly through the shadowy and unfrequented paths of the New Forest; and there I once met with an adventure which nearly frightened me to death.

In the midst of a dark and gloomy thicket I one day came suddenly upon three coarse-looking men, who eyed me suspiciously, and then asked me the nearest way to Southampton. I believe I trembled from head to foot, while I gave a civil but almost incoherent reply. They allowed me to pass, and then, though they had previously appeared on the most friendly and confidential terms, they spoke loudly and with vehement gestures; and one of them, to my horror, quitted his companions, and coming to my side, thus most courteously addressed me:

"I am quite sure that I am addressing a gentleman."

I made no reply, but I thought that my last hour was approaching.

"I am certain," he continued, "that one who is evidently accustomed to the usages of the best society, will not suffer me to want a friend on the most important occasion of my life."

"A friend, Sir!" said I.

"Yes, a friend: Friendship, in its general acceptation, is not to be kindled in an hour, but in the sense in which I now use the word Friend, you *can*, and I feel quite sure you *will*, assist me; nay, Sir, you *must*."

I took a long breath, and thought I should have fainted.

"Excuse me for my vehemence," he added, "for I am a desperate man, and it is in your power to prevent the commission of murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes, Murder; for to fight duels without seconds is decided murder."

"Duels!"

"Yes—to be brief. That gentleman you see there in the sailor's jacket and trousers."

"Gentleman?"

"Yes, Sir, *Gentleman!* Do you presume to suppose, Sir, that had he been any thing else I should have done him the honor and pleasure of accepting his challenge? Are you not aware, Sir, that the Lords and gentlemen of the Yacht Club wear that costume?"

"I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Pardon, Sir!—never: that is, never unless you accede to my proposal."

"Any thing!—name it."

"That gentleman has brought his second with him; mine has disappointed me; you must take his place!"

"*I* take his place!"

"Yes; I have already said that you *must* do so, and I hear of no refusal. Are you well acquainted with this part of the forest?"

"Y—y—es," I stammered.

"Are we near any road at present?"

"Not very far."

"Then lead us to an unfrequented spot, where even the report of pistols would be unheard. Do you refuse?" cried my new *friend*, furiously.

"Oh dear, no!" I answered; and more dead than alive I led the way. He gave a signal to his opponent, who with his second followed us. I silently led them to a very remote sequestered spot, and intimated that I had obeyed orders merely by standing stock still.

"Are you certain that we are not likely to be interrupted here?"

"Quite," I replied.

"Then here we will remain until the others join us."

They soon came up, and then the gentleman in the blue jacket, whose face and manners were even rougher than his dress, said:

"Well, you Sir, are you cock-sure nobody will come upon us?"

"Certain, Sir," I replied.

"This is a *very* out of the way place, is it?" said his second.

"Uncommonly so," I answered.

"They can't even hear the pop of a pistol, hey, from the road?" inquired *my* Friend.

"Impossible," I responded.

"Then," continued he, "you chicken-hearted son of a tom tit, give us your watch and your money, or we'll blow your brains out."

They all vociferously surrounded me, taking from me every farthing I possessed, my watch and seals, and a valuable *guard* chain, (what a misnomer!) a diamond ring, a torquoise pin, my coat and waistcoat, and my hat. They then wished me a good morning; my friend, the moment my back was turned, gave me a violent kick, and as I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the forest, I heard their loud laughter wafted on the breeze.

* Such an incident did actually occur some years ago in Ireland; but in that instance the pacific second was forced to become a principal, and was shot by the man who had selected him as his "friend."

Humorous Sketches.

CURE OF HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum faintly to her husband, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope we shall be resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are all undoubtedly ordered for the best—and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to get married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"Well, I have sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of her face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, if you can only get the right sort of a person.—Every thing depends upon that, my dear; and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear; for, I assure you, I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have, is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking about any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum.

"There is one, that I have thought of for a long time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And, pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be;" said the wife, with an expression a little more of earth than heaven returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; but my dear, we had better drop the subject—it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is—I cannot die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to talk about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and leaning upon her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear—I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthly fire at once flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat, walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation, "what, marry that sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum that is too much for flesh and blood to bear. I can't endure that—nor I won't! Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children! No! that's what she never shall be. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest. Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, "make up some fire under that dinner pot!"

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work; and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife prepared to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affliction of the hypochondriac.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Man that the Dog Barked at.

A few days ago, we noticed a man walking along one of our principal streets, whose appearance indicated that he was "in a peck of troubles." He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two; something very serious had disturbed his equanimity. While we were wondering what it could have been, whether or not he had failed in business, os lost money by somebody else who had failed—whether or not his wife had eloped with his best friend, all formed a strange problem.—The face of matters wonderfully changed by quite a simple incident. We had not absolutely determined, in our own mind, the nature of his grievancee, when on impudent little terrier squatted upon the sidewalk, discovered something offensive in the appearance of the man to whom we have alluded, and jumped towards him with a sharp and angry bark. This was altogether too great an indignity, and filled the cup of our traveller's annoyance to overflowing. He turned fiercely toward the dog, and while he inselted him with a blunt oath, attempted to kick him. The cur was altogether too nimblo, and as he leaped aside to avoid the punishment he had eorned, barked more furiously than before. The man's anger knew no bounds; the more the dog barkeb at him, the more anxious he seemed to be to succeed in kicking him. The figure they cut, as the terrier capered into the middle of the street, the man after him, the dog yelping, and his antagonist swearing louder and louder, was ludicrous in the extreme.

People gathered upon the sidewalk in crowds. The ladies loo2ed on and giggled; the men braced themselves against the wall and shook their sides bravely, and the boys yelled out in great delight, "go it, old fellow, go it while you're young."—The man who was making so laughable an exhibition of himself, soon discovered that the dog was altogether too agile for him, and gave up the chase in despair. It was not until then he observed that in his anger he had made a fool of himself. He hastily drew down his hat over his brow, and walked rapidly away.

When our merriment had subsided, we could not help thinking how much this little incident resembled human life; that is, the life of many specimens of humanity. If the man whose story we have told had only walked quiety on his way, and taken no notice of the outery of the cur, no matter whether the cur was governed by wanton or malicious motives, he would have excited by his conduct neither laughter in others, nor diminished his own self-respect. So in a thousand things in life. He who pursues his own path fearlessly and calmly, without heeding the puerile assaults of those who cannot by any possibility affect his destinies, will act a part dictated by good sense and wisdom. 'Tis passing strange, that in a life so brief as this, when it is in the power of each one to add to the other's enjoyment, there should be so many curs. The business of one half the people of this world seems to be to

render the remainder uncomfortable and unhappy. There might be some slight extenuation if by making others miserable they could add to their own happiness; but no such result follows their labors. Indulgence in their own malicious propensities not only annoys others, but keeps themselves in "a perfect stew" by no meaas conducive to comfort. The true way to manage these curs is to pass them quietly by—their yelping is altogether innocuous. The moment you meddle with them you find yourself in the identical position of the man who attempted to kick the dog—laughed at and derided without the healing balm of self-approval in compensation.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From Miss Beecher's Domestic Economy.

Physical Debility of American Women.

But the second and still greater difficulty, peculiar to American women, is delicacy of constitution, which renders them victims to disease and decay.

The fact that the women of this country are usually subject to disease, and that their beauty and youthfulness are of shorter continuance than the women of other nations, is one which always attracts the attention of foreigners, while medical men and philanthropists are constantly giving fearful monitions as to the extent and alarming increase of this evil. Investigations make it evident that a large proportion of young ladies from the wealthier classes have the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, one of the most sure and faithful causes of future disease and decay. The writer has heard medical men, who have made extensive inquiries, say that probably one of every six of the young women at boarding schools, are affected in this way, while many other indications of disease and debility exist, in cases where this particular evil cannot be detected.

In consequence of this enfeebled state of their constitution, induced by a neglect of their physical education, as soon as they are called to the responsibilities and trials of domestic life, their constitution fails, and their whole life is rendered a burden. For no person can enjoy existence when disease throws a dark cloud over the mind and incapacitates her for the proper discharge of every duty.

It would seem as if the primeval curse, that has written the doom of pain and sorrow on one period of a young mother's life, in this country has been extended over all; so that the hour never arrives when "she forgetteth her sorrow for joy that a man is born into the world." Many a mother will testify, with shuddering, that the most exquisite sufferings she ever endured, were not those appointed by nature, but those which, for week after week, have worn down health and spirits when nourishing her child. And medical men teach us that this in most cases results from debility of constitution consequent on this mismanagement of early life. And so frequent and so mournful are these and the other distresses that result from the failure of the female constitution, that the writer has repeatedly heard mothers say that they had wept tears of bitterness over their infant daughters for the sufferings which they were destined to undergo; while they cherished the decided wish that these daughters should never marry. At the same time, many a reflecting young woman is looking to her future prospect with very different feelings and hopes from those which Providence designed.

American women are exposed to a far greater amount of intellectual and moral excitement than those of any other land. Of course in order to escape the danger resulting from this, a greater amount of exercise in the fresh air, and all those methods which strengthen the constitution, are imperiously required.

But instead of this it will be found that owing to the climate and the customs of this nation, there are no women who secure so little of this healthful and protecting regimen. Walking, riding and gardening in the open air, are practised by women of other lands to a far greater extent than by American females. Most English women, in the wealthier classes, are able to walk six or eight miles on a stretch, without oppressive fatigue; and when they visit this country, always express their surprise at the inactive habits of the American ladies. In England, the regular daily exercise in the open air is very commonly required by the mother, as a part of daily duty, and is sought by young women as employment.

In consequence of a different physical training, English women, in those circles that enjoy competency, present an appearance which always strikes American gentlemen as a contrast to what they see at home. An English mother, at thirty or thirty-five, is in the full bloom of perfect womanhood; as fresh and healthful as her daughters. But where are the American mothers who can reach this period unfaded and unworn? In America, young ladies in the wealthier classes are sent to school from early childhood, and neither parents nor teachers make it a definite object to secure a proper amount of fresh air and exercise, to counterbalance their intellectual taxation.

As soon as they pass their school days, dressing, visiting, evening parties and stimulating amusements, take the place of study, while the most unhealthful modes of dress add to the physical exposures. To make morning calls, or do a little shopping, is all that can be called their exercise in the open air; and this, compared to what is needed, is absolutely nothing, and on some accounts, is worse than nothing. In consequence of these, and other evils, that will be pointed more at large in the following pages, the young women of America grow up with such a delicate constitution, that probably eight out of ten become subjects of disease either before or as soon as they are called to the responsibilities of domestic life.

The Hydriot Ladies.—The costume of the Hydriot ladies, in Greece, would not exactly suit the taste of our more fashionable fair ones. It consists of a green silk petticoat, very deeply plaited, and falling not so low as to embarrass the tight foot, or wholly conceal the well-turned ankle. This is met at the lowest and narrowest point of the waist by a spencer of the same material, but of a dark chesnut hue, richly embroidered in front and fastened with double rows of pearl buttons up to the breast, where it rolls open towards each shoulder with a full and graceful curve, leaving the white elastic muslin of the chemisette to conceal the swelling outline of the bosom. The hair, always black, long and glossy, is rolled round the head, and tastefully interlaced with the folds of a jewelled turban.

There are no stays in this dress, no stiffenings, no supplements, even at the bosoms, upon the endowments of nature, yet one of our laced ladies, whose heart never beats, except against a barrier of steel, would predict, that if put into this dress, she would inevitably fall to pieces.—We wish she would make the experiment; we promise, if such should be the disastrous result, to gather up all the delicate fragments, and, Medea like, reconstruct her with a more perfect symmetry, youth, and beauty. If this be not a sufficient inducement, we promise her, in the loveliness of her fresh reorganization, a good natured old bachelor, this being the highest encouragement we can offer. Yet, ladies, usually regard even this offer merely as a compliment to their sex, or they coolly speculate upon it as an additional claim to the attention of others, while the poor bachelor, broken in heart and hope, is perhaps seeking the solitary wood, gazing at the melancholy stars, or shedding his tears, with the drops of nihgt, into the bosom of the silent flowers.—*N. American.*

A Sharper Served Out.—A man the other day got a crowd of countrymen around him near the old market, and attempted to "surprise the natives" by a few sleights of hand. After accomplishing a feat or two, and winning some bets, he told one of the spectators, a tall, raw looking fellow, that he could turn a ninepence into a dollar, if he could be furnished with one. The spectator out with his leather pouch, and handed the exhibitor a ninepence, which the latter readily, apparently, converted into a silver dollar. The countryman, on receiving the dollar, took off his hat and made a low bow to the exhibitor, exclaiming, "well, I'll be darned if you ha'n't done it;" and then putting the dollar into the pouch from which he had taken the ninepence, he added, "but you aint a-going to turn it back into a ninepense, no how."

A fellow from Kentucky went yesterday into the store of a fashionable milliner in Canal st.

"Have you any skirts?" asked he.

"Plenty, of all kinds," answered Madam W.

"What do you ask a cord?" said the chap.

"A cord!" replied Madame W.

"Yes; I want about a cord. Up in our diggins the petticoats and things gin out. I see you advertise '*corded* skirts,' and I thought, while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up."

The miliner fainted.—*Crescent City.*

Boz in the Backwoods.—A correspondent of the St. Louis 'Organ' who was (or wasn't) of the party that accompanied Mr. Dickens in his visit to the Looking Glass Prarie, tells a story (or lie) of an encounter which Boz had with an old Backwoodsman in the course of their return. After finding out from one of the number where the party had made the visit, the old codger is reported to have accosted Dick Swiveller's pa as follows:

"Well, stranger, how de dew; guess you han't been long in these pars, have you; what may I call your name?' 'Boz sir, Charles Boz!'—'Now dew tell,' says he. 'I had a colt named Charley, and you put me in mind of him, for he was the slickest critter you ever did see.' 'I am told,' said Boz, 'the early settlers can relate many adventures which happened to them, when they first came out here.' 'Yes, we sometimes had to make tracks, when the Ingins and other varmints got on trail; but I tell you what it is, stranger, they had to stand clear of my Betsy, (his rifle.) Them Ingens were devils, but they got beat sometimes. On the prairie, where you were to-day, we was attacked by wolves; next morning, thirteen of them were found dead and the Ingens along with them. That is what we call dog eat dog. My name is Si Davis; if you make a book, put in that I'm the man what skinned the varmints, and scalped the Ingens. Stranger, will you liquor?' 'Excuse me, sir, if you please, I rather not drink.' 'Well, stranger, I keep up the old custom; you must either drink or fight,' and had it not been for the company, our guest would have had a fight on his hands."

Female Devotedness.—A butcher of the town, having been convicted of the flagrant crime of stealing two oxen from an open pasture near Revel, was now lying in the dungeons beneath us, previous to commencing his dismal journey for life to Siberia. The man was engaged to be married to a young mantua maker, whose pretty looks and ways had often divided our attention with her fashions. Of course it was thought and advised by all who wished her well, that the now disgraceful connection should be relinquished; but, resisting all entreaties and representations, she merely repeated a faithful woman's argument, "If he wanted my love to make him happy when he was innocent, how much more does he need it now he is guilty!" and declared her intention of accompanying him in his banishment. Accordingly the mournful wedding ceremony, the very antithesis of our last *marriage de convenance*, was performed in the prison vault, and, a few days after the innocent and guilty, now become one, started on their cheerless wedding trip. The faithful wife took with her the sympathy and blessings of every true woman's heart, and left behind a character which many an heroic maiden of sterner times might have envied. We are glad to learn that this journey did not continue further than Moscow; for there, in consideration of his wife, a pardon reached the offender.—*Residence on the shores of the Baltic.*

Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffling, husky cachination, as if they were laughing thro' wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*

Appropriate Names.—In looking over an old London Directory, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne. *Sputter*, an actor; *Giblett* and *Bull*, butchers; *Dunn*, a tailor; *Truefit*, a wig-maker; *Colmore*, the keeper of an ordinary, (an eating-house;) *Boilit*, a fishmonger; *Rackem*, an attorney; *Whippy*, a saddler; *Breadcut*, a baker; *Coldman*, an undertaker; *Wicks*, a tallow-chandler; and *Brinaglow*, an apothecary.

When men speak ill of thee, do as Plato said he would do in that case—"Live so as that nobody may believe them!"

To boast of holiness, and to live unto ones self, is like a man's boasting of health while he has the plague.

Natural History.

From the N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

"The stork in heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

Storks are birds of passage; and it is uncertain whence they come, or whither they go. Assembling on a particular day, they are said never to leave one of their company behind; and take their flight, when they leave Europe, in the night time. They return in March. In Holland especially they are favorite birds, and protected by law from injury or molestation. An intelligent friend, who has traveled through that country, informs me that these birds are thus carefully preserved, in consequence of their destroying a small insect which is most fatal by undermining their dykes. The Egyptians, it is well known, adored the ancient *Ibis*, which it is supposed by some was the stork.

The crane is also a great wanderer, spending the autumn in Europe; then he visits some more southern climate, and returns again in the spring; crosses over to the north in summer, and comes back to the cultivated grounds once more by the autumn. In these journeys they fly to an astonishing height; and their note, which is uncommonly loud, is often heard in the clouds when the birds are not seen at all. The stork is silent; but the crane has a loud, piercing voice, which governs his own and the flight of others in their migration.

At the end of September, the European swallows direct their flight toward Congo, Senegal and the whole Morocco shore, performing their fatiguing journey in seven days. It is not asserted that all swallows migrate. Some probably are so formed as to be very differently affected by the approach of winter, and find safe retreats, with a sufficiency of warmth, in caves and holes of the earth. Such are awakened from their torpor by the genial influence of spring; while a secret instinct brings back those which in the previous autumn had undertaken the long voyages referred to. The swallow comes back to the nest constructed the previous summer; and the stork will seek again the very house which she forsook at the beginning of the winter.

In the United States, the barn swallows (*Hirundo Americana*) are seen in great numbers, skimming along near the earth, and directing their course toward the south, during the month of September. They probably winter with other American migratory tribes about the Gulf of Mexico. In the winter of 1840, I noticed almost daily amid the cultivated grounds and woods of Florida, flocks of doves, robins, black birds, wild turkeys, the blue-bird and the red-headed woodpecker, all well-known inhabitants of more northern latitudes.—The blue-birds most likely winter in the West Indies, where they are more common at that season. What an extraordinary a flight for so small a bird! He *is* known to fly a mile per minute; and at this rate, allowing time for rest, in less than half a day he would reach the Bermudas, 600 miles distant from the nearest part of our continent!

Few subjects of natural history have excited more curiosity than these annual migrations of the feathered tribes. It is generally believed that the cause of their retreat arises from fear, climate or hunger. Thus the starling, when he finds substance no longer in Sweden, yearly descends into Germany. And the quails forsake the burning heat of Africa for the milder sun of Europe.—Here they pass the summer, and then direct their course back to the temperate air of Egypt. The whole a daring journey, yet easily accomplished.

In our own country, as well as in Europe, this migration usually commences about the end of September, when the birds flock to southern latitudes. It is interesting to notice the order of the flight. Those of the duck species generally range themselves in a long line; or sometimes make their march angularly, uniting two lines in the centre, like the letter ⊳ reversed. The leader at the point seems to cleave the air, and aid the passage of those behind; and when fatigued, he falls back into one of the files, while another takes his place. On Staten Island, two weeks ago, I observed, about sunset, high in the air, a flock of wild geese thus wending their way across New Jersey toward the south.

The Columbia Migratoria, the wild pigeon of our country, is one of the most extraordinary birds known. Wilson, the great American ornithologist, while descending the Ohio, saw a column of these migratory pigeons, passing from Kentucky over Indiana, eight or ten miles in length. Sometimes they swept the heavens in one vast extended line; and then again the pilots would vary their course, until, with shining undulations, the body filled a space resembling the windings of a majestic river. Their journeys are known to extend as far as the Bahama Islands. With some species of the wild duck they travel at the rate of forty miles an hour. The structure of the migratory birds is admirably calculated for rapid and long-continued flight. Their feathers being very light, they can float many hours in the atmosphere, requiring scarcely any support; and their bones, filled with air instead of marrow, are of a lighter substance than those of quadrupeds.

Two things are peculiarly striking in these migrations of the feathered race.

First. They know the precise time when they should go, and when to return. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." We cannot suppose that they have any memory of the region they formerly visited; nor that they can see it while traveling at so great a height in the air. Doubtless they fly onward, as they continue to find the atmosphere suitable to their necessities and feelings; but it is nevertheless in other respects a singular and inexplicable instinct.

Secondly. It is equally astonishing that these birds, without reason, can know the exact path they should take, and how far they should go!—Without a guide or provisions, they will accomplish a journey of more than a thousand miles long, in the most regular order, and usually flying against the wind, and often by night! The humming bird, for instance, the most minute of the migratory tribe, late in September leaves our trumpet, and other tubular flowers, and by a rapidity of flight which almost eludes the eye, soon luxuriates again amid the ever green orange groves of Florida. [Staten Island, Oct. 1841.

Sunday Reading.

From the N. Y. Lyceum Reporter.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY H. L. WINANTS.

"Oh! say do not fair Nature's tones awake the soul to bliss!
And does not thought ascend to Heaven from such a place as this?
And e'en the grave, doth not its voice, amid such flowery ground,
Say to the weary sons of earth, 'Here sweet repose is found.'"

Life is like a dream; and ere we awake to the reality, we are consigned to the tomb! When surrounded by bustle and turmoil, amid the busy haunts of men, little do we conjecture that the insatiate archer is preparing an arrow for us! The mute but impressive lessons of mortality are taught by every thing that meets the eye. The trees wave their shadowy branches, and the flowers scatter their sweetest perfumes to the winds of heaven. The myrtle and the eglantine mourn in sympathy, and the wild blossoms that bloom and perish, remind man that he is passing away!—Yet, there is a melancholy pleasure in the thought that the turfed-hillocks which cover those we love, are placed where friendship may visit with a kindly tribute; where may bloom in quietness the flowers sown by the hand of affection, and nourished by the tears of love; where earthly beings may mingle their devotions to that ever-watchful Deity who "searcheth the hearts and trieth the ways of all men," and reflect with profit on the mutability of life; where, while we gaze upon "the marble slab that marks the spot" where lie those who have gone before us, we may calmly look forward to that period when we shall be consigned to a last resting place by the side of those we have fondly loved, and when others will muse over our graves, and perform those sad offices for us.

Beautiful "GREENWOOD"—thy name hath been the theme of the poet's sublimest strains; the harp and the lyre are attuned anew, sending forth a melancholy dirge, mingled with songs of sweet remembrance; thy sacred soil shall ne'er be decked with the glittering pageantry of earth; the sighing of the wind, as it moans a requiem to the memory of the departed; the singing of the feathered minstrels, and thy "modest marble slabs," shall impress all that thou art truly "the city of the dead!"

Disease, even in its mildest form, is hourly sweeping hundreds of fellow-beings from the face of time, and why should man expose his fellow-man more openly to the shafts of the destroyer? why urge on the day which shall consign to the narrow charnel-house a harmless, unoffending being, and usher into the presence of its God, an immortal soul? But such, alas! is too true.—Such the perverse nature of him who was originally pure and innocent, "created after the image of his Maker."

Beneath the sod of Greenwood Cemetery, lie the remains of one whose mind was free from every evil thought of his fellow-man; who had buffeted the world's adversities without a murmur; who had reveled in the sunshine of beauty's smile, and submitted to the curses of his fellows; who now lies cold and inanimate,

"His heart like broken lyre-strings torn."

Fearful and dark is the contemplation of the grave to him who is unprepared for that "great change;" but to the mind of "AFARA" the grave presented no terrors; death was a welcome messenger; it brought relief from the cares and vicissitudes of life, and removed him from this world, only to shine in a brighter and more expansive sphere. How oft as we look upon the flower-decked grave of Afara, will we be reminded of those beautiful lines of that sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans, over whose writings he spent many a silent hour:

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to spread,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed—
Though they sigh in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift! bring the flowers—pale flowers!"

Poor Afara! Oft in his flittings of fancy has he called forth from the deep recesses of the heart the better and nobler feelings of the human breast, and kindled the purest and most generous attributes of man. But he is gone! No more will the muse of the "Mad Poet" minister to the gratification of those who had loved to study in silence his wild vagarie's song.

"May roses amaranthine deck his urn,
Love crowns his memory.
In bloom of life, he fell not like the flower
Autumnal, lapsing in an age mature,
But like a lily of the vernal morn,
He bloomed awhile, and faded ere 'twas noon.
Such the mysterious calls of Providence."

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.—Among all the fine and beautiful figures and modes of reasoning that the universe in which we dwell has afforded, for the illustration of the bright hope that is within us of a life beyond the tomb, there is none more beautiful or more exquisite, that I know of, than that which is derived from the change of the seasons; from the second life that bursts forth in Spring in objects apparently dead; and from the shadowing forth, in the renovation of every thing around us, of that destiny which divine revelation calls upon our faith to believe shall yet be ours. The trees, that have faded, and remained dark and gray through the long and dreary lapse of winter, clothe themselves again with green in the Spring sunshine, and every hue speaks of life. The birds that were mute sing again as tunefully as ever, the flowers that were trampled down and faded, burst forth once more in freshness and in beauty; the streams break from the icy chains that held them, and the glorious sun himself comes wandering from his far journey, giving summer and warmth and fertility and magnificence to every thing around. All that we see breathes of the same hope, and every thing that we see re-kindles into life.—*James.*

Scientific.

Interesting Astronomical Facts.

The quantity of solar light received at the planet Uranus, is 260 times less than that of the earth.

To an inhabitant of Mercury the sun appears seven times larger than it does to us.

If the degree of heat upon the different planets is in proportion to their distance from the Sun, the average temperature of Mercury will be 333 degrees, 121 degrees above boiling water; that of Uranus 122 degrees below the freezing point.

Mercury's density is equal to that of lead, being the densest planet in the system; Saturn, the rarest, has nearly the density of a cork.

It would take Uranus nearly fifteen years to fall to the sun, if left to the force of gravity alone.

Schroeter estimated a mountain upon Venus to be nearly 22 miles in height.

A locomotive, moving without intermission at the rate of 20 miles per hour, would be 542 years

in traversing the distance between our Earth and the Sun.

Mercury's rate of motion in its orbit, is 30 miles per second, a velocity two hundred times greater than that of a cannon ball, when it leaves the mouth of a cannon.

A body that weighs one pound upon the earth, would weigh twenty-seven and a half pounds if transported to the sun; and an ordinary sized man would there weight four thousand pounds.

Had a steam carriage set out from our earth at its creation, moving at the rate of twenty miles per hour, it would still require three thousand seven hundred years to reach the orbit of Uranus. Were the Sun's centre placed over the Earth, it would entirely fill the Moon's orbit, and extend 200,000 miles beyond it in every direction. The Sun is five hundred and forty-five times larger than all the planetary bodies belonging to the solar system, taken together.

To an inhabitant upon the Moon, the Earth appears thirteen times larger than the Moon does to us.

The distance of the fixed stars cannot be so small as 19,200,000,000,000 of miles. It must have taken the light of some of the stars a thousand years to reach the earth.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUN AND MOON.—Dr. Lardner, in the course of his recent lecture on Astronomy in New York, by way of placing the difference between the light of the Sun and that of the Moon in a more striking view, remarked that it would require the presence of 300,000 full moons, at the same time, in the firmament, to make the night as light as day.

London Fashions.

Fashions for May.

BONNETS.—Rice-straw bonnets will lose nothing of their vogue. A new trimming has been introduced, consisting of shaded ribbons. The centre is pure white, but the shading, which at first is scarcely perceptible, deepens into a variety of rich and glowing hues, as it approaches the edge.—The knot of this ribbon is placed on one side, and a feather or boquet of marabouts on the other.—Drawn bonnets, both of silk and crape, continue in favor; the former are adapted for mourning bonnets, but both may be worn in half dress, according as they are trimmed. Flowers are only employed for the first. A style of trimming has appeared for the interior both of silk and Italian straw bonnets, composed of transparent tulle and small flowers, arranged in the style of a half dress cap. Trimmings are placed much higher, and is a very tasteful alteration.

SCARFS.—Scarfs will be very predominant during the summer, not only of Cashmere, plain, shot and fancy silks, but also of black and white lace; the latter will be generally lined with sarcenet or gauze. Muslin and tarlatan scarfs, lined and beautifully embroidered, will also be much in favor.

DRESSES.—Mousselines de laine are decidedly out of vogue; but plain silks are much in request in morning dress, with the exception of foulards, which are striped and quadrilled in new patterns. Watered and shot silks predeminate in half dress. A very pretty watered silk is also adopted, in different colors, in evening dress. Moire Ninon is adopted in evening dress only; it is a superb watered silk, fringed in small detached bouquets, which are so highly raised as to have the effect of embroidery.

ROBES.—Little alteration has taken place in Robes. Those made high will continue their vogue; and muslin robes, lined with slight silk, will be much in request. Trimmings are but little adopted for the borders of robes; but the style of decorating them, en tablier, is more fashionable than ever. Lace and fancy trimmings are the most employed.

CAPS.—Caps continue as fashionable as ever. Those made quite round, or very short at the ears, have increased much in favor since last month.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashions.*

LUCIFER MATCHES.—"I wonder how they make Lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, about six weeks after their nuptials, and with whom she could never agree.—"The process is very simple," he replied; "I once made one." "Indeed! and pray how did did you manage it?" "Going to church with you," was the brief and satisfactory explanation.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1842.

FRATERNAL ATTACHMENT.—We were casually thrown in company with an interesting young man, not long since, who had been visiting his brother in the city of New-York, for the purpose of surrendering to him all his capital to enable him to meet his engagements. It seems that the brother in New-York had failed, and was about to avail himself of the benefit of the bankrupt act. If he did so, a widow, from whom he had loaned five thousand dollars, would be beggared. This fact troubled him, and he communicated his troubles to his younger brother, who forthwith sold his estate, to the last acre, and placed the proceeds into the hands of his brother in New York, by which means he was enabled to pay off his more pressing debts and to continue a moderate business.

After having performed this brotherly act, our young friend returned to his western home, where, by his industrious habits, he will, doubtless very soon again place himself in comfortable circumstances, while enjoying the conscious pleasure of having saved the good name and fortune of his brother.

Acts like this are well calculated to make us look with more favor upon our fellow-men, and almost compel us to believe that there is still a spark of the emenation of Deity abiding with us.

THE EARLY CULTIVATION OF TABACCO.—This "noxious weed," as some choose to call it, was the first article produced in this country for exportation. It began to be an important commercial commodity as early as 1700, and in 1758 the enormous amount of *seventy thousand hogsheads* (seventy million pounds) were exported. This is about equal to the heaviest average of recent years. But the temptation to cultivate it was irresistable, as it sold for three shillings sterling (72 cents) a pound! The present price is about 8 cents.

It was also a sort of legal tender. The members of the Legislature and the ministers of various denominations, were all paid off in Tobacco. The established ministers generally received about 1600 lbs. of Tobacco a year—quite a handsome salary for those times. Each member of the Virginia House of Burgesses received 150 lbs. per day, during the reign of Charles the First.

RHODE ISLAND IN 1773.—This little colony has before been the theatre of commotion. It was the first colony in which Great Britain sought to exercise her severest oppressions previous to the Revolution. Her premier had ordered a Board of Inquiry, and given the authorities power to send the accused to England for trial. This was deemed so palpable an encroachment upon the rights of the colonies, that the several states protested against it, and, by the suggestion of the Virginia House of Burgesses, corresponding committees were appointed in the several States, to watch the progress of that and other kindred movements.

Had the Dora rebellion a tithe of the cause which produced the excitement of 1773, it would not so soon have been crushed.

EMIGRATION.—Foreigners, in search of a home, are arriving in large numbers. No less than 1240 arrived in New York, in one day, last week. We feel none of the alarm which some of our cotemporaries do, at these arrivals. There is room enough, in our wide-spread land, for the half of Europe. If they but bring industrious habits with them, and independence enough to work out a home in the wilderness, they will be in no danger of beggary or starvation.

☞ It would seem that nearly all the Foreign Powers are at the present moment looking out for "supplies," and that in this respect Sir Robert Peel offers no remarkable contrast to other Ministers. Austria is now negociating a loan of £6,000,000 sterling; Holland a smaller sum of £1,200,000; and Russia, whose wants are in proportion to its size, a larger loan of £10,000,000 sterling.

JEFFERSON AND STEAM.—JEFFERSON, in one of his letters, as early as 1770, lets a sentence drop which shows that he had some idea of what might be accomplished by the power of steam. He says: "You know I had a wagon which moved itself. Cannot we construct a boat then which will row itself?"

HEMP.—The agent of the government, appointed to ascertain whether American Hemp can be procured for the use of the Navy, is now in Ohio. Russia has hitherto supplied the Government.—Our rulers now think it but proper to patronize the industry of American citizens.

Variety.

UPSET THEIR APPLE CARTS.—Just as the Temperance meeting broke up in Independence square, yesterday afternoon, a crasy negro got in the crowd, and kicked up rather a muss, with a club in his hand, before the State House, on Chestnut street. Before the police got hold of him, he upset all the poor women's apple stands and pie "toggery," and such a scrambling as there was after the dainties! The like of it has not been seen since Moses scrambled out of the bulrushes several years ago.

NO DOUBT.—"I see," said a young lady yesterday, "that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one."

"Why?" asked her mother. "Because ma, Mr. G——— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the 'question,' he would sign it."

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—When we look abroad over the great potato patch of the world, we see innumerable hills filled to overflowing with the very smallest kind of 'taters,' and a feeling of sadness comes over us at the thought that they'l never be any bigger.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—"Why it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out."

"That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian; "it cleans him out of house, home, money, and friends."

Women love energy without imitating it; men, tenderness without returning it. All our joys are sudden; they are never the offspring of reflection. One would say that they would not enter the heart but by surprise.

It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentrifice, without any previous preparation whatever; it dissolves the tartarous incrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

DOWRY.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance, mildness; in her speech, wisdom; in her behaviour, modesty; and in her life, virtue. —*Fenton's Epistle.*

"Don't strike! Do be a clever man once," said a little ragged urchin, who was detected by a farmer stealing apples, "Do be a clever man once; for you know you never was!"

"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," a said musician, in the course of a conversation. "So has a jackass!" was the abrupt ejaculation in reply.

A head properly constituted, can accommodate itself to whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

'I deny the *right of search*,' as the thief said to the officer.

AFFECTION.—Kissing a pretty girl with your mouth full of tobacco.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Music.

O dearly do I love to hear,
At early, rosy morn;
The deep verbrating notes,
Of the shrill bugle horn.

Oft have I heard at that still hour,
Those tones so sweet, so soft,
That laughing zephyrs caught the sound,
And bore the strains aloft:

The very birds, would cease their songs;
And seemed to cluster round,
While woods, and hills, in ecstacy,
Would echo back the sound.

And then at evening's placid hour,
When hushed, is noisy mirth;
The silent morn in majesty,
Smiles on the sleeping earth:

'Tis then, I love to listen to
The flute's, melodious strains,
More gentle, than the summer breeze,
That steals along the plains.

There's something soothing to the breast,
In music's softest lays;
Dispelling melancholy thoughts
And passions fierce, allays.

I love the music of the brook;
Of ocean's foaming tide,
I love the music of my thoughts,
When Mary's by my side.

I love the music of the birds;
The music of the ladies,
But O, ye Fates deliver me
From the music of the babies.

Riga, May, 1842. R. J. R.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Temperance Reform.

BY G. W. CLARK.

TUNE—"*O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue ee'n.*"

The sound of cold water is echo'd afar,
The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad,
The light that is beaming from temperance afar,
Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode.

The fruits of reform in beauty appear,
With rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air;
Inebriates are turning, like men they arise,
And earth is becoming the joy of the skies.

The sound of cold water is echo'd afar;
The heralds aloud the glad tidings proclaim;
The long enslaved drunkards now 'waken to prayer,
And thousands rejoice in Immanuel's name.

O tremble ye tempters! ye dealers in gin,—
Forsake your death-traffic—abandon your sin!
Your league shall be broken, your craft overthrown,
Cold water shall *triumph* and reign on her throne.

The sound of cold water is echo'd afar,
And converts outnumber the drops of the morn;
Loud sounds of rejoicing are borne through the air,
From places long wretched, despised and forlorn.

Now millions of tipplers tee-totallars become,
And thousands abandon their traffic in rum;
The earth and the sea shall be cleansed from their stain;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!* AMEN.

[From the Marion (Alabama) Herald.

SATIRE WELL AIMED.—We take particular pleasure in directing the attention of the reader to "The Bustle," by a Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The lines are really beautiful and caustic, and we must say the subject which he satirises is one at which ridicule may with great propriety be directed—at least, in the opinion of the gentlemen.

The Bustle.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MARION LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Haste, Venus! daughter of the purple wave,
Unveil on earth thy radiant charms no more;
Hie, maid of beauty, to thy coral cave,
Thy peerless reign, alas! too soon is o'er.
Nor longer now, ye artless Graces, rise,
Your forms in sweet perfection to display;
Love, Grace, and Beauty with the Goddess dies,
Since now *la mode* proclaims the "Bustle's" sway.

Hail, humpback'd muse, if such a muse there be,
Of gods begot, or of the briny sea;
List to my song, sweet goddess, now attend,
And with my verse thy humpiest numbers blend.
From Helicon, or from Parnassus' height,
Look e'er my page and guide my pen aright.
Tell me, ye daughters of the tuneful Nine,
If one of you e'er wore a hump behind?
Tell me, ye sisters of the graceful Three,
If such a hump on one of you there be?
Oh! say, sweet goddess of the nimble chase,
Does such a hump your outward woman grace?
Proclaim it, mistress of the rosy morn,
Does such a hump your outward Eve adorn?
Speak, gentle Hebe, fairest of the fair,
And if a hump thou hast, sweet goddess, tell us where.
Hail beauteous Psyche! whom artless Nature blest
With charms by far more perfect than the rest:
In praise of whom both gods and men combine;
Say, lovely sprite, wearest thou a hump behind?
In vain, alas! the sculptor's god-like art,
Bids grace and beauty into being start!
In vain he moulds the human form divine,
If Venus lacks an extra hump behind!
In vain Appollo strikes the tuneful lyre,
And all the Muses in her praise conspire!
Even Poets sing, 'mid Tempe's flowery maze,
And gods combine to utter forth her praise!
Ah, no! 'mong all in vain I seek to find
A maid who wears a shapeless hump behind.
Proclaim it, daughters of the tuneful choir,
And touch my song with notes of liquid fire,
Whilst now I sing of etiquette, the laws,
Extol *la mode*, and plead a "Bustle's" cause.

Hail, beauteous hump! mysterious bustle! say,
Of flesh and blood, of rags, or bran, or hay,
Art thou composed, and dos't thou claim
A local situation and a name?
Say whence thou *sprung*, and what thy use and end,
And those I promise with my verse to blend.
Thou art, indeed, the pride of every belle,
Who delights at all to cut an extra *swell*,
And, by thy aid, secure the utmost honor
That feathers, rags, or hay, can *heap* upon her.
I know of humps, at least a score in all,
Which have been worn from time immemorial:
To wit—the back, the shoulders; and 'tis said,
That humps abound upon the smoothest head.
Now, if from these paternity you claim,
Then tell me, pray! what is your proper name?
Some call thee "Bishop," "Bunkey," "*Tournure*,"
And others, by at least a dozen more.
But now, forsooth, myself will call thee "*Bustle*,"
Which means, you know, to frisk about and hustle,
Or move, at least, within so small a compass
As not to raise a riot, row, or rumpus.

But these aside, in thee alone we find
Love, grace and beauty, in one *heap* combined.
In thee alone new beauties *rise* and live,
Which only art and etiquette can give.
Among the grave, the gay, the sad, or merry,
Each maid displays a hump, *la Dromedary;*
The rich, the poor, tho' duns and debts entrammel,
Are found equipped, *la a la mode de Camel.*
The young, the old, though long since *tired* of fashion,
Alike desire the extra hump to lash on.
In truth, 'tis strange the gods should thus mistake,
And place such beauty's on a Dromey's back,
When Venus sure, this mark of grace should claim,
And *raise* complete, her beauty, back, and fame.
Hail, wondrous age! when Nature's perfect law
Resigns the contest to a bag of straw;
When fashion bold, embracing every whim,
Augments the form where Nature fain would trim.
And Taste, as fickle as the floating wind,
Must needs attach an extra hump behind;
While youth and beauty *bending* 'neath the load,
Becomes a martyr to the laws *de mode.*

But, spite of these, I'll plead a "Bustle's" cause,
Extol *la mode*, and emulate the laws,
The age, the custom, etiquette, and taste,
The largest bustle and the slenderest waist;
And if from these I'm favored by the fair,
I'll add the grace, the manners and the air,
For all are written in that perfect code,
The laws of Fashion, or in French, *la mode.* ORIE.

Spring.

BY V. G. ALLYN.

The spring-time with its balmy breath,
Is broad upon the hills;
And the sunshine dances gaily
To the music of the rills;
And timidly the violet lifts
Its head from the dewy grass,
As if to catch the fragrant gifts
Of the breezes as they pass.

Kissed by the spirit of the wind,
The buds are peeping out
Their roughish eyes, as if to see
What Nature is about.
The peach tree and the lilac
Unfold their virgin charms,
And look as if they meant to woo
The Summer to their arms.

The cunning birds are busy now,
For their wooing time has come;
And their little hearts flow out in song,
As they build their summer home.
'Tis a pleasant thing to look upon
The gladness of the earth,
When sunshine melts the ice away,
And calls the flowers to birth.

On the Portrait of a Lady.

TAKEN BY A DAGUERREOTYPE.

Yes, there are her features, her brow and her hair,
And her eyes with a look so seraphic,
Her nose and her mouth, with the smile that is there
Truly caught by the Art Photographic.

Yet, why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
When, by many a person's confession,
Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
Are sufficient to make an impression?

The Laborer.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a Man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great plan
That with Creation's plan began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief;
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted eye,
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What was the proud one's scorn to thee!
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idle as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consulting fires
To that high nature which aspires
For ever till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They claim thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not, 'tis but dust!
No place, uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then—that thy span
Of life may be well trod.

Flowers.

Oh! they look upwards in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wandering by woods and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God:
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And bless'd what He had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers:
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessings of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—
The bright, bright flowers!

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
And sweet is the woodbine as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in a world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!

Marriages.

In this city, on the evening of the 19th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, Esq., Postmaster of this city, to Miss LOIS ANN, daughter of the late Warham Whitney, all of this place.

On the 17th inst., by Rev. P. Church, Captain William Kent, to Miss Phila Parker, all of this city.

In Syracuse, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Adams, AARON LOVECRAFT, of Rochester, to Miss ALTHEA E. VEASIE, of the former place.

At Bellefonte, Penn., on Wednesday, the 4th inst., by the Rev. Samuel H. Cooper, Daniel Welch, Esq., of Rochester, to Jane E., daughter of the Rev. James Linn, of the former place. "The silken cord that binds two willing hearts."

In Churchville, on Thursday evening, 8th inst., by G. C. Dibble, Esq. Mr. A. F. Chamberlin to Miss Melinda Buck, all of that place.

In Parma, May 11th, at the house of Mr. Edward Bush, by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Joel Gillett to Miss Hannah J. Jacobus, all of Greece. At the same time and place by Rev. E. T. Manning, Mr. Edward Bush to Miss Mary Bennett, all of Parma.

In Cooper county, Missouri, on the 14th April, James Franklin Bear, to Sophia E., eldest daughter of the late Capt. John C. Rochester, formerly of this place.

At Pembroke, on the 16th, by Elder Fairchild, Mr. Nathan Read of Pittsfield, Mass., to Miss Anna Blackman, of Pembroke.

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Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Attorney stood like a statue, as Lucy went out, neither moving nor speaking to interrupt her. He heard her faint steps as she went down the stairs. He even counted them; for his sense of hearing seemed to have gained ten-fold acuteness; but at last she was out of hearing, and he had nothing left but his own thoughts. Still he remained in the same posture of intense attention; but the words which dropped from his lips showed that his mind was running on the one engrossing scheme of his present life.

"Fool! dolt! that I was, to have committed such a short-sighted blunder! Why, the veriest ass that knocks his head against a law-book, and calls himself a lawyer, could not have made a fouler one. To be balked too by a girl; a mere *girl*, like the she which that old man has left behind him! To see her in possession of all his property! and myself—where? God only knows!—And all by my own cursed folly! It will drive me mad!"

The Attorney fairly gnashed his teeth, as he strode up and down the room, after this last outbreak of chagrin.

"She would have me grovelling in the very dust; crushed, blasted; a thing for the world to hiss at; my name a by-word for all that is vile and hateful; myself pointed out, as the plotting, scheming, shallow-headed fool, who had not brains enough to outwit a girl in her teens! Pah! it sickens me!"

All violent feelings wear themselves out, and so it was in this case. For a long time Bolton paced that room, scourged by the very demons which his own fears had raised; and then he set to work to see if there was no escape from the evil which threatened him.

The fact which Lucy had communicated, and which had so startled him that in the first moment of wild apprehension he had betrayed his plans, was this: The will was dated on the tenth of August; and of course purported, unless the contrary was shown, to be executed on the same day.—But during the whole of that month both Higgs and Wilkins were absent from the city, and consequently could not have witnessed its execution.

"It's too late to alter the date," muttered Bolton; "for that is already known. They must swear that it was signed on some other day; and we'll contrive some way to account for the discrepancy between the date and execution. Such a variation, with a plausible reason for it, will not affect the validity of the will."

He went to a shelf, took down a number of books, turned over the leaves of several of them, and was soon engrossed in deep study. "I'm safe on that point," said he at last, throwing the book which he was reading from him; but even as he spoke the color fled from his cheek, and his look of satisfaction was succeeded by one of the most sickening fear. He muttered in a whisper so low that he seemed almost afraid to breathe it to himself: "Can I have told any one that it was executed on the tenth of August? If so, God help me, or I'm lost!"

It was a strange appeal, from such a man, in such a cause. Every conversation which he had ever had respecting that will returned to his memory as clearly and distinctly as if it had taken place but an hour before. Many had spoken to him about it, for it was noised abroad that the rich Mr. Crawford had disinherited his only child to give his property to a stranger. The world had its say; and people shrugged their shoulders, and shook their heads; but the Attorney was a man whom few liked to grapple with; so they kept their thoughts to themselves.

Every word, every person who had ever alluded to this matter with him, the lawyer heard and saw in his mind as palpably as if each were standing before him, flesh, bone and blood. Some had jested with him; some had congratulated him; and not a few had listened to him with downcast eyes, and had left him without a word. He was surprised that every thing presented itself to him so distinctly; for trifles hitherto unheeded sprang up, like phantoms of the dead from burial places where they had long lain forgotten.

He had said much which it would have been better for his cause that he should not have uttered; he had not thought so at the time; for he had resolved to show no apprehension on the subject of the will; and although he never introduced it, he never shrank from it when others did. He remembered too that he had mentioned the fact which he so much dreaded to several; but he had done it in a casual manner; and he hoped that it was forgotten by those who had heard it. The only time that he had boldly and unequivocally asserted it was on the night that he produced the will at Miss Crawford's house. None were present then except herself and Lucy. The first could not be a witness—the last *would* not, lest she might blast the character of her husband by doing so. Then he remembered what he had told her respecting Wilkins' intentions toward her; and a fear crossed him, that this might change her feelings toward her husband into one of hate. If so, and she appeared as a witness, and told what she knew, and what she had that day seen and heard, he felt that his ruin was certain. But that was a risk which could not be avoided. All others could; and he determined to shut his eyes to his danger, and to apply himself to guard those points which could be defended. It is scarcely necessary to trace his course, or to detail particularly the nature of the conferences which he had with Higgs and Wilkins, in arranging his plans.

Before the day for proving the will arrived, he received a notice that Mr. Fisk had been retained as proctor, on the part of Miss Crawford. Unwilling to trust to himself alone, in a matter where he ran so much risk, he engaged the professional services of Mr. Whitman, a man of eminent legal abilities, and of unimpeachable integrity. There was policy in this; for Bolton, although reckless and unprincipled, knew full well the influence which a fair name has with the world at large, and that the very fact of having such a man as Whitman enlisted on his side would tell strongly in his favor. He fabricated a specious tale of his case, which completely enlisted the legal sympathies of the lawyer, who although he might have regretted that a young girl had been stripped to enrich a man like Bolton, still felt that Bolton had rights which ought to be protected. All that his case admitted of, Bolton had done: and he now awaited the result with a degree of calmness in which there was a strong mixture of desperation.

The day appointed for the trial at last arrived. It was a bright golden morning, and all the world which thronged the streets seemed gay and glad; far unlike the gaunt, spectre-like man who sat in the back office of the crumbling house already so often mentioned. Mental anxiety had done its work on the Attorney. Thin he always was, but he had become so meagre and lank, that his flesh seemed to have been starved away, until his skin covered only a skeleton. Although there was a daring concentration of purpose in the burning eyes which glared from beneath his black brows, yet on that day at intervals a feeling of terror, the most abject and paralyzing, overwhelmed him, crushing him to the very earth, and sweeping before it every trace of hope and resolution. The next moment came a reaction; and he sprang up—erect; his eyes flashing, his brow knit, and undaunted in purpose. After one of these fits of temporary weakness, he walked up and down the room until he was perfectly calm. He stopped and laid his hand on his heart. Its pulsations were slow and regular. He took up a small looking-lass which hung in a cornr, and examined his own face in it. It was wasted, and even ghastly. He looked into his eyes, and smiled. "No cowardice *there*, at least!" said he. He was never more collected. He turned over his papers, examined them, ran his eye over some relating to other matters than the will; paused to correct them; made a few trifling alterations in the punctuation; and then carefully tied them up and laid them on the table. There was a speck of dust on his coat. He got up, reached a brush and brushed it off. He was surprised at his own composure, for he felt that it certainly was a most momentous day for him. At times his mind wandered off; but he felt no alarm; for he was thinking of things far away. There was a glass of water on the table; and he caught himself shaking it, and watching the wizard circles made by its reflection on the ceiling. He wished that the hour for proving the will would come. He threw himself back in his chair, and drew out his watch.—Ten o'clock was the time, and it was now but nine. The minutes lagged heavily until half past nine, and then Higgs and Wilkins made their appearance. He had already drilled them in their part, so that there was nothing to be done. He conversed with them on indifferent subjects while he was putting on his hat and coat. He felt uncommonly merry, and jested as they went into the street. The matter-of-fact appearance of every thing there however gradually recalled him to a more natural state of feeling. His apathy wore off; his mind recovered a more healthful though a less comfortable tone; and it was with burning anxiety that he found himself in the surrogate's office.

The office of the surrogate consisted of two rooms, with thick, massive walls, connected together by a small door. The floor was of stone, scantily covered with straw matting, and strewed with torn papers. On shelves against the wall, were rows of heavy volumes, in which were registered the last wishes of thousands who had long since died and were forgotten. Documents of various kinds—bonds, blank letters of administration, old wills, and fragments of paper, were scattered over the desks and tables, at one of which sat an old man with spectacles, with a frizzled wig, copying a ragged will in a large book with a red cover. As they entered, he rubbed his eye with the knuckle of his fore-finger, at the same time opening his mouth to facilitate the operation, and took no further notice of them than to point with the feather end of his quill to the inner office, in which a number of persons were already collected. In the middle of this room was a round table covered with green baize, with a small platform behind it, on which stood an arm-chair. In the arm-chair sat Mr. Jagger, the surrogate. He was a short fat man, with a head so void of hair that it seemed like the egg of an ostrich, and a beetle-brow, beneath which glowed a pair of red-rimmed, wrathful eyes, that seemed to nourish a grudge against every one, and dead men in particular.

Bolton arrived before the time; yet he had scarcely entered the office when his proctor made his appearance. He was a tall man, with a dark cadaverous face, and loosely made, as if hung together at the joints with hooks-and-eyes. He had a nervous habit of twitching at his watch-chain when much excited, and of gnawing the end of his quill. He was constitutionally irritable; but had his temper so much under control that at the trial of a cause few would have perceived this failing; although an unlucky witness, during his cross-examinations, would occasionally find the

air of a court-room to be very oppressive and extremely conducive to profuse perspiration. But with all this irritability, he was a good-hearted man, and rigidly correct in conduct.

He walked quietly across the room, bowed to the surrogate, and taking a seat in one corner, thrust his hand into a pocket of immeasureable depth, and drew out a bundle of papers, tied together with red tape. Untying these, he carefully selected one, and commenced reading, taking no farther notice of any one.

As it grew close upon the hour of ten, Bolton became more nervous and restless. He got up, walked to and fro, stopped suddenly, took out his papers, fingered them over, as if looking for a particular one; then laid them down, without having seen one of them, and crossed over to where Mr. Whitman was sitting, whispered a joke in his ear, laughed loud and turned suddenly away and took a seat. Mr. Whitman looked at him sternly and inquisitively. He liked not the man; but he supposed his cause to be legally a just one, and therefore waived all personal feeling. There was something strange in the manner of Bolton; but he knew that he had much at stake, and attributed his eccentricity to that. After staring at him for a moment or two, he again turned his attention to his papers.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked gravely in, and close at his heels stalked Wommut. Both seated themselves, the one on a chair, the other on the floor directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, Sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpœnaed to testify; and here's the document." As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into a snuff color, and was particularly crumpled.

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"He hasn't had time to do any thing," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I come. He goes when I goes. "He's a peeler."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise would have been; and he replied:

"I make no opposition, Sir; and shall not move a finger to perwent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin' ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that aint one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg!" said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig who sat in the outer room; "remove the dog."

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog and told him to get out; to which Wommut replied by snapping at his fingers as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring intensely out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression toward that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, Sir. He resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger, sternly.

Walker, a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

"Sir!" exclaimed a thin man in the corner, who had been subpœnaed, to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was the only witness in the world, starting to his feet, under the vague impression that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

"Not you—the man with a dog."

Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certingly, Sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Wommut, go home." Wommut rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with a wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion: and having comforted himself by a ferocious attack on a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encountered in the entry, was seen from the window walking solemnly up the street.

This matter being disposed of, the court scratched its nose with the end of a pen, and looked impatiently at a clock which hung over the door, as much as to ask how it dared to keep a surrogate waiting. At last he said:

"Mr. Whitman, do you know whether Mr. Fisk ever intends to come?"

"I presume he does," replied Mr. Whitman.—"It's not time yet;" and without farther reply he went on reading, while the surrogate looked out of the window.

A slight beckoning motion of Higgs' finger at that moment, brought Bolton to his side.

"What's the meaning of that fellow's being here?" said he, indicating Rawley by a scarcely perceptible jerk of the head, who sat watching Mr. Whitman with a look of profound and mysterious import. "I don't want him here. It bodes us no good."

"Who is he?" inquired the lawyer, nervously.

"Rawley," replied Higgs, bluntly. "*He knows us.* 'Till within a week or two we've been at his place daily. He can tell a good deal that I'd like to have kept close."

Bolton attempted to smile, but his lip quivered and twitched, and the expression of his face became perfectly ghastly.

"Be a man! will you?" muttered Higgs, savagely. "No nonsense now. If you betray *us*, you'll have to reckon with *me*. Your lawyer 's looking at you; and you say he's not in the plot. Laugh, man, laugh! I believe he half suspects something wrong."

A glance showed Bolton that although Mr. Whitman seemed engaged in perusing the paper which he held in his hand, he was in reality watching him. He muttered a few incoherent words to Higgs, and walked off with a loud laugh. As he did so he met Mr. Fisk, who at that moment entered the office with Mr. Cutbill at his heels, carrying two law-books under his arm and a pen over his ear. Mr. Fisk glanced at Bolton, and passed on without speaking to him; and so did Mr. Cutbill. Mr. Fisk nodded to the surrogate, who answered it by an inclination of the head; and Mr. Cutbill, being doubtful whether he might venture on the same familiarity with a surrogate, bowed to a man with a frizzled wig. Mr. Fisk placed his hat on the table, and threw in it a bundle of papers, which he had in his hand, and then nodded to Mr. Rawley. Mr. Cutbill thereupon placed *his* hat on the table; laid his two law-books by the side of it, and advanced and shook hands with Mr. Rawley sociably; and finding that Mr. Fisk had seated himself, he immediately followed his example.

"If you are ready, gentlemen, we will proceed," said Mr. Jagger.

"I am ready, Sir," said Mr. Fisk, untying his papers and spreading them on the table. Mr. Cutbill forthwith made three pens, tore several sheets of paper in halves, and prepared to take voluminous notes. Mr. Whitman, after a few moments spent in looking over a paper which he held in his hand, rose on the opposite side of the table, and said that he appeared on the part of Reuben Bolton, to ask that the last will and testament of John Crawford, late of this city, deceased, be admitted to probate, and letters testamentary granted to him, as the executor named in it. The proper order, he said, had already been entered, on a petition heretofore made by the executor, who at that time had furnished due proof of the death of the testator. The testator, he continued, had left but one child, a daughter, surviving him; who could properly come neither under the head of heir-at-law, nor next of kin, she being illegitimate. A citation had nevertheless been served on her, notifying her of the time appointed for probate of the will; so that she might appear in court and make any opposition which she thought fit. He understood that it was her intention to resist this application of the executor; but of the position assumed by her in such opposition, he was ignorant. He would proceed to prove due service of the summons, and would then produce witnesses to show the execution of the will.

After reading an affidavit, proving the service of the summons, he sat down and whispered a few moments with Bolton; who was seated at his elbow, and called William Higgs.

It was a moment of intense anxiety to Bolton, when Higgs took his stand. He fixed a keen hawk-eye on him, as the oath was administered to him. But there was nothing to fear; for Higgs was a man whose nerves were of iron; and of the two, the Attorney was the most agitated. Higgs seemed to be of the same opinion; for as his eye wandered around the room, it fell on that of Bolton with a look full of stern warning and menace. It was but a glance; the next instant it was gone. But the Attorney understood it; and leaning his head forward to hide his face, he pretended to be engaged in reading.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Jagger, drawing a sheet of paper to him, and dipping his pen in a large stone inkstand.

"William Higgs," replied the witness.

The surrogate took it down. "Gentlemen proceed."

Mr. Whitman rose and taking the will, unfolded it and placed it in Higgs' hands. He then walked deliberately back to his seat, put on his spectacles, took up a pen, and prepared to make notes of the answers of the witness.

"In whose hand-writing is the second signature to the attestation clause of that will, and by whom was it put there?" said he.

"It is mine, and I wrote it," replied Higgs.

"On what occasion?" asked Mr. Whitman, without raising his eyes from the paper on which he was writing.

"At the time that the will was signed by Mr. Crawford," replied Higgs, in a firm, clear voice.

"Be good enough to state to the court the manner in which it was executed, and how they came to attest it. Raise your voice."

Higgs paused a moment, and then stated that he together with Wilkins had gone to the office of Bolton to transact some business of their own.—On arriving, they found Mr. Crawford also there with Bolton. He was reading a paper which he afterward informed them was his will. When he had completed the perusal of it, he was desirous of executing it on the spot, and proposed to Wilkins and himself to become the witnesses to its execution. On their assenting, he declared it to be his last will and testament, subscribed it in their presence, and they witnessed it in his.

"Not so fast," interrupted Mr. Fisk, who was taking down the testimony as rapidly as his pen could fly over the paper. "Repeat what you last said."

He did so.

"Very well; go on."

"Were you acquainted with Mr. Crawford?" asked Mr. Whitman.

"Very slightly. I had talked with him, and knew him to be Mr. Crawford."

"Was he present when the will was attested?"

"He was. He held the paper open while we signed it."

A few questions were asked as to the mental capacity of the testater, and these being satisfactorily answered, Mr. Whitman paused, leaned his head on his hand, and whispered a few words to Bolton, after which he said: "Mr. Fisk, the witness is yours."

Mr. Fisk paused to nib a pen, and then with a pleasant smile on his face, and in a quiet, friendly tone, inquired:

"What's your age?"

"About forty."

"Where do you reside?"

"In this city," replied Mr. Higgs.

"What's your occupation?"

"I have none at present. I'm a gentleman at large."

"A pleasant profession," said Mr. Fisk, in an amiable tone. "When did you first begin to be a gentleman at large?"

"I have always been one," returned Higgs, not altogether seeing the dangerous tendency of the questions, while Bolton sat upon thorns, vainly endeavoring to catch his eye.

"I suppose you have property?"

"I'm rather snug at present; more so than I have been. I inherited something lately."

"From whom?" demanded Mr. Fisk, pausing in his writing, and looking up; though Mr. Cutbill did not for a moment suffer his pen to stop.

"From a deceased uncle," replied Higgs, beginning to feel a little uneasy at the turn the examination was taking.

"What was his name?"

Higgs hesitated, but it was only for a moment. He caught the eye of Bolton, and saw the half-

triumphant smile of Fisk, and his hesitation vanished.

"His name was the same as mine, William Higgs."

"If your honor please," said Mr. Whitman, rising, "I object to these questions, as altogether irrelevant. They have no bearing on the case, and only consume the time of the court and counsel, without profiting any one."

Down he sat, and up got Mr. Fisk. "The counsel," he said, "was as well aware as he was, of the object of these questions; and as he had no wish to let the witness see his hand, nor to place him on his guard, he hoped that the court would permit him to continue his examination, without compelling him to state his immediate object. If in his progress he should ask any question which the laws of evidence prohibited, of course the court would stop him; but until he did so, he claimed the right to elicit any information from the witness which would benefit his client.

Mr. Whitman replied, and the questions were ruled to be proper. Mr. Fisk continued his examination.

"When did this relative die?"

Mr. Higgs, after a slight process of mental arithmetic, calculated the time, and replied: "A fortnight since."

"What property did he leave?" said Mr. Fisk, with a smile which would have been more agreeable had the question been less embarrassing.

"The amount was not very large," replied Higgs; "a few thousands or so."

Again Whitman rose and objected, and the court supported the objection, unless Mr. Fisk would state the object of the examination.

Fisk then said that it was his intention to show that the witness was a man of notoriously infamous character; that he had led a vagabond life for many years past; that he had never possessed, nor gained by his own industry, nor inherited property of any description; and that all his means of support were derived from Bolton; furnished no doubt on the understanding that he was to lend his assistance in establishing this will. *That* he said was the object of his questions; an object which, now that he had been compelled to mention it, he presumed it would be impossible for him to attain; as the witness being warned would be careful so to frame his replies as to baffle all farther inquiries."

He sat down, dipped his pen spitefully in the ink-stand, and violently assaulted a corn on Mr. Cutbill's left foot with the heel of his boot.

The surrogate rubbed his chin, and said that he thought the party had a right to draw from the witness any facts which would tend to show what credit might be given to his testimony. He permitted the question to be put. Mr. Whitman requested the court to note his exception; and Mr. Fisk contined his examination by a series of short but pertinent inquiries which, had they been answered as he wished them to be, would have gone far to shake the credibility of Higgs. But that gentleman was now on his guard; and although the skilful attorney varied his mode of attack and shifted his ground, and from time to time returned and renewed his efforts unexpectedly on various points where he thought the witness was most assailable, he was still completely baffled; for Higgs' resources increased with his risk; and he fabricated with a facility and ingenuity truly wonderful. At length Mr. Fisk turned to him, and looking him steadily in the face, demanded:

"Have you at any time received money from Mr. Bolton?"

"No!" replied Higgs, bluntly.

"Did you ever receive a cheque from him?"

"No."

"Are you positive?"

"I am."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Fisk, extending toward him a paid cheque, the very one which Bolton had given him in his office, and which he had got cashed at the bank. "Have you ever seen that before?"

"I have," replied Higgs, with unruffled composure.

"Did you ever get the money for it?"

"I did," said he, without looking at Bolton, who sat with a blanched face, and the perspiration standing on his forehead. "I was going to the lower part of the city; Mr. Bolton wanted some money, and asked me as I passed the bank to stop and get the cheque cashed for him. I did so, and handed the money to him."

A close observer might have observed that Bolton drew a long breath as Higgs gave this plausible reply, like a man suddenly relieved from some great pressure.

Fisk cross-examined him severely; but he drew nothing from him. He then took up the cross-examination as to the will.

"Were you present at the execution of that will?" inquired he.

"I was."

"Who signed it?"

"Mr. Crawford, the testator."

"When was it?"

"Some time in the month of September last. I don't recollect the day."

Mr. Fisk's countenance fell, and Mr. Cutbill looked absolutely miserable.

"Are you sure that it was in September?" asked Fisk, going on with his notes; although it was a moment of intense anxiety.

"I am."

Fisk rose and took the will from the witness.

"The will is dated August 10th, and purports to be executed on that day," said he, handing it to the surrogate. "Here's a strange discrepancy between the date and execution."

"How do you account for that, Sir?" said Mr. Jagger, looking very profoundly at him.

"I don't pretend to account for it," replied Higgs. "All I know is, that I put my signature to that paper at the request of Mr. Crawford, and it must have been in September; for Mr. Wilkins and myself were both absent from the city during the month of August, and did not return until September. It was shortly after our return. I think within a week. I can't swear to the day of the month; but it was from the fifth to the tenth of September. If that will states that we witnessed it in August, it's wrong."

There was a look of triumph on the face of Bolton when Fisk, after a long and fruitless cross-examination, told the witness he might go. Mr. Whitman then called George Wilkins.

His testimony was substantially the same as that of Higgs; and he sustained a very severe cross-examination without the slightest flinching. He was blunt and even savage in his manner; but his testimony was direct and clear; and when examined as to the date of the execution of the will, he swore positively that it was on the fifth or sixth of September, he did not recollect which; but he was sure it was one or the other. He was present; knew Mr. Crawford, and saw him sign the paper. He also swore to the capacity of the testator.

"We have done with the witness," said Whitman, leaning back in his chair.

Again Fisk tried cross-examining; but at last he threw down his pen, after having exhausted every effort to impair his testimony without success. He felt that the day was against him. His manner was unconstrained; his smile pleasant; but both of the lawyers opposed to him were too well acquainted with his manner not to be satisfied that he was greatly disappointed, as he dismissed the witness.

Probate of the will was then requested; but Mr. Fisk mentioned that it was his intention to introduce witnesses on the part of the heir-at-law, and the surrogate declined giving a decision until they had been heard.

The whole morning had been consumed in the examination of Higgs and Wilkins, and in skirmishes between the lawyers as to points of law and the admissibility of evidence, the detail of which has been in a great measure omitted. As soon as they had got through, Mr. Jagger drew out a large watch, looked at the hour, compared it with the clock over the door, held it to his ear, adjourned the court for two hours, and without the loss of time jumped up, put on his hat, and walked directly out of the office, looking neither to the right nor left, and speaking to no one.

His example was followed by the others, who gradually dropped off, until the man in the frizzled wig, who was quietly slumbering behind his spectacles, with his pen in his hand and a large blot on the page where he intermitted his labors, was the sole occupant of the office.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The interval of adjournment was passed by the Attorney and his two confederates in Bolton's office. The long-legged clerk was sent off on some unimportant errand, to get him out of the way; for many matters were to be discussed which the Attorney thought it wise to keep from his ears.

The haggard, unearthly look which during the early part of the day had pinched his face almost out of human semblance, was succeeded by one of high excitement; for the trial thus far had gone off well; and he was proportionably sanguine.—Higgs seemed to participate in his feelings, and gave vent to a variety of demonstrations of satisfaction which were peculiar to himself; such as throwing his hat with great science across the room; waving his hands in divers hitherto unheard-of and fantastic manners, and whistling with tremendous force. But Wilkins, from the time that he had delivered his testimony, had become moody and sullen, taking no share in the conversation, and scarcely deigning to answer when spoken to.

"We managed it well," said the Attorney, rubbing his hands together with an appearance of keen satisfaction. "We shall beat them. Fisk has given up. His looks show it."

Wilkins raised his eyes from the floor, which he had been contemplating, and said in a gloomy tone: "You'll gain your end; and to help you do it, I've damned myself, body and soul. I'll never hold up my head again. It is the first time I ever committed perjury."

Higgs placed his hand on his shoulder and said: "Psha! George, don't be a woman. Think of the twenty thousand."

"I do think of it," answered the wretched man; "and I would count down every dollar of it on this very spot, to the man that could make me even the miserable outcast that I was before I crossed the threshhold of that office. I sha'n't go there again. The air of that blasted room chokes me; and when I think of the curse that I have drawn down upon myself in that very room, and see those big books on the shelves about its walls, and know that on each leaf of them is written the last wishes of a man who was once living like myself, but has gone to his last account, it makes me shudder. I can't go there again. It's torture. I won't!—I *swear* I won't! I'll keep *that* oath, if I have broken another."

"Well, George, I did not expect this from you," said Higgs, taking his hand. "Why, who used to be the wildest and most daring of our set?—Who led us on when there was mischief in the wind? Who always cheered the faint-hearted and encouraged the hot-headed? Who but you? My dear fellow, don't give up now! All looks fair. Don't it Bolton?"

"Fairer than we could hope," replied the lawyer. "We must win. You are safe; nor is it necessary that you should go the surrogate's office again. But don't lose heart."

Wilkins shook his head. "I don't know how it is," said he, "but I am as frightened as a child to-day. I feel as if some great evil was hanging over me; and I think that at times I can see its shadow, but I look up, and nothing is there but the blue sky. I know that it's all fancy—a kind of dream; and I try to shake it off; and it leaves me for a time, but it soon comes back. I hope it's no omen of evil. I should like to live to see the twenty thousand. I've done your business," said he to Bolton abruptly; "you must do without me now; for to gain the half of this city I wouldn't go into that room and swear again to what I swore this morning."

All attempts to change his resolution were fruitless: and the hour to which the court had adjourned being nigh at hand, they left him sitting in the office, and once more directed their steps to the surrogate's office.

When they arrived there, the room was filled with witnesses, and with those whose curiosity had led them thither. Among the last, in a conspicuous position, sat Mr. Quagley, with the stunted marker at his side. Presently the surrogate came in, hung his hat on a peg, and took his seat. In a few moments Mr. Cutbill made his appearance, leading in Mrs. Dow, who after courtesying nervously to every body, and growing very red in the face, sat down and smiled incessantly, as if she wished to impress it upon those present that she considered being subpœnaed as a witness one of the most agreeable things in the world.

Bolton experienced a slight feeling of trepidation as he ran his eye over the array of witnesses; but more particularly when it fell on a man with white hair, who was sitting behind the rest, with his chin resting on his hands, which were crossed over the top of his cane, and watching those about him with deep interest. It was the old witness. Bolton felt that a supporting column of his fabric was knocked away. The proof of the legitimacy of Miss Crawford would throw a shadow of fraud upon the will which it would be difficult to remove. Still it would be suspicion only, and the will might be valid; but would the court so decide? He dared not answer his own question; and he sat down in a dream-like stupor, paying attention to nothing until Mr. Fisk rose to speak.

He stated briefly that he appeared there to contest the instrument offered for probate, and which

purported to be the last will and testament of John Crawford deceased, on the part of the HEIR-AT-LAW. As he said this, he turned and looked significantly at Bolton. He said that he would prove beyond a doubt the marriage of Eliza Jones to John Crawford, and the subsequent birth of a daughter, Helen Crawford, who was the party opposing the will. He would also show to the court that the character of the witnesses to that instrument was such that they could not be believed under oath; that they were men whose very means of subsistence were obtained by crime, and to whose testimony no weight whatever could be attached. Declarations of Reuben Bolton as to the time of the execution of that paper would also be offered in evidence; declarations totally at variance with the sworn evidence of the witnesses, who by their own account attested the paper in his office and in his presence. He would also offer in evidence declarations of the testator, made shortly previous to his death, and since the time at which that will was pretended to have been executed, that he had made a will, naming his daughter Helen Crawford therein as his sole devisee; and lastly, he would show that at the very time this pretended will was sworn to have been subscribed by the testator in the office of Bolton, Mr. Crawford was absent from the city; had been so for several weeks, and did not return until two months afterward. He cast a triumphant glance at the Attorney; but Bolton had recovered his composure. Mr. Fisk sat down, and called John Hastings.

This was the old witness. He gave his evidence in a clear, straight-forward manner. He proved the marriage; gave the name of the clergyman, and of those present at the ceremony, and mentioned the place at which it was performed.—The book in which it was registered by the officiating clergyman was also produced, and his handwriting and the identity of the book were proved beyond a doubt; for the information obtained from this witness had enabled the friends of Miss Crawford to discover the name of the person who had performed the nuptial ceremony, and the proper place at which to search for the record of the marriage. He also gave a detailed account of his recent visits to the office of the Attorney for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of Mr. Crawford, and of the manner in which Bolton had deceived him from time to time, and of his strange behavior on the night of his last visit to his office. His manner was so simple yet earnest and truthful that his evidence told terribly against Bolton. Mr. Whitman cross-examined him, and attacked and harassed him in every possible manner; but the story was still the same. There was no variation, no contradiction; and at last he was told that he might go.

As he sat down Mr. Whitman turned furiously to Bolton, and asked in a whisper: "What's the meaning of this, Sir? It's proved beyond a doubt. There's no doubt as to her legitimacy."

"I can't understand it. It's *false*," replied Bolton in a faint voice. "Perhaps there's subornation. I suspect foul play."

"*So do I*," said Mr. Whitman, looking at him with a lowering eye. "If Fisk makes out his case there will be no doubt of the d—dest villany *somewhere* that ever was perpetrated; and be the perpetrator who he may, he shall pay the penalty, if there's law in the land."

As he said this, he turned savagely away to take down the answers of the next witness, who was no other than the relict of the late Mr. Dow. Mr. Fisk handed her to a chair near the surrogate.

"What's your name?" demanded Mr. Jagger.

"Mrs. Dow—Mrs. Wiolet Dow," replied the witness.

The surrogate took it down, and then extended the Bible toward her.

"Put your hand on the book."

Mrs. Dow did so.

"Are you left-handed?" inquired Mr. Jagger, gruffly.

"O! no Sir; my husband was, but *I* ain't."

"Then put your right hand on the Bible, and listen to the oath. Stand up. You solemnly swear that the evidence which you shall give in the matter of proving the last will and testament of John Crawford deceased shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"Of course it shall be, Mr. Surrogate. Of course it shall," said Mrs. Dow, courtesying; "I always tell the truth."

"Kiss the book!" interrupted Mr. Jagger, at the same time extending to her a remarkably dirty Bible, which in due form of law had submitted to the embraces of every witness he had had for the last ten years.

Mrs. Dow kissed the book; and after a few preliminary rufflings settled herself down, and looked very earnestly at Mr. Fisk, at the same time pulling her gloves off and putting them on again with rather an unnecessary degree of frequency.

"Where do you reside, Mrs. Dow?"

"In the Bowery, three doors from S—— street, on the north side; a small brick house with a yellow door."

"No matter for that," interrupted Mr. Fisk.—"You reside in the city?"

"Oh yes, Sir; I do."

"What is your age?" inquired Mr. Fisk.

Mrs. Dow reddened, and hesitated. "My age, Sir? Is that very material?"

"No. You are past twenty, are you not," said Mr. Fisk.

"I object to that question as leading," said Mr. Whitman, a grim smile crossing his face for the first time that day.

"Put it yourself," replied Mr. Fisk, looking up from his writing.

"I will. Are you past sixty or seventy, Madam?"

"Seventy! gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dow, extremely agitated.

Here the mirth of the stunted marker, who had been watching the trial with great interest, became exceedingly uproarious, and was cut short by Mr. Quagley, who quietly applied his knuckles in a single hard knock upon the top of his head.

Mr. Jagger looked sternly at the stunted marker, and said sometning about committing him, but altered his mind; he scratched his nose with his little finger, and told Mr. Fisk to proceed.

"You need not answer the question," said Mr. Fisk. "It's unimportant, and I withdraw it.—Are you acquainted with a man by the name of George Wilkins?"

"O yes, Sir, I think I am—I ought to be." And Mrs. Dow looked as if she could say a great deal more if it was necessary.

"Then you are acquainted with him?" said Mr. Fisk.

"O! yes Sir, quite acquainted."

"Did he ever make to you a proposition of marriage?"

Mrs. Dow became overwhelmed with confusion. Mr. Fisk repeated the question; and amid various flourishes of an article which had once been a handkerchief, the lady admitted that he had '*once*;' and thereupon she hid her face and her blushes in the article above mentioned.

"Did he ever write to you when he was absent from the city?" demanded the counsel.

Again the handkerchief was flourished in the air, and again the lady burled her face in it, while an affirmative escaped from among its folds.

"What was the nature of those letters?"

"If your Honor please," interrupted the opposite counsel, gradually unfolding himself until he stood on his feet, "I object to these questions. It appears to me that the family history of the witness has little to do with the case. Her matrimonial arrangements may be matters of deep interest to herself; but I must confess I do not participate in that feeling; and unless the learned counsel can show some very good reason why the time of the court should be taken up in listening to the amatory adventures of an old woman of seventy, I shall move that all farther detail of the throes and agonies of her susceptible heart be excluded."

As he sat down, no part of Mrs. Dow's face was visible except a peppery eye, and that gleamed at him over one end of the handkerchief in glances of fire.

Mr. Fisk rose to reply. "Since the gentleman is so very desirous of knowing what I intend to prove by this witness, I will tell him. The paper which he has produced in court, and which he wishes to establish as a will of real and personal estate, *purports* to have been attested by two persons, George Wilkins and William Higgs. It is my intention, by the testimony of this witness, to show the character of the first of these two men; to prove him what he is, a man void of principle, who would lend himself to any transaction, however foul, provided he found it to his interest to do so. The object of the particular questions to which the learned counsel objected is to prove that this same George Wilkins has made to this lady an offer of marriage; is in the habit of corresponding with her as his affianced wife; and is at this moment under a solemn pledge of marriage to her, when he has a wife living and residing in this city at this very time."

Mr. Fisk's remarks were brought to a sudden termination by a loud sound between a hiccough, a laugh, and a scream, emanating from Mrs. Dow. The next moment, after several violent flourishes of her arms and feet, in which latter performance there was rather an unnecessary display of red flannel underclothes, Mrs. Dow fell flat on the floor, carrying with her a pile of law books which she had unconsciously grasped in her descent, to the great annoyance of a deaf witness, who was sleeping in the corner, and whose foot formed the receptacle of one of the last named articles.

Mrs. Dow was not a very bulky specimen of her sex, and the man with a frizzled wig, with the assistance of a far-from-vigorous bystander, had very little difficulty in transferring her from the room to the open air. A slight bustle was created by this occurrence; but in a few minutes it was announced that the lady was reviving; and Mr. Fisk said he would trouble her no farther, as he could prove all that was necessary by other witnesses, whose nerves were less sensitive.

It is scarcely necessary to trace him through the gradual developement of his case. Witness after witness was produced. The character of both Higgs and Wilkins was painted in its true light; vilest even where all were vile, callous, hardened and reckless. Even Higgs, indifferent as he usually was to the opinion of those about him, slunk into a corner away from the eye of the crowd, and leaned down his head so that none could see his face. Bolton still sat where he had stationed himself at the beginning of the cause; but his face usually so pale, became flushed. He dared not look at his own lawyer; for he felt that every now and then the piercing eyes of Mr. Whitman were flashing on him in glances of fire, and that while he was laboring to the utmost in his cause, his mind was filled with suspicion.

"A d——d pretty pair of witnesses you had to that will!" said he at last, in a snappish whisper.

"I never vouched for their character," replied Bolton, with apparent coolness. "You know how they happened to witness it. A man has all sorts of men among his clients."

Mr. Whitman turned his back on him; and Mr. Fisk went on with his case. A witness was produced to prove assertions of Bolton that the will had been executed on the tenth of August. On the cross-examination however he became confused, and eventually contradicted all that he had said in his direct examination; and when he got out of Mr. Whitman's hands his testimony amounted to nothing. Still Fisk produced witness after witness; some proving one thing, some another, but all materially strengthening his case. With the exception just mentioned, the case looked unfavorable to the Attorney. Persons of unimpeachable character swore to declarations made by the testator subsequent to the time at which the forged will was sworn to have been executed, that he had left all his property to his daughter. Cross-examination had no effect on their testimony. The facts remained the same; uncontradicted, unshaken. Again Whitman cast a stern inquiring glance at Bolton.

"It may be as they say," whispered Bolton in reply to the look; "but I know nothing of it. If there's a later will, let them produce it. Until they *do*, this one is the *last*, and stands."

Again Whitman turned away, baffled in his suspicions, and again the Attorney felt himself relieved as that stern, searching eye was removed from his face.

There was a great deal of quiet confidence in the manner of Fisk, as he called his last witness. As he did so, he whispered a few words in the ear of Mr. Cutbill, who laughed convulsively. The witness had been an upper-servant in the house of Mr. Crawford. He swore that Mr. Crawford went in the country in the month of August, and was absent until late in the month of November following; that he lived with Mr. Crawford at the time, and knew when he left the city and when he returned. All went on smoothly during the direct examination. Fisk grew very confident, the surrogate frowned at Bolton, and Mr. Cutbill laid down his pen, and in the excess of his delight cracked the knuckles of ten fingers at once.

"The witness is yours, Mr. Whitman."

Before commencing the cross-examination, a long and earnest conversation was carried on in an undertone between Bolton and his proctor, who turned to the witness and asked:

"At what time *in* the month of August last did Mr. Crawford leave the city?"

"About the fifteenth," replied the man.

"How long was he absent?"

"Until the end of the month of November following."

"You are certain?"

The witness answered in the affirmative.

"Did he not at any time return to the city between the fifteenth of August and the end of November?"

"I think not. I'm positive that he did not."

Mr. Fisk here whispered someting to Mr. Cutbill, who laughed in a subdued but violent manner. Mr. Whitman looked up at them; and there was a smile on his face which Fisk did not relish.

"Were you in the habit of carrying letters from Mr. Crawford to Mr. Bolton's office?"

"I was, frequently."

"Do you recollect on one occasion taking a note containing a large sum of money, which you dropped in the outer entry?"

"I do," replied the witness.

"Who gave you that letter?"

"Mr. Crawford."

"Where was he when he gave it to you?"

"At his own house."

"Did he send any message with the letter?"

"He told me to tell Mr. Bolton that he would call there himself in an hour, and that he particularly wished him not to go out till he came."

"Did he state to you the nature of the business which he expected to transact with Mr. Bolton?"

"He did not."

"Do you recollect that you mentioned to Mr. Bolton what you supposed the nature of that business to be?"

The witness paused for the moment, and said that he remembered having told Mr. Bolton that he suspected the old gentleman wanted to make his will.

"Why did you suppose so?"

"Because, while Mr. Crawford was speaking to me and giving me directions to go to Mr. Bolton's office, there was a paper lying folded up on the table near him; and on it was written in large letters, that it was Mr. Crawford's will; and before I left the room he put it in his pocket."

Mr. Whitman got up, handed him the forged will, and showed him the endorsement on it.—"Was that the paper?" said he.

The witness examined it carefully, and said that he did not know. It certainly *looked* very like it. It was folded that way, the writing on the back of it was in the same hand, and put on in the same manner. He did not know. He thought it was, but he could not swear to it.

"Now," said Mr. Whitman, laying down his pen and looking the witness full in the face, "when was that?"

The man stood for some time running the matter over in his mind; then he grew exceedingly red, hesitated and stammered, and at last said that he recollected it was the month of September last; he had forgotten it, when he answered at first; he had intended to tell the truth—indeed he had.

"Don't be frightened, my good fellow," said Mr. Whitman, soothingly. "I have no doubt of it; and the object of my asking those previous questions was to recall it to your recollection.—Now try if you can tell me what was the day of the month."

The witness paused, and at last swore positively that it was the sixth. He knew it because his wages had become due on that day, and Mr. Crawford had paid them before going out of town, which he did the same afternoon. He mentioned a number of other reasons for his being certain as to the day. He was positive as to the date. A few more questions were asked; and Mr. Whitman told him that he was done with him.

It was in vain that Mr. Fisk endeavored to alter his testimony by direct examination. The fact, luckily for Bolton, was as the witness had sworn; and Fisk dismissed the man with the strong conviction that the tide was against him.

"Have you any more witnesses, gentlemen?" said the surrogate.

"None!" replied Mr. Fisk.

"Have you any more testimony to offer?" said he, turning to Mr. Whitman.

Mr. Whitman replied in the negative.

"If you have any remarks to make before submitting this matter to the decision of the court, I will hear them."

Mr. Jagger thrust his thumbs in his waist-coat pockets, and frowned at the opposite wall, by way of showing that he was preparing to listen intently; and Mr. Fisk, after running his eye over his notes, arose. In his speech he contended that the discrepancy between the date of the will and the time when it was proved to have been executed; the notoriously bad character of the attesting witnesses; the ample proof of the legitimacy of Miss Crawford, and the declarations of the testator as to the disposition which he had made of his property; were facts too overwhelming to be withstood, and he proved that the will was a fraudulent one, beyond even the shadow of doubt. He supported his position by powerful and plausible argument. He cited cases; read extracts from some, and called the attention of the surrogate to others, which went to strengthen those previously read. His speech, which lasted more than two hours, was able, vigorous, and exceedingly bitter, sparing neither Bolton nor his confederates.

Mr. Whitman was one of those men who take a long time to get started; and it was not until he had spoken for fifteen or twenty minutes, that his strength began to show itself. He said that the facts relating to the date of the will, which appeared so very mysterious to the opposite counsel, were simply these. The testator had caused his will to be drawn up, had intended to have executed it on the tenth of August, and had inserted the date in his own hand-writing on that day.—For some reason he had neglected to do so; and went from the city, leaving the will incomplete. In the month of September he returned for the purpose of attending to other business; and while in the city, thought of his will, and that it had not been executed. He sent word to the lawyer, as was proved by the testimony of one of their own witnesses, on whom therefore there could rest no suspicion of bias in favor of his client, at the same time taking his will with him. He went to the office of Mr. Bolton and executed the paper. He had no time to spare, as he intended leaving town by the boat which was to start in the afternoon. Higgs and Wilkins, whom he knew from having frequently met them in the lawyer's office, and who also knew him in the same manner, happened to be there at the time; and he requested them to attest the will. They did so. The will was left with Bolton, and in an hour Mr. Crawford was on his way up the Hudson. This he said was the solution of this very profound mystery. To his declarations that he had left a will in favor of his daughter, he had nothing to say. If there was one, on its being produced this will would be a mere dead-letter; but until it *was* produced this will stood. The gentleman made a great argument of his calling his daughter illegitimate in his will, when she was not so; and on that ground declared the present will to be forged. He believed it was not the first time that people had made misrepresentations in their wills when they wished to justify any act which they supposed the world would censure, which wills nevertheless had stood. It might be a ground for attacking the mental capacity of the testator; but it was the first time in the whole course of his experience that he ever had heard that because the testator in making his will had misrepresented a fact, that therefore the will was a forged one. The evidence of his opponent was pulled to pieces, while the facts in his own case were presented in the most favorable point of view, and the law bearing on them was applied in the most masterly manner. Nothing could be more clear, forcible, and apparently conclusive; and when he sat down, although Mr. Jagger looked as earnestly as ever at the opposite wall, and seemed perfectly impervious to speeches of all kinds, the feelings of the less experienced of the audience were with Bolton.

The two counsel then gathered up their papers; and Mr. Jagger said that he would examine the case, and give his decision as soon as possible.—He then adjourned the court.

"What's the meaning of what that last fellow swore to about the will?" said Higgs, as soon as they were clear of the building. "Was he bought?"

"No; what he said was true," replied Bolton. "Crawford did come to my office on that day, and he *did* bring a will; but he never executed it.—He wanted to consult me about it, suggested some alterations, and went out of town, leaving it in my possession until his return. I have it in my office now. It was a lucky coincidence with what you and Wilkins swore to. I had forgotten it. It flashed across me as soon as Fisk called the fellow; and I happened to have a memorandum in my pocket-book, made by Crawford, and dated by him; so that I was sure of the time before I broke the matter to Whitman, who is as suspicious as the very devil. He managed the fellow finely.—His summing up was not bad."

"But those assertions of the old man, that he had made another will?" suggested Higgs.

"I suppose he referred to this one. He must have forgotten that he did not execute it. He left every thing to *her* in that one."

"You'll gain the cause," said Higgs, quietly. "When will you be ready to plank up? You'll not hang fire? If you *do*, you'll be sorry for it!"

"I'll be ready on the very day," said Bolton.

"That's enough." And Higgs left him, and made the best of his way to one of his old haunts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

A CRUEL STRATAGEM.

Did you ever hear of "old Smith," that used to live away down east, during the early settlement of the country now called Maine? Old Smith had lost several relations by the hands of the Indians, and had vowed eternal enmity to the whole race. He had been twice taken by the savage tribes, but contrived to escape from them, and had killed several of their number. He sought every opportunity to do them mischief in any way. By this course he had become so exceedingly obnoxious to the red men, that they would not even kill him directly if they could, but were almost constantly on the watch to take him alive for the purpose of satisfying their vengeance by the infliction of the utmost torture that barbarity could invent. Smith was aware of this disposition of the savages, and was the less afraid of their bullets. It is reported that Smith was at one time engaged in splitting some pine logs for fence rails, and in the ardor of his employment had neglected his "look-out," till six Indians came upon him with a yell of exultation. The chief of the party, whose name was Wahoos, seized him by the arms, exclaiming, "Now, Smit! now Smit! me got you." Smith saw it would be in vain to resist, and assuming an air of composure, thus addressed his captor: "now, Wahsoos, I will tell you what I will do: if you will now help me to split open this, I will then go with you without any trouble; otherwise I will not walk, and you must carry or kill me." The Indians now having him safe in their possession, and willing to save themselves trouble, agreed to help split the log, if he would tell them how.—Smith had already opened one end of the log with a large wooden wedge, and renewing his blows on the wedge with a beetle, he directed them to take hold of the separated parts of the log, three on each side, and pull with all their might, while he should drive in the wedge. The red men were without suspicion, but kept their eyes on Smith's motions, while they pulled at the sundered parts of the log. Every blow of Smith opened the crevice wider, which enabled the Indians to renew their hold by inserting their fingers deeper into crevice, when Smith, slightly changing the direction of the wedge, knocked it out of the log, which closing with great force, caught every foe by the hands, save one, who seeing the predicament of his companions, took to his heels, but was soon brought down by Smith's long barrelled gun, which he had kept near him. The other five expecting no mercy, were not disappointed. Five blows from Smith's axe silenced their death song.

A year or more after this affair, Smith was returning one evening from an excursion, and passed near a bend of the Androscoggin river, about a mile above the falls on which the Lewiston Mills are now located; it was nearly dark, and he discovered an Indian making a fire on a rock by the river bank. Smith saw through the business at once; the fire was for a beacon, to guide the landing of a strong party. With unerring aim he shot the lone savage, who pitched into the river, and Smith quickly threw the fire and fire brands after him; and then proceeded down to the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire on a projecting rock; and then retiring up the river bank a small distance awaited the result. He soon heard the songs of a company of warriors, who had discovered the fire, and were steadily paddling towards it in high glee. Smith could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, as they neared the fatal beacon. Their songs were suspended by surprise, at the rapid motion of their canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls, revealing too late the dreadful truth. A brief death song, uttered in savage yells, and the cries of several squaws and poppooses, were all that preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the perpendicular falls.

"Keep cool," said the pitcher of water to the bottle of brandy. "I could friend," replied the bottle, "were not my *spirits* more *ardent* than yours."

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."

"No; she's left off and turned ex-pensive."

FOREIGN GRACES.

Bathing is one of the fashionable pleasures of Odessa; but the manner of enjoying it is so unlike that of all other nations, that we cannot resist copying an English traveler's amusing picture of this curious aquatic entertainment:

At the foot of the cliff, and immediately opposite Count Woronzoll's shrubbery, is a wooden bathing house, built on piles a few feet over the water. This establishment is much frequented during the summer months by Poles and fashionables of the town. The sea is not very salt, owing to a current setting along the coast from the Bug and Dnieper. Those to whom the saltness of the water is an object, go to the extremity of the bay. The water there is like brine. The building is divided in the centre by boards; steps into the water are the only accommodation. Every person brings his own towels, and if not, makes his pocket handkerchi do instead; failing in this, he shakes himself, and stands in the sun, the burning rays of which soon supply the deficiency of linen. The bathers in *puris naturalibus*, are in full view of the windows of the houses on the Boulevard and the promenaders which frequent it. Public decency is a virtue held in little estimation in this country, even among those who have the advantage of birth and education; it is not, therefore, extraordinary that the lower orders are destitute of it.

In this establishment the ladies are only separated from the gentlemen by a wooden partition, but they never think of confining their aquatic rambles to the twenty feet of boards which would conceal them, for they strike out in parties of six or seven to show off; and having gained an offing, as Jack would say, they rival one another in the various modes of swimming, floating and diving: now and then displaying a leg or an arm above the water, and giving other proofs of their agility and strength. I was left to conclude that these exhibitions afforded great amusement to the ladies, or they would not have frequented the place. On my first visit, I naturally followed the example of those gentlemen who had swam out, never for a moment dreaming that I had left such interesting neighbors in the rear: great, therefore, was my surprise when, on turning round to come back, I saw a group of figures, not with combs and looking glasses, like mermaids who had just quitted their coral caves, nor a party of school girls let out in their flannels from a Brighton bathing machine, but dressed in the very height of fashion. Many of these were in silks and satins of the brightest shades, with bonnets of gauze and crape trimmed with flowers, marabouts and other finery. In the slight glance I had of them, they appeared to be in a circle within which I did not feel inclined to intrude; but as they jumped up and down in the water, or one more courageous than the rest, showed her feathers, dripping from a dive, I tho't I had never witnessed so diverting a scene.

DIALOGUE between a clergyman and a female parishioner:

Parishioner—It amazes me that ministers don't write better sermons. I'm sick of their dull, prosy affairs.

Parson—But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons.

Parishioner—Yes, but then you are so long about it. I could write one myself in half the time, if I only had the text.

Parson—O, if a text is what you want, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: "It is better to dwell on the house-top, than in a broad house with a brawling woman."

Parishioner—Do you mean *me*, sir?

Parson—O, my good woman, you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your *application*.—*North American*.

JUGS.—The jug is the most singular utensil; a pail, tumbler, decanter, may be rinsed and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that the thing is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up, and pouring it out. If the water comes clean, you judge you have succeeded in purifying the jug, and *vice versa*. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses, but you can judge of its purity only by what comes out of it.—*Nat. Int.*

"Do you ever play cards?" inquired George III, of Horne Tooke. "Please your Majesty," was the reply, "I am so little acquainted with court cards, as not to know a *king* from a *knave*.

ARKANSAS ELOQUENCE.—We'll put the following sample of an Arkansas lawyer's eloquence against any thing they can bring from the west. As to the justness of his reasoning we say nothing, but as to its conclusiveness, we defy any one to find its match. His client was brought up for stealing a mule. After the witnesses had been all sworn, and the lawyer on the other side had given his opinion, our orator gave the jury the following blast:—

"Gentlemen of the jury—the whole of you—there you sit:—You have all heard what those witnesses have said, and of course you agree with me that my client didn't steal that mule. Do you 'spose for one second, that he would steal a mule—a low-lived mule? D—d clear of it. What does he want with a mule when he has got a bang up pofley like that tied to yon tree? (pointing to a fine looking Mustang, opposite the log court house.) What, I say, in the name of General Jackson does he want of a mule? Nothing—exactly nothing. No, gentlemen of the Jury, he didn't steal the mule, he wouldn't be caught stealing one. He never wanted a mule, he never had a mule, nor he never would have a mule about him. He has his antipathies as well as any body, and you couldn't hire him to take a mule.

Jurymen—that lawyer on the other side has been trying to spread wool over your eyes, and stuff you up with the notion that my client walked off with the aforesaid animal, without asking leave; but you ain't such a pack of fools as to believe him. Listen to me if you want to hear truth and reason—and while you are about it, wake up that fellow who's asleep; I want him to hear too. That other lawyer says too, that my client ought to be sent to prison. I'd like to see you send him once. But it's getting towards dinner time, add I want a horn bad, so I'll give you a closer and finish. Now you've no idea of sending my client to prison—I can see that fact sticking out. Suppose either of you was in his place, suppose, for instance, I was, and you should undertake to jug me—put me in a log jail, without fire, where the wind was blowing in one side and out the other, and the only thing to brag of about the place was the perfectly free circulation of air—do you suppose, I say, that I would go? I'd see you hung first, and then I would't.

We do not know what verdict the jury returned, as when our informant left, they had all gone to the grocery to liquor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE WESTERN ERSKINE.—The following sublime burst of eloquence astonished the natives in Arkansas (*classical*, Rackensack) some few weeks since. An overseer had killed a negro named Daniel. The Advocate wound up his defence thus:

"Gentlemen of the jury—I know that Daniel will no longer pick the white cotting boll from the cotting stalk—no more enliven the midnight crowd with the patting of the romantic jawbone, and the playing of the sentimental jewsharp—will never again cast his angling line into the broad, superfluous, majestic and outrageous bosom of the eternal Mississippi. Yes, I know that he now reposes "alone in his glory," on the north corner of a bleak hill-side, with his eyes turned towards the cerulean heavings, and his big toe sticking out a feet! Yet, is that any reason why my client should be hung? I think not! I rather suppose not!"

HOOSIER CONVERSATION.—Hullo, stranger, you appear to be traveling.

Yes, I always travel when on a journey.

I think I have seen you some where.

Very likely; I have often been there.

And pray what might your name be?

It might be Sam Patch; but it isn't.

Have you been long in these parts?

Never longer than at present—five feet nine.

Do you get any thing new?

Yes, I bought a new whetstone this morning.

I thought so; you are the sharpest blade I've seen on this road.

ENGLISH PARTIALITY FOR FLOWERS.—The nation altogether has a particular love for trees and flowers. The lord has in his park oaks of a thousand years' growth, untouched by the axe, hot-houses full of exotic plants, exquisite fruits, and the rarest flowers; there is not a cottage in England which has not before it a little piece of ground for the cultivation of flowers, and even the poor town imprisoned artizan works at his loom in sight of a pot of flowers, placed on the window sill, (with a mind no less generous than my lord's,) in order that the passengers also may enjoy the sight of them.—*Italian Exile in England.*

The following is just as good as if it had been received by the latest arrival:

THE LITTLE KING.—It is said that the little rascal destined to rule the British boasters of liberty, was, like Dickon, their former master, born with teeth. The other day, when his diminutive highness was doing Mrs. Brough the honor of receiving from her his customary nourishment, or to speak more correctly, as the event will show, of taking a noon day nipper, Mrs. Brough uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"What's the matter with the baby?" screamed little Queen Vic, who was superintending the operation with truly maternal solicitude.

"Oh lud! your majesty, I got a *bite*,"

"Haul 'em in then, and take 'em off!" says little Vic, who is a bit of a wag.

"Oh, my eye," says Mrs. Brough, "the little rascal brat—beauty! as Shikspur says,

"The heir bites shrewdly—it is a nipping and a heager heir!"

"Be sure you quote it correct?" inquired Vic.

"Yes, yaur majesty; Shikspur's my weakness."

"Hoor dear little precious; I hope he 'arn't 'urt 'is little tooties," cried the fond mother, regarding the royal infant tenderly, but keeping at a respectable distance.

"'Urt 'is teeth' She 'aint got no buzzom to feel for any other body's buzzom!" was Mrs. Brough's *aside*—her audible ejaculation was—

"'Evenly little hinfant! sweet Prince of *Whales*—the exact himage of 'is 'ighness, Prince *Hallibut*."

The Prince of Whales showed a determination to *blubber*, and *spouted*.—*London Satirist.*

JACK O'LANTERN.—Every man has his Jack o'lantern. In dark night, in broad noon day—in lonely wild, or in populous city—each has his Jack o'lantern. To this man Jack comes in the likeness of a bottle of old port, seducing him from sobriety, and leaving him in a quagmire; to that man he appears in the form of a splendid phaeton and a pair of greys, driving him into bankruptcy and dropping him into the open jaws of ruin. To one he presents himself in the guise of a segar, keeping him in a constant cloud; to another he appears in no shape but that of an old black letter volume, over which he continues to pore long after his wits are gone. Jack o'lantern is to some people a mouldy hoarded guinea—and these he leads into the miser's slough of despond; with others, when he pays them a visit, he rolls himself up in the form of a dice box—and then he makes beggars of them. Poetry is one man's Jack o'lantern, and a spinning jenny is another's. Fossil bones buried fathoms deep in the earth, act Jack's part, and lure away one class to explore and expound; Cuyps and Claudes, in the same way, play the same part with a second class, and tempt them to collect, at the sacrifice of every other interest or pursuit in life. Jack will now take the likeness of a French cook, and draw a patriot from his beloved country to enjoy a foreign life, cheap; and now he will assume the appearance of a glass of water, persuading the teetotaller, who drank "like a fish" in his young days, to drink a great deal more like a fish in his old days. —*Cruikshank's Omnibus.*

GOOD.—The New York Aurora man in speaking of a late festival there, says:—

"When the signal for supper was given, there was a general 'demonstration' upon the tables, by the whole company. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, ugly and beautiful, were all crammed together in one heterogeneous mass, each one striving to the utmost to reach the tables. Our own modesty was very much shocked [?] in consequence of being literally forced to recline upon the bosom of a young and very beautiful girl for a considerable length of time. She blushed we believe, but it was, luckily, very plainly to be seen, that we were innocent in the matter.

"She was evidently startled by the sudden juxtaposition, for we felt her warm heart beating violently through at least five thicknesses, including our jacket, and we are not at all certain but that she felt ours, too. At any rate, we heard it beat distinctly, and it was in perfect unison with hers.

"'Very much of a pressure here,' we at length ventured by way of an apology.

"'Yes,' replied the little fairy, with an arch smile, 'but it is one which no honest man should regret.'"

TAKE CARE, GIRLS.—"Well, Frank, isn't she a perfect creature?"

"Why, I think she would do if she—"

"If what, Frank?"

"If she didn't *eat onions*."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LADIES' COMPANION.—This magazine is well sustained. The number for May contains contributions by Willis, Ingraham, Embury, Gould, Annan, Orne, Sigourney, Osgood, and Woodworth. We copy the following lines from the last-named writer:

Love and Jealousy.

When infant Cupid ventured first
To spread his purple wing,
It chanc'd he stopped to slack his thirst
At the Pierian spring;
When, rising from the chrystal stream,
A monster caught his eye;
Poor Cupid started with a scream,
But strove in vain to fly.

To slay the little winged boy,
The demon vainly strove;
His fangs could wound, but not destroy
The son of peerless Jove.
He follows still—(they never part,)
But vainly vents his ire;
Though jealous tortures wring the heart,
Yet ne'er can love expire.

LADY'S BOOK.—For June, comes to hand, finely embellished, and well supplied with tales, poems, sketches and notices. It is worth the attention of lovers of "light literature."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK.—We have heretofore noticed this work in commendatory terms. We have no reasons to recede from these opinions.—It *is* one of the best things issued from the press. The June number came promptly to hand.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—We will say of this as we have said before, it is worthy of the most extensive patronage. It brings, every month, some of the choicest of original and selected music.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.—This has reached the 16th number. It being a faithful history, and printed and illustrated, as well as embellished, in the best style, all should purchase it.

NEW YORK LANCET.—This publication is constantly concentrating the valuable medical experience of the whole country.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—The May number of this standard publication contains, beside the usual quantity and variety of reading, two steel engravings, one of A. H. EVERETT, and the other a bust of DICKENS, both well executed and doubtless faithful to the originals.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.—This new publication is fast approaching the front rank of periodical literature.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This is one of the best printed, and most ably, (if not impartially,) conducted Christian magazines published.—It is issued bi-monthly, at $1,00 a year.

HANDY ANDY.—Number 4 of this amusing novel has been issued and received here. Those who like hearty laughing may read this and laugh to their heart's content.

AMERICAN LABORER.—Greely & McElrath, N. York, commenced, in April last, a monthly publication under the above title. It is devoted to the interests of American Industry and a Protective Tariff. The names of its conductors are a sufficient guarantee for talent in its columns, however its doctrines may please or displease different readers. Each number contains 32 pages, and the work is sold for the low price of 75 cents a year.

SIX NIGHTS WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.—This is a series of temperance tales, now being published by Godey & McMichael, Philadelphia. The name of the author is a sure indication that these tales will be good, as regards style, interest and moral; for, as far as we have seen, he never wrote a bad tale. Let the Reformers of this vicinity patronise this effort.

"HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.—The May No. of this popular and useful monthly, is filled up with interesting articles and important commercial statistics. In this number, an original paper, promising to be of great interest, entitled "Commercial Voyages and Discoveries," is commenced. Equally interesting articles are given, under the titles of "The Russian Insolvnecy Laws," "Iron Trade of Sweden and Norway," "Morality of Trade," "Our Trade with England," &c. &c. The other departments—Law and Statistical—are crowded with rich food. We are not surprised that this periodical is so fast working its way into public favor. Our only surprise is, that there is an intelligent merchant or manufacturer in the country, who does not take the Magazine.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—This periodical is unusually rich this month. In addition to "Caleb Stukely," "The Northern Circuit," and "Things of the Day," which are continuations of former papers, there is a spirited article upon "Cabul and Affghanistan," and a closely reasoned argument upon "Circumstantial Evidence." There is also for the lovers of light reading, a charming tale, entitled "Gabrielle de Belle Isle," from the French of Alexandre Dumas, depicting in vivid colors the manners of the French Court in the reign of Louis XV; and two or three well written poems. Published by JEMIMA M. MASON, 102 Broadway, New York.

"THE NORTHERN LIGHT."—This popular monthly journal, for May, is out, and it maintains its high character for talent and usefulness. The Tariff and Free Trade—questions of great interest just now—occupy several of its pages, and other articles of equal interest, the residue. Persons wishing to become subscribers to the Northern Light, can do so by sending on $1 to Albany.

LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.—We suppose some of the ladies will patronise this work for the fashions, if for nothing else. Others may buy it with safety for its excellent reading matter.

LUTHER MOORE, in the Arcade, will furnish single numbers of the foregoing publications at the publishers' prices.

"Punishment by Death: Its Authority and Expediency.—by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER. New York. M. W. Dood. 1842."

This is a well written work, of 156 pages, in support of Capital Punishment. The opposite of this doctrine has recently found very many ardent supporters, and it is not unlikely that public opinion will, ere long, sanction the abolition of capital punishment. It is to counteract this growing sympathy for the guilty destroyer of human life, that this work was written. And, in our humble opinion, the author will succeed, to this extent at least:—he demonstrates the fact that the sacrifice of life for murder is not only sanctioned, but clearly and rigidly enforced, in the law of God. The expediency of this law is equally strongly argued. Indeed, the author has grouped together, apparently, every thing which can be said in favor of the doctrine which he most eloquently maintains. The work is highly interesting, and may be read with profit by every one. It can be had of WILLIAM ALLING, on Exchange street.

"A GAZETTEER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK; Comprising its Topography, Geology, Mineralogical Resources, Civil Divisions, Canals, Railroads, and Public Institutions, together with General Statistics. The whole Alphabetically arranged. Also Statistical Tables, including the Census of 1840; and Tables of Distances, with a new Township Map of the State, engraved on steel. Albany, published by J. Disturnal, and for sale by the Booksellers generally. 1842."

This is the most useful work which has come from the press in a twelvemonth. It is just what was required. It fills up a vacancy in our statistical material, and every person should have a copy in his house or counting room. The map is worth a dollar—being the most perfect miniature map we ever saw. The work is got up in first rate style, and contains precisely what it should.

NEW WORK.—"MEANS AND ENDS, OR SELF-TRAINING; by the author of Redwood, Hope Leslie, Home, Poor Rich Man, &c. &c.—This is an admirable *practical* work. It treats upon a subject of vast importance, and it does so, in an irresistably attractive manner. No parent can read it without learning much that he did not know before—or without being incited to do what he may have been convinced was *right*, but which he has neglected because not convinced of its *importance*. Every mother should have a copy of the work, and so should every teacher. It most successfully explodes the notion that one's education may be "*finished*" from books, and lays down principles which, if followed, will make *women* of our "young *ladies*."

THE DICKENS!—There was an exhibition of private theatricals at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Wednesday evening of last week, under the management of a committee, to wit, Mrs. Torrens, Mrs. Perry, Capt. Torrens, W. C. Ermatinger, Esq. and the Earl of Mulgrave. Stage manager, Mr. Charles Dickens. Sir Charles Bagot was among the spectators. Mr. Dickens played Alfred Highflyer, in "A Roland for an Oliver," and Mr. Snobbington in the interlude. Mrs. Dickens played Sophy Walton in the farce, which was "Deaf as Post." The entertainment was altogether private, no person being admitted except on presenting a card of *invitation*, not of admission.

☞ How beautiful does the fine spirit of benevolence displayed in the following extract from one of Pope's letters contrast with the intense selfishness which characterises the present age. The amount here may appear either large or small, in proportion to the ability of the reader, but the *principle* that dictates is what should be regarded.—This extract indicates the fine humanity of a man who was not—except in his own estimation, and this estimation alone based upon benevolence—a very rich man.

"I am rich *enough*, and can afford to give away £100 a year. I would not *crawl* upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, *by giving it alive*, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, *if there were a wanting friend above ground.—Phil. Gaz.*

DEATH FROM RIVALRY.—The Richmond Compiler relates the following story, which reminds one of a fine passage, descriptive of a similar event, to be found in one of Ford's plays:—

"One of the admired nightingales we spoke a few days ago of having been invited to hear, sang itself to death one or two mornings since. The two were in separate cages, suspended, one on the porch, and the other in an adjacent room. They appeared to be engaged in a trial of their musical powers, and were exerting all their strength, rattling their wings, ruffling their feathers, jumping about their cages, varying and swelling their songs, until the whole air seemed filled with the sweet volumes they uttered. This they continued for some time, when one of them fainted away and died. His little heart seemed to have swelled with the spirit of song, until it burst, and his soul passed away. It was truly touching to see the sweet warbler die thus, in the midst of his song, and it was not wholly unnatural to indulge a faint idea, that so sweet a vocal strain did not end with the little bird. It was strongly calculated to inspire credulity in the metempsychosis—and may not the spiritual part of this feathered vocalist yet inhabit the body of some Malibran? Who knows?

A man in New Orleans played a first of April trick upon his wife, but she returned it at dinner. He was extremely fond of "fritters." She served him up some, done brown, and sauced over, upon which he tried his teeth about half an hour, when he discovered that his "fritters" were made of thin layers of *cotton*, which had been dipped in *batter!*

Poetry.

June.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I gazed upon thy glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mound,
A coffin borne through street,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempest beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mound gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by,
The oriole should build and tell
His love tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts at noon,
Come from the village seat,
Or songs of maids beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent.
And what, if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument—
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder scene nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow.
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and songs, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who came to share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

"Be gay—too soon the flowers of Spring will Fade."

A TURKISH ODE, OF MSIHI.

Hear how the nightingales on ev'ry spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flow'ry glade,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest mantle wear,
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays,
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your tim'rous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage.)
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While crystal show'rs from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadow's dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head.
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bow'rs,
And ev'ry stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs:
In silken robes each hillock stands arrayed.
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume.
The dewy buds expand their lucid store;
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
And changed to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labor, o'er our favor'd heads,
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the Rose, and He the bird of Spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

The Little Step-Son.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

I have a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive,
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a bloomy glow, his eyes are black as jet,
And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous and wet.
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter, and in song,
As careless as a summer rill that sings itself along;
For like a pretty fairy tale that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one, that's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch before the day grows dark,
He's up with morning's rosy ray a-singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,
With white locks waving on the wind, his fairy form is seen,
Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April showers,
He warbles with the singing-birds, and blossoms with the flowers:
He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for the cold,
My sturdy little step-son that's only five years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face with reverential air!
How simple is his eloquence! how soft his accents fall!
When pleading with the King of kings to love and bless us all.
And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence and joy,
The blessings of a smiling God goes with the sinless boy.
A little lambkin of the flock, within the Saviour's fold,
Is he my lovely step-son, that's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home, that in the summer hours,
Stands in its simple modesty, half-hid among the flowers,
I have not said a single word about our mines of wealth—
Our treasures are this little boy, contentment, peace and health;
For even a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless place,
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams of his bright face:
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would give their gems and gold,
For a noble happy boy like ours, some four or five years old.

"Bird of my Heart."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Bird of my heart—come, sing to me
The dear old tunes of early hours,
And, as thou sing'st, I'll weave for thee
A nest of Summer's sweetest flowers;
There shalt thou sleep, if on my breast
Thou find'st a less congenial rest,
There shalt thou sleep, if by my side
Thy beauteous plumes thou wilt not hide!

Bird of my heart—in distant climes
I've strayed since last thy notes I heard;
And, after Vesper's solemn chimes,
I'v listened to the evening bird—
That songstress strange, who only sings
When Night unfolds her sable wings—
But ah! than thine a fainter tale
Was wurbled by the nightingale!

Bird of my heart—thy lightest tone
Lulls all my senses to repose;
So sings the Eastern charmer lone,
So droops to sleep the captive rose?
Come, sing—and to my soul entice
A pictured dream of Paradise;
For in that dream I shall not see
A Houri, angel, saint, like thee!

Bird of my heart—come sing to me
The song it thrills my heart to hear,
And, as thou sing'st I'll fancy thee
The spirit of some starry sphere;
For Music, poets call divine,
And once she made her secret thine,
And, touching her melodious shell,
Hung on thy lips her magic spell!

Mechanics' Saturday Night.

Oh! sweet is the home of the toil-worn mechanic,
When labor is hushed in the stillness of night;
When the hum of commotion, disaster and panic,
Is still as the stars in the orbit of light.
But sweeter by far is the neat little mansion
When o'erflowing boards of his industry speak.
When the sweet covered table of widest expansion,
Replenished by stores at the end of the week.

With plenty all smiling in natural splendor;
With products of Nature, delicious and sweet,
And the choicest of viands his earnings can render,
All clustering high in the lowly retreat.
How rich is the banquet, how great the profusion—
How happy the man when his laborings cease;
When his efforts are yielding the greatest diffusion
Of harmony, happiness, pleasure and peace.

Oh! bright is the hearth of the workman at even,
And kindly the feelings his bosom must know,
When his generous heart in its fulness hath given
The bread he has earned by the sweat of his brown;
And how sweet is the scene of his family pleasure,
The holy affections they fondly retain;
When he clasps to his breast his own loving treasure,
And fondles his little ones ever again.

Ye spirits of mercy look down on his dwelling
And guard his abode in the midst of alarm;
When the surges of poverty frightfully swelling,
Or frowns o'er his cottage adversity's storm,
Oh! come like a pilot of truth on the ocean,
And guide his lone bark to the haven he'd seek;
And render his life in his country's devotion,
As sweet as his home at the close of the week.

The Dying Child.

I am so weary, dearest mother, sleep
Weighs down my eyes—I cannot see thee now;
But weep not, dearest mother—wherefore weep?
I hear thy sobs—I feel thy cheek—thy brows
Are wet and hot with tears—and I am cold!
And hark—the storm without! O, press thine hands
Upon my bosom, mother—press thy lip
Upon my cheek—so let me sleep and dream
Of heaven—of angels—mother, and of thee!
See—see! the angels stand beside me—now
They bend their heads—they whisper in mine ear—
Or is it thou that speak'st—the voice the same—
So soft—so sweet? But no, I see their wings;
They rise—they leave: no—they scatter flowers
Upon my bed; they beckon me—alas!
I cannot come—I have not wings to raise
My body from my bed. Lend me your wings,
Ye lovely beings!—no; they shake their heads;
"Not yet" they say—not yet? and why not yet?
Thou pressest me so close, I cannot breathe—
Thy tears bedew my cheek—why art thou sad?
I have no wings—I will not leave thee, mother;
But weep not thus, or thou wilt force the tear
From me—and I have cause to smile; they smiled
Upon thy child—they strewed upon his bed
The flowers—they strew them still—they come again—
They bend—they whisper—see, they lend me wings!
Mother, I mount—I rise—they kiss thy child!

March of Intellect.

When I went out behind the barn
And got upon my knees,
I thought that I should laugh to death
To hear the turkies sneeze.

Marriages.

On the 2d instant, by Prof. Dewey, Rev. PARSONS C. HASTINGS to Miss MARY ANN GUERNSEY, both of this city.

On Tuesday morning, 31st ult., by Rev. William Staunton, of Morristown, N. J., ALFRED ELY, Esq., to Miss CAROLINE LYDIA, daughter of Joseph Field, Esq., of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Andrew Wilson, to Miss Elizabeth McDonnel, daughter of John McConnel, all of this city.

In this city, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. COLLINS W. MORGAN, to Miss MARTHA M., daughter of Mr. Job C. Hart, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the 26th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shafer, Dr. George Swenburne, to Miss Ann Maria, only daughter of the late Henry Draper, Esq.

In this city, on the 26th inst., by Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Isaac N. M. Weeks to Miss Sarah A. Bose, all of this city.

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 21st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. S. B. Watkins, to Miss Julia Fuller.

On the 25th inst., by the same, Rev. Charles B. Goodrich, to Miss Jane Bailey, all of Canada.

In this city, on the 25th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Cyrus W. Swan, to Miss Mary M. Babcock, all of this place.

In Penfield, on the 2d inst., Mr. Ambrose Lane to Miss Harriet L. Northrop, all of Penfield.

In Riga, on the 29th ult., by E. C. Dibble, Esq., Mr. Thomas Webster, of Parma, to Miss Mary B. Lawrence, of the former place.

In Royalton, on the 22d ult., Jacob C. Frants, to Miss Maria Singer.

In Lockport, on 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. Norton, Mr. Nathan Disbrow, of Illinois, to Miss Nancy Battey, of Lockport.

In Gainesville, on the 16th ult., by Rev. C. Teneyck, Mr. Charles G. Read, of Mt. Morris, to Miss Oliva, daughter of Asahel Wood of the former place.

In Troy, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Beman, Mr. Wm. H. Perkins, of this city, to Miss Marianne L. Montague, daughter of Orlando Montague, Esq. of Troy.

At Holley, on the 27th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Crampton, Samuel D. Butler, to Harriet D. Hankerson, all of Clarkson. By the same, on the 28th inst., Samuel Salesbury, of Clarendon, to Emeline B. Pratt, of Murray.

In Lockport, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. P. E. Brown, Mr. Joseph Holmes, to Miss Mary Allgood, both of Lockport. On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Allen Steele, of St. John's Church, Batavia, Mr. David M. Thom, to Miss Hannah B. Hathaway, both of the former place.

In Shelby, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Draper, Mr. John E. Redford, of Perry, Wyoming co., to Miss Julia Acher, of the former place.

In Attica, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. A. Wright, Mr. William Chaffee, to Miss Caroline Jennett, daughter of Mr. Nelson Beman, all of that town.

In Newark, on the 18th instant, by Rev. Mr. Cushing, Mr. Joseph R. Moore, of Union, Pa., to Miss Margaret W. Perrine, of Lyons, daughter of Dr. David Perrine, of Lunman, Indiana.

In Ridgeway, on the 19th ult., by the Rev. Philander Powers, Mr. W. J. Baldwin, to Miss M. J. Blakeman.—On the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Pardington, Mr. Christopher R. Ostrander, to Mrs. Millesa Stanley, all of that place.

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Popular Tales.

From the Lady's World of Fashion.

THE MALE FLIRT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Have you seen Mrs. Gordon since she returned from Europe?" said James Ewing to his friend Henry Alford, as they stood on the steps of the Astor House. "Her widowhood has not impaired her charms; she is even more beautiful than when she left here two years ago."

"Indeed!—and she has returned, I presume, immensely rich. Her husband was, you know, a millionaire."

"Yes! he died but a short week after they landed at Havre, leaving her all his immense wealth. He will be a fortunate man who wins the widow; and she already has crowds of suitors. If I remember aright, Harry, you once had a sort of a flirtation with her, and I was one among those who thought you, rather than the rich Powell, the favored one. Why, in the deuce, didn't you persevere?"

"I was too poor," said Alford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and she was no richer. It would have been madness to marry."

"Then why did you pay her such attention?" asked Ewing in some surprise, "for many months you were constantly by her side. I always tho't that some little difference—a lover's quarrel you know—had separated you, and that each was too proud to make any advances subsequently."

"Let us step into my room, and I will tell you. Egad, it's a wonder you haven't seen the truth long ago. I thought you knew more of the world."

The two companions were soon seated in Alford's room, when he began:

"Emily Maxwell was, you know, a splendid girl. But she was poor. I saw and admired her. Yet my circumstances would not permit me to marry. Now young fellows like myself, who have access to good society and are yet without the means to support a wife, must either fly the company of the dear creatures altogether, or else indulge in what I call innocent flirtation—"

"Innocent!"

"Yes! *innocent!*"—why, my dear fellow, you start as if a bomb had rolled under your chair, you needn't be so alarmed at my words. All I mean to say is this—that, because one cannot marry one isn't therefore to be deprived of love, I don't mean exactly your *serious* love, but a sort of half-real half-jesting feeling, such as one experiences toward a girl he is flirting with. You talk with her, walk with her, read with her, sing with her, and in short pay her pretty devoted attention for a while, but when you find you are in danger of getting seriously in love, then you back out, and seek some new beauty to flirt with. One may thus have all the little excitements of a courtship—the pique, the soothing, the flattered vanity, the one particular angel to whom you chat in a half-whisper—without the danger of involving your honor by an engagement—"

"But surely there *is* danger in this, if not to yourself, at least to the lady."

"Oh! no; you are a novice, I see, in these matters. The lady has the sense to see that you are *only* flirting, since you never seriously make love to her, for when a man does that, I hold he is as much bound to go forward and marry her as he is to pay a debt of honor. If I promised to marry a girl I would consider it binding, and keep the promise religiously. I have no charity for a scoundrel who breaks an engagement. But these innocent flirtations are different things. Why—what would the world be worth if one couldn't take moonlight walks with the girls, or have some one whom you visited, you know, especially? If you think the matter's getting serious for her, of course you'll back out. Meantime, however, a man's a fool if he don't have some one with whom he is flirting; it's better than lemonade, however spicy; it gives one a sort of poetry of feeling, only surpassed by love itself: and that you know is a luxury in which a poor dog, like most young professional men, cannot indulge."

"And you mean to say that you carried on some such flirtation with Emily Maxwell."

Alford nodded and smiled.

"But have you not often thought that in her case it was carried a little too far? Have you no misgivings of this?"

His companion adjusted his cravat coolly before the glass, as he replied,

"It may be I did. I confess I have had once or twice uneasy thoughts about it; and I certainly *did* think more of Emily than of any other girl I ever met, and on that account may have carried the matter a little too far in her case. But if so, I've repented it. To be frank, I have never seen a woman since whom I admired as I did her."

His companion made no reply, but looked abstractedly and somewhat mournfully into the grate. A silence of some moments ensued. At length he suddenly looked up.

"Do you believe in first love, Ewing?" he said, "that is, do you think it outlives every subsequent affection?"

"I do."

The conversation again stopped, and both companions fell into another fit of musing. At length Ewing rose and departed. As he left the Astor House he soliloquised.

"I wish that when we were on the subject I had spoken out to Henry. He is a generous fellow in many things; but on this point the most heartless and unprincipled. He seems, however, to regret his conduct to Mrs. Gordon, and I believe, after all, he talks worse than he acts. He may have been a male-flirt in his comparatively boyish days, but now he surely must have more regard for a woman's feelings than to win her heart by these silent though seductive attentions of which he speaks, and then desert her, justifying himself by the mockery of not having told her he loved her."

The thoughts which were passing through Alford's mind when he asked his companion if he deemed first love the most enduring, our readers have perhaps divined. He was thinking if he might not win the widow, and, although her fortune was not without some influence over him, we will do him the justice to say that, at that moment, regret for having tampered with the feelings of the only woman who had touched his heart, was certainly uppermost. He pondered over the subject long after Ewing left him.

"Yes!" he said, rising, "I will woo you now seriously. If you ever really loved me—and I feel that you once did—it will be no very difficult task to kindle old feelings in your bosom; I will throw myself on your kind heart for forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; and—" he paused and said, smiling confidently, "we will yet be happy."

Henry Alford was, as his friend had said, of a really noble nature; but alas! it had been sadly corrupted by the world, as his creed on innocent flirtations witnessed. He was, however, good-looking and talented; he had risen to some note in his profession; and it was therefore with no misgivings, or very slight ones, that he sought a renewal of his intimacy with Mrs. Gordon, for the purpose of becoming a suitor for her hand.

If Emily Maxwell had touched his heart, the beautiful widow won his love. Alford had been a visiter at her mansion but a short time when he felt that if he had began his suit as a reparation due to her he had slighted, he now continued it as necessary to his own happiness. Mrs. Gordon was indeed the same as Emily Maxwell, but how immeasureably improved. Not only was her beauty of a more lofty and entrancing character; not only was she gifted with accomplishments such as few of her sex could boast of; but her heart seemed to have gained a deeper tone from the trials it had undergone—to have been, as it were, chastened and purified in the furnace of affliction.—The love of Emily Maxwell would have been pure and deep, but after all only that of a girl; the love of Mrs. Gordon was such as a woman, in all the full maturity of her affections, has to bestow. And Alford felt that, having once possessed the love of the girl, he had a key to the affections of the woman.

In this conviction he daily grew more confirmed. No one visited the proud mansion of Mrs. Gordon, who seemed a more welcome visitant. If she did not blush at his entrance as she would have done eight years before, she welcomed him with a cordiality which there was no mistaking. She sang for him, she promenaded with him, and she danced with him—for who does not dance at twenty-six?—and there was nothing wanting in her demeanor toward him, to assure him of her love, except the absence of that conscious embarrassment in his presence which once characterized her. But then she was a blushing girl, and now she was a calm, collected woman. The difference was every thing.

"I will propose for her this very evening, said Alford to himself, about six weeks after he had renewed his visits to her, "she must love me—she does love me—I will beg her forgiveness on my knees, and seal it with a kiss, as in former days."

That night the lover found his mistress alone, and in a few minutes was on his knees, offering her his hand and heart. But, when he came to the crisis he could not tell her how he had once abused her love; he could not so even to sue for her forgiveness.

"Rise," said the widow; but her accents were so calm and passionless, that, for the first time, her lover felt a misgiving of the success of his suit. His fears were increased when he arose and took a seat beside her on the sofa. She did not avert her face, her eyes did not seek the ground, there was no conscious blush on her cheek; but her whole demeanor was as collected as if she was performing the most trivial of her household duties. The heart of Alford sunk within him: he felt a pang such as he had never experienced before. It was a pang not only of mortified vanity, but of hopeless, agonizing love.

"Listen to me, Alford," said Mrs. Gordon, "I am not surprised at this—you see I am not—for I have expected it daily for the last fortnight. You start, but recollect I am not as I was when we met in other days. Travel and sorrow and years have made me a different being, have taught me to read the hearts of others as they once read my own. It is unnecessary to refer to our former intimacy at length, but I must do so partially in order to explain my present determination. You know how you sought my society, how you were ever ready with those little attentions that our sex delight to receive, how you modulated your voice to a whisper when you spoke to me and to me alone. You remember all this, and that these attentions continued for months. Are you surprised, therefore, that I learned to love you—deeply, fervently, unreservedly? It is true you gave me no reason, from any words you said, to believe that you loved me; but is not the eloquence of the eye, the voice, the look even more expressive than that of words? Yes! Henry Alford, you *knew* I loved you—you intended that I should—and yet you deserted me. You left me without explanation. In the recesses of my own heart I was forced to conceal my agony, for it would have been unmaidenly to confess that I loved one who

had never solicited my affections. That six months of agony I would not ask even for an enemy, if one I have! But I outlived it. I was proud, and I would have died with my secret, if on words only had depended its revelation. But my friends saw the truth in my hollow cheek and sunken eye.—Yet they said nothing. At length Mr. Gordon, whom I had once refused, sought my hand again. I had no heart to give him, it is true, but I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and married him. Of that step I never repented. From the moment when I promised at the altar to be his, I felt that it had become my duty to love him alone, and I discarded from my heart every feeling at variance with my vow. I looked to God, and he enabled me to go through with the work. Do not flatter yourself with the belief that a first love is never eradicated—the assertion is true only where the object of that love remains pure in the eyes of the lover. Years have passed since I learned to look on you only as on the rest of your sex—yes, more, as one whom I *never could* love. You had trifled with, and betrayed me—I could no more confide in your truth. You were not the being my young fancy had painted. And now, Henry Alford, I tell you with as much calmness as I would tell the veriest stranger, that you are nothing to me.

"I will not deny that I might have repelled you at once when you sought again my society. I am no coquette, but I felt it due to my sex to treat you according to the rule by which you have always acted toward us. It was a mere flirtation, perhaps, on your part. I was not bound to suppose you serious until you spoke your love in words. Besides it would have sounded well abroad, that the widow Gordon had refused Mr. Alford before he had proposed. People would have sneered at her as a vain, foolish woman. But mark me, I was not blind to the fact that you loved me. You may even regret the past. But for this I care nothing. Think not either that I love another. No other motive dictates my refusal than your conduct to me eight years ago. And now go, Henry Alford, and remember, when you hear or think of me, that I feel no more emotion at your name than I would at that of a stranger."

Paralyzed, and confounded, a prey to conflicting emotions of mortification and baffled love, Alford sat, during these words, unable to articulate a syllable. And when, at their conclusion, Mrs. Gordon coldly rose, to intimate that the interview was over, he rose too, and mechanically taking his hat, bowed and left the room. He felt, both from the language and manner of the widow, that expostulation was vain.

That lesson was not lost on Alford. But he never married. Why, our readers, perhaps, can tell.

Mrs. Gordon a year afterward was united to a gentleman every way worthy of her, and whom she had learnt fervently to love ere she surrendered to him her heart.

Such is the history of but one out of hundreds of a class. Reader! have you never met a MALE FLIRT?

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was a cold, stormy evening in December—the snow fell in flakes fast and thick, the wind whistled mournfully through the streets, striking a chill to the heart of the pedestrian, as with difficulty he wended his way through the snow already fallen. Not a star was to be seen, and all seemed dark and gloomy, save where the feeble light from the street lamps fell on the immediately surrounding objects. The great thoroughfares of the metropolis, which some hours before had been thronged with people, were now almost wholly deserted. I had been called on to visit a patient, and was now returning home, when wrapping my cloak more closely around me, I quickened my pace—anxious to escape, in part, at least, the fury of the storm. I proceeded along the great thoroughfare, and was on the point of turning the corner of another street, when my attention was arrested by the sobbing of a child. I stopped, and turning round, beheld a small boy, apparently about eight years of age, with scarce rags enough to cover his almost frozen body. He was shivering with cold, and to my inquiry of where he lived, could scarcely answer.

"And what are you doing here, at this late hour?"

"I was trying to beg of the gentlemen a few cents, to buy some food for my poor sick mother. Oh! Sir, do please give me a few cents, do!"

I was struck with the sorrowful tone of the child, which convinced me he was no impostor, and sheltering him from the storm as well as I could, with part of my cloak, I asked,

"Is your mother very sick?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; she is very sick, and has nothing at all to eat, nor no money to buy any thing with."

"No money! Why, how do you get the medicine the doctor orders?"

"Mother has no doctor, Sir. My sister Mary says he would not come, because he was afraid mother would never be able to pay him."

"No doctor, neither! Come, my lad," said I, still sheltering him from the storm with my cloak; come, show me where your mother lives, and I will see that she has something to eat, and a doctor too."

We started, and I followed him up one street, and down another, until we came to a small, narrow alley, lighted with but a single lamp. Picking our way, with great difficulty, through the mud and snow that had accumulated, we at last stopped before an old dilapidated building, which had seemingly withstood the test of years, but which now tottered beneath the heavy gusts that ever and anon swept whistling through the dark and narrow street. My little guide opened the door, and we entered, groping our way through the dark, until we came to an old broken pair of stairs, that creaked and shook beneath our steps as we ascended. Having reached the landing, from which the door opened into the room where the boy informed me his mother lay, I stopped whilst I sent him forward to acquaint his mother and sister of my presence. Lifting the latch softly, he entered, leaving the door open behind him. I stepped back a pace or two, and stood for a moment to contemplate the interior of the apartment, and oh! what a sight was presented to my view! It was a sight that would have melted a heart of stone.

On a bed, in one corner of the room, with but a single blanket as a covering, lay a sick woman; whilst near her on the only chair, and indeed with the exception of an old shackling bench, the only seat that was visible in the apartment, sat a girl about ten or eleven years of age, who had been reading from a book which she held in her hand. The remnant of an old carpet was upon the floor; a few cooking utensils hung against the wall; and a stool, an old broken mirror, and a kind of wooden chest or trunk, completed the furniture of the apartment. I had, in the course of my professional career, visited many scenes of distress, many abodes of misery and want; but then they were almost always coupled with filthiness and obvious neglect. Here it was different. Cleanliness and order prevailed throughout the room, indeed to a much greater extent than could have been expected in so old a fabric, where the snow and rain drifted in at every gust of wind, chilling the room to such an extent, that the few dying embers in the chimney could be scarcely felt.

The boy stepped out, and requested me to enter.

"This is the kind gentleman, mother," said he, as we approached the bed.

The woman whispered something which was drowned by a gust of wind that shook the house to its foundation, and drove the snow and sleet through the cracks and crevices that were visible on every side. It was evident, from the expression of her countenance, that it was thanks she was whispering, for a gleam of melancholy and joy stole across her face, and a faint smile played about her mouth, which was as pretty a one as ever I had seen. Indeed, from her appearance, she had been, when in health, extremely beautiful. Her eyes were black, and even in sickness retained a brilliancy that is seldom seen; her hair was a dark auburn; her lips were thin, and with a natural curl, which, corresponding with a nose of Grecian shape, formed a model of beauty, even amid the poverty that surrounded. Her children, too, inherited their mother's beauty, and, unlike the generality of poverty's children, were manly, even to politeness.

I made known to her the fact that I was a physician, and requested her to let me feel her pulse. It was low and feeble, as might have been expected, from her not having had for a week past scarce food enough to sustain life. I was about to order some refreshment, but I suddenly recollected myself. I bade them be of good cheer until morning, when the storm being somewhat abated, I would return, prepared to aid them. I descended the tottering stairs by the aid of the boy, and was soon again braving the fury of the storm, which still raged with unabated violence. Wrapping my cloak more closely around me, and quickening my pace, I soon reached my home; and when on retiring to rest I listened to the pattering of the snow and hail against the window, and the now whistling, now hollow sound of the wind, as it swept along, I shuddered to think of the poor woman and her children, with their scanty clothing and untenantable home.

Next morning, I acquainted my wife with the circumstances of the case, and she immediately set about preparing some articles of apparel, and other necessaries, whilst I set out to visit my patients, and procure some medicine for the sick woman, whose name I learned was Mrs. Williams.

By the time I returned she had them prepared, and ordering the carriage, we proceeded to find our way to the street in which the poor woman lived. Driving to the place where I had met the boy on the preceding evening, we followed, as well as I could remember, the route that he had led me, turning up one street and down another, until we at last arrived at the house, or fabric, which I could only remember from its dilapidated looks.

We were welcomed at the door by the smiling face of the little fellow, who was beautiful even in his rags; and on entering the room we passed the girl, who exclaimed,

"Oh, Sir, how glad I am that you've come!—We were afraid that you had forsaken us too, like our—" But a look from her mother prevented her from expressing herself, she concluded, "had forsaken us too."

Struck with the beauty and *naive* of the girl, my wife had not observed the look that arrested her expression. I had, and I determined to fathom the painful secret, for such it appeared to be to the woman, whose eyes filled with tears as the girl was about to disclose it. I concluded, however, to let it rest until some other time, and accordingly leaving my wife there, and giving some directions as to administering the medicine, I took my leave. In about half an hour I sent the carriage and my wife returned. She told me that she had given the medicine to Mrs. Williams, and had clothed the children. She had, also, purchased some things at a grocery, on her way home, which she had ordered to be sent to them as soon as possible.

"And I hope," she added, "that they are now more comfortable."

On the following morning I again visited them, and found them as my wife had hoped, much more comfortable, and Mrs. Williams somewhat better. On leaving them, I beckoned the little girl to follow me, and when we had got down stairs, I asked her to whom she alluded on the preceding day. At first she seemed to hesitate, but upon my promising not to let her mother know that she told me, she answered:

"It was our grandfather, Sir."

"Your grandfather?"

"Yes, Sir, it was our grandfather. And mother says he was very rich, and has a great many ships; but mother does not like us to mention it."

"And why not, my girl? Why does he not help your mother?" I asked.

"O, Sir, mother says that it is because she married poor father, who is dead now!"

The truth at once flashed upon my mind. Mrs. Williams had been deserted by her father for marrying the man she loved. I asked the girl her grandfather's name, and she mentioned one that made me start. It was the name of one of our wealthy merchants. I was somewhat acquainted with him, and knew him to be an open-hearted and generous man. I had even known him to visit in person the abodes of the poor and needy, and I determined it should not be long ere he should be made acquainted with the wants of one whose near relationship claimed his care, let her fault be what it might. I knew from what the little girl had told me, that he had been inexorable, and that if he knew for whom I solicited, he would refuse; for long and deep is a father's dislike for a child who has disobeyed him. I therefore resolved not to mention the name of the object of my solicitations, but simply to represent her case, and get him to accompany me to her residence.

On the second day following that on which the little girl had told me of her grandfather's circumstances and name, I drove up to the door of his elegant mansion, situated in one of the most fashionable streets in the city. I inquired if he was at home, and was answered in the affirmative. I was shown into his library where he sat reading, at his leisure, the papers of the day.

"Mr. D——," said I, as I entered, "I have presumed upon our acquaintance, knowing you to

be a man of benevolence and feeling, to solicit your aid in behalf of a sick widow, who with her two children reside in the lower part of the city. They are entirely destitute, and in this cold weather have neither wood nor clothes to keep them warm. The old house, too, in which they live is scarcely tenantable, and they have to depend, from day to day, upon the charity of strangers; the boy being too small to work, and the girl having to attend her sick mother."

I might have added, "Her relations are wealthy, but refuse to aid her;" or I might have disclosed her name at once, but I feared he might mistrust, although it could hardly be expected, as the little girl had told me he had not heard from them for some years past; consequently he knew not whether she was yet alive, or what had become of her. In the second, I knew he would peremptorily refuse.

As I have said, I did not inform him of the particulars of the case, but simply asked him to accompany me to her dwelling, that he might see for himself her situation. He immediately consented, and jumping into my carriage, we were soon rolling along towards the house in which I intended to take him.

As we proceeded on our way, my mind reverted to the scenes I had witnessed. The one of splendor and magnificence, from which an only daughter had been banished, for wedding one she loved, but whom her father had deemed unfit for her, on account of his pecuniary circumstances; the other an abode of poverty and distress, where penury and want were endured by one who had forsaken her father, friends and home, for the love of him to whom she had entrusted her happiness. Such is a father's enmity to an offending child; such the strength of woman's love to man. The one forsakes his only child, regardless of her fate; the other clings to her only love, enduring a father's curse, rather than retract her plighted vows.

We had now arrived at the house, and as we descended from the carriage my heart almost failed me, for I trembled for the consequence of this visit. However, I ascended the stairs; he following. I opened the door without knocking, and entered with him precipitately, trusting rather to the feeling of a moment to accomplish my object, than to a more slow, though perhaps not more sure course. As we entered, Mrs. Williams, who now had got considerably better, rose from a chair on which she had been sitting, to receive us.—She at once recognized her father, and the next instant was rushing into his arms.

At first, he attempted to thrust her from him; but from weakness and excess of joy, she fainted on his bosom; and then it was that paternal feelings triumphed, and tears, thick and fast, flowed in torrents upon the almost lifeless form of his only child.

I had until now stood aloof, when, catching up a pitcher of water from the table, I commenced bathing her temples; whilst her father, in agonizing tones, called on her name, as though his voice alone could recall her dormant senses.—Slowly she recovered, and opening her dark and expressive eyes, she faintly whispered:

"Father!"

Tears again gushed from the old man's eyes, and he exclaimed,

"My daughter, I am unworthy of that name! But ah! forgive me! forgive me!"

"It is I, father, who should ask forgiveness," said Mrs. Williams. "Come, Charles," said she to the little boy, who had just entered, "come Mary, you too ask grandfather's forgiveness for your mother."

The old man caught his grandchildren in his arms, and wept over them like a child. Need it be said that in a few weeks, in one of the splendid parlors of his magnificent mansion, might be seen Mrs. Williams and her two rosy children, no more attired in the humble garb of poverty, nor wo-stricken in countenance, but blessed with a father's and grandfather's love, living truly contented and happy?

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?" "Well, (blushing and dropping her eyes,) I like *u* best."

"Man is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," and it is woman that winds up the moving power.

"I must punish you, child, because I love you. "O, dear! pa—I'd rather you'd hate me and let me alone."

The Old World.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE QUEEN'S FANCY BALL.

The ball given by Queen Victoria on the 12th of May last, appears to have been a splendid affair. How could it well be otherwise, with the finest looking aristocracy of Europe, grouped together in costumes the most gorgeous which wealth could procure and fancy devise? Of course, there was a profusion of bright eyes and brilliant, fine forms, fair faces, and "all that sort of thing," which is so pleasant to look upon, and so unprofitable to read about.

The leading event of the entertainment was the meeting of the two courts of Anne and Bretagne, (Dutchess of Cambridge,) and Edward and Philippa, (her majesty and Prince Albert) with their attendant knights, squires, dames, &c.

After this part of the performance had been gone through, the parties addressed themselves to the serious business of the night, viz: quadrilling. The distinctive feature of those quadrilles was, that those engaged in them were in the costumes of different countries. There was a Greek quadrille in one place, and a Hungarian quadrille in another; a Highland quadrille, a French quadrille, and a quadrille *a la Cosaque*, appropriately headed by the lady of the Russian Ambassador. And there was the Waverly quadrille, consisting of Scott's characters, in which Rebecca and Ivanhoe, Cœur de Lion and Berengia, Edith Plantagnet and Sir Kenneth, Damian de Lacy and Eveline Beranger, danced to their hearts' content.—Then there were Crusaders and Saracens without end, who, heedless alike of cross and crescent, existed but for the purpose of quadrilling. Truly, it must have been very edifying to have seen Her Majesty's Ministers, and Her Majesty's opposition fresh from the toils of borough bribery, and investigations into the operations of the income tax, parading about in suits of armor and "flame-colored taffeta!" But that tiresome quadrilling! How it would have heightened the fun to have beheld the Premier execute a vigorous *pas seul*, and the Lord Chancellor shaking his legal legs in a hornpipe; while the "great law officers of the crown" might have added to the animation of the scene, by perspiring in the "reel of Tullock Jorum."

The Queen, it is said, looked very well, (but Queen's always look well,) though it would probaly require a very thorough bred courtier to affirm that Her Majesty was not eclipsed as far as personal charms were concerned, by many of her fair nobility. One groupe of three sisters—the Countess of Chesterfield, the Hon. Mrs. Anson, and Miss Forester—are described as commanding marked admiration; whilst Lady Ernest Bruce, as Rebecca, was no inadequate representation of one of the loveliest creations of romance.

"Something too much of this," however, for your "stern democracy," although the ladies who naturally belong to the aristocracy, will, probably wish to know how Queen Victoria was altered into Queen Philippa. Therefore, I append from a high millinery authority, an accurate description of the whole affair.

HER MAJESTY'S FANCY DRESS BALL.—This brilliant fete excited both astonishment and delight; it realized the liveliest creations of the imagination, and presented as it were the description of the ancient chroniclers bodily before us. The dresses, as might naturally be expected, were of the most magnificent description, and those which did not dazzle with their magnificence, attracted the eye by their singularity, or amused the fancy by their quaintness.

The entire suit of state-rooms were opened, and most brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, candelabra, and branches.

Her Majesty wore a crown of gold, studded with jewels of various colors, the points of the crown being formed with the vine leaf. From the crown were suspended orilettes of diamonds. Her Majesty wore two rows of large pearls round her neck. The mantle of cloth was fastened by a broad gold band, extending the whole width of the chest, studded with large jewels of various colors, while a similar band, studded in the same manner, was laid down the whole length of the chest, the effect of the whole being that of a large jewelled cross; the miniver with which the surcoat was covered in front, forming the back ground. The effect of this was very beautiful.

It would have been impossible, in the whole of that noble and brilliant assembly, to have hesitated a moment in selecting the representative of the chivalric Edward, even if his Royal Highness had not been distinguished by any of the emblems of sovereignty. The Prince wore a crown similar in design to that of the Queen. His mantle of red velvet bordered with gold, and edged with pearls, was fastened across the chest with a broad and jewelled gold band. The tunic, of blue embroidered with gold, was fastened round the neck by a jewelled collar of great brilliancy—the same magnificent mode of termination was adopted at the wrist. A beautiful girdle, supporting a diamond hilted sword, completed the leading features of Prince Albert's costume.

H. R. H. the Duches of Kent, as well as H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, showed excellent taste in sinking their ranks as to costume on this occasion, and in appearing only as ladies of rank in the fifteenth century.

Vain would be the task to point out even half the ladies who drew our gaze last night; but three sisters of a family, famed for the loveliness of its daughters, attracted all eyes. We refer to the Countess of Chesterfield, the Hon. Mrs. Anson, and Miss Forrester, three sister graces. The Countess represented Donna Florinda, and nothing could exceed the chaste elegance of her costumee. Her robe was of white satin, richly embraidered in gold, and profusely ornamented with those splendid diamonds, rare emeralds and large pearls, which have so often excited the admiration if not the envy, of her ladyship's fair and noble contemporaries. Lady Chesterfield betrayed a profound knowledge of the science of the toilette, and the effect to be produced by such matchless jewels as hers, by selecting a white robe, which set off to equal advantage those lustrous gems and the bright eyes and jetty tresses of the lovely wearer.

The Hon. Mrs. Anson represented La Duchesse de Launebourg, and wore a tunic of pale blue reps velvet, embroidered in silver, and ornamented with pearls and diamonds, over a scarlet velvet *frappee*, and richly trimmed with gold lace. Her *coiffure* was charmingly becoming, and never did a costume accord better with the peculiar character of beauty of this lovely blonde. The Hon. Miss Forester, as Blanche de St. Pol, appeared to singular advantage, and her costume, like herself, was universally admired.

The Earl of Chesterfield's costume, by its sober grandeur, and the costly diamonds with which it was ornamented, was acknowledged to be matchless; and Philip the Second himself so rich in jewels, could not have been more splendidly attired. Col. George Anson, in a magnificent dress of the time, was an admirable representative of the house of Medicis. Lord Maidstone, as the Duke of Launebourg, was splendidly costumed.

A costume which attracted much attention was that of Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, who appeared as Isabella de Valois, Queen of Spain. Her robe was composed of drab d'argent, embroidered with bouquets of flowers with gold stems; and the tablier, stomacher, and under sleeves, of crimson velvet, studded with pearls and diamonds. The loose sleeves were formed of the same costly materials, and ornamented with aigullets of silver.

The leading feature of the ball was the assembling and the meeting of the two Courts of Anne of Bretagne (the Duchess of Cambridge,) and Edward and Phillippa, (Her Majesty and Prince Albert.)

About half past ten the heralds marshalled the procession from the lower suite of rooms, and the Duchess of Cambridge appeared in a magnificent costume, led by the Duke of Beaufort, as Louis XII, equally magnificent, and followed by the rest of her Court. These were divided by the heralds and marshals into quadrilles, and marched in the following order:—After the royal party, consisting of Prince George, the Princess Augusta, &c. came the Highland quadrille, the Hungarians, the Knights Templars, and the Saracens. These on reaching the Throne-room passed before the Sovereign, making their obeisances, and then formed themselves for dancing, which immediately commenced.

Her Majesty left the ball-room about a quarter to three o'clock, but the dancing continued about an hour afterwards.

Sir Charles Napier appeared at the Bal Masque in the character of Ali Pacha, and performed the part admirably.

Capt. Elliot wore a Chinese costume, supposed to have belonged to his friend commissioner Lin.

"Do make yourself at home, ladies," said a lady to her visitors one one. "I am at home myself, and wish you all were."

Miscellaneous Selections.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Mr. Catlin, in his new work upon Indian characters, gives the following graphic sketch of a love scene between GRAHAM, the English friend of Oceola, and the niece of the unfortunate chief, which the artist has delineated with the pen of a master:

It was on one of those glowing evenings of the sunny South, when the clouds are gilded in splendor to await the departing god of light, after a hard day's toil in pursuit of a tiger, which at last fell, wounded by the rifle of Graham, and was finally despatched by the tomahawk of his swarthy friend, that the young officer first experienced the witchery of love.

Wearied and feverish from excitement in a climate to which his system had scarcely become reconciled, he gladly accepted the proffered hammock of netted grass, suspended by Nathleocee, Oceola's neice, beneath the umbrageous, wide-speading branches of a large oak tree, from whose limbs hung the graceful, yet melancholy-looking moss—at times in festoons, at others falling in perpendicular masses, to the length of eight or ten feet; forming a drapery infinitely surpassing in beauty and splendor all the richest and most elaborate works of art.

In this simple, yet ingeniously constructed aerial couch, the young hunter reposed his weary limbs, while Nathleocee watched his disturbed sleep, and amused her busy fancy with his delirious mutterings in a language he could not comprehend, whilst she carefully, with a fan made from the feathers of the pinawaw, or wild turkey, brushed away the intrusive musketoes, or the no less annoying sand flies.

After a few hours' repose, Capt. Graham awoke refreshed, and turning his still half-closed eyes, they rested upon a face of beauty of so peculiar a character, and in such perfect accordance with his own romantic disposition, that his very soul felt suddenly a thrill he had never before experienced. Beside him stood, in blushing modesty, a perfect child of nature—her dazzling black eye flashing fire under an excitement entirely new to her unsophisticated and primitive constitution. She felt ashamed, yet knew not why—whilst Graham drank deep and largely at the first spring of love, and dwelt with rapture upon the perfect symmetry of her form as she leaned against the huge trunk of the oak under which he had slept.

Nathleocee possessed not only a face of loveliness, but a form which might vie in beauty of proportion with the most exquisite productions of the Roman or Grecian sculptor.

Her costume was such as would shock the refined modesty of the more intellectual class of white females; but nature knows no shame but that of sin, and assuredly, if virtue consists in purity of thought, sentiment, or action, this artless girl was pure as the fountain which daily reflected her unrivalled charms.

The upper part of her form, according to the custom of her tribe, was left uncovered—her long black hair floated to the winds, unbraided, over her finely proportioned shoulders; and as the zephyrs caught the unconfined tresses, they would play upon a bust Venus herself might have proudly owned. Her head was surmounted by a tuft of feathers placed from the wings of the snow white ortolo, or virgin crane, interspersed with those of the gaudy crimson flamingo—the whole confined by pearls of value collected among the islands at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Florida.

She wore a skirt of chassee, or fawn's skin of the softest texture, which was embroidered with minute sea shells, interspersed with pearls of rare beauty and extraordinary magnitude, and farther ornamented with strips of ermine skins and a variety of feathers of the richest hue. This hukkasykee, as it is denominated in the Seminole language, extended from her waist to a little below her knees.

Her beautifully formed legs were encased in uphetaikas, also made of chassee, ornamented at the outsides by a double row of beads—a pair of prettily worked moccasins, or Indian shoes, made to correspond with other portions of her dress, completed the attire of the chieftain's niece.

Nathleocee was the orphan daughter of a neighboringking, who had been killed in battle; from infancy she had been reared and cherished by her uncle with all the fond affection which a noble minded man feels for a lovely object looking up to him for protection. She was scarcely seventeen when Graham became enamoured of her extraordinary charms. With all the natural grace and dignity of one born free as the bounding fawn of the wilderness, she combined the retiring modesty and feminine timidity of a girl just blushing into womanhood; there was withal an arch playfulness which caused the heart of many a young Seminole warrior to bound with rapture when her piercing black eyes chanced to rest upon him.

Although she loved her "Hanke-tustenuggee," or white warrior, as Captain Graham was called throughout the Seminole nation, still she conceived it a degradation to be allied to an Istehadke, or white man; but at length yielded to his continued importunities, and they were married according to the forms and ceremonies of the Seminole Indians.

Three successive seasons produced as many offspring to gladden the hearts of the affectionate parents; then came a withering blight upon their hopes of future happiness—the fond wife was destined to be separated by the rude hand of war from her husband, and the father from his children.

From the New York Evening Post, Feb. 1842.

LORD ASHBURTON.

Lord Ashburton is the second son of Sir Francis Baring, descended from an old family long established in Devonshire. At an early age he was associated with the house of Hope & Co. of Amsterdam. In 1796 he came to America; in 1798 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham, whose political position as a Senator of the United States, and whose elegant hospitality brought Mr. Baring into constant intercourse with not only the most distinguished men of this country, but with the most important personages of Europe, who visited America. Mr. Bingham's house, embellished by his graceful and elegant wife, was the resort of the intellectual spirits of the day, and the asylum of some of the French nobility, who had fled from the persecution of Robespierre. Here Mr. Baring became acquainted with the Duke of Orleans, the present King of the French, with Talleyrand, Volney, and the Diplomatic agents of foreign States, and was frequently thrown into converse with Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Adams, Pinckney, Jay, and their associates. His habits of inquiry, and his natural sagacity, could not fail, at that eventful period, to stimulate him in the pursuit of knowledge, which has been manifested throughout his useful career.

His early pursuits led him to inquire into the commercial relations and the important connection of the United States with the European trade, whilst the excitement produced by the volcanic commotions of France, threatening destruction to all the established governments of Europe, made the constitution of our republic the theme of animated discussion among the politicians with whom he was then associated.

No Englishman, at that time could, have been more advantageously situated, nor could one, at any time, have had greater opportunities and facilities of estimating the powers of the federal government, or the jealousies of the State rights party, whose name as anti-federalists, designated their determination and views. After having resided five or six years in Philadelphia, he returned with Mr. Bingham and his family to England, and became a partner in his father's house, (of trade,) which then, or soon after, was composed of Sir Francis Baring and his sons, Thomas Baring, Alexander Baring, Henry Baring, and his son-in-law, Mr. Waln.

Sir Francis Baring retired. Thomas, now Sir Thomas, followed some time after; and Henry Baring next made way for Lord Ashburton's second son, Francis; Mr. Mildmay, who had married one of Lord Ashburton's daughters, Thomas and John Baring, Mr. Bates, and other persons, associating under the firm of "Baring, Brothers & Co." On the first of January, 1831, Alexander Baring, now Lord Ashburton, withdrew entirely from the firm, leaving his son, Francis Baring, not less distinguished than himself for intellect, at the head of the establishment. Since that day, Lord Ashburton has neither directly nor indirectly interfered with the affairs of that house.

The wealth, intelligence, good conduct, and tact of the Baring family, very soon gave them importance in the county where Sir Francis Baring and some of his sons had purchased large estates. Lord Ashburton having obtained a seat in Parliament nearly forty years since, very soon attracted attention, by the acuteness of his remarks and the depth of his research, in all questions connected with common and political economy. He was neither graceful in his manner, nor was he, at that time, fluent in his speech, yet he was always heard with attention, and never sat down without the consolation of knowing that his *matter* had commanded respect. He was at the head of a house which, probably through his connection with that of "Hope's," had become the *banking house* for national loans.

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—The Rev. Mr. O., a respectable clergyman in the interior of the state, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to him to get married; after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with, "How much do you ax, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever may be offered me. Sometimes more and sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes; but how much do you ax, I say?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some five; some three; some two; some one; and some only a quarter of one."

"A quarter, ha?" said the bridegroom; "well, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket book; there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect now 'twas in my tother trowsers pocket. Hetty, have you got such a thing as two'shillings about ye?"

"Me?" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation; "I'm astonished at ye, to come here without a cent of money to pay it! If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come a step with ye; you might have gone alone to be married, for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped; if you have got such a thing as a couple of shillings—"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride, who during the speech had been searching in her work bag; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger, "don't you serve me *another sich a trick*."

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.—Flowers, of all created things, are the most innocent and simple, and the most superbly complex playthings for childhood, ornaments for the grave, and the companion of the cold corpse of the coffin. Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot; and studied by the deep-thinking man of science. Flowers, that of all perishing things are the most perishing; yet of all earthly things the most heavenly!—Flowers that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumph, of the young bride's blushes—welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation.

What a dreary desolate place would be a face without a smile—a feast without welcome! Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not flowers the stars of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures, for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty, for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from, and superior to, all selfishness, so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread, or by bread alone, but he hath another than an animal life.

ABSURDITIES.—For a dandy to wear his pantaloons so tight that he is obliged to take a portion of Brandreth's pills to "work them off."

For people to look into an almanac to see if there is to be a snowstorm on the coming Fourth of July.

To suppose that ducks and geese are in favor of umbrellas and overshoes, or that poultry can be fatted on hickory shoe pegs.

To suppose that any common man can swallow the granite hills of New Hampshire without their being thoroughly greased.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

A few years ago there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of the needle-woman for many a long month. A worn out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled and course, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the dark thick locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange bing, to the spectators, seemingly half-civilized, half-savage, had a quick, glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, that would no doubt cut its way through the canebrakes, both of the wilderness and of society.

He pushed his steps into the sitting room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition, which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visiters, but a few words whispered in his ear, speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place in the company—some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright.

Yet, reader, there was more in that single man, than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his entrance; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter, when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall be utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep, shady grove, the birds, those living blossoms of the air, will sing his name.—The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, the ornithologist.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—The editor of the London Age says, that having had occasion to explore files of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices to correspondents struck his eye. The following from the British Traveler, are specimens:

"Common Sense" if possible in our next.

"Christianity" must be deferred for more temporary matter.

"Scandal" has already appeared in a former number.

"Truth" is inadmissible.

"Honesty" would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

We know nothing of "Good Manners," therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjectures.

"Scurrility" may depend upon being inserted during the course of the week.

"Decency" must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

"A Patriot" is at present rather out of date.

"An Honest Lawyer," with other originals, in a day or two.

"Matter of Fact" does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.

A HINT TO GIRLS.—An exchange paper says, "We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of hocus pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the King's French, may be good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very *shallow water*. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife."—*Bee.*

The Boot-Black and the President.

TWO SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

Some score of years since, the President of a well known College in Kentucky was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a singular visiter.

The visiter was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance; dressed in coarse homespun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sun-burnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught, uncultivated plough boy.

The President, an affable and venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the plough-boy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic, "If you please, sir, I'd like to get some larnin. I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in getting an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the President, "I can scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. Your request is somewhat singular——"

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, or black your boots," interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening in his earnestness. "I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as to get an education. I want—"

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas. But there was a language in the expressive lip and glancing eye—there was a language in his manner, in the tone in which the words were spoken, that appealed at once to the Professor's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth.

"I am afraid, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The President resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the plough-boy, who, silent and mute, stood holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly in one hand—his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled, as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear, emerging from the downcast eye-lid, rolled over the sun-burnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the plough-boy raised his toil-hardened hand and brushed away the sign of regret.

He made a well-meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opened the door—had one foot across the threshhold, when the President called him back.

The plough-boy was in a few moments hired as a man-of-all-work, and boot-black to the —— College.

* * * * *

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of Heaven who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar.

The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age, of striking and impressive appearance, piercing intellectual eye, and high forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him, every lip is hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teachings of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognize in the famed, the learned, the eloquent President of —— College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of —— College in Kentucky?

A FAIR DEDUCTION.—At an Easter parish meeting the other day, a female having been nominated to serve in the office of overseer for the ensuing year, it was objected to by some of the parishioners, upon which she indignantly exclaimed, that as they had a *woman* for a *king*, she did not see why they should not have a woman for *overseer*. She persisted in the appointment, which was afterward duly confirmed.—*English paper.*

LIP SALVE.—The Crescent City says the best lip salve in creation, is a sweet kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an *affection of the heart.*

"Owe no Man any thing."

An aged wise man said to a young friend, of all things, avoid debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, famine. Hate it with perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, lay stone wall, peddle tin-ware—do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you vaule comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all task masters, the cruelest of all oppressors. It is a mill-stone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags all nobleness and kingliness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would pass by a leper, or one smitten by the plague. Touch it not.—Taste not of its fruits, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally, we say, to each and all, but we speak especially to you, young men, KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

THE WRONG PASSENGER.—A very amusing story is told in a late French paper respecting a blunder made by an embalmer in France, who was called upon to embalm the body of the defunct minister, M. Humann, previous to its being taken from the ministry of finance to the church of Madeline. M. Gannal, the embalmer, called and desired to see the minister. The valet-de-chambre in attendance replied that it was much too early, but M. Gannal persisting, and adding that he had been sent for, and that the business on which he came would admit of no delay, he was shown into a bedroom, the valet withdrawing as soon as M. Gannal entered. This gentleman approached the bed, and, having prepared his apparatus, raised the sheet, and was on the point of applying his lancet to the caroted artery for the purpose of injecting the preserving liquid, when the minister, who was not the dead M. Humann, but the living M. Lacave Laplagne, opened his eyes, and seeing the operator before him armed, as he supposed, for his destruction, cried out repeatedly, "*Au secourse! d l'assassin!*" The cry brought several persons to the spot, but before they could enter the room, M. Gannel had rushed into the corridor, exclaiming, "The minister has come to life."—The affair is easily explained. Mr. Gannal had been sent for to embalm the body of M. Humann, and when he asked to see the minister, the valet, not knowing the object of his visit, naturally showed him into the bedroom of M. Lecave Laplagne, who had already taken up his residence at the ministry.—*Boston Bee.*

A SOUR CHILD.—A prisoner before the Police lately, in Philadelphia, gave the following interesting sketch of his "birth and broughtings up."

"I was born'd weeping—my daddy used to chaw wormwood afore I was born, and my mother made a practice of getting drunk on vinegar. When I was a little boy nobody wouldn't allow me to nuss their children, for they used to say I made 'em dyspeptic—I looked completely sour—so they sed. When I went to school I was always in for the lickens, and I do believe I bagged it for every boy in the school. At last I got married, and my wife left me me in three months. There's no use of asking why. She sed there was no use of living with me, because if we had children they wouldn't be any thing but walking vinegar casks if they were boys—and if they were girls, they would be mere jugs o' cream o' tartar, set on legs to physic all the world by their solemncholy phizzes."

"Marm!—Marm!"

"What Thomas?"

"Did'nt you say to Father, that Bill, the butcher was courtin our Sal?"

"Why child, how you talk. He's only paying his attentions to her."

"Wall, you had better stop it then—kos they're in the parlor now, and Bill jest bit Sal right on the mouth—he did, kos I seen him."

"Thomas here is a cent—run down to the bakers and buy a horse cake, and then you may go and play a spell. La! me, what eyes these children have got."—*Rich. Star.*

Natural History.

From Catlin's American Indians.

The Buffalo and the Red Indians.

There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty or sixty in number, appearing in the distance, on green prairies, like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, whilst the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffaloe's flesh, they are harmless, and every where sneak away from man's presence; which I scarcely think will be the case after the buffaloes are all gone, and they are left, as they must be, with scarcely any thing to eat. They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those that the hunters leave on the ground or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes are together, they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian, then, has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng.

During the season of the year whilst the calves are young, the males seem to stroll about by the side of the dam, as if for the purpose of protecting the young, at which time it is extremely hazardous to attack them, as they are sure to turn upon their pursuers. The buffalo calf during the first six months is red, and has so much the appearance of a red calf in cultivated fields, that it could easily be mingled and mistaken amongst them. In the fall, when it changes its hair, it takes a brown coat for the winter, which it always retains. In pursuing a large herd of buffaloes at the season when their calves are but a few weeks old, I have often been exceedingly amused with the curious manœuvres of these shy little things. Amidst the thundering confusion of a throng of several hundreds or several thousands of these animals, there will be many of the calves that lose sight of their dams; and being left behind by the throng, and the swift passing hunters, endeavor to secrete themselves, when they are exceedingly put to it on the level prairie, where nought can be seen but the short grass of six or eight inches in height, save an occasional bunch of wild sage, a few inches higher, to which the poor affrighted things will run, and dropping on their knees, will push their noses under it, and into the grass, where they will stand for hours with their eyes shut, imagining themselves securely hid, whilst they are standing up quite straight upon their hind feet, and can easily be seen at several miles distance. It is a familiar amusement for us, accustomed to these scenes, to retreat back over the ground where we have just escorted the herd, and approach these little trembling things, which stubbornly maintain their position, with their noses pushed under the grass, and their eyes strained upon us, as we dismount from our horses and are passing around them. From this fixed position they are said not to move, until hands are laid upon them, and then, after a desperate struggle, for a moment, the little thing is conquered, and makes no further resistance. I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its hostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of the dam! This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and, although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the Fur Company's men,) in bringing, in the above manner, several of those little prisoners, which sometimes followed for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur Company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led.

It is truly a melancholy contemplation for the traveler in this country, to anticipate the period, which is not far distant, when the last of these noble animals, at the hands of red and white men, will fall victims to their cruel and improvident rapacity; leaving these beautiful green fields a vast and idle waste, unstocked and unpeopled for ages to come, until the bones of the one and the traditions of the other will have vanished, and left scarce an intelligible trace behind. That the reader should not think me visionary in these contemplations, or romancing in making these assertions, I will hand him the following item of the extravagances which are practised in these regions, and rapidly leading to the results which I have named.

Only a few days before I arrived, (when an immense herd of buffaloes had showed themselves on the opposite side of the river, almost blackening the plains for a great distance,) a party of five or six hundred Sioux Indians on horseback, forded the river about mid-day, and spending a few hours amongst them, re-crossed the river at sundown and came into the fort with fourteen hundred fresh buffalo tongues, which were thrown down in a mass, and for which they required but a few gallons of whiskey, which was soon demolished, indulging them in a little and harmless carouse.

This strip of the country, which extends from the province of Mexico to lake Winnipeg on the North, is almost one entire plain of grass, which is, and ever must be, useless to cultivating man. It is here, and here chiefly, that the buffaloes dwell; and with, and hovering about them, live and flourish the tribes of Indians whom God made for the enjoyment of that fair land and its luxuries. It is a melancholy contemplation for one who has traveled as I have, through these realms, and seen this noble animal in all its pride and glory, to contemplate it so rapidly wasting from the world, drawing the irresistible conclusion too, which one must do, that its species is soon to be extinguished, and with it the peace and happiness (if not the actual existence) of the tribes of Indians who are joint tenants with them, in the occupancy of those vast and idle plains.

Such scenes might easily have been preserved, and still could be cherished on the great plains of the West, without detriment to the country or its borders; for the tracts of country on which the buffaloes have assembled, are uniformly sterile, and of no available use to cultivating man. It is on these plains, which are stocked with buffaloes, that the finest specimens of the Indian race are to be seen. It is here that the savage is decorated in the richest costume. It is here, and here only, that his wants are all satisfied, and even the luxuries of life are afforded him in abundance.—And here also is he the proud and honorable man, (before he has had teachers or laws,) above the imported wants, which beget meanness and vice; stimulated by ideas of honor and virtue, in which the God of Nature has certainly not curtailed him. There are, by fair calculation, more than 300,000 Indians, who are now subsisting on the flesh of the buffaloes, and by those animals supplied with all the luxuries of life which they desire, as they know of none others.

Birds.—Don't allow your boys, or your neighbors' boys, or any biped who calls himself a man, to be strolling about your fields or orchards with a gun, popping away at the beautiful little birds that are such effectual aids in exterminating or checking the progress of the whole race of millers, worms, grubs, &c. that commit such depradations on the farmers. If you allow this vile slaughter of birds, do not be surprised if your apple trees are stripped by the canker worm, your apple destroyed by the larvæ of the codling moth, your plums by the curculio, your cabbages by the black grub, and your peas by the pea grub. These little birds are the farmer's best friends. True, they occasionally take as a reward for their labor some of the fruit or seed they have been so active in preserving, but this is no more than equal and exact justice. The person who could dispense with the early carol of the song sparrow, the merry song of the bobolink, or the sweet notes of the brown thrush, may possibly be an honest man, but he has no ear for the melodies of nature—"he has no music in his soul."—*Cultivator.*

Wit.—Dr. Hennicker being one day in conversation with Earl Chatham, was asked by his lordship to define Wit. "Wit," replied the learned doctor, "is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servent—*a good thing well applied.*"

Sunday Reading.

PUSEYISM.

Reference is frequently made in the English news to Puseyism, its progress,' the trouble it is producing in the Church of England, the Oxford Tracts, &c., and the question is often asked what is the meaning of the whole matter. The following extract from the English correspondence of the National Intelligencer, is a briefer and more comprehensive sketch of the doctrines known as Puseyism than any thing we have met with before, and some of our readers may be gratified to see it. The farther publication of the Oxford Tracts—devoted among other things to the inculcation of these new doctrines—has been prohibited, but previous to their prohibition they had been extensively circulated in Great Britain and this country. Among us, we believe, they have met with no great favor, but they have made some converts. The promulgation of these doctrines in Protestant England, is a curious episode in the religious history of the age.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

Linconshire, (Eng.) Jan. 1, 1842.

One of the most important movements which ever took place in the established church of England, is now in operation. I allude to the rapid spread of what is called Puseyism among the members of the church. The proselytes to these opinions are among the most talented, and in some cases the most influential, of the hitherto undoubted orthodox sons of Episcopacy. The leaders in this new schism are Dr. Pusey, Hebrew professor in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ's Church, Mr. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's in Oxford; and Mr. Keble, the late Professor of Poetry in that University—all men of great talent and mind.

These men, and many others who have espoused the cause, are actively engaged in printing and distributing what they term the *Oxford Tracts.*—These are already about ninety in number, and advocate the following doctrines: That tradition (meaning thereby something unwritten handed down from the apostolic times) is no less from God than the Bible, and that Scripture and tradition together are the joint rule of faith. That the sacraments, not preaching, are the only means of grace. That none are justified but in baptism.—That all baptised infants are justified and regenerated. That faith does not precede justification but justification precedes faith, and that baptism creates faith. That if a man sin more than once after baptism, there is no forgiveness, though he repent. That the Lord's Supper may be administered to dying insensible persons, and even to infants. That ministers in the Apostolical succession have the gift of making bread and wine the body and blood of Christ. That they have the keys of heaven and hell entrusted to them.—That the church of Rome is a true church; but that all the Presbyterian churches, such as the established church of Scotland, the dissenting churches in England, and the reformed churches on the Continent, are no churches; consequently their ministers are no ministers, their sacraments no sacraments; that they are not in covenant with God; and that Christ has not promised to be with them, but with those only who are in the Apostolical succession—*the Episcopalians.* That it is contrary to the teaching of Scripture to bring forward the atonement explicitly and prominently on all occasions. That the church of England nowhere restrains her children from praying for their departed friends. That the mass is a sacrifice for the quick and the dead, and that the great and good men, whom the Protestant world have hitherto dignified with the title of Reformers, and hailed as benefactors to their race, are but *Reformers so called.* The Oxford Tracts also maintain that the "Bishops are Apostles to us; Christ's figure and likeness, as certainly as if we saw upon each of their heads a cloven tongue, like as of fire." The Dissenters are all called a mob, and assailed with the most opprobrious and vulgar language. Such are some of the delusions put forth by these men, and they meet with the partial support of a great many who cannot go the entire length, but adopt them in part, both in belief and practice, each according to his measure of credulity.

Truth.—We must not always speak all that we know—that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and dissembling is, that he shall not be believed when he speaks the truth.—*Montaigne.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The gem of the May number of this valuable periodical is an account of AFFGHANISTAN from the earliest times, illustrated by a map of the seat of war. This country occupies an important place in the civilized world, and may exert a much greater influence upon the destinies of England than many other nations with whom her intercourse has been more frequent. All information respecting its position and resources, of which comparatively little is known, must be interesting and useful. The Magazine also contains a review of "Maxwell's Life of Wellington," and several other papers of interest.

PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS.—To prepare and preserve from rust wrought and cast iron and steel; likewise the method to cover iron with a surface of copper, and also to prepare galvanic powder and paint.

This is a pamphlet, written in a most horrible style, but containing, if its sayings are true, some most valuable matter.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The June number contains several good articles; also three engravings, —the Proffered Kiss; the Suspension bridge, at Fairmount, and a plate of fashions.

NEW YORK VISITOR.—The number for this month, is a good one. We commend the work to the readers of periodical literature.

LADY'S BOOK.—If there were nothing else in this month's number worthy of notice, the story entitled "Fanny Lincoln" would more than pay the price of the book.

N. Y. LANCET.—Doctors, do you buy it? If not, give it a trial and we think you will continue your patronage.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This little monthly companion for youth comes this month, as usual, laden with intellectual riches.

URE'S DICTIONARY.—The 9th number of this superb work has reached us. Instead of falling short of the reasonable expectations created by the prospectus, we think that all who purchase the work will find more in it of undisputed value than they had reason to anticipate.

HANDY ANDY,—By Lover, said to be one of the most amusing portraitures of Irish life ever published, has reached the 5th number in periodical form.

MUSICAL CABINET.—We would merely remind our readers that this work is published in Boston at the price of $3,00 a year. We have heard that ameteurs pronounced this one of the best musical publications in the world.

LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.—The June number sustains the reputation for talent that this new periodical is rapidly attaining.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.—The June number closes the first volume of this magazine. It sustains well the character it assumed, that of being interesting to those who are fond of light, and amusing reading.—Each number is accompanied with an engraving on steel, the fashions, and music.

☞ MOORE, Arcade, is agent for the above.

HANG HIM!—The office of the Bangor Whig was robbed of $65 a few nights since! Catch the robber and then hang him! Rob a printer! The wretch!

☞ The last step has been laid in the Bunker Hill Monument. Its elevation is 200 feet. The prospect from its summit cannot be surpassed in the world.

CONTENTMENT.—Old Major B——, of Arkansas, tells a pretty good story. He had been travelling through the woods for some ten or fifteen hours, when he opened upon a clearing, which had a log house in its centre, on which was chalked the words, "entertainment for man and beast." As neither himself nor horse had had any thing to eat all day, they both looked the happier at this sign of hospitality. As he rode up to the cabin, he saw a flaxen-headed little fellow sunning himself before the door, and he accosted him with—

"Wall, my son, can you give me some supper?"

"I reckon not. We haint no meat, nor we haint no bread, nor we haint no taters."

"Wall, you can give me a bed, can't you?"

"I reckon not; for we haint no feathers, nor we haint no straw, nor we haint no floorin to our house."

"Wall, you can give my horse something to eat."

"I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats neither."

"In the name of human nature how do you do here?"

"Oh! very wall, I thank you. *How are all your folks to hum?*"

The Major couldn't stand it any longer, and sloped!

A SCENE!—A passionate lover was pressing his suit with an ardor which enraptured lovers only can appreciate. He was upon his knees, urging his suit with poetic eloquence. "Gentle one, be mine. Drive me not to distraction by a cold answer. I swear by those lovely eyes—by those lips, sweeter than the nectar of the gods—by that brow whose marble beauty Minerva might envy—that I love you!" The gentle one sighed, as she gazed out upon the lovely landscape before her. Her heaving breast gave hope to the enraptured swain; and he was covering her snowy hand with kisses, when she exclaimed—"*There, I swow, if that nasty critter hasn't spilt all the soap grease!*" We came away then.

A BENEVOLENT HEATHEN.—A witness, who was called upon to testify against an old woman arraigned for shop-lifting, swore rather hard, as the justice supposed, *in favor* of the prisoner; upon which the following dialogue ensued:

Justice—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Witness—I do.

Justice—Are you orthodox in doctrine?

Witness—I reckon so. I'm a mighty humane critter, and in this particular case, an orthodox *heathen*. I worship at the shrine of *Juggernaut* (jug-her-not.)

Justice—You may go.

LAW.—The Poughkeepsie Eagle says a case was recently decided after a protracted litigation, at a cost of not less than $200, in which the matter in dispute was 25 cents.

A verdict of $400 was recently given in this county, because one man accused another of stealing a peck of potatoes.

Another has been in court four years, which is based upon a question whether or not a man took a large file, worth four shillings, when he paid for a small one worth no more than two! Oh! the blessed privilege of the law!

CHEAP!—The terms of tuition in the Michigan University are fixed at $10 *for four years!* Board can be had for *ten shillings a week!*

"Rob, I understand you are on a cruise after Dick to cowhide him." "Yes, I am off on a *whaling* expedition."

Ah-ha! said the farmer to his corn. Oh!-*hoe!* said the corn to the farmer.—*Ephraim.*

Variety.

TO-MORROW.—Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course, who is there that can read a single page, and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are gay may be sad. Those who are now walking the avenues of pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be the subject of intense sorrow. Prosperity may be changed into adversity.

Those who are now on the mountain summit may be overspread with paleness—the strong step may falter. Death may have overtaken us.

To-morrow! It may have entirely changed the course of our lives. It may form a new era in our existence. What we fear may not happen.

To-morrow! Away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a being to whom all the distinctions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose of every thing for our wise improvement.

STARTING CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.—The following extract from the works of a living writer, is replete with sound philosophy and common sense. It is well worth the attention of parents:

"Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like putting bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his resources the better."

A DUTCH ROPING-IN GAME.—*Der Deutsche* tells a good thing of a fellow who went into a grocery store and called for a quart of molasses. The molasses was brought, and the purchaser demanded to have it poured into his hat. The grocer's clerk offered to lend him a measure, but no—the purchaser insisted upon having it put into his hat, at the same time laying down a piece of money which required change. The shopman, much wondering at so odd a whim, hesitated no longer, but doused the molasses into his customer's old hat, and then pulled out his money drawer to make change. In a twinkling the rascally purchaser dropped the hat on the young grocer's head, grabbed all the money within his reach, coolly put the grocer's good hat on his own head, and walked off whistling, while the shopkeeper was blinding and choking in a bath of moasses.

RICH.—The following speech, credited to the Dollar Democrat, is well worth a dollar in itself:—

"Fel-lah Cit-ah-zens!—Oim foh lee-kwee-dating those Bonz! I am, dem-me! The On-hah! the Glo-rah! and the Dig-ni-tah! of Mis-ses-see-pah! all re-qui-ah! that their pee-pal pay those Bonz! Eh—they do, split me.—[Here, fel-lah! Fetch me some wa-thah! in a clean tum-blah!]—Oim faw putting the Mis-sis-see-pa Union Bank in lee-kwah-dation! I am, dem-me! Onah among thieves! is my mot-tah! Fel-lah cit-ah-zens, Oim flit-tah'd by your attention—I am, split moi whis-kahs! Oive no more to say to the awjence. Let's lik-whar!"—[Here some half a dozen bank fops set up a clatter with their canes and high-heel'd boots.]

A TERRIBLE TIME.—"Wal, there's a row over to our house."

"What on airth's the matter, you little sarpint?"

"Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, Sal's got married and run away with all the spoons, Pete has swaller'd a pin, and Luke has looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles. That ain't all nuther."

"What else upon airth?"

"Rose spilt the butter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens got her head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and O, how hungry I am!"

"Why, what an awful row!"

Poetry.

From the Christian World

The Summer Birds.

BY MRS. A. B. WELBY.

Sweet warbles of the sunny hours,
Forever on the wing—
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories,
In Summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces,
To list their silver calls:
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew—
Amid the mists of even—
They warble on as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven,
How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When dying zephyrs rise and float,
Like lovers' sighs, away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tombs they glide,
Where sweet pale forms, for which we grieve
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song and solemn hush
Where peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thoughts
That cluster round the dead.

For never can my soul forget
The loved of other years;
Their memories fill my spirit yet—
I've kept them green with tears;
And their singing greets my heart at times,
As in the days of yore,
Though their music and their loveliness,
Is o'er—forever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
Comes with a low, sweet tune,
And sets a star on every height,
And one beside the moon—
When not a sound of wind or wave
The holy stillness mars,
I look above, and strive to trace
Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds! the birds of summer hours—
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers—
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlit hours,
When I am with the dead,
Oh! may they flutter 'mid the flowers
That blossom o'er my head,
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Marriage Vow.

Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded with an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in Eternity.

Speak it not lightly—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade with the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Sacred in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life may not prove all sunshine—there will come
Dark hours for all. O will ye when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round home,
Love as ye did, in time when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present fair!

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay perchance some worshipped beauty low;
Will ye then gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark on life's dark sea;
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
When Hope her syren strain sang joyously—
Will ye look up through clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say "*Together* we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous beam hath gone,
And the pale lip with accent low and weak—
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly—O beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word,
Lo, men and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard;
O then kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

☞ We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the following verses, which he justly commends for their exquisite tenderness. We take them from the Aberdeen (Scotland) Herald of March, 1841.

This night ye'll cross the Gosky glen;
Ance mair O wou'd ye meet me then?
I'll seem as bygone bliss an' pain
Were a' forgot;
I winna weep, to wearie thee,
Nor seek the love ye cannot gie;—
Whaur first we met, O let that be
The parting spot!

The hour when just the faithless light
O yon pale star forsakes the night;
I woud'na pain ye wi' the blight
Ye've brought to me;
Nor wou'd I that yon proud, cold ray
Should crush me wi' its mockfu' play;
The sunken e'en an' tresses gray,
Ye mauna see.

Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,
An' bran-dried grief nae tears can spare;
These bluidless lips shall never mair
Breathe ill to thee.
At murky[night, O meet me then!
Restore my plighted troth again;
Your bonnie bride shall never ken
Your wrongs to me.

Cousins.

Had you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing;
And you'd find, if ever you'd kissed her, Tom,
(But let this be a secret between us,)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they are not of the sister genus.

There is something, Tom, in a sister's lip
When you give her a good-night kiss,
That savors so much of relationship,
That nothing occurs amiss:
But a cousin's lip if you once unite
With your's, in the quietest way,
Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
You'll be dreaming the following day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,
With a cousin to hear you talk;
And no one feels any alarm, Tom,
At a quiet cousinly walk:—
But, Tom, you'll soon find what I happen to know,
That such walks often go into straying,
And the voices of cousins are often so low,
Heaven only knows what you'll be saying!

And then there happens so often, Tom,
Soft pressure of hands and fingers,
And looks that were moulded to soften,
And tones on which memory lingers;
That long ere your walk is half over, the strings
Of your heart are all put into play,
By the voice of those demi-sisterly things,
In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the songs of a sister may bring to you, Tom,
Such tones as the angels woo.
But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,
You'd take her for an angel, too;
For so curious a note is that note of theirs,
That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,
Had been all the while singing National Airs,
Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a cousin that sung, Tom,
And her name may be nameless now,
But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so;
'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there's not a leaf on the tree;—
But 'twixt walking and singing that cousin has been,
God forgive her! the ruin of me.

And now I care naught for society, Tom,
And lead a most anchorite life,
For I've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
And out of the wish for a wife;
But oh! if I said but half what I might say,
So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
And from cousins—as long as you live.

The Betrothed.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee—
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh! how blest had been my fate!
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have found thee—but too late.

For to one my vows were plighted,
With a faltering lip and pale;
Hands our cruel sires united—
Hearts were deemed of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn o'ershaded,
Thus betrothed to wealth and state,
All love's own sweet prospects faded—
I have found thee—but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain
With the arrow in his breast;
Or like light upon the mountain
Where the snow must ever rest—
Thou hast known me, but forgive me,
For I feel what ills await;
Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Fine Phrases in Blank Verse.

We delight in elegant modes of expression, and our object here is to rescue from their base-born condition a few of the current phrases of the day, by dressing them up for appearance in classical society.

Does your mother know you're out?—
O, can solicitude maternal be
Aware of absent innocence from home?

Give her a lick back—
Bestow a certain stroke upon the boat,
Propelling her crabwise the other way.

Go ahead—
To the high summit of thy wishes, on!

Roping-in—
Decoying the unwary into snares,
And easing them of surplus capital.

A nice man for a small tea party—
A specimen exceedingly select,
To be admired by very ancient dames
While sipping an exotic beverage.

Your cake's all dough—
The sweet-bread of your long and ardent hope,
Dear sir, continues still a little soft.

There's where you put your foot in it—
Behold! ah, that's where the great work was lost!
When into it your dexter pedal went!

You can't come it, Judge—
O! all in vain, thou minister of law!
Seest thou these moving fingers?—What say they?

He's done brown—
Full of nice touches, and complete in all:
"Well done" from Nature's oven, see him stand.

No go—
Alas! most impotent and futile all!

All round my hat—
About the beaver covering of my head,
In endless twining nicely circumvolv'd.

Stuck in the mud—
Embodied fast in soft alluvial soil.

Quien Sabe—(*Spanish of "Who knows"*)—
Who holds the information may unfold.

Sich a gittin' up stairs—
A most remarkable ascension of
The steps conducting to the place above.

Not hard to take—
By no means uncongenial to the taste.

Running a saw—
——————did I not deem thee true,
Your every look, your tone, would plainly show
That you were feeding me with speech delusive.

Oh, Hush!
Waste not unmeaningly your powers of voice.

No, you don't—
Some little labor you appear to have,
In your enthusiasm, thrown away.

Who's afraid of fire?—
Who is there here dares not confront the flame?

That's the hammer!—
Behold the instrument for driving nails!

Saw my leg off!—
O! amputate my limb unmentionable!

Fork over the tin—
Procure a three-prong'd instrument and pass
Over to me the necessary ore.

Take my hat—
Sir, please appropriate my old chapeau.

Go it, Boots!—
Onward! my good old leather-leggings, on!

Running accounts—
Absquatulating bills of olden date.

In a bad fix—
Confined in a position inconvenient.

In the wrong box—
Expecting invitation to retire.

Done gone—
The business finished, and the man retired.

I'll see you in the fall—
When autumn flings about the scattering leaves,
O, then once more I shall your face behold!

Keep a stiff upper lip—
Let not the upper border of your mouth
Be from its firm-set disposition bent.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 13th inst., by Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. WILLIAM F. SECOR to Miss SUSAN PLATO.

In this city, on the 13th inst., by Rev. S. Luckey, Mr. THOMAS SMITH, of this city, to Miss ELIZA M. P. SMITH, formerly of Hadley, Mass.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Daniel Leary, to Miss Caroline W. Montgomery, all of this city.

In Brighton, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Grey, Mr. Oscar B. Sprague to Miss Caroline Dennis, all of this city.

In East Palmyra, on the 9th inst., by Rev. E. B. Fuller, STEPHEN CULVER, Esq., of Newark, to Miss HELEN M., daughter of Col. Ambrose Salisbury, of the former place.

In Port Gibson, on the 2d inst., Mr. CHARLES B. HILL, of Newark, to Miss HESTER ANN STYLES, of Port Gibson.

At Varysburgh, on the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Rollin, Mr. WYMAN H. AINSWORTH to Miss HARRIET WILDER, both of that place.

In Bennington, on the 8th inst., by L. Peck, Esq., Mr. Jonas Youmans, of Java, to Miss Adaline Sill, of Alden.

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Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XXV.

The day on which the will was offered for probate was a dreadful one for Lucy; not the less so that the cause of her trouble was such that she could communicate it to no one without the risk of bringing upon the head of her husband the penalty which the law awarded to crimes such as his. Fortunately for her, Miss Crawford, although she felt equal anxiety on the same subject, rarely spoke of it, except to Dr. Thurston and Wharton; and thus the extreme agitation which Lucy always evinced when the subject was introduced escaped observation. But this rack of mind was making sad inroads upon her health. Her voice had become feeble, her step languid, and her whole form so frail and thin that she seemed but the ghost of what she had been. She grew absent and moody, and rarely spoke, and when she did so, it was with the abstracted air of one whose thoughts were engrossed with other matters. Sometimes she paused abruptly in the midst of her conversation, and then resumed it in a tone so sad and despairing that it brought tears to the eyes of her listener.

Dr. Thurston had called frequently to see her, and had prescribed a few simple medicines; but as he went away one morning he met Miss Crawford in the entry, and taking her hand, said:

"She's going fast. Be kind to her; for she has seen much trouble—that poor girl. It's the heart and not the body that's giving way. What did you say her name was?"

"Mrs. Wilkins. She did not mention it herself, but a person who has been here once or twice to see her calls her so."

"A bad name—a very bad name! I think I may conscientiously say a d——d bad name! It's the name of the infernal scamp who is witness to that will. Can she be a relative of his?"

"It's not very probable."

"No, it is not. Well, take good care of her. She'll not trouble you long."

The old man took a pinch of snuff, cleared his throat, which had become a little husky, and went out.

From that time Miss Crawford redoubled her kindness to Lucy. She humored her moody ways, and on that day in particular had endeavored so patiently and with so much good humor to cheer her spirits, that unable to control her feelings Lucy left the room, and going to her own chamber, wept like a child.

How guilty she felt! At that moment, a strong inclination seized her to steal out of the house; to turn her back upon it, and to return no more. Then came a sudden impulse to go to Miss Crawford, and to tell her all that she knew. She rose up with her determination strong within her; but she paused. She was going to betray her husband! —one whom she still loved; to brand his name with infamy; and even though he escaped punishment, to cast a stain upon him that could never be effaced. Oh! no, no! she could not do it!—she could not!

She sat herself down, and endeavored to await the result of the trial with calmness; but it was an idle hope; for during the whole day her brain teemed with bewildering thoughts. At times she could dream of little else except Wilkins—an outcast, suffering the penalty of the law. Sometimes however her mind strayed off even from that; and a sense of utter loneliness and weariness would come over her, and a strong desire to lay her head down and never to awake again. Then again she found herself devising plans for gaining a livelihood when she should have quitted Miss Crawford's house; for she resolved no longer to owe her bread to one whom her husband had so deeply injured. She made up her mind that when she next saw Phillips she would communicate her intentions to him, and ask his assistance, for he knew more of her secret than any one else; and she felt sure that he would appreciate the motives which induced her to abandon her present home. She had seen him but once since the memorable day of her interview with Bolton; but he had promised to attend at the Surrogate's office when the will was offered for probate, and to inform her of what took place. Every time the bell rung she expected him; and at last a servant knocked at the door and informed her that he was below.

She got up, and as she did so she became deadly faint; but the feeling passed off. She went down stairs slowly and painfullly, tottering at every step, and when she entered the room she panted for breath.

"Good heavens, Lucy! how ill you look!" said Phillips; "you must take care of yourself; indeed you must."

"Never mind about that, Jack," said she, sinking in a chair; "never mind about that now.—Tell me what has been done to-day about *him*. Has he been there?"

"He has," replied Phillips.

Lucy closed her eyes and became exceedingly pale. "Well, go on; I can bear any thing now; go on. Let me know the worst at once. He swore that he saw the will signed?"

"Yes, he did," said Phillips.

"When?—when? Tell me that!"

"Some time in September. The sixth or seventh."

Lucy started to her feet. "September! September! Did he say September?" exclaimed she vehemently, at the same time grasping his arm.

"There was some difficulty about that," replied Phillips. "As well as I could make it out, the will was dated in August; but was not witnessed then. Both Higgs and Wilkins swore to that. It could not have been; for they said that they were both absent from the city in August. The lawyers talked a great deal about it; and I don't know how it would have ended; but one of Miss Crawford's own witnsses—a servant who had lived in the house—swore that he took the will to Bolton's office on the very day that these men swore they witnessed it; and that his master went there to sign it. It was the sixth or seventh of September."

Lucy clasped her hands together. "Thank God! Thank God! Poor George! I have wronged him. I have wronged him!"

But amid this sudden gush of joy she recollected her interview with the Attorney, and the violent agitation which he had then displayed, and the truth flashed on her. This was some new trick of his. She had put him on his guard; and he had thus been enabled to provide against detection, which would otherwise have been certain.

"I see it all; I see it all!" said she, again sinking back in her chair. "It's all written too plainly to be mis-read. I can trace all the windings of that man's black heart. God help those who fall in his hands! God help George, now; for he's lost for ever!"

She leaned her head on her hands, and the tears gushed from between her fingers.

"But Lucy," interposed Phillips, in an expostulating voice, "all seems straight-forward about this matter. If there's any foul play it's on the part of the old man. It was shameful for him to cut off his daughter in that way; but there's no blame to George."

"You don't know all, Jack; you don't know what passed between the lawyer and me when when I went to his office. It almost turned my head; but it's past now. We won't talk of this matter any longer," said she, with a sudden effort. "It can do no good. But I want you to assist and advise me in what I am going to do. I intend to leave this house, for I can't stay here after what George has done. The young lady does not know that I am his wife; but if she discovered it, I feel as if it would kill me. What I want is this: you must find some employment for me, by which I can support myself without living on her charity. I care not how hard the work is. I'll slave from morning till night, sooner than be dependent on her. I know that I am doing a great wrong in not appearing at this trial, and proving that will to be a forgery; and night and morning I pray to God to forgive me; but I cannot turn against George—now, when he has none to stand by him. No! no!"

Phillips stood for some time looking at her; and then he said: "You are indeed doing a great wrong, Lucy, if you know this will to be a fraudulent one, in not exposing the fraud, come what may."

"I know it, Jack—I know it. You cannot think me more criminal than I think myself. Remorse and anxiety have made sad work here," said she, pressing her hand on her heart; "yet I would suffer ten times what I have, to screen him from detection. Could the guilt and punishment fall on me, I would not hesitate one moment to speak all that I know and all that I suspect.—Jack," said she, suspiciously, "you will not betray what I am telling you?"

"No, no! But don't tell me any thing more, for I begin to feel guilty already."

"Well, well, I will not," said she; but you will assist me to find some means of gaining an honest living? I would not trouble you; but I am not strong enough to go abroad and seek them myself."

Phillips took her hand in his, and spread the thin white fingers open in his own large palm.—"Lucy," said he, "look at these fingers. What can they do? They have scarcely strength enough to crush a straw, and are as hot as fire; and each one throbs as if there was a pulse in it; and yet you talk of work! *Work*, indeed!—Don't think of it; but take care of yourself; and if you will not stay here, go and seek a home elsewhere, and I will pay for it. When you get strong and well you can return the loan. Don't be afraid that I will trouble you; for from the time that you leave this house I'll not see you again unless you want assistance. Even George, jealous as he is, can find no fault with that. If he will not take care of you himself he has no right to blame those who would offer you a shelter. If I see him he shall have a piece of my mind."

"Stop, Jack!" said Lucy, placing her hand on his arm; "George has already enough to drive him mad. Don't goad him farther. He's sorry for all that he has done—I'm sure of it. You'll do what I asked, won't you?"

"Yes, yes; but don't be hasty," said Phillips.

"Thank you, Jack. You must go now; for I am very feeble, and it takes but little to weary me."

"But what answer do you make to my offer?"

"None, none—none. I'll think of it. The time may come when I shall be less able to work; so ill that I must be a burden to some one. Until then I can give you no answer."

Phillips looked at her wasted face; and those features, which were already becoming pinched and sharp; and those bright glowing eyes; and he answered in a sad tone: "Well, Lucy, if you don't come till then, God grant that you may not call on me soon; but you'll always find me ready. Good by! God bless you!"

"Stop, Phillips!" said she, as she was turning to go, and speaking in a very low tone; "one word. If any thing should happen, and I should

not see you again, and you should hear that I was dead, and should see George, tell him that I tho't of him, and forgave him all that had passed between us; and that I had no hard thoughts of him."

"Don't talk so, Lucy," said Phillips, compressing his mouth together; for he was beginning to feel a strange sensation about the throat and lips. "Don't—why should you? You seem very ill, certainly, but not so bad as that. You may get well yet; only you must not talk of working, that's all. You're young. It's only trouble, Lucy, that's killing you."

Lucy shook her head.

"I don't know, Jack; I have never been right since I saw the lawyer. Something gave way *here* then," said she, placing her hand over her heart; "but no matter. Tell *him* that I loved him to the last; and that my last thought was of him. Perhaps when I'm out of his way he will think kindly of me. Good by!"

She reached out her hand to him, and he took it, and pressed the wasted fingers. "Good by, Lucy; good by! I'll see you again. I'll come to-morrow. You seem faint now; but perhaps you'll be better then."

"Perhaps so; perhaps so."

Phillips rubbed his hand across his eyes and went out.

Lucy leaned her head back, and from the window she had a distinct view of the river and fields of the opposite shore. Although it was winter, it was a soft glowing day, and the air played freely through the open window. It seemed purer and more refreshing than she had ever felt it before. How charming the landscape was! Far distant objects loomed up until she fancied that she could touch them; and yet every thing was very beautiful. Oh! how rich and blue and unfathomable was that deep sky! Did she dream?—or were there bright shadows flitting in the sunbeams, and glad faces smiling kindly upon her, and the soft eyes of her mother looking mildly in hers, and voices of friends, long forgotten, whispering in her ears, and their loved forms hovering about her, and filling that poor heart with joy and gladness, such as it had never known since she was a child? She knew not, she thought not.—The past seemed receding. Her troubles grew more and more distant; they faded from her mind like things dreamed of long ago, and indistinctly caught up in snatches by Memory: and then they vanished altogether, and her eyes closed.

The sun shone brightly over her pale face, and the western wind dallied with her hair. The breeze died away, the sun sank, and the pale moon-light played through the room, and the air grew damp and heavy with the dews of night.—Hour after hour passed. The moon disappeared, and the room became dark. Still Lucy awoke not. Light and darkness were the same to her now; for the poor broken heart was still for ever. Her sorrows and troubles were over; and Wilkins had lost—what he was never again destined to find—one who loved him more than life.

. . . . . .

There was a country church, far away from the gloomy walls of the city, and buried in trees; and close by it was a quiet shadowy grave-yard, filled with tall solemn elms, and old willows with their long limbs drooping down to the grass and brushing the tomb-stones. Lucy had often lain under them when a child, and watched the birds playing in the branches, and listened to the wind as it whispered through the leaves; and she thought that there were voices speaking to her, and she had answered them; and she had talked to the birds as they flew from twig to twig; and they seemed to understand her, to peep inquisitively down, but never to fear her. Poor Lucy! it was her play-ground then, and of late she had often looked to it as her place of rest. She had been very happy there once, and she fancied that even now it would be more peaceful than any other spot on earth. In that quiet old church-yard, where the bright sun could shine upon her grave, and the flowers blossom in the spring, and where there was nothing to shut out the blue sky, save the waving boughs of the old trees that she had loved—there they buried her. Not far off was her native village, a small sequestered place, where she had passed the brightest part of her life. Many a bright-eyed girl stole away from her home in that little town to see the burial. They were those who had played with her in days long passed; and they lingered about the grave as if sad to part with an old friend, from whom they had been so long separated. "Poor thing!" said a gray-haired old man: "I knew her when she was a laughing little creature, almost a baby; she played here often. She was a merry, light-hearted girl then; I hope she was always so. She was very young to die; very young. I hope she had a happy life!" He turned away, patted on the head a child who stood by him, and sauntered off to his own home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Two days after the trial before the Surrogate, Higgs walked abruptly into the Attorney's office. His face had not the look of cheerful indifference which usually marked it. His brow was knit and puckered, and his mouth pinched up; as if tho'ts not of the most agreeable character were forcing themselves upon him.

"I'm glad you're in," said he, going up to the chair in which Bolton sat, bending over some law papers. "Have you got a decision yet about the will?"

Bolton shook his head.

"Well, I didn't come about that. I came to tell you of Wilkins."

The Attorney laid down a pen which he held in his hand, and with which he had been making memoranda, and looked nervously at Higgs; for there was something in his face which had struck him as unusual from the first, and every thing alarmed him now.

"Why do you stop? What of him?" demanded he.

"You've used him up," replied Higgs. "He's on his back, raving mad. They say he'll die."

The Attorney started up and involuntarily clasped his hands. "Well, go on; where is he, and what do you want?"

"The place he's in is no place for a living man to be in. He must be moved," said Higgs. "It isn't even fit for a dog to die in. I want you to see to him."

"What ails him?" demanded the Attorney.—"Tell me something about him. What is the matter?"

"You know how he was the day we had that little matter of yours on hand. He grew worse and worse; and that night he talked odd, and muttered to himself; and his hands were as hot as fire. The next day he was down; and that night he was stark mad. He talked so that it made even *my* hair stand on end."

"What does he speak about?"

"Sometimes of his wife, and sometimes of you, and sometimes of the will. It's what's on his mind that's killing him. I'm afraid he can't stand it long. You must do something for him. He's done a good deal for you," said Higgs, in a sullen tone.

"Yes, yes, I will. I'll see him to-night," said Bolton, hurriedly. "He shall be well cared for."

"That alone isn't enough. You must do more," said Higgs. "I told you that he was out of his head; and when the fever is on him his tongue wags wildly; and he talks of what would blast us all, root and branch."

"Ha!"

"I've watched with him till I'm worn out.—You must take your turn. He's in his senses now, and will be till the fever comes on. When will you come?"

"To-night. Where shall I find him?"

Higgs took a pen and scrawled the address on a piece of paper.

"Who lives in the house beside him?" inquired the lawyer, reading the address.

"None but the rats. Even thieves keep clear of it for fear it will fall on 'em. I hate to go in the door. He has been there ever since he drove his wife out of doors. He has a doctor who comes at night. I never leave them alone together. I can't be there to-night—so you must."

"Yes, yes, I must indeed," muttered Bolton.—"He must be watched closely. If he dies he must leave no sign—nothing that can implicate us.—Does he know that he'll die?"

Higgs shook his head. "I wouldn't tell him, for fear he'd grow repentant, and let out what is best known only to ourselves. He's not what he used to be. A year ago he would have died without flinching; but he's like a child now. He's touched *here*, I think," said he, tapping his forehead. "I wish he hadn't a finger in this pie of ours—that's all. He's not the man for it."

"I wish so too with all my heart," said Bolton.

Higgs turned to the door. "You'll let me know when you hear from the Surrogate?"

"Yes, I will."

Higgs gave a nod, intended partly as an expression of leave-taking and partly to settle his hat on his head, and went out, slamming the door violently after him.

No sooner had the sound of his steps died away than Bolton burst out into a loud, mocking laugh:

"Let him die! so his secret dies with him!—One less to fear—to bribe and cringe and truckle to. Let him die! Would to God that I could find him stiff and stark when I go there! *Then* I would have only one to watch. William Higgs, I would have only you! Well, well; I'll go there, and when there, I'll see what must be done."—And the Attorney sat down and went on with his writing as calmly as before.

It was late at night when Bolton sought the sick man's house. The air was raw and chilly, and the wind swept in low and hollow murmurs along the dilapidated walls. Mounting a narrow staircase which creaked and trembled beneath his tread, and passing along a dark entry, he opened a door and found himself in a room separated only by a frail sash-door from that occupied by the person whom he sought. Stretched on a dirty mat, and scarcely covered by the rags which served as bed-clothes, there he lay; his eyes glassy, his cheeks fallen, his jaws prominent, and lips shrunken, showing teeth like fangs. The thin long fingers which clutched the ragged coverlet more closely about him, were like talons. As soon as he saw Bolton he drew up the bed-clothes and turned his back, at the same time asking:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I am come to see how you are, and to ask if you want any thing? Has the doctor been here?"

"Yes, he has. What does he say about me? Will I get over this?" asked Wilkins, raising on his elbow, and looking the lawyer sharply in the face. "None of your lying! Tell me the truth. Will I get well, I say?"

"Yes, yes, Wilkins," said the lawyer, in a hesitating tone; "to be sure you will. In a week you'll be quite strong."

"Will I?" said Wilkins, sinking back exhausted. "Well, I'm d—d weak now."

"Oh! that won't last. In a few days you'll be well; and in a fortnight ready to go on with that divorce-suit to get rid of your wife."

A sharp twitch, as of a sudden pain, shot across Wilkins' face at the mention of his wife.

"Curse it! man, can't you talk of something more agreeable? One don't always want to hear of *her*. If I had not driven her off like a dog, I'd not been lying here without a soul to give me a drink when I'm half mad with thirst. God only knows where she is! I haven't heard of her since the night that I met her in the street. Don't talk of her!"

"Well then, of the widow. What Fisk said at the trial can be explained away, you know."

"Nor of *her* now. Wait till I'm on my legs."

"Well. Will you hear of *my* plans?—of the will? We managed that gloriously! You haven't peached?"

"No, I haven't; but it hangs like lead *here*," said he, thumping his hand against his forehead; "here, *here*, HERE! And at times, when I'm crazy with pain and fever, I have strange images whirling and dancing and twisting about me; and oftenest of all comes that old man, Crawford, and his daughter. I'm afraid I've said things that I should not then; for I've caught that doctor looking at me as frightened as if I were the devil himself; and if I get mad again, I'm afraid that I'll say more."

The pale face of the Attorney grew several shades paler; and he drew his breath quick and short; and his hands shook as if with paralysis. "God! Wilkins, you haven't blabbed? You swore—you remember that oath?"

"So I do; and when I'm in my senses I'll never blow you; but when my head's turned and my mind gone I'm not answerable for my words. If I blow you then, I can't help it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Attorney. He clenched his fingers one in the other until the blood nearly started from his nails, and set his teeth. His eyes were like fire, and his nostril dilated. "When does the doctor come?" asked he, in a voice scarcely articulate.

"It's time now, I should think. He generally comes when the church-clock at the corner strikes nine. It's a-most that now."

While he was speaking a heavy step was heard in the passage; and the next moment the door was thrown open, and the physician entered. He was a short stout man, with broad shoulders and keen black eyes.

As he entered he threw a hasty glance at the Attorney; and then without speaking went directly to the sick man and took his hand.

Wilkins watched him. "Well, Doctor, how do you find me?"

The doctor made no reply; but rose up, and

beckoning the Attorney to follow him, went into the next room and shut the door.

"You're acquainted with this man?" asked he.

"I am," replied Bolton. "How is he?"

"He'll die—nothing can save him!" replied the physician, gnawing at the end of a whip which he held in his hand. "But that's not all. He's had a hand in some devil's mischief that I'd like to sift before he goes. When he's in his senses he is close-mouthed enough; but in his crazy fits he has let out things that have made me start. If he sees to-morrow's sun, I'll be here. At that time he's worst, and I'll learn what I can. He may die before that, and he may last some time yet; it's quite uncertain."

"Open that door!" shouted out Wilkins from the next room. "What are you whispering about? I am not going to die, am I?" said he, half sitting up in the bed, as his request was complied with, and glaring at the Attorney with eyes that made his flesh creep: "Am I going to die, I say?—Why don't you answer me instead of standing shivering there with your teeth chattering as if you had an ague? Will I get well?" exclaimed he, turning to the doctor.

"Not if you go on in that way. Lie down and compose yourself, and we can judge better to-morrow."

"Because you'll find me dead! *That's* what you mean," said Wilkins, with a ghastly grin, that made them shudder. "Get away, both of you—both of you! Curse you both! You would murder me. Out of my sight! And you!" exclaimed he, shaking his attenuated hand at the Attorney, "and you, who led me on."

The doctor turned to the Attorney and surveyed him from head to foot; as if the meaning of the words of the patient might be more fully explained by this investigation.

"What does he mean?" demanded he.

"He's raving. He doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Don't I!" shouted Wilkins; "don't I! Out of my sight!" and he shook his fist at them, gnashing his teeth; "out of my sight, liar! tempter! away with you!"

"We are only increasing his paroxysm by remaining here," said Bolton, nervously; "let's go."

The doctor looked once more at his patient; then suspiciously at the lawyer, and finally suffered himself to be led out.

Crouching like a wild beast, with the bed-clothes gathered tightly about him, Wilkins remained in a state of stupid fear for some time after their departure. Every sense was concentrated in the single one of feeling. He did not dare to draw a long breath lest it should snap the cord which bound his wretched body to life. Every sharp throe that shot through him sent a mortal fear through his heart. Nor was his brain idle. Images of the past came crowding thick upon him. He thought of his wife; he saw her pale and wan, looking at him mournfully, but as affectionately as ever. Then came the features of the wronged girl: then these all passed away, and his mind recovering its balance, brought him back to the present. He looked about the room; he thought of himself. He stretched out his long bony arm, and fancied how it would look when the grave worm was battening upon it. He seemed to feel his frame decaying in the grave. He felt the hot stifling air of the coffin. The thought drove him to madness; and with a fierce, frantic effort he raised himself upon his feet, and uttering a wild laugh of mingled terror and frenzy, hurraed until the room echoed, and then fell exhausted to the floor.

He was recalled to himself by feeling a hand upon his own, and hearing the voice of the Attorney.

"I'm glad to see you, Bolton," said he, faintly. "I've had a bad turn since you went out, but am better now. Help me to bed."

The other placing his arm under him, assisted him to the narrow pallet which formed his couch, and covered him up, carefully tucking the cover far underneath between the bed and floor, and laying the hands of the sick man beneath it. Having done this, he seated himself in front of him.

"What do you look at me so for?" demanded Wilkins, who, whenever he raised his eyes, encountered those of Bolton fixed on his face.

"How do you feel?" asked Bolton, without replying to his question. "Don't you think you could sleep? It would strengthen you."

"No. I'll never sleep any more," replied the sick man, testily. "Keep your eyes off me, will you? They remind me of the devil's. Keep them off, or I'll force you to."

"You forget that you are too weak to harm me," returned the Attorney, with a sneer. "But I came back to have a parting word with you.—You have broken your oath, and now look to yourself!"

"If I have, I did it when I was out of my head, and perhaps may do it again; but that's not my fault. I'm as much in for it as you are, and run as much risk. If I must be shut up for it when I get well, I must, and there's the end of it."

"Not quite!" said Bolton, edging nearer and bending down on his knees, and scowling in his face, his lips quivering with intense wrath: "not quite. You've to give an account to me first; and by G—d! you *shall!—here*, on this very spot—a fearful one!"

"My God! Bolton, what do you mean?" exclaimed Wilkins, attempting to sit up. But Bolton thrust him back with a violence that made his head thump against the floor, even through the pillow."

"You'll find out my meaning soon enough!" said he, dragging the pillow from under Wilkin's head, and seating himself astride of his breast.—If ever mortal countenance bore the impress of agonizing fear, it was stamped upon that of the sick man. But still he attempted to laugh—and such a laugh!—a wild discordant shout, whose tones deepened into a yell of terror; for Bolton was attempting to thrust the pillow over his mouth. Sick, feeble, dying though he was, the struggle was fearful. Twice was the pillow thrust upon his mouth, and as often forced away by the victim. He succeeded in extricating his arms from the bed-clothes; and fastening his fingers in the hair of the assassin, by sheer violence bore him back to the floor. Bolton leaped to his feet, and Wilkins did the same. Hardened, resolute as the lawyer was, he shrank from the blazing eye and maniac look of the desperate being who confronted him. It was only for a moment. Again Bolton sprang upon him and bore him to the floor, and before he could recover himself he seized the bed, dragged it to him, threw it directly upon him, sprang upon it, and stretching himself at full length upon it, held it down by the whole weight of his body. Terrible indeed were the struggles of the wretched man who writhed and twisted beneath! But Bolton kept his hold until they grew more and more feeble, and the smothered cries ceased—and all was quiet. Then he rose and spread the bed as before; and dragging the body to it, deposited it in its place, removing all traces of the struggle, and composing the limbs, as if the troubled spirit which once animated that clay had gone on its long journey without mortal intervention.

While he was bending over the ghastly face of his victim he heard the step of some one on the stairs. Instinctively he sprang through the door and into the dark entry. At the head of the stairs he met a man who spoke to him. He recognized the voice of the physician, but made no reply; and hurrying past him, darted into the streets.—Up one street and down another he rushed, doubling and turning like a hare at bay; now walking slowly to recover his breath, and now dashing off like the wind, as his excited mind converted each cry in the street into a sound of pursuit. But at length, weary and broken down, he found himself at the door of his office.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pale, conscience-stricken, with images of fear and horror forcing themselves into his very brain, Bolton sat in his office that night. There was a dead, heavy weight upon him now, that he had never felt before; a consciousness of crime and blood. He had left Wilkins stiff and stark in his own room; dead—dead; yet he was up and after him now. Amid all the fancied sounds of pursuit, afar off, the dead man gilded along. He never saw him; but he knew that he was behind him, gazing at him with that same cold, passionless eye which had met his, as he flung him dead upon his bed. It made his blood run cold. He changed his seat; but the spectre was still behind him. He knew that it was peering out from behind the old book-cases; he *felt* it. In very desperation he heaped the fire with fuel, and lighted candle after candle, until every chink and cranny in the time-stained wall was perceptible. Still, behind him sat the murdered man with his eye fixed upon him. It never moved; but seemed to look him through and through. He could not bear it. Come what might he would face it; he would look it down if he died. Rising up and half staggering, he faced about. Ha! it was too quick for him! It was behind him again! God! was that a sigh that he heard! He fairly gasped for breath, and listened again. It was only the wind wailing through the casement. Yet so fierce had been the pang that he sank back in his chair, with the perspiration standing in large drops upon his forehead, and a deadly faintness over his whole frame. Starting up he went to the shelf, and lifting a pitcher containing water to his lips, at huge draughts drank off nearly the whole of its contents. He then sat down at the table and attempted to write; but his mind wandered; for almost every line was erased, interlined, and altered, until at length he dashed his pen from him, threw himself back in his chair, and twisting his fingers together, sat muttering in a low tone.

He was first brought to himself by hearing a step on the stairs. Slow, deliberate and solemn, it broke upon his ear. There was no haste in that tread; but no hesitation. The first feeling of the Attorney was one of the most abject terror. His whole frame seemed sinking; his limbs shook and his jaws, as with an ague fit; his fingers clutched involuntarily, and the quick, hard pulsations of his heart might have been distinctly heard. The steps ascended the stair-way. His first instinctive impulse was to secure the door; but the utter uselessness of such a precaution struck him in the same instant. And then the groundlessness of his fears flashed across him; and the improbability of the murder having yet been discovered; and turning away, he had barely time to seat himself, when a hand rested on the knob, and the door was thrown open.

His visiter was a short, square-built man, with dark Jewish features, a bald head, a heavy eyebrow, and half-closed eyes, which together with a drooping under-lip would have given rather a sleepy, vacant look to his countenance, had it not been redeemed by two very bright black eyes, which were slyly peering from under the corner of their lids, in strong contrast with the heavy lineaments of the rest of his face. His frame was muscular and heavy; though he trod with the quiet stealthy step of a cat.

His first movement, on entering the room and ascertaining that Bolton was there, was to lock the door and put the key in his pocket. Then crossing into the back office he pushed a chair to the fire, and drawing off his gloves, held his short strong fingers over the flame. Bolton's heart sank within him as he recognised in his visiter the most noted and vigilant officer of the city police. But as real danger approached, his imaginary ones vanished; and he prepared to play his part with that coolness and skill which was one of his great characteristics, and which had guided him safely past many a rock on which his previous roguery had nearly wrecked him.

Bowing to his visiter, and requesting him to excuse him for a moment, he pretended to read over a paper which he held in his hand, while he formed his plans.

"Well, Mr. Tike, I'm at your service," said the Attorney at length, placing the paper on the table, and turning to his visiter. "What can I do for you?"

"Put on your hat and over-coat," responded Mr. Tike laconically.

"With pleasure, if it is necessary," replied Bolton, somewhat startled at the stern, abrupt tone of the speaker. "But what is the nature of the business; and where am I to go?"

"The natur' is oncommon; the place, the Lock-up."

Bolton felt a chilly presentiment of the worst; but he would not give up while there was a chance.

"Ah!" said he, thoughtfully; "some poor fellow in trouble, and wants help. What is it?—Debt or felony?—or what?"

"Felony of the first degree," said Mr. Tike, holding up his thick foot, which matched his fingers, to the flame, while he applied his handkerchief to his nose.

"Is he in prison?" demanded Bolton; for the purpose of sifting more thoroughly the enigmatical meaning of the officer.

"He's as good as in," replied Mr. Tike, feeling the key in his pocket. "He'll soon be; he's took."

Again the Attorney experienced that foreboding of ill which had so nearly unmanned him when he heard the first step of his visiter in the passage. But a single glance at the half-closed and watchful eye of the policeman, showed him the necessity of rallying all his energies; for the slightest tremor, or a single equivocal word might lead him to the gallows; and assuming a careless manner, he approached the peg where his over-coat hung, as if for the purpose of taking it down. Then pausing, he turned to the officer, and said:

"As this person is not yet in prison, and I have several matters of some importance to attend to, I would be glad if you could send some one to let me know when he *is* in. It would save my time, which is precious; and I would go to him immediately."

"*It wo'n't do!* Mr. Bolton," replied Mr. Tike with something between a wink and a leer.—"He's took, as I said 'afore."

"Well then, why all this trifling? Why not say so at once? When was he taken, and where?" demanded Bolton, sternly; "and what does he want with me?"

In reply to these interrogatories, Mr. Tike quietly drew the door-key from his pocket, and placing it against his nose, ogled Bolton through the handle.

"He was captured about ten minutes ago, in this 'ere room, by this 'ere key; and he wants you to go to prison as his substitute."

Bolton threw a hasty look about the room.—The windows were all closed and high from the ground. He glanced at his own spare frame, and measured its strength with that of the ponderous and muscular man before him. He looked about for a weapon of defence. On the top of a desk opposite him lay an old hatchet, which had once aided in a murder, whose perpetrator he had screened from justice. His eye rested on it for a moment; and his purpose was fixed. So was that of Mr. Tike, who had watched his eye and saw the weapon.

Without changing his position or altering a muscle, Bolton turned to the officer and said:

"This a strange enigma. Speak out, will you, and tell me plainly, what you want?"

"Well then, plainly, I want *you!*" responded Mr. Tike, "to show cause who you should not be hanged for murder."

"Murder!" ejaculated Bolton.

"Ay, murder! Mr. Bolton. You was seen to attack a weak man, sick, alone, and about to die; you was seen struggling with him, to grasp his throat, to throw him down, and to smother him; and then to leave him, as if he had died a nat'ral death. This you was seen to do, Mr. Bolton, this very night, not two hours ago; and that man was one who was your friend—Wilkins!"

"'Tis false!—false as hell!" shouted Bolton, his eyes starting, and his hair bristling with horror at the description of the policeman. "I did not! you cannot prove it! I'll not go with you to be murdered on a charge like that! By the living God! I'll not! See here!" shouted he, springing to the hatchet, and brandishing it like a maniac over his head; "see here! With this I'll defend myself to the last—to the last gasp! Ha! ha! have I thwarted you? One step toward me—ay, one inch, and I bury this in your skull!—Keep off! *both of you—both of you!* Ay! even though *he* help you, I'll not give up!"

The policeman drew a pistol from his pocket, without moving from his seat, cocked it, and pointed it at the Attorney.

"Look ye, Mr. Bolton," said he, "an ax is a dangerous we'pon; but a pistol is is dangerouser. I've no objection to your being frightened. It's all in course, and you may even shake that cleaver at me; but you mustn't come nearer with it, and you mustn't resist the law; for I come here to take you, and living or dead, I'll *do* it. So put up your axe, or I'll quiet you with a bullet. You'd better put it up."

For a moment the Attorney glared about him like a baffled tiger, and measured the distance between him and the muzzle of the pistol. Had there been the slightest tremor in the hand that grasped it, or the shadow of irresolution in the face of Mr. Tike, he would have hazarded the struggle; but he saw that it was useless; and with a muttered curse he dashed the hatchet to the floor, and taking his coat from the peg, put it on without a word, and turning to the officer, said that he was ready to accompany him.

"You'd better take your hat and put on your gloves, for it's a cold night," said Mr. Tike, returning the pistol to his pocket, and drawing forth the key. "Now step forward like a reasonable man," said he, as he unlocked the door. "There, take my arm; my left arm if you please; I want my right for service. There," said he, grasping the sleeve of the arm that was placed within his own, "now you act reasonable, and we shall get on quite comfortable." As he spoke, he strode along the dark entry with the rapid and sure step of one who was familiar with it; and turning up the street, led his prisoner off to those dens of darkness and misery, y'clept THE TOMBS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Humorous Sketches.

A CONNECTICUT STORY.

The following is related as a fact, having actually happened some years since in the State of Counecticut:

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to the sheep fold of his neighbor, a wealthy farmer, for relief. The neighbor, having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive that he had lost any, until one of the finest of the flock, very large and fat, was missing; and counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for the extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a ram, with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.

"Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheep stealer, "I am come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?" Upon which he replied to himself, as in person of the ram, "Yes, I have sheep to sell." By this time the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large fat wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replied Mr. Ram. "That is a very high price," says the man, "but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him." "Well, Mr. Ram," continues the honest sheep buyer, "let me see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this makes the fifth;" and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole, and after giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good night, the man led the sheep home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole.

A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper on his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, "I HAVE COME FOR MY PAY." Under this line he footed up the whole amount of his five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near the door, and then went home. When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied at his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old Ram with whom he had been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, jingling his money as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

From the Boston Mail.

Married, in Spite of their Teeth.

A CHOICE ANECDOTE.

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some forty years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverence in effecting the ends he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following:

Of the various sects which flourished for their day and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town aforesaid.

The distinguishing tenet of the sect was their denial of the propriety, and *scripturality* of the form of marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone." This they believed; and also that one wife only should "cleave to her husband," but then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all forms of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did.—But neither John nor Sarah would give up the argument.

It was a matter of conscience with them—teyh were happy together as they were; of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound to "take up the cross," and live according to the rules of the religion they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. The conversation as usual turned upon the old subject.

"Now, John," says the Governor, after a long debate of the point, "why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?"

"Yes, certainly," replied John; "but my conscience will not permit me to marry her, in the form of the world's people."

"Very well. But you love her?"

"Yes."

"And respect her?"

"Yes."

"And cherish her as bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"And you love him, and obey him, and respect him, and cherish him?" asked he of Sarah.

"Certainly, I do."

"Then," cried the Governor, rising, "in the name of the laws of God, and of the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be husband and wife!"

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority of the State.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Philad. Young People's Book.

TENDENCY OF RECENT LITERATURE.

BY ALFRED L. ELWYN, M. D.

In this age, when literature has done so much, and so many mighty as well as minor spirits have poured themselves forth through it; when all its manifold powers have been displayed, and all its fascination and its beauty; when creation, instinct with life, and filled, as it were, with the flesh and blood of material forms, though possessing the majesty of the spiritual, cross us, it is no subject of amazement that so many have become its habitual worshippers, and yielded to the force of its impulses and its inspiration; that so many have become readers, when there was so much to admire, and that so many have surrendered themselves to the seductive influence of other men's minds. It has been an age of great excitement—and every author has given way to its transient stimulus, and endeavored to throw himself on the current of prevailing but passing opinion. In this way, many have succeeded in gaining their object—fame, or its shadowy but false representative, notoriety, though they have probably disappointed themselves in what should be a higher aim, its duration. The multitude of minds thus engaged in the two-fold object of impressing their own strength and activity on the age, and in keeping up the excitement by which they throve, and through which indeed they had their existence, and doing this too with entire success and great ability, is it to be wondered at that men have given way and allowed themselves, one and all, to feel and share the torrent of the feeling of the times? Every desire and every hope, both with the author and the reader, have been gratified. Literature has descended to meet every taste. It has been made the pander to all passions; it has gratified the keenest cupidity; it has satisfied the most ardent, if not the purest and loftiest love of fame; it has engrossed the imagination with false and fanciful views of life, under the guise and stimulation of intellectual beauty and power; brought into action that which is bad in our nature; made morbid the flow and weakened the vigor of that which is really good in us; though, that the sphere of the mind and morals of the times may not be altogether dark, there have been minds of great strength, whose sole efforts and best spiritual agency have been exerted in the cause of virtue.

But the host of those who now read, have, if our principles are just, perverted the true use of literature. By its courtier-like condescension and flattery, by striving for popularity, by leaving the noble end of instruction for the paltry aim of amusement, by becoming the court-fool of the millions, instead of being their preceptor—it has lost

its hold on the understandings of men, to ingratiate itself with their feelings and their fancies.—All men are now critics, or possess the cant of criticism. All are inflated with the conceit of their own acquirements. Few seem to be students, or to have the patience or perseverance through which what is truly great or valuable is achieved, and which form the strength and support of genius. Few seem to pursue literature with that energy of will, directness and unity of purpose, as well as deep and fiery zeal that show the vigor and fine qualities of a man's nature, and which are too the only means he possesses of surmounting the difficulties that rear their adamantine crests beside every project and every endeavor, and in the end, bring from the rock the stream on whose tide true glory moves. Intellect is now consumed away or kept down. The inordinate activity and excitement to which it is urged by the circumstances of the world, cause it to fret and foam, and lash itself into empty and rabid effort, or waste itself on crude and imperfect undertakings.

The mind of these times is too impatient to await the award of time and long-continued exertion, or to endure the tedium and exhaustion of spirits that go with toil, whose reward is reserved. But that we may not view altogether the dark side of this subject, we will offer a few considerations somewhat more favorable and cheering. This love of reading, though on the whole the result of indolence, certainly gives evidence of some, tho' it may be but small, activity of mind. It certainly shows that the spirit is at work and struggling, though, from causes not within its control, it cannot reach the degree of active vigor which, uninfluenced by these unhappy circumstances, it might have attained; but it may, by engaging the mind in the thoughts of others, its superiors, by filling it with their sentiments, by leading it to the contemplation of the character of great understandings, at last awaken some corresponding and kindred feeling, if not power. The great moral value of extraordinary intelligences consists in a great degree in the admiration, even awe, with which their inferiors regard them; for, with this sentiment once established, these humbler spirits are led on, step by step, to a consciousness of something similar and congenial in themselves, and thence are very easily brought to feel that elevation of character which forms the best moral basis of all future thought or conduct.

There is no sign more favorable than when a mind, heretofore dull and torpid, begins to show a curiosity as to what intellect has done, and seems disposed to take an interest in its progress and its labors. It is clear proof that it begins to feel within itself the stirrings and promptings of its powers, and has at last begun to shake off its stupor, and awaken to the consciousness of its own intellectual life. It is a strong testimony that the mind, though depressed and cankered by apathy and want of use, is at length aroused—and all who have ever observed this condition, will acknowledge the remarkable progress that it makes, enfeebled as it is, when put thus, in strong action. Its success and the ardor that grows with its success, are, under the circumstances, truly astonishing. It is like the quickening of a new life. Still there is not the same activity, nor the same capacity for action, that would have belonged to it if it had never been subjected to early vicious dispositions. It seems, most unhappily, to be impossible to shake off and rid oneself entirely of the bad habits the mind has formed. They cling to it with a fatal pertinacity. Its want of attention, its incapacity for application, for strong exertion or continued effort, though much diminished by this awakening of the faculties, still hold to it, in despite and defiance of every struggle. Even if the mind be naturally a fine one, and possessed strong innate energies, the torpor of habit has enfeebled them, and so far enfeebled, that nature never regains her supremacy, nor are they ever restored to the vigor she designed for them. It should be the aim of education with those of this disposition and intellectual formation, to do every thing to prevent this dilapidation of the faculties. The best remedy seems to be to fix, so far as is practicable, a taste and habit of study. This may in the end become a passion, or take the place of passions, and there is no doubt that the love of mere reading may become, to some extent, a desire for knowledge; and although with these indolent characters, it will never be very strong or vehement, yet it cannot exist at all without effecting great and happy changes even in the most apathetic. There will be an interest to animate and keep alive the powers, and to act as the substitute for strong ambition or deep enthusiasm, of which these minds are not very capable, and towards which they are not much disposed; and besides, with the habit of study, and the gradual unfolding of the qualities of the understanding that accompanies it, the weakest gain some idea of strength, and with this self-confidence that is in itself a source of strength. But its greatest advantage is the gradual but certain acquaintance the mind makes with itself, "*in dies sentire se fieri potiorem*" in its happiest result, together with the proud and joyous feeling, in itself a source of power, that is derived from and comes with the consciousness of improvement.

White Steed of the Prairie.—Mr. Kendall of the N. O. Picayune, is giving some account of what he saw and suffered in his late expedition towards Santa Fe, which resulted in imprisonment at Mexico. After noticing *flocks* of small white horses in the Prairies, he adds the following:—

"Many stories are told of a large white horse that has been seen often in the vicinity of the Cross Timbers and near the Red River. He has never been known to gallop, but paces faster than any horse that has been sent out after him can run; and so game and untiring is the "*White Steed of the Prairies,*" for he is well known to trappers and traders by that name, that he has tired down no less than three race nags sent out expressly to catch him, with a Mexican rider. The latter had nothing but a *lasso* or *lariat* with him, a long rope made either of horse hair or hemp, and which the Mexicans throw with great dexterity; but although he took a fresh horse after tiring one down, he was never near enough to the noble animal to throw a slip noose over his head, or even to drive him into a canter. He has been known to pace a mile in less than two minutes, and can keep up that rate hour after hour, or until he has tired down whatever is in chase. Large sums have been offered to any one who would catch him, and the attempt has frequently been made; but he still roams his native prairies in freedom, solitary and alone. One of the hunters even went so far as to tell me that he was too proud to be seen in company with the other mustangs, being a beautiful animal, of far better action than those of his race; but this part of the story I could not make it convenient to believe at the time.

Reading.—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book.—It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps, too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family—and without a head-ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and, if what he has been reading be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, beside the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to. If I were to pay for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be, a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares do it; that is a master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such an one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses of the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit of philosophic truth.

Oddities and singularities of behavior may attend genius; when they do, they are its misfortunes and its blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he will never affect to distinguish himself by whimsical peculiarities.

Mechanism of the Eye.—Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection, but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they persue with the most unerring certainty; and this could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye round the place where the light enters, and over these scales are drawn the muscles of fibres by which motion is communicated; so that by acting with these muscles the bird can press the scales and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree.—They can thus see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern large bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water; and a singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for whipping the glass of the instrument as it were—and also for protecting it while rapidly flying through the air without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye; one of these muscles ending in a loop, the other in a string which goes though the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward.

And a third eyelid of the same kind is found in the horse, and is called the *haw*,—it is moistened with a pulpy substance or mucilage to take hold of the dust on the eyeball and wipe it clean off, so that the eye is hardly ever seen with anything upon it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture. The swift motion of the haw is given to it by a gristly, elastic substance, placed between the eyeball and socket, and striking obliquely, so as to drive the haw with great velocity over the eye, and then let it come back as quickly. Ignorant persons, when this haw is inflamed from cold, and swells so as to *appear*—which it never does, in a healthy state—often mistake it for an imperfection, and cut it off; so nearly do ignorance and cruelty produce the same mischief—*Broughham.*

A Lesson for Scolding Wives.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply.

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserve it."

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crossness of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."—*Bulwer's Student.*

Bankrupt Law Explained.—"Sambo, what your opinion ob dat ar bankrupt law?"

"Tink him first rate, Pompey. I shall ply for de application miself."

"Just explain him principles."

"Why, you see here now, just lend me dat half dollar you got for whitewashing."

[Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket.]

"Dare, den, now I owes de shoemaker tree shilling, and you half a dollar, besides de grocer's bill; now dis half is all the property I got; I divides him accord to de debts."

Pompey—"I take dat ar half doller back."

Sambo—(with amazement)—"Do you tink dis child green? I'm a bankrupt; you gets your share wid de oder creditors."

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy: a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Cunning is a substitute for wisdom, adopted by the weak of intellect, as vanity is for pride.

GRANAWAILE.

A TRUE IRISH LEGEND.

The voice of revelry was heard within the walls of Howth Castle—a fortress, the site of which is yet distinguishable on the coast of the Harbor of Howth, amidst the various alterations and interpolations, to which it has been subjected. It was, in the sixteenth century, a very strong place, and deemed, on account of its ditches, ramparts, flanking towers, and bastions, almost impregnable; besides which, the tried valor of Lord Howth's retainers, who garrisoned it, and their devotion to his cause, were well known. Revelry reigned now within the baronial hall of Howth Castle, and a deafening storm wildly raged without; but little recked the heroes of the pike, long-bow and arquebus, for the angry yelling of winds, and the furious dashing of the frothy waves, whilst they enjoyed the free circulation of the blackjack, the tale, and the song. A fierce and piercing blast, however, from the warder's horn, and several weighty blows falling upon the massy nail-studded outer portal of the Castle, aroused the attention of the wassailers; and one of them, despatched by the Earl to inquire who intruded upon the privacy of the castle dinner hour, returned with a message to this purport:

"Granawaile, of Ireland, Queen of the Western Isles, having, upon her departure from the Court of Elizabeth, been driven by stress of weather into the harbor and port of Howth, demandeth of the Lord of the Manor, as a real knight, succor and hospitality."

The Earl, enraged at the want of etiquette and deference towards himself, which he fancied, or rather was willing to fancy, observable in the message of Granawaile, and little heeding the consequences which might ensue from exasperating the formidable Queen of the West, bade his henchman return this answer to the envoy of her Majesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath a law, from which he cannot depart: therefore, to the greatest potentate in the universe could he not open the gates of his fortalice whilst he dines. Queen Granawaile is welcome to his hospitality if she will condescend to wait for it."

The reception which this answer met with from the high-spirited Semiramis of Erin may easily be surmised; and vowing that the insolent Earl should drink the last drop of her blood, ere she ate amorsel of his bread, she ordered the driving vessels, if possible, to be moored, resolving, should the sea spare herself and little fleet, to reconnoitre Castle Howth on the morrow, and plan its effectual destruction. Great as was the danger of being run aground on a lee shore, Granawaile's men, fired at the insult offered to their celebrated and beloved Queen, succeeded in performing her commands, and trusted that close reefing and stout cables would enable them to weather the blast. Providentially, the storm ere morning had not only considerably abated, but the wind had veered round to a quarter extremely favorable for the Queen's return.

Granawaile was not, however, to be deterred from her stern purpose, even by the precarious nature of a fair wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrepid heroine, accompanied by a naval and military officer, surveying, with scientific eye, the exterior of that massy fortification, of which the interior had been so rudely denied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder situation for the arquebussiers would be terrible to us. The height and steepness of that scrap, and the depth of the ditch, are almost inconceivable; a sharp fire from such ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off the waters. But let us land our troops here; give us the advantage of this hill on the right, that woody ravine on our left, and the chapel and village in our rear, and the castle must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered around the walls and outworks of the almost impregnable fortress; and feeling that, though she was formidable on the seas, her martial genius was little able to compete on land with that of those who raised such tremendous fortifications, and well knew how most advantageously to use them, she said to the admiral of the fleet, "No, Rimbauld, it will never do; we must draw the insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps you will teach him at a trifling expense, better manners; but to attack the bravo in such a strong hold is impossible!"

"How now, my little fellow!" continued she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively countenance and brilliant eyes shone a sense and spirit above his years, "What! at play so early!—why, you have well filled your cap with stones, shells and sea-weed, whilst the eyes of many are not yet open."

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child, "I ought not to go by myself farther than the angle of you bastion, but have stolen out of bounds this morning, to look at those strange ships which were beat about so in the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships, then?"

"Oh, yes—love them!"

"And were you never in one, my little man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine place, which is to be mine, would go to my cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage! and, after a little cajolery on the part of herself and the officers, persuaded the young heir of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the finest of those ships," which he was so anxious to see; but no sooner had he stepped on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the signal to weigh anchor was given, and the vessels, slipped from their moorings, sailed "homeward bound" from the harbor in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of her bold abduction of the heir of Howth, was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl, of whose advancing armament, she had some months afterwards, a full view from the turrets of her favorite castle, which commanded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast expanse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around Clare Island, at such intervals as were permitted by the nature of the coast, in order to oppose Lord Howth's landing, should he attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet to proceed to the scene of action and form for the engagement. She had now the satisfaction of seeing the Earl's squadron considerably ahead of Archill Isle, and making for the Bay, where, with her principal maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared for his reception.

Granawaile then slipped the cables of some of her favorite vessels, which were always coiled round the posts of her own bed while in harbor; and her naval officers, who had been previously instructed, commenced at this signal their preparations for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily collected, was not deficient either in strength or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin rendering the equippage of a tolerable fleet no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay an envoy was despatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demanding the restoration of his son, "by her unlawfully abducted and detained, &c., in default of which restoration, accorded in peace and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth, held himself in readiness to give battle," &c.

To which Granawaile replied in her own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath no law, from which she cannot depart; therefore could she not restore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, his son, unless he complied with her own conditions."

"Oh, never!" cried the impetuous Earl, "never will I—can I—bend to a woman's will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signifying his determination, his fleet immediately formed in line of battle, and was imitated by that of the Princess—so that the rival armaments now stood opposed to each other, and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl, appeared that of Granawaile, distinguished from the rest of its gala array; and—oh! sight of unutterable anguish to a father's heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth lashed to the mainmast of *The Queen's Carrack*.

In a state bordering upon desperation, the Earl despatched to Granawaile a flag of truce: and, requiring the meaning of so cowardly an act, entreated the removal of his son ere the commencement of the engagement.

The wily heroine replied, "that she was guilty of no cowardly act; but being Queen in her own dominions, would indubitably dispose of her prisoners, as she thought proper; and that it was optional with the Earl of Howth to become the murderer of his own child, or to reclaim him without the effusion of blood by acceding to her terms which were these—'The gates of Howth Castle should stand open now, and forever, at the hour of meals and that its lords should never refuse hospitality to the stranger who sought it there.' Granawaile added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen minutes after the reception of this message to consider of it; but that, should he then refuse to come to her terms, she would fire the first shot herself, follow it by a broadside, and expect him to have the spirit and gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deliberate; in a few minutes the colors of his lordly fleet were lowered to those of Granawaile, the Amazon of the Western Isles; who, with all the generosity and tenderness of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to save life far more heroic than the expenditure of a thousand volleys to destroy it!—And in a short space the darling son, whose account of Granawaile's kindness to him during his captivity ensured for her the Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was locked in the arms of his anxious and idolizing father.

There is some philosophy as well as much truth in the following paragraphs from the Medical Journal published in Boston:

The frequent occurrence of fainting in females fashionably attired, especially when breathing the impure air of crowded rooms, and when the circulation is hurried by exercise, are proof of the justness of our observations. Whenever this occurs in the presence of an honest matron, acquainted with the mysteries of the modern toilet, she immediately applies herself with scissors, tooth and nail to the lacings of the corset, and with all the eagerness with which one would cut the rope of a suicide. Palpitation of the heart also results from any cause which, restraining the natural action of the organ, compels it to struggle in the performance of its office. The injuries also inflicted on the digestive organs are not less obvious than those of the circulatory.

The argument which, of all others, may perhaps with females be most effectually employed against the use of the procrustean girdle, is the fact, that beside its less direct influence in substituting the pale ensign of disease for the "crimson of their lips and of their cheeks," it often spoils the symmetry of their forms.

I have seen a fair actress upon a stage so begirt with whalebone and steel, that in impassioned utterance, when the tide of the bosom should speak the emotion of the heart, there was substituted for it an unseemly anhelation, the chest being fixed like a bust of marble. Surely, females would not willingly, for that which is so graceless, sacrifice a charm that has set so many poets raving.

PRESERVATION OF CRAYON DRAWINGS.—Hitherto the principal objection to crayon drawings has been the difficulty of preventing them from damage by rubbing, no varnish being applicable to the surface of such drawings without injuring the colors. The Marquis de Varenes, a distinguished amateur of the fine arts, has hit on the happy idea of applying varnish to the back of such drawings, and has found the experiment to succeed perfectly. The varnish after saturating the paper, is sucked up by the particles of color, in virtue of their capillary attraction, and the alcohol of the varnish evaporating speedily, leaves the resinous particles firmly adhering to the colors, and giving them such tenacity that the drawing may be rolled, and even rubbed, without injury. The proportions of such varnish should be one part of ordinary gum lac to twelve parts of spirits of wine, rendered colorless by the application of animal charcoal; or else one part of the white tincture of gum lac to two parts of rectified wine.

A LARK AND A HAWK.—It may be questioned whether the human mind could have shown more sagacity than is exhibited in the following case of instinct in a bird: As a gentleman was traveling on horseback a short time since, in the west of Norfolk, England, a lark dropped on the pommel of his saddle, and spreading its wings in a submissive manner, cowered close to him. He stopped his horse, and sat for some time in astonishment, looking at the bird, which he supposed to be wounded; but endeavoring to take it, it crept around him, and placed itself behind. Turning himself on the saddle to observe it, it dropped between the legs of the horse, and remained immoveable. It then struck him that the poor thing was pursued, and as its last resort hazarded its safety with him; when, looking up, a hawk was perceived hovering directly over them. The poor bird again mounted the saddle, under the eye of its protector; the disappointed hawk shifted its station, and the little fugitive, watching its opportunity, darted over the hedge, and was hid in an instant.

A GOOD PUN.—Are you acquainted with Dr. L——, the master of Baliol College? I never heard a more perfect or excellent pun than his.—When some one told how, in a late dispute among the Privy Councillors, the Lord Chancellor struck the table with such force that he split it;—"No no, no," replied the Master drily, "I can hardly persuade myself that he *split the table*, though I believe that he *divided the board*.."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This interesting monthly is edited by the celebrated Peter Parley —whose fame has reached every school-room in the land. The present number, beside being full of useful matter, has a frontispiece representing the *costumes* of the ancient "Knights Templars," and several other excellent cuts, illustrative of the subjects discussed in its pages. Every parent, who has children old enough to read, should become a patron of "Merry's Museum." Terms, $1 per annum.

THE NEW YORK LANCET.—This work has secured an extensive circulation among the medical profession, who give it a good name. The general reader can always find a great deal of useful matter in its pages. Its department devoted to medico-chirurgical Reports is invaluable. All the most interesting cases, not only in the city of New York, but throughout the world, are given under this head. This work is published weekly.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY.—This is one of the most popular periodicals in New England. It is devoted exclusively to light literature, and has for contributors the best talent in the country. Articles have been written for this number by Messrs. Wyliss, Channing, Hoffman, Matthews and Ingraham. "The Artist Lover" is the frontispiece, and a rich engraving it is. The plate of "Fashions" is better than usual. Terms—$3 per ann.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—No work, "here or elsewhere," has worked its way into greater favor than this rich monthly. It always comes to us filled with the very gems of literature. Miss SEDGWICK is one of its regular contributors. Her "Day in a rail road car," in the present number, has all the quiet humor and benevolence of "Boz." The plates are from the pencils of the best artists, and its typography is perfect.

THE JULY KNICKERBOCKER.—All eulogy of this popular periodical is unnecessary. It has reached a stability which cannot be shaken. Indeed, it has become to be in this country what "Blackwood" is in Great Britain. The only defect we have ever discovered in its management is, that it is too strictly confined to *light* literature. If it should, as the "Blackwood" does, give its readers an occasional article on history, philosophy and politics, (not *party*-tics,) it would be more useful, if not more sought for. But it is good as it is; and perhaps an attempt to supply the defect would rather injure than benefit its circulation.

L. MOORE, in the Arcade, is the agent in this city for the above works, and almost all the others, worth having, printed in this country.

"THE HISTORY OF THE STATE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE THE STATE OF NEW YORK, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to December 1840, in 2 vols. By JABEZ D. HAMMOND."

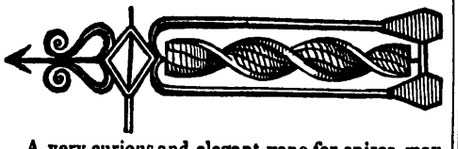
This work has received so many encomiums from the public press, that it would seem to be superfluous to utter an additional word in its favor. It is clear, succinct and impartial; and presents the whole history of the period which it embraces with a vividness and interest which renders it not only attractive, but indispensable to the general reader and politician. Its Biographies are brief, but lucid and satisfactory. Every Statesman and Politician who has figured conspicuously in the State during the period which the work embraces, is properly noticed; and the speculations and remarks of the author will be found to be generally unobjectionable to the readers of all parties. Indeed, the work cannot be too highly commended, either as a History, Biography, or Philosophical disquisition, and in no way can the price of the work be better expended than in purchasing it.

"THE TEMPERACE LYRE, a collection of original Songs, arranged and adapted to the most popular music of the day, and designed for Temperance meetings; by Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, author of the Northern Harp, Southern Harp. &c. New York; Dayton and Newman. 1842."

Such is the title of a beautiful little work, which has just been published. It is all and more than it pretends to be. No *musical* temperance man or woman should be without it. The words and music are admirable—evincing equal taste, talent and judgment in their author. They are to be had at the bookstore of WILLIAM ALLING.

THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.—We read this work reluctantly, at the request of a friend; we shall read it a second time without any solicitation. It is a volume of exceeding interest. The style is attractive, the incidents novel. It is the history of a child reared amid the unfriendly influences of Paganism, and reared to virtue and piety. We are acquainted with no work which presents religion in a lovelier garb, or is better adapted to exert a salutary influence on the young. Let every father place a copy in the hands of his daughter. For sale at ALLING'S, Exchange-st.

A Sparkling Vane.



A very curious and elegant vane for spires, may be made, by placing in the centre a spiral or twisted spindle, as shown in the above cut. This spindle should be hung on delicate pivots, and the spaces between the spiral flanches nearly covered with small pieces of looking-glass, or polished metallic plate. The least breeze will put it in motion, and as the reflectors will assume every possible position, several of them will be sure to present the reflection of the sun at every revolution, from whatever point it may be viewed, thus producing a constant and very brilliant sparkling.

THE FAR WEST.—We have some old volumes of newspapers, printed just after the revolution, in one of which we find the following farewell to a youth who was about to leave Boston for "*wild Vermont's far distant hills.*" It appears as original in the Columbian Centinel:—

"Lines dictated by the warmth of friendship for a Youth who was about taking his final departure for Vermont.

"And must thou, then, sweet friend, depart,
To wild Vermont's far distant hills?
The painful thought my aching heart,
With sorrow and with sadness fills.

Ah! yes, to where yon rugged height,
With vernal head salutes the skies,
Thy lovely footsteps speed their flight,
Where all around drear wastes arise."

And so on through six stanzas. We would like to know the name of the "dear youth," who made this terrible journey, all the way from Boston to Vairmount!

A QUERY.—When a gifted genius looks out upon the sublimities of nature—measures the universe with his far-reaching imagination—drinks in the beauties of earth and sky—and sighs for eagles' pinions to soar above clouds and mountain peaks—how must he feel when he finds that his last shirt is all torn to slivers?

☞ Jeremiah asked the Doctor the name of the most wicked flower in the garden?

Doctor.—"I should say it was the *lie*-lock."

Jeremiah.—"By no means. It is the *lie-lie*," (lily.)

☞ Some one asks why Col. WEBB'S left leg is like the Providence Plantations? Because it is under "*Marshall* law."

PROGRESS OF LIGHT, OR THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The Boston Morning Post says, there is a Presbyterian Minister in Western New York, who has such a holy horror of heresy, that on Thanksgiving days he cautions his people against reading the Massachusetts School Library, or employing School Teachers from the Bay State.

The editor must be exceedingly *green* if he supposes his readers to be so stupid as to believe such nonsense. The Doctor speaks of the article in the Post as a *lie*-centious paragraph.

The following is given as a fireman's toast: The Ladies—the only *incendiaries* who kindle a *flame* which *water* will not extinguish.—*Boston Bee.*

If any of your firemen, Mr. Bee, have been pushing that off as original they must belong to the *hook* and ladder company.

Variety.

A country girl who, as the phrase is, was "rather *green*," lately made a visit to some friends in the city, and while there went to see an exhibition of paintings. She was evidently delighted with the pictures, and lingered for a long time gazing at them. She was particularly pleased with a lackadaisical, romantic scene, entitled "Charlotte at the tomb of Werter." Her friends, after she had returned from the exhibition, asked her how she was pleased with the paintings, and she said, "Very much—particularly with one of them: oh! it was beautiful! Did you notice it?" she asked. "O, the name of it was *Charlotte at the tub of water.*"

MORAL AFFECTION.—How sweet are the affections of social kindness; how balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fireside! Distrust and fear darken not the brightness of its purity; the carpings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of the scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold—if the selfishness and injustice of mankind return our warmer sympathies coldly—if we can turn to our own dear circles. The exchange of kindly affections in confidence and trust, is the purest enjoyment of nature.

When an infant, sleeping upon its mother's breast, is aroused to consciousness by the fond pressure of maternal caresses—O, then, when its dove-eye opens upon the mother's doting gaze, how solemn is the thought that perhaps the next moment it may squall!

Lord Chesterfield's physician having informed him that he was dying "by inches," he thanked heaven that he was not so tall by a foot and a half as Sir Thomas Robinson.

Until we have seen some one grow old, our existence seems stationary. When we feel certain of having seen it, (which is not early,) the earth begins a little to loosen from us.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy; how cheap and easy is the service of virtue, and how dear do we pay for our vices.

They who tell us that love and grief are without fancy and invention, never knew invention and fancy—never felt grief and love.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? It is a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue.

Coquetry is the vice of a small mind—of a mind whose frivolous vanity obscures its vision to every thing open, honest and honorable.

"I see a villain in your eye," said a constable to a suspected rogue. "Don't use my face for a mirror," replied Smith.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

"Come rest in this bosom," as the turkey said to the stuffing.

"Some love to roam," as the nigger said, when he run away.

The clergy live by our sins, the doctor by our diseases, and the lawyer by our follies.

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF WARREN:

BY EPES SARGENT.

On the day of the memorable engagement at Bunker Hill, General Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer. "Tell me where I can be useful," said he, addressing General Putnam. "Go to the redoubt," was the reply, "you will then be covered." "I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I shall be in most danger: tell me where the action will be hottest." At the meeting of the Committee of Safety previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person. "I know there is danger," said Warren, "but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?" When Col. Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered the last in the redoubt, and was slowly and reluctantly retreating, when a British officer called out to him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face upon his foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

I.

When the war-cry of Liberty rang through the land,
To arms sprang our fathers the foe to withstand,
On old Bunker Hill their entrenchments they rear,
When the army is joined by a young volunteer.
"Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade them
good bye,
Saying, "O! it is sweet for our country to die!"

II.

The tempest of battle now rages and swells
'Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells;
And a light, not of battle, illumes yonder spire—
Scene of wo and destruction! 'tis Charlestown on fire!
The young volunteer heeded not the sad cry,
But mourners, "'tis sweet for our country to die!"

III.

With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near;
A volley of musketry checks their career!
With the dead and the dying the hill-side is strown,
And the shout through our lines is, the day is our own!
"Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they fly!
Stand firm! it is sweet for our country to die!"

IV.

Now our powder is spent—and they rally again;
"Retreat," says our chief, "since unarmed we remain!"
But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,
Reluctant to fly, and disdaining to yield,
A shout! Ah! he falls! but his life's latest sigh
Is, "'tis sweet, O! 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

V.

And thus Warren fell! happy death! noble fall!
To perish for country at Liberty's call!
Should the flag of invasion profane evermore
The blue of our seas or the green of our shore,
May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry,
"'Tis sweet, O! 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

A Leaf from the Public Album,

KEPT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

The Falls are clever—quite so; but they do not hanser my hexpectations. I got thoroughly wetted by them, and lost my 'at. When the weather is 'ot, I prefer looking at a hengraving of them in the 'ouse. *S. L. England.*

Land of forest, lake and river,
Pleasant vales, and mountains grand;
Glory, like the sky, forever
Bend about my native land.

The Falls are certainly very pretty: I think they would look sweet by moonlight.
Caroline ——, of Waverly Place.

If all the water that ever fell
Over the Falls, could be,
Collected together, in one place,
'Twould make another sea.
B. B. of Sagatuck, Conn.

There came to the Falls a poor exile of Gotham,
Who dwelt with delight on the *one* view he saw,
But he durst not go o'er to the Canada side,
For fear of some d——d international law.
B. T. of Wall Street.

Here the *cloud capt* cataract
Roars with earth convulsing thunder!
From its throne of rock eternal—
Then like a conqueror with wonder
(By daring deeds) the world astounding,
It passes glory's rainbow under!
Cosmopolite.

Let those who call water a weak element, observe its strength here. Nature is generally wise and prudent, but here she is improvident; the water power wasted here would, at a moderate calculation, if properly distributed, be sufficient for fifty saw mills.
Wheelwright Power, of Conn.

The white foam is flashing
With diamonds away,
The torrent is dashing
Away, away!
The rainbow is flinging
Its arch o'er the spray!
And the dinner bell's ringing,
Away, away!

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.*

They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp,
"For a love so warm and true,
"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp
"Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eye-lids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venemous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blist'ring dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper snake breath'd in his ear,
'Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, the meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echo'd for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

He hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore:
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hours of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, (Va.,) and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

The Pauper's Drive.

BY P. NOEL.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the *dirge* that the *sad* driver sings:—
"Rattle his bones o'er the stones;
He's *only* a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can!
"Rattle his bones o'er the stones;
He's *only* a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones o'er the stones;
He's *only* a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility now, that he's stretched in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast!
"Rattle his bones o'er the stones;
He's *only* a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkin! who stare at your brother convey'd,
Behold what repect to a cloddy is paid,
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a *gemman* to go.
"Rattle his bones o'er the stones;
He's *only* a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain,—for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart, in humanity clad,
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear softly his bones o'er the stones;
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

The Rum Seller's Lamentation.

WRITTEN BY WM. HARMAN,

Chorister of the Pollard Total Abstinence Society of Buffalo.

The Temperance Society's playing the dickens,
The night of confusion around me now thickens,
Unless the RUM business with some of us quickens,
We'll all have to cut with our Rum!
CHORUS—O! dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
What have they done with my customers,
What shall I do with my Rum!

I used to get rich through the toiling Mechanic,
Who spent all his earnings in pleasure's Satanic;
But now I confess I am in a great panic
Because I can sell no more Rum!
CHORUS—O! dear, what can the matter can be, &c.

My customers once to my bar-room came flocking,
Some without a coat or a shoe or a stocking;
But now I declare it is really too shocking,
I cannot dispose of my Rum!
CHORUS—O! dear, what can the matter be, &c.

I once clothed in satin my wife and my daughters,
But now they wear calico, what is the matter?
They give up my Rum for the sake of cold water!
O, what shall I do with my Rum!
CHORUS—O! dear, what can the matter be, &c.

I'll give up my business, I vow, it's no use to me,
It's been a continual source of abuse to me,
The friends of cold water I hope will stick close to me,
As soon as I give up my Rum.
CHORUS—Then it's O! dear what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
Good bye to my Rum drinking customers,
I vow I will sell no more Rum!

To the Sun Dial,

Under the window of the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Thou silent herald of time's ceaseless flight!
Say, could'st thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
Shade, who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare and when the noontide bright
Of laughing Fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.
Yet are thy counsels faithful, just and wise.
They bid us seize the moments as they pass—
Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass—
Aspiring still with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give ETERNITY TO TIME.

Delay.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolve and re-resolves, then dies at last.—*Young.*

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. P. Church, S. W. Budlong, Esq., of Montezuma, to Miss Luzett M. Huntley, of this city.

In this city, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Pharcellus Church, Mr. JAMES D. REID, to Miss NANCY ELTON, all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 5th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Luckey, Mr. JAMES VICK to Miss MARY E. SELYE, all of this place.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Alexander Adams to Miss Margaret D. Murray, of this city.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 22d instant, by the Rev. James B. Shaw, JAMES A. BURR, Esq., of Canenovia, N. Y. to Miss CHARLOTTE LYON, (adopted daughter of Hervey Lyon, Esq.,) of Rochester.

In Canandaigua, on Thursday evening, the 6th inst., by Holloway Hayward, Esq., Mr. John Horin to Asenath Forlett, both of Geneseo, Livingston co.

At Utica, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Duncan Kennedy of Albany, S. Sherwood Day, Esq. of Catskill, to Cornelia Electa, daughter of Joshua A. Spencer, Esq. of Utica.

In Castleton, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. John Shaw, Mr. Robert Piper to Miss Eliza S. Underhill, neice of the Hon. John C. Spencer.

In East Bloomfield, on the 9th inst. Mr. Luther Berry to Miss Sarah Wycleham, both of that place.

In Attica, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. Rufus L. Whitcher of Machiae, Cattaraugus co. to Miss Mary Celestia, daughter of Gideon Tyrrell, Esq. of Attica.

In Alexandria, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Preston, Mr. James Van Buren to Miss Mary Crittenden.

In Clarendon, on the 5th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Crampton, Mr. John Smith, of Newark, to Miss Zorilda Caroline Lewis, third daughter of D. G. Lewis. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Erastus Finch, of Palmyra, to Miss Ann Straw, of Arcadia.

In Richfield, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Daniel Hawks, of Rochester, to Miss Mary, daughter of Ivory Holland, Esq., of the former place.

In Knowlesville, on the 9th ult., by Rev. Mr. Pardington, Dr. George W. Graves, to Miss Charlotte Hoyt, all of Knowlesville.

On Wednesday, June 22d, by Rev. Mr. Burlingame, of East Mendon, Mr. D. A. Rainsford, of East Bloomfield, to Miss Mary Jane Carpenter, of Victor.

In Lima, on the morning of the 21st inst., by Rev. Mr. Barnard, C. B. H. FESSENDEN, Esq., of Michigan, to Miss SARAH A. H. CLARKE, of Lima.

At the Garden Resort, in Greece, on the 3d inst. by Rev. J. B. Olcott, of Greece, Mr. Joseph Whitney Giles, to Miss Elisabeth Kelley, all of Rochester.

At Hanford's Landing, on the 29th ult., by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. George Sexton, to Miss Huldah Ellen Olmsted, all of Greece.

In Bellona, on the 4th instant, by David S. Mather, Esq., Mr. Martin Poyneer, to Miss Angeline Hodge, both of Milo.

In Romulus, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Barton, Mr. William C. Clemons, of Owego, to Miss Sarah Gibson, of the former place.

In Phelps, on the 8th ult., by the Rev. E. Everitt, Mr. Oscar F. Hartwell, to Miss Julia Ann S. Webster.

On the 12th ult., near Jackson, Mississippi, John D. Freemen, Attorney General of the state, to Miss Eliza Ardine, second daughter of Hon. Geo. Adams.

[Six years ago, Mr. Freeman was a printer's boy in the office of the Reflector, Schenectady, N. Y.]

At Sun-berry, on the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Cranberry, Mr. Napoleon X. Black-berry, of Water-berry, to Miss Cleopatra Antonia Elder-berry, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Elder-berry, of Dan-berry.

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Popular Tales.

From the Metropolitan.

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF VERONA.

The subject of general conversation in Verona was the splendid masquerade which the noble Duke Antonio proposed arranging for the whole nobility of the principality, and the deputies of the adjacent cities. The preparations which were made for this unexpected manifestation of ducal favor were on a scale of great splendor and magnificence. The night on which it was to take place had no sooner arrived, than the exterior of the ducal palace was illuminated with thousands of variegated lamps. The German body-guard had no sinecure that evening. The crowd before the palace was so great, that it was no easy matter to preserve due order and uninterrupted passage for the numerous groups of Chinese, Turks, Moors, monsters, and other characters, who were anxious to gain entrance to the halls devoted to festivity, fun and frolic. Several spacious saloons and one immense suit of apartments, were splendidly adorned and arranged for the reception of the guests. Antonio and his royal consort, Bartholomæo, and their several courtiers and attendants, sat spectators of the festive throng, in a kind of balcony which had been constructed for this particular purpose. The dancing had already commenced, and the goddess Mirth assumed the direction of the whole scene, when Antonio and the duchess, followed by Leone and some ladies, were observed to retire. It was whispered thro' the apartments that the princess and their suite were also going to take an active part in the festivities of the evening, and expectation was strained to the utmost pitch in conjecturing the characters in which they would appear. Antonio accompanied the duchess to her apartments, dismissed his suite, and, attended only by Leone, withdrew into his private closet.

"You are quite sure she is here?" asked Antonio.

"Quite," replied Leone. "She is dressed as a princess, and came with the wife of the elder Spineta. Nogarola himself is not here; he has got the gout, and his physician would not allow him to leave his room. Your highness may recognise Lucretia by the mantilla she wears over her dress; it is trimmed with ermine and gold, and sweeps along the ground when she walks; you cannot mistake it; besides, her majestic figure alone is sufficient."

"And the other matters?"

"Are all arranged. At the proper moment, a procession of masked characters will make their appearance, ushered in by a herald, who will make known that an embassy from the grand sultan of Samarcand purpose performing a festal dance, in accordance with the customs of their country, in honor of Don Bartholomæo Della Scala, to whom they are desirous of thus manifesting their humble respects. Your brother will naturally believe that this intermezzo has been arranged by his friends and adherents, and, in this persuasion, will consider himself in honor bound to be present during the performance. Whilst this is going on, you must discover yourself to Lucretia; go with her, as if led by chance, into another room, call for refreshment, and—you know the rest."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Antonio; "excellent, Leone!—but the duchess?"

"Appears as sultana, covered from head to foot with jewels," replied the knight with a contemptuous smile. "I have dressed up Frobriant, my equerry, and two of my pages, as slaves. Should the duchess find no inclination to be present at the dance of the Sultan's embassy—and I have reason to believe that she will *not* honor it with her presence—Frobriant has directions to engage her attention in a speech which is calculated to gratify and flatter her vanity, and in which he will supplicate her powerful mediation in the emancipation of himself and fellow-slaves."

"Capital!—most excellent, thou prince of intriguers! We *must* succeed! The opening scenes of our comedy are most admirably contrived: St. Zeno grant a favorable end!"

"And favorable it must be. I am not at all apprehensive on that point, noble Duke," replied Leone with confidence. "Continue but to play your part as you have begun; heap upon your secret enemies seeming manifestations of your favor; you will gain many friends; even your enemies will waver; but, above all things, noble Duke—and this I cannot too frequently, too earnestly repeat and urge—do not play, in Lucretia's presence—at least not to-night—the fiery lover; but rather the gracious, the well-meaning, the condescending sovereign."

"Well, well, thou everlasting mentor, thou shalt see; I will follow thy directions; thou shalt have reason to be satisfied with me for once. But now go, and arrange thy preparations."

The general mirth and festivity of the motley throng was suddenly checked by strange and overpowering music, which was heard outside the doors of the saloon in which the company were assembled. A herald made his appearance, and with a stentorian voice, made known to the assembly, that the reputation of the Scala house, and above all, the glorious virtues of Bartholomæo, had penetrated even into the interior of Asia, and the all-powerful sovereign of Samarcand had been graciously pleased to despatch an embassy, whose herald he was, for the purpose of laying at the footstool of the young Duke's throne the sentiments of esteem and friendship with which he was deeply penetrated.

The herald had no sooner pronounced these words than the guests crowded into the principal saloon, to be eye-witnesses of the ceremony which was about to be performed. A number of harlequins and pulcinellos took the greatest pains possible to increase the confusion and disorder which this information had already created, by their noisy, laborious, but fruitless endeavors to make a free and clear passage for the Samarcandian embassy, who, most singularly dressed and ornamented, now entered the apartment. But notwithstanding the originality and novelty of the scene, there was one figure in the room, although in no way connected with the procession or company we have described, evidently indicated by his dress and bearing, to which the attention of many was involuntarily directed. The person to whom we allude was dressed in white, splendidly decorated with golden chains and jewels. He was attended by a hermit, and those who were in his immediate vicinity were able to catch the words which he whispered into his companion's ear,

"Don't lose sight of her! I shall be with you directly.'

A member of the Samarcandian embassy now approached the person whose appearance had excited attention, prostrated himself before him, and, in a speech remarkable for the extravagance of its style, and the weariness of its length, assured him that his majesty Abdurhaman the Great, took an immensity of interest in the prosperity of the princes of the Scala house, but that he had empowered him, *in specie*, to be the bearer of these sentiments to the never-to-be-sufficiently honored Duke Bartholomæo, in the execution of which agreeable office he knew no more seeming method to adopt, than to address himself to the "white knight," whom he looked upon as the duke's *alter ego*, and finally, that he humbly solicited permission to perform, with the assistance of the other members of the embassy, a festal dance, according to the rites and customs of their native country, Samarcandia.

The white knight replied, in a few but well-expressed words, that he considered himself authorized to accept this instance of Asiatic gallantry, in the name of the prince for which it was intended. The dance upon this commenced. It was in every respect in exact conformance with the masquerade dances of that period, with the exception that, at the termination of the ballet, the performers assumed such a position, that, taken in a body, they formed the letter B—the initial letter of the duke's name—which instance of gallantry, absurd as it may appear in our day, was at that time looked upon as imaginative, graceful and ingenious.

But while the Somarcandians were thus manifesting their respect to Bartholomæo, and their performance calling down the applause of the host of harlequins and pulcinellos who surrounded them, Duke Antonio, in a distant apartment, was occupied in earnest conversation with Lucretia Nogarola. The prince was dressed as a Persian Shah; his girdle, dagger and sabre were most splendidly set in diamonds. That he no longer courted concealment and disguise was evident, for his face was unmasked. His bitterest enemies, who looked upon him at this moment, who observed the noble air, the commanding brow, must—though reluctantly, mayhap—have confessed that he was the perfect ideal of an Oriental sovereign. Lucretia wore the dress of a Lombardian princess of the olden time. A simple golden ring, set with diamonds, encircled her brow, and confined her luxuriant raven tresses. A rich folding cloak, trimmed with ermine, was thrown with graceful negligence over her shoulder, discovering sufficient of the figure to enable the beholder to judge of the symmetry of the proportions it concealed. Lucretia was also unmasked, and her eye seemed studiously endeavoring to evade the piercing glances which her companion cast upon her.

There was no one in their immediate vicinity but the hermit, who, his head resting upon his hand, had taken possession of an ottoman, and who, as it seemed, had purposely sought refuge here from the noise and confusion of the ball-room.

"I must again request you, beauteous maiden," observed Antonio, "again most earnestly request you, to express to your worthy father the sorrow which I experience at not seeing him—at not having seen him at court—although I must say, it is what I had scarcely expected. Misunderstandings, whose existence no one can possibly regret more than I, induced Can Signorio to deprive himself of one of his best, his most faithful counsellors. Your father's absence from Verona was of long duration; it is true, he returned—his possessions, and the honors he so richly merited, were restored to him; but who can censure him for withdrawing from a court which, as he believes, has acted toward him so unjustly? What was in my power I have done; to undo what has been done, is more than any man, and were he the mightiest monarch of the earth, is able to do."

"O, how gracious—how merciful your highness is!" said Lucretia, deeply affected at the words of the duke. "These gracious sentiments—"

"Are not what your father expected," interrupted the prince, with a slight smile. "I can easily believe it. There are persons who do all they can to renovate the old dissension—to freshen up the animosity which has long since expired in my bosom; nay, still more, who would willingly give rise to new quarrels at *my* expense! It is they, who place themselves between the prince and his subjects, who insinuate their poisonous

council into the bosoms of brothers and friends, that they may make existing breaches wider, and convert simple differences of political opinion into irremediable enmity! I have often wished to speak with your father upon this very subject, and to convince him, if possible, of the esteem which I entertain toward him. He himself has hitherto thwarted my purpose: but, this unwillingness on his part—this timidity—this wrong interpretation of my feelings—I must regret *to-day* less than ever, as it furnishes me with an opportunity of engaging as mediator in my service his lovely daughter—his Lucretia."

"I look upon it as one of the many misfortunes and evils, certainly not the least, which have so deeply weighed down the spirits of my father, at various times and in various conditions, that his illness prevents him from being here at this present moment, that he might hear with his own ears the noble and gracious sentiments toward him, which your highness hath condescended to utter. I need scarcely say what salutary effect they would have upon him," replied Lucretia, considerably agitated. "Were I permitted to follow the impulse of my own feelings, I would this very moment absent myself from the festal scene, that I might lose no time in communicating to him the glad intelligence which my words contain. I trust your royal highness will feel fully assured that he will not fail to return you his thanks in person; and until he can have that pleasure, you will allow me, for him, to express, though weakly, the gratitude which your kindness, your gracious condescension, has excited in my bosom."

"And this expression, lovely Lucretia, from your lips, is the sweetest reward I can have," exclaimed Antonio. "And yet," continued he, after a momentary pause, "I must confess I am almost ashamed when I reflect that I have done nothing, literally nothing, to deserve it. If I had but some opportunity, if you would but point out to me some way, some means of convincing your father and yourself of my wishes, my most ardent wishes to serve him and his beautiful daughter Lucretia—?"

"Your highness, this condescension," faltered the maiden.

"O, do not give utterance to words so cold, so studied!" exclaimed the duke. "Look upon me as a friend, as one who is desirous of promoting your welfare—more desirous, perhaps, than you believe, have been taught to believe; look upon me as one who would be happy to contribute toward *your* happiness, and who, provided he met with corresponding sentiments on your part, would sacrifice much, would risk much, to prove that his intentions were sincere. Were I," continued he, smiling, "at this present moment, the person whom these gaudy trappings represent me to be, the unlimited sovereign of that extensive empire in the East, how easy would it be for me to testify on the spot, the sincerity of my feelings and intentions! Do you know what, in such a case, would be my first step? Signora, I should say, this diadem adorns your brow, this ermine your lovely shoulders so beautifully, that it were really a crying shame my court should only be permitted the beautiful picture by the light of tapers and torches only, and not by the beams of the mid-day sun. Signora, you wear them both, as were you, in right of birth, the princess they represent you to be; allow me, then, to nominate you such, and publicly proclaim the right with which nature has already gifted you."

Lucretia blushed deeply; she did not venture to raise her eyes. She felt, however, the necessity of making some reply; but the words died upon her lips—she could not speak. After a short pause, however, she summoned courage, and without looking at the speaker, replied:

"I do not think, your highness, that exalted rank and power are able at all times to confer happiness. The benevolent intentions, the good deeds, of the mighty in rank, are often more successful in gaining the affection of the low and meek, than their riches, which they have the power of dispensing."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed Antonio; and his piercing look seemed to scan the maiden's inmost thoughts. "But how can I ask if such an opinion proceed from your heart? Your noble soul feels deeply, feels purely; you know that rank and happiness are not always, not often, allied, and that even upon the sunlit summits of the former, misery may be, is too often, experienced. Happy is he who, in his gorgeous solitude, meets with one heart that fully understands him; in one word, a heart, Lucretia, like yours, which, if united with his own, would richly indemnify him for every sacrifice, every diminution of worldly power and worldly honor attendant upon such an union."

We have said that Lucretia did not venture to raise her eyes; she felt herself abashed, humbled, overpowered; but, at these words, all the dignity of offended innocence returned, and filled her bosom with courage. She looked upon the speaker, and there was an expression of indignation, of astonishment, of contempt in the look.

"Your highness will excuse—," faltered she. "I feel suddenly indisposed—the excessive heat—might I be permitted to retire—"

"Not till you have recovered; I cannot suffer you to leave me till I see and know that you are better," interrupted Antonio, with a voice which spoke interest and compassion. "Allow me to accompany you to the next apartment, and procure you some refreshment, some sherbet; I am sure you will feel yourself better—let me procure you some sherbet?"

With these words, the duke replaced his mask, and offered Lucretia his arm.

In the adjoining room, toward which he led her, were several tables, spread with refreshments of every possible description and delicacy. Confectionary and fruits of the choicest make and kind were piled, one upon the other, on silver plates, and occupied a long table, profusely yet tastefully adorned with flowers. A Ceres, masked, and of somewhat manly appearance, presided at the board, and distributed the goods under which it groaned. A Pomona, of pretty, robust proportions, presided over the fruit—the grapes, the peaches, and oranges. At an immense large side-table, covered with a gorgeous display of gold and silver cups, Bacchus was throned, accompanied by a pretty numerous retinue. A crowd of Turks, Jews, Armenians, monks and nuns, together with a decent sprinkling of monsters, of the most various description, thronged around the tables, and the Olympian hosts had, in reality, enough to do to satisfy the wants of the several claimants, particularly those of the monsters, who, not unfrequently, composed of several individuals, had appetites more than usually voracious.

The duke and Lucretia no sooner approached the throne of Bacchus than several of this godhead's retainers, recognizing Antonio by the superfluity of diamonds on his dress, endeavored to make way for them. One of them, more particularly active than the rest, availed himself, to this purpose, of his Thyrsus staff, and by applying the sharp and prickly pine-apple which formed the head of his baton, to the backs and sides of the voracious monsters, presently succeeded in attaining the object of his endeavors.

"Say, thou well-conditioned divinity of the juicy grape," exclaimed Antonio to Bacchus, who had descended from his high estate, and was now coming forward to salute the duke; "altho' the Shah of Persia, as orthodox Musselman, is not permitted to taste the fiery blood of the vine himself, thou wilt not refuse to revive the drooping spirits of this beautiful princess with thy most refreshing beverages?"

The duke had no sooner pronounced these words than the Bacchanal, who had previously manifested his ingenuity in the application of his Thyrsus staff, was the first who proceeded to execute the wishes of the prince. From a casket which stood upon the table he produced two golden goblets of exquisite workmanship, placed them upon a silver tray, and having filled them from different vessels, presented them to Antonio.

"Here, lovely Lucretia," said Antonio, taking the larger goblet and pointing to the smaller one, "may this beverage revive your falling spirits, and the fondest wishes of our hearts, may they be speedily realized!"

Lucretia's lips were already on the goblet, when she felt some one touch her arm. The hermit, who but a few minutes before they had left in the other apartment, was standing behind her.

"For your life do not taste it," said he; "within these walls danger threatens the daughter of Nogarola."

Greatly terrified, Lucretia put down the goblet untasted.

"And who art thou, audacious mask?" exclaimed Antonio, exasperated at this unlooked-for interference; "who art thou who venturest to prescribe to this lady the line of conduct she is to pursue?"

"One," replied the hermit, "who is empowered to watch over the safety of the signora, and who is determined to fulfil the duties of the order which has been entrusted to him."

"If so," replied Antonio, still more enraged at the hermit's composure; "go and tell him who sent thee, that I will take this guarantee upon myself."

With these words the duke tore off his mask, and cast a menacing look upon the hermit, whose composure, however, seemed by no means disturbed.

"I am bound to consider your princely word as a satisfactory guarantee; but who will answer to your highness for the intentions of yonder Bacchanal?" replied he, in a cold but earnest tone. "Until he remove the mask which conceals his features, the signora will not drink the sherbet which he has provided. She knows my voice, and recognizes my authority for the peremptory manner in which I have spoken, and still speak."

"Remove thy own mask, thou audacious varlet, who hast the boldness to address me in such a tone!" exclaimed the duke, waxing in his wrath. "Off with thy own mask!" added he, with increased violence, at seeing the hesitation of the hermit to comply with his demands.

"I obey the orders of your highness," replied the hermit, at the same time removing the mask from his face.

"What! How? Galvano of Tagliano!" exclaimed Antonio, surprised; and who was it, Sir Knight, who commissioned you to watch over the safety of this lady?"

"I must entreat your highness to dispense me from replying to that question," replied he in a calm tone. "The lady herself knows full well that he from whom I received my commission was in every respect entitled to empower me."

"I order you instantly to name the man—the audacious, the arrogant—who has ventured to entertain a doubt of the safety of the signora whilst under my roof."

"That man was I!" replied a voice from among the crowd, which had already gathered around them.

Antonio looked around him and saw Bartholomæo approaching; there was no doubt but that the reply had proceeded from him. The duke cast upon him a look of deadly hatred.

The apartment in which this scene took place had become gradually refilled. Curiosity had excited and brought together such a number of Turks, Heathens, Moors and monsters, that there was scarcely a possibility of moving.

"I must most earnestly entreat the company," said Bartholomæo, addressing himself to the guests around, "to withdraw from this apartment as quickly as they conveniently can. The heat, the crowd is so excessive, that this lady has become unwell!"

Of those in the immediate vicinity of Antonio and Lucretia, but few had heard the conversation which had taken place between the duke and Galvano, and perhaps not one had fully understood its nature. It was generally believed that Bartholomæo's request was solely occasioned by the faintness of the lovely signora, and it did not last very long before the crowd had dispersed.

The Bacchanal, of whom mention has been made, and who had shown himself so active in the preparation of the beverage, was closing the train of masks retiring from the apartment, when Bartholomæo interrupted his egress, and in an imperious tone commanded him to remain.

"Go, Galvano, and close the doors," said Bartholomæo; and the order was immediately fulfilled.

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Antonio. "For what purpose are these precautionary measures adopted?" added he.

"An unnecessary precaution, perhaps—perhaps to unmask the features of a villain!" replied Bartholomæo, looking earnestly at his brother.—"Off with thy mask," shouted he, addressing the Bacchanal.

"By no means," interrupted Antonio. "This man is my servant and not without my express order——"

Antonio had not concluded, when Galvano, at a sign from Bartholomæo, sprang upon the Bacchanal, and tore off his mask. The features of Leone Leoni were discovered.

"Ha! I thought, I dreaded as much!" exclaimed Bartholomæo, greatly excited, but evidently endeavoring to calm his anger. "Sir knight!" said he, addressing Leoni; "you will, I am sure, find nothing extraordinary in my surprise at finding a man of your rank so suddenly converted into the menial of a buffet. May I ask you what has induced you to adopt this character?"

"A joke—nothing but a joke of myself and some of my friends," replied the knight, somewhat confused.

"Jokes of this description have not unfrequently brought the persons who have practiced them into no inconsiderable embarrassment," said the prince, in the same earnest tone. It has often been the case that serious earnestness has been concealed beneath them. In order to prove at once that your purpose is as you say, of so light and jocose a nature, I reqnest—and in case of need command—you to empty this goblet, which was prepared and designed by you this day."

Not without manifest confusion and agitation, the knight seized the cup, and raised it to his lips; he attempted to drink, but could not; he shuddered, and replaced it upon the table.

"It is sweet sherbet," said he, hesitatingly; "sherbets of any kind I never drink—I cannot drink; I have a natural aversion to them."

"Is it possible?" observed Bartholomæa, with a bitter smile. "Are you really not able to bring to your lips a beverage which you yourself have prepared? Antonio," continued he, "allow me for the present to hand over this goblet, with its contents, in your presence, to the keeping of a third person; moreover, I must entreat you to give orders for the immediate arrest of the knight Leone Leoni!"

"I really think," replied Antonio, endeavoring to assume an air of composure, "it would be as useless as imprudent to make the least noise about a matter which will be proved to have no other object than what has already been ascribed to it—a joke, and nothing more. That a servant of mine should be found in this disguise, and on such an occasion, in the character of Bacchanal, why, what is there so very extraordinary in that? It was done at my express order; and I should humbly opine, there is no one present to whom I am accountable for having entertained the wish, and given direction for its execution. With this declaration and explanation on my part, I should think the matter ought to be settled; but in order to give every possible satisfaction, certainly more than you had any just right to expect from me, I am determined to drink the contents of the goblet myself."

With these words, Antonio went up to the table, took up the cup, and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when Loene, visibly embarrassed, whispered in his ear:

"For God's sake, noble duke!—you know not what its contents may be; it may produce madness, sudden death, upon *you*, for whom it was not prepared!"

"By your leave, Antonio," said Bartholomæo, perceiving his brother's hesitation, and taking the cup out of his hand, "we will dispose of its contents in some other way."

He turned to Galvano, and whispered some few words in his ear; upon which the latter left the apartment, and quickly returned, leading in an immense large dog. Galvano thrust open the jaws of the animal, and poured the contents of the cup down its throat.

"Well," observed Antonio, with a forced smile, "we shall now, at any rate, see that what was supposed to be the prelude to a tragedy, is nothing but a piece of fun and folly, by which the pleasure of our evening was to have been increased. By heavens! a joke of this nature is more than I had reckoned on—it surpasses in drollery the festal dance of the Samarcandian embassy!"

"With your gracious permission, noble duke," interrupted Leone Leoni, from whose breast an insupportable load seemed to have been suddenly removed, and assuming the tone of injured innocence, "although the matter in itself bears the stamp of the ridiculous, my honor has been most grievously injured by the base suspicion which has been excited against me. Should the measures which my adversaries may deem proper to adopt be inadequate to give me ample satisfaction; should this satisfaction itself not be as immediate and public as I may think necessary, I must seek from your justice—"

"Seek it rather where every noble man knows where to find it," interrupted Galvano of Tagliano. "You shall not find me tardy in obeying your summons."

Leone was about to reply, but was interrupted by Antonio.

"I request you, sir knight," said he, addressing Gavlano, "to forbear all such interference in a conversation between me and my arms-bearer. In other respects, be assured, that the boldness—I should call it audacity, had you acted on your own accord—with which you have presumed to cast the slur of suspicion on one of my servants,—your tearing the mask from his face—the insults you have offered to his person,—shall not go by unpunished."

"If there be any," observed Bartholomæo, "who had entertained a groundless suspicion, and thus violated the respect due to you, Antonio, it is upon me, and me alone, that your anger must fall. It was I who commanded the knight not to lose sight of the signora, and to watch over her safety."

"And what were your reasons for such an order?" asked Antonio.

"This question I shall answer to-morrow," replied Bartholomæo.

"I must request you to make them known immediately, and in presence of those who were eye-witnesses of the insult offered to my house!" exclaimed the duke. "I have been publicly insulted, and it is a public satisfaction which I demand, both for myself and my servant."

"Well, then," replied Bartholomæo, "if I have done wrong, I will not increase my error by refusing to confess it. I had no certain, no distinct, no positive reason, to fear any thing for the safety of this lady. My apprehension was excited simply by a fearful, an unaccountable presentiment, a species of self-deception; and finally increased by the singular circumstance of finding the knight Leone Leoni, in this unseemly disguise, and performing the duties of a menial."

Bartholomæo suddenly paused; his eye fell upon the dog, which, after turning several times round and round, as it is usual with these animals before lying down, became all at once convulsed, and fell upon the floor.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bartholomæo, pointing to the animal, whose endeavors to rally and raise himself from the floor were ineffectual, "look there!"

"Holy mother of God!" ejaculated Lucretia, covering her face. She could say no more; she trembled, and fell.

"She is dying! is dead!" cried Bartholomæo, raising her in his arms, and conveying her to a sofa.

"Is hell, then, quite let loose?" exclaimed Antonio, horrified. "What an unfortunate event! Heavens! I shall go mad!"

Lucretia had fainted; after some minutes she recovered; she opened her eyes—they rested upon Bartholomæo. Antonio was upon the point of speaking, but was interrupted by his brother.

"I beg you—allow me—" and his voice trembled from over excitement. "The deed which was to have been committed here calls loudly for revenge, and I will be its avenger. I call upon thee, Antonio, to declare whether this base attempt at murder was undertaken at your command."

"May God withdraw his mercy from me, both now and in eternity, if I ever entertained the least thought of injuring the signora! Sooner, much sooner, would I myself have—"

"So then, thou miserable wretch, it was thou—thy deed!" exclaimed Bartholomæo, seizing hold of Leone by the breast.

"Prince! I assure you—I swear by God—the honor of knighthood—"

"Silence! thou monster!" exclaimed Bartholomæo, and struck him in the face.

"Ha!" exclaimed Leone, trembling with rage. "You dare to strike me? That blow calls for blood!"

"Thou speakest truth, thou despicable wretch! Blood! yes, blood it is, that I will have—thy blood, thou craven-hearted villain! Antonio," added he, in a faltering and tremulous tone, for his feelings were too much excited to enable him to speak with clearness—"Prince Antonio,—that the beverage which was presented to this signora by your servant was poisoned, you yourself can no longer doubt; as little will you be inclined to deny that this wretch was found occupied in a duty but little worthy of his rank and station; in a word, that he had the intention of destroying her by poison. Who and what induced him to the act, remain for ever unexplained, provided—and upon this condition I insist—you send me his head within the space of twenty-four hours. If you refuse to do this, after the expiration of this period, I shall assemble the nobility of Verona, and accuse you of the crime; and that I shall do this, I herewith pledge my princely honor!"

"Bartholomæo! brother! art thou mad!" exclaimed Antonio. "Wilt thou leave me thus?" added he, perceiving that the duke, with Lucretia and Galvano, were about to leave the apartment. "Bartholomæo! brother!"

"I must request you, Antonio, call me not by that name," responded the brother, suddenly turning upon him. "Do not make use of it when you speak of us. In the Scala House, the name of brother has ever been the preface to deeds of violence—of blood!"

"Leone!" exclaimed Antonio, after the others had left the apartment—"Leone! wretch! what hast thou done?'

"No more," replied the knight, laying his hand upon his breast, "nothing more, most noble duke, than what you knew and approved of. More than this is the work of the witch of Sabioncello, who must be forthwith captured, and put to the torture."

"On what a precipice I stand! He will keep his word, and—I am lost!"

"The precipice on which you stand, noble duke, is not so deep as your highness thinks; two corpses will be sufficient to fill it up!" replied Leone, in a composed tone. "To-morrow morning, more on this subject; and if it please you, let us now join the dancers—we shall be missed."

Form the Metropolitan.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or more polished address, into the drawing room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors, and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than Albert, but not so beautiful in his features. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the most agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the more with less wit and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet neither of the aspirants had declared himself.—Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter, the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leaving Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark, in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was only fit to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and, under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruin of his happiness alone.

To his daughter, Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. *Her* affections had not been engaged; and

the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly and as ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement. We are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right."

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they should still hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously in jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation with respect to Matilda should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalship was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before the break of day moved forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sun-bright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troops welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of the artillery, mingled in one deafening roar. The smoke cleared away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drank up by the thirsty earth.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was now resting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he, tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder and sobbing out the almost inarticulate word, "read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting—as silent, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensibly upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately as she entered the officer started suddenly, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded, at a farm house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Col. Horace, yet, as I admired the painting and saw that the jewels were worth more than he asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, Sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked grateful at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a pretty smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after, the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear.—Sir Oliver wrote to him an intelligent letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to this charge—spoke on the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless and that he deserved to be so; in a word his letter was so humble, so disponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposite until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harrassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and, in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned; and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered "the broken miniature," and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was just setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window, to enjoy, as she said, that prospect which the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were on the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What? fully, truly, and unreservedly?" said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence or no offence," said Albert with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:

"I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter.—My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer; but my actions honor bade me control; and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained a miniature of his mistress. Oh! then, then I envied, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and when at last my duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed upon the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart beat proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then.

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and, come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The shower of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued:

"Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh was penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low, distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting and sobbed aloud—"Albert, this shall

never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!"

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing the best boon upon a daughter's love—"A father's heart-felt blessing!"

Humorous Sketches.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN HAVANA.

On a certain 22d of February, not many years ago, there was seated at a dinner table, at Cunoy and Fulton's, Havana, a party of about a dozen Americans, principally seafaring men who had gathered there for the purpose of celebrating, in a quiet way, the anniversary of the immortal Washington. As a matter of course, "patriotism" was all the go that day. There was not a man in the crowd whose heart failed to overflow with American feeling. As the apostle Johnson had not then visited the West Indies, teetotalers were rather scarce among the ship-masters in port.—Consequently, early in the morning of the anniversary, commenced their liberations—they took occasion to foreswear "thin potations," in the outset, and when the dinner hour arrived, no one "came to the scratch," who would answer for a particular pattern of sobriety. The most uproarous of the collection was an out-and-out Kentuckian, who, by some strange operation, had made the "deep, deep sea" his home, and was then in command of a Baltimore Schooner, which happened to be in the harbor. In no man's breast did the fire of *amor patiæ* beam with a steadier or stronger flame. He was "chuck full" of Kentucky glory, Kentucky valor, as well as Kentucky fun. Yet another of the party, was a young Captain of an English-merchantman, who had been urgently pressed to partake of the feast, by some acquaintance at the table, not particularly mindful of the consequences. The Englishman evidently found himself in a bad box—the set was not such an one as he had been accustomed to, and the tone of conversation, and the behavior of the Republicans, seemed to be of a very novel character. He watched the motions of the Kentuckian with some degree of apprehension, for his ideas in regard to Kentucky and its inhabitants were of a very peculiar character, and he thought he saw in the sample opposite him at the table all the wildness and ferocity which he had been led to believe characterized the barbarians of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." The Ketuckian was not long in perceiving that he was attracting a good share of the Englishman's attention, and silently determined to make the most of the joke. The eye of this man wore a singular expression; one of them was a light blue, and the other a dark hazel; on the bridge of his nose, near the corner of his right eye, a small wart, which he had attempted to destroy with some sort of lotion, and which had thereby been dyed quite black—these pecularities gave his face a queer and sinister appearance.

The first toast offered, from the head of the table, was "*Mary the Mother of Washington!*" The Kentuckian seized a decanter, swallowed at least one-fourth of its contents, and raising from his chair deliberately dashed the bottle into fifty pieces. "That's the way to drink *that* toast," said he, and calmly took his seat. The Englishman turned pale, for he began to think the next decanter would be broken over his head.

"I say, Thompson," observed the Kentuckian, winking to a person next to the Englishman, on the opposite side of the table, "do you know that man who gouged my eye out the second time is now in this very city?"

"No, is he?"

"Yes, he is, I met him yesterday on the *Paseo*, and he sunk like a mud-turtle into his shell."

"Did you speak to him,?"

"Devil the word, but I watched where he went to, and am determined to fix him, spite of the consequences."

"I think you had better not," said the other, who seemed fully to comprehend the Kentuckian's desire for a little fun.

"Perhaps you don't know all the circumstances of that fight," said the other, drawing himself up, rather proudly. "The way it begun, you see, is rather queer. That man's cattle used to get into dad's paster, and one day I caught"—

"Fill up for the second toast, gentlemen, called out the president.

"All charged."

"*The Star Spangled Banner!*

The Kentuckian contented himself with a wild and startling "hip, hip, hurra!" over this toast; and quietly resumed his story.

"One day I caught a favorite Durham short horned bull, cut off his tail and right fore-leg, tarred and feathered it, and sent it home, in all its glory.

The eyes of the Englishman were fixed upon the narrator with a glassy stare. The Kentuckian continued his tale.

"There were three brothers of them; two came to me the next day to give me a flogging. I killed one, by throwing him three rods over a stone wall with a pitch-fork. The other run and jumped into a horse-pond, where I pelted him to death with squashes. The jury acquitted me on the ground that I had merely acted in self-defence. A few days after the third brother—the one now in Havana—and myself, went out at raising, and fought until we were completely tuckered out.—When we got thro' we compared notes. He had got my right eye, and I had chewed off both of his ears, and we made an even swap; that was the way I got my eye back. A celebrated eye doctor came along one day or two after, and fastened my eye into my head again. Do you see that?" (pointing to the black wart in the corner of his eye,) "*that is the head of the screw by which he fastened the eye to my nose in order to hold it.*"

It would be difficult to paint the various expressions of disgust, terror and alarm, which chased each other across the face of the Englishman during this recital. When "Old Kaintuck" pointed to the 'screw' the Englishman could stand it no longer, but leaped from the table, seized his hat, and made for the door. At one bound, the Kentuckian jumped over the table, and with a perfect Choctaw yell, rushed after the fugitive. The last that was seen of the Englishman he was racing down the streets as though Old Nick was after him, while our friend from Kentucky had cooly resumed his seat at the table, and filled his glass for the third toast.

HUMOR IN THE ARMY.—Captain Harry P—— just after the last war broke out, was in command of the garrison at Mackinaw. He was a young man of fine talents, but unfortunately addicted a little too much to the bottle, and the consequence was that evil reports reached the head quarters of the general commanding on the frontier, who, we believe, was the late General McComb. He felt it his duty to despatch an aid-de-camp to inquire into the matter. When the latter reached the garrison, he had occular demonstration of the fact, for the Captain was pretty well "toddied." The aid-de-camp said nothing about the cause of his arrival till after dinner. When, being alone with the Captain, he "broke the ice," and related the reason of his visit.

"'Tis an unfortunate truth," said the Captain, "I admit it."

"What, Captain, that you do get regularly drunk?"

"Yes, the report is true."

"My dear sir, why is it?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm stationed here with such a stupid set, that in my own defence, I have to get drunk *to graduate my intellect down to their capacity!*"

The Captain was not court martialled.

DEM'S EM.—A pious old negro while saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that he was out of potatoes, and suspecting he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the *wegitables*, and stole under the window, near which stood the table of our colored christian.—Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced: "O, Massa Lod! wilt dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebery ting before us; and if persistant wid dy holy will, be pleased to stow upon us just a few taters—and all the praise"—[Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.] "Dem's 'em, Massa Lod!" said Cato, looking up with surprise, "only just luff 'em down leetle easier next time!"

GRAMMATICAL WITTICISM.—We don't know who originated the following, but it is a good one at all events:

"Bobby, what is the steam?"

"Boiling water."

"That's right; compare it."

"Positive, *boil*; comparative, *boiler*; superlative, *burst*."

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, *incessant application and industry* are necessary.—Nothing great or good has ever been achieved without them. Be willing then to labor—be not satisfied with superficial attainments and accustom yourselves to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that "there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency: there are teeming truths, rich in stores, with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that, without them, could not be seen or known." These are the truths with which we should endeavor to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master-spirits of the world, who will enrich your minds with profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against the immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It will be equally important for you to guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent and imperfection of your attainments—on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you—on the hidden stores of learning which are contained in the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which perhaps you have not even heard. Remember too the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days. I would recommend you to read, in early life, a few well-selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of Demosthenes, of Erasmus, of Newton, of Locke, of Hale, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of such accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the ardent attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made,—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it—compare your attainments and habits with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency—but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them. It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame—it was by patient, persevering, untiring industry. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook with its thunder the throne of a Phillip, and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens; and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero drove Cataline from the Senate house, and made Cæsar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet—their minds having been invigorated and expanded and enriched and ennobled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's, soared to the very boundaries of creation; if he explained the laws that govern the universe, and let in a flood of light upon the world; it was ardent attachment to science; it was intense, patient, untiring industry, that gave to the pinions of his mind that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reed have dispelled the darkness that has for ages settled on the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies and subtleties of the schools, it was not merely by the force of their own genius, but by deep, patient and repeated meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening Senates by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts; if Mansfield and our own Hamilton illumined the Bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence; if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed from the pulpit immortal truths in their loftiest strains, it was not only because they ranked among the first schol-

ars, but also among the most laborious men of their age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men—imitate their industry, their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them.

DEFINITIONS.

Original—Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

Improved—Proceed to the arch enemy of man and agitate your person.

Or.—Of one who squints. He looks two ways for Sunday.

Imp.—One who by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics—a natal defect—is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

Or.—Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Imp.—The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race Anser, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

Or.—Let well enough alone.

Imp.—Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

Or.—Put a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the Devil.

Imp.—Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apolyon.

Or.—The least said the soonest mended.

Imp.—The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

Or.—'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Imp.—That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

Or.—A barking dog seldom bites.

Imp.—An animal of the canine species that expends all its corporeal energy in the exercise of its vocal organs, is seldom dangerous with its dental ossifications.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn, and cries in a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains and grottos of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn or sublime than this scene.—During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest.

The sunlight gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

A poetical friend of ours has a paper folder with the following line from Gray, marked on it:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

On looking at the quotation, it occurred to him that it might be expressed in various ways without destroying the rhyme or altering the sense.—In a short time he produced the following eleven different readings. We doubt whether another line can be found, the words of which will admit of so many transpositions, and still retain the original meaning.—*Boston Transcript.*

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.
Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way.
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

"It is Vulgar."—The following is extracted from Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott.

"Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in life, Sir Walter gave in my hearing, to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it—"*It was vulgar.*" My love, said her father, you speak like a very young lady; do you know after all, the meaning of this word vulgar? 'Tis only common; nothing that is common except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world, is uncommon."

AN INDIAN BATTLE.

The Southern Litterary Messenger, for July, has an entertaining article entitled "Scenes and Adventures in the Army," which relates incidents which took place a few years since in the country watered by the Arkansas, and stretching from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The following is a lively description of a contest with the Indians:

August 3, 1829. This morning a large party went sent out, under Lieutenant I., who took other guides. The battalion was encamped in the order of the Regulations, with the rear on the river opposite Chouteau's Island; the prairie hills skirted the river for miles, at a distance of about five hundreds yards; along its bank above, were trees enough nearly to conceal the prairies beyond. I was officer of the guard of 40 men, stationed about one hundred and fifty paces in front. About two o'clock, when all the cattle and our few horses were grazing about a mile above, under charge of five men, an alarm of a great uproar and yelling was suddenly heard. I and my guard sprang into ranks, and looked to the left, saw the cattle rushing towards the camp, followed by between 400 and 500 mounted Indians, who, decked in paint and feathers, uttering horrid yells, brandishing spears, and firing guns, and riding at full speed, seeming about to make an intreped charge. At the first instant I conceived I was entering into a very doubtful battle, and reviewed in thought the actions of my life; in the next, seeing that the "light" company (armed with a kind of rifle unloaded) was ordered to advance to oppose the first onset on the enemy, I reflected they might easily be cut to pieces, and that the cattle-guard too were exposed to instant destruction, and I asked for a permission to advance with my command, with loaded muskets; it was granted; and I set off in double-quick-time to meet the Indians, and endeavor to avert these calamities.

As we were about to meet the foremost Indians they branched off, fiting on us as they ran, which in view of the main body I scarcely noticed, but kept steadily on until I found they were all playing the same game; and the whole opened out at a respectful distance, like buffalo, and fled or charged far clear of my flanks, except a body of them which seemed stationary, more than a half mile in advance.

The company to my left had met the cattle-guard, and they were saved, with the exception of one man, who had received even wounds. I looked back and saw the camp surrounded, at a respectful distance, by the Indians, all in rapid motion, a part still in pursuit of a body of cattle, rushing along the sand bars and islands, and heard two companies, formed in rear of the camp, firing at them regularly by platoons. I then marched round towards the front of the camp, which was wholly exposed; the six pounder, as we passed, threw a round shot over our heads, and I saw it strike just in the midst of the body of the enemy which remained above, perhaps a mile from the piece; it made a great commotion amongst them. The piece was then directed against the enemy galloping four or five hundred yards off, along the hill side in front; the grape shot struck like hail among them, but seemed to hit but one. I then saw a company advancing in pursuit far beyond the right flank, and a bugle signal, "double-quick," was sounded from the camp; but of course they could not evertake a mounted enemy, but entered the woods to their right. The Indians were now beyond fire, though to be seen in every direction over the country; but they gradually drew off, assembled on the hills beyond the river, fired a volley, gave a general yell, and disappeared. They carried off their dead, afterwards ascertained to be nine in number. Our loss was one man mortally wounded, and fifty oxen and twelve horses killed or driven off.

On my first advance I saw an Indian handsomely mounted on a grey horse, gaudily ornamented with feathers, conspicuous for his rapid action and loud commands. A corporal on the right of my detachment was so much struck with him, that, unobserved, he came to a halt and took a deliberate shot at him; but, I believe, came much nearer hitting myself. The Indians who dashed by the rear under a sharp fire, extending themselves completely on their horses, hanging by their left legs and arms, to which shields were attached, which thus partly covered themselves and their horses necks. Excited as they were, they seemed the best of horsemen; and rushed up and down places which few persons in cool blood would think of attempting. A number of horses and cattle were killed around. One of the Indian horses was at one time in our possession; and one gun and a bow and quiver were found on the ground.

REMARKABLE MAGNETIC ROCKS.

The following 'interesting facts,' as an exchange paper calls them, are related by the Vicksburg Whig:

"Near the iron mountain in Missouri, there is a ledge of stone extending for half a mile in length, and several hundred yards in width. This stone is very strongly impregnated with magnetic properties, so strongly so, indeed, that it is impossible to ride a well shod horse over it. A gentleman having his horse newly shod, once attempted it, but before he had made two revolutions his horse 'was brought up standing'—perfectly still. In vain our traveller urged his gallant steed forward. Persuasions and force proved equally futile, until his patience became exhausted, and he sent for a blacksmith. The son of Vulcan soon arrived, and found the horse standing stock still, and, to all appearances, as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. Various expedients were resorted to to relieve the horse, but all failed. There he stood, and to all appearance, there he was likely to stand, with his feet literally glued to the solid and impervious rock. At last, the blacksmith's eye glistened; he had it sure. He sent off to his smithy for his shoeing tools, which were soon forthcoming, when he proceeded with all possible despatch to unclinch the nails which bound the horse's shoes to his hoofs. One by one the nails were unclinched; the whip was applied to the horse; and as the last nail gave way, he escaped with a bound, but left his shoes wedded to the rock."

There is a more wonderful story than this, or in the newspaper phrase, a still more 'interesting fact,' related in the memoirs of Sinbad the Sailor. Sinbad, we think it was, in one of his adventurous voyages, found his vessel at once steering towards a rock in the ocean, and neither oars nor sails, nor any management of the helm could turn it from its course. It struck against the rock, and adhered to it firmly. The rock was loadstone, and attracted the iron which formed the fastenings of the vessel.

Another story still more wonderful than that related in the Vicksburg print, we remember reading many years ago in an old Almanac. A traveller on horseback, in an uninhabited country, was overtaken by night near the mouth of a cavern. He dismounted; took care of his horse, and entering under the rock laid himself down, and being very weary, fell asleep immediately. On awakening, he found himself suspended by the heels, with his head downward. He struggled to disengage himself, and at last shuffled himself out of his boots and fell to the ground; which, however, was not so far distant as to hurt him. On looking up, he saw his boots hanging by the spurs; the rock forming the vault of the cavern was magnetic, and had drawn him up, by attracting the steel of which his spurs were made.—*Post.*

French Cookery.—A writer in Bentley's Miscellany seems to think there is some quackery about cookery in Paris. He says—"Avoid the cheap restaurateurs, I mean those which give you five or six dishes, which you select out of 260, at 32 sous *par tete.* The dishes are mysterious excellences, savory, and satisfying to your heart's content; but if you have an enquiring mind, speculations will arise, not calculated altogether to strengthen your digestion. Horse flesh and cat's flesh are reported to be employed as substitutes for beef and rabbit, or hare's flesh; and not long ago the police took the liberty of prying into these doubtful points. The result of their inquisition has had the sad effect of shaking the faith of the Parisians in the identity of the dishes with those described in the cartes, and which a seizure of two thousand kilogrammes of horse flesh by the *octroi* officers, at the Barrier du Combat, last week, will not, I fear, tend to re-establish. This cargo of carron was on its road to one of the great dining houses at 32 sous a head; and the police have been ordered to visit all these houses forthwith."

Remedy against Laudanum.—The Baltimore Sun mentions a successful experiment of a physician in that city to recover a yellow girl who had taken a large dose of laudanum with intent to kill herself. The patient, in a deep stupor, was placed in a sitting posture with the face upward, and a slight stream of water was suffered to fall steadily upon her forehead from a height of about three feet. A contraction of the muscles of the face soon ensued; she gradually recovered her strength and was able to speak. A stomach-pump was used; cold water was again employed, and the girl was soon completely restored.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from the hand of the General Agent, L. Moore, in the Arcade Hall, the following:

The New York Lancet.—This medical journal has made some stir among the *ancient* of the fraternity in the city of New York; but it nevertheless stands high with all the profession, whose prejudices are not excited against it, because of the innovations which it makes upon the *mysteries* of the science. The lectures which it contains, aside from any thing else, would abundantly reward the reader for the expenditure of his time and money.

Graham's Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine.—There is no periodical in the United States which has a greater amount of talent devoted to its columns, than this; nor is there one which has acquired a more deserved popularity. Its circulation has reached over 50,000! And no one who examines its interesting pages will be surprised at this indication of its popularity. The engravings which it publishes are worth four-fold the price of subscription. Those in the present number,—"Morning Prayer," and "The Polish Mother," are exceedingly beautiful. The monthly fashions, too, are well executed, and the *matter* is rich and instructive. Most heartily do we commend Graham to the reading world.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians.—We have heretofore noticed the first No. of this work. The 2d and 3d warrant all we said of the 1st. They are tales of the times—blessed illustrations of what is doing by those who have "cast the bowl aside." The stories are written with great ability, and spring from a feeling, sympathetic heart. No Washingtonian should be without them. They cost but about the price of a "horn," and may be purchased, without inconvenience, by all who now have any thing to do with any kind of "horns" but the "horn of plenty."

The Young People's Book.—We advise every parent, who does not want his children to read, to keep this journal away from them; for, so sure as they get their eyes upon it, they will do, as many children do when they see a sugar plumb—cry for it. It is irresistibly attractive; and should be in every family, who have no hostility to mental improvement in the young.

The Lady's Musical Library.—This is the most splendid work of the day. It has reached its 7th number—each number containing fifteen or twenty pages of the choicest pieces from the pens of ancient and modern composers. In the number before us, there are thirteen distinct pieces of music! "The Poor Bird" is exceedingly rich in melody and pathos; and all the other "Songs" and "Waltzes" merit the place which they occupy in this excellent work. It is issued monthly at $3 a year.

The Adopted Son; a Legend of the Rebellion of Jack Cade.—This new work is issued in an extra of the Brother Jonathan. It is rich in incident and description. Those fond of this description of literature, can hardly find a more interesting work. Price *eighteen cents!*

A Peace Maker.—A friend assures us that an acquaintance of his has become so celebrated for adjusting difficulties, that the ladies in his neighborhood, when they are out of eggs, send for him to *settle coffee!*

A Sentiment.—A writer in Chambers' Edinburg Journal says, that many of the "Scotch airs" are the very breath of the heart itself.

We knew a man down east, whose hearing was so hard that he broke it up and sold it for gun flints—*Chen. Tel.*

This gentleman must have been first cousin to the individual who had such a remarkable *fiery temper*, that it was bought up on speculation to supercede the use of loco foco matches.

Or, perhaps, he was a distant connexion of the man who had such a *quick perception*, that he proposed to hire himself out to carry on "news in advance of the mail."

Did the reader ever hear of the man who was so *soft* that he sold himself for a feather bed?

Not Bad.—The Yankee boys and *girls* kept the 4th at Great-Barrington. One of the Toasts was as follows:

"*The Ladies.*—First in every good work, and first in the hearts of our countrymen."

One of the Vice Presidents either did not, or did not *wish to*, understand the toast, and repeated it, at his end of the table thus:

"*The Ladies.*—First in every good work, *and dearly beloved by the gentlemen.*"

☞ The notorious Ellsler leaves this country, with some $140,000 in her pocket. She has danced 199 times for herself, and 22 times for public charities. This is kicking up one's heels to some purpose.

The Spirit of '76 in Rhode Island.—During the recent rebellion, a man belonging to one of the country brigades, lagged behind his regiment, and finally returned to his family.

"Arn't you going with the troops?" says his wife.

"Why, no, my dear, I think on the whole it is my duty to stay and protect you," replied the husband.

"Well, now," says she, "I can tell you what it is; either you or I have got to go with Gov. King's men against Tom Dorr's rebels. If *you* are not going, give me your breeches!"

He went.

It takes two to make a slander.—"My dear friend, that woman has been talking about you so again. She has been telling the awfulest lies you ever heard; why, she railed away about you for a whole hour."

"And you heard it all, did you?"

"Yes."

"Well, after this, just bear in mind that it takes two to make a slander—one to tell it, and one to listen to it."

A way to get off.—"Pray Madam," said a country Jonathan, in a low tone of voice, at the close of a quilting party, "shall I see you home?"

"No," answered the lady sharply.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me," said Jonathan aloud.

"I understood you to ask me for my company home."

"Not at all," said Jonathan, laughing, "I asked you—how's your *marm*?"

Rich.—A drunken chap hereaway not long since, feeling cold, got up in the night, and seeing as he supposed some embers on the hearth he gathered some fuel together, and tried to create a flame with his breath and bellows, but in vain.—His wife heard him making a fuss, and rather than be disturbed in her rest, got up to make the fire for him, when she found that her husband had been trying to blow four or five straggling moonbeams into a blaze!

Woman.—How valuable are woman's labors as mother, as nurse and teacher! So much so, that the two sexes are like the date tree—the male plant produces flowers only, the female fruit. We should remember too that Adam was created out of Paradise, and Eve in it; and something earthly, therefore, still clings to Adam's race. Even in the heathen mythology, we find that though the gods often transformed themselves into beasts, the goddesses never did.

He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares do it; that is a master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such an one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

Variety.

When the Warren companies marched to Bristol to embark for Providence, some of them stopped to refresh themselves at the shop of a woman who sold cakes and pies, coffee and tea. After having nearly demolished her stock in trade, and emptied more than one hissing urn of "the cups that cheer, but not intoxicate," they pulled out their purses to pay. "Oh, la!" said the woman, refusing their money, "I don't want any pay; only *you lick Tom Dorr!*"—*Providence Jour.*

A friend of Mr. Cartwright, the celebrated dentist, took his son to have his mouth inspected by that able artist, who, with wonderful celerity, removed seven of the boy's first teeth. Upon the boy crying out with surprise, and a little pain, Cartwright said, "Never mind, Johnny, your teeth will come again."

Johnny, with tears in his eyes, inquired, "Will they come again before *dinner*, Mr. Cartwright?"

"Can you tell which is my natal star?" asked a young gentleman, who designed to quiz a young lady who was addicted to astronomy.

"Yes," replied the lady, "it is in the constellation cassiopiæ."

"And what is the name of it?"

"Caph."

Good Spunk.—A Kentucky girl, having married a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle.

"I know uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much, but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from any body."

Highest Land.—The highest point of land in North America, east of the Rocky Mountains, is Mount Mitchell, a peak of the Black Mountain, in Buncomb county, North Carolina. It is six thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet high, by actual measurement.

Phrenological.—An editor somewhere out west, says that a schoolmaster in his neighborhood recommends to his scholars a very *fine* edition of *Combe* on the *head*. He says they have the organ of *inhabitiveness* very strongly developed.

One of the good things in Theodore Hook's last, is where, speaking of rail roads and steam boats, to both of which he frequently signifies his abhorrence, he says that they annihilate both space and time, as the newspapers say, *not to mention a multitude of passengers besides.*

If you have courage, do not boast of it, lest the world should think you have it not. If you have knowledge, the world will know it by your modesty sooner than by your impudence. Remember that empty barrels sound the loudest.

There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, older the seed the worse the crop."

Said a fond lover yesterday to his friend, "Well, Jim, I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare, it *electrified* me!"

"No wonder," said Jim, "it was a *gal*-vanic battery."—*N. O. Crescent City.*

The New York Aurora says it is an acknoledged fact in natural history that women can swim without being taught, and thinks this fact probably gave rise to the endearing expression "my *puck*!"

The following sentiment was recently given at a temperance table in New-Hampshire:

By John Long. Hon. Thomas F. Marshall—Washingtonians regret to find him a duelist. *They wish he had aimed higher.*

"Well, Miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you *decline* a kiss?"

"Yes, Sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can—but I would rather not."

"Be-*wares*," as the potter said to the lump of clay. "I will be *burnt* first," sauelly responded the mud.

Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that never grows in a strong soil.

Jealousy.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Summer-day Showers.

Far down in a vale, and secure from all care,
There bloomed in retirement sweet wild flowers fair,
Whose beauty and splendor might rival, I ween,
The brightest exotics that ever were seen.

Upturned to the sky was each pure tiny bell,
To catch the bright drops that in Summer-day fell,
And they drank with delight, unceasing and new,
The sweetest of blessings, mild ev'ning's soft dew.

The angel that watched o'er these children of light,
Beheld their unfolding with gentle delight;
And prayed that kind Heaven would smile on her flowers,
And ever bedew them with Summer-day showers.

But alas! she was called to seek for a time,
Some friends whom she lov'd, in a far distant clime,
And tears of regret from her gentle eyes fell,
As she kissed her bright ones, and bade them "farewell."

She left them; and sadly their time passed away;
Their petals were blighted by Sol's scorching ray,
And drooping in sorrow the gentle ones grieve
To partake of kind show'rs, and dews of mild eve.

The angel returned to her bright sunny home,
No more from her children of beauty to roam;
But she saw not again their rabiant smile,
That oft did her moments of sorrow beguile.

Their spirits were lone, and their lips were all pale,
And they droopingly bowed before the stern gale;
They scarce welcomed back to their dear native shore,
The friend whom they never had hoped to see more.

Beside them, in sorrow, the angel then knelt,
And deep was the sorrow the lonely one felt;
She bowed her mild head 'mid the wild flowers fair,
And breathed in mild accents her soft pleading prayer.

"Come, gentle showers!
Bedew my flowers,
With thy brigh tears;
Oh! slight not now,
As here I bow,
My griefs and fears.

"Oh! dews of eve,
Why did ye leave
My children fair?
They pine, they die,
And drooping sigh
For thy sweet care.

"Once more now come
From thy bright home,
Sweet dews and showers;
And cause awhile
To bloom and smile,
My gentle flowers."

She ceased; and a shadow stole o'er the bright sun;
She saw that her faith a pure conquest had won;
Joy gladdened her heart, as her fragrant flowers
Smiled on their angel, and Summer-day shower.

Wheatland, July 8, 1842. E. M. A.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

My Choice.

The girl I choose, will ne'er be wooed
In marble palaces;
Nor in a parlor, all adorned
With ottomans and vases.

But in a cottage, all retired
From bustling city life;
Where honey-suckles love to grow,
'Tis there I'll choose my wife.

Where roses fresh as morning,
Breathe fragrance all around;
And playful lambs are skipping o'er
The hillock and the mound.

She need not be an heiress proud,
With broad estates in fee;
If she has but a generous heart,
'Tis fortune 'nough for me.

Nor need she be so beautiful,
That pinks and flowrets gay,
Would blush whene'r her form appeared,
And sighing turn away.

I would she had a modest look,
A disposition kind;
A heart as free as mountain air,
A cultivated mind.

She must be learned—in cookery,
To work among the dishes;
For mark—I marry her for love;
Not for the loaves and fishes.

In short, she must have all combined,
Beauty and dignity;
And last, but not the least of all,
She must be fond of me.

July, 1842. R. J. R.

The Course of Time.

Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Maurique, on the death of his father, quoted in the Edinburgh Review.

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness,
Seems to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And dream each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind—
No, happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our gilded dreams of yore were bright;
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like lasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall—
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide,
To that sad wave;
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there,—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mock'd decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of sleep that death must break.
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

The Old Familiar Strain.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

Sing me that old familiar strain
Which touched my heart in boyhood's years,
Before its chords were jarred by pain,
Before its hopes were dimmed by tears.
Time has fled since first I heard
Its music from those lips of thine;
But well remembered is each word:
So sing once more, oh, Mary mine,
The old familiar strain.

Thine eyes have their soft radiance kept,
That won my heart in life's young spring;
And o'er thy beauty time hath swept
Gently, with light and charmed wing.
Unaltered is thy graceful form,
Thy trusting heart is still the same,
Keeping those true affections warm,
As when, before I dreampt of fame,
You sang me that old strain.

Yes, sing! as in those golden hours,
When life, and love, and hope were young,
When fancy strewed our path with flowers,
Oh! sing the strain that then you sung!
Your voice may have a sadder tone
Than made sweet music in that time,
Ere grief of trials we had known,
When first you sang in youthful prime
That old familiar strain.

Methinks that on thy placid brow,
So lightly touched by furrowing years,
Since first we plighted love's fond vow,
Thought's graver shadow now appears;
But yet, if in thy merry mirth,
Remembrance of our dead will come,
Strong ties yet bind thee to the earth—
So breathe once more within our home
That old familiar strain.

To the Spirit of the Æolian Harp.

BY THE HON W. O. BUTLER, M. C. OF OHIO.

That strain! that gently soothing strain!
Is it of heaven, or earth, or sky,
Or far off murmur of the main,
The voice of matchless minstrelsy?
Tell me, thou fair invisible,
What angel-mission brought thee here;
Did Seraph's hands attend thy shell,
To 'guile the heart of sorrow's tear—
To chasten hope too fondly cherished
When life was in the dewy morn—
From blighting love and friendship perished
To pluck away the goading thorn,
Or com'st thou with that soothing strain
To win me back to boyhood's bowers,
That I may wander yet again,
Amidst their evanescent flowers?
Lo! in the waste of memory
Softened by time, how pure they bloom!
Say, are they not fair things to die?
Look once again, such is their doom.
Then turn from earth, thou seem'st to say;
"'Tis all a lying vanity."
"Seek treasures that fade not away,"
Bright air of immortality.

Summer Flowers.

BY JOHN MOFFATT.

Sweet Summer Flowers! e'en lovely in decay
Ye emblem well the gifted, young and fair,
Of moral birth, who bloom and fade away
And leave the lov'd a prey to grief and care.
Yet, gentle mourner, why should'st thou repine
Tho' memories of the lost around thee twine?
There's rest and shelter for the panting dove,
In Him who died on d pleads our cause above.
Kneel then and breathe a prayer, whilst tear drops flow
—Faith's vista can dispel deep shades of woe.

Weep not the flowers! Spring shall array the earth
In nature's loveliest sheen,—the rose shall bloom
And all the just shall have a glorious birth
To youth immortal from old nature's womb:
The living God shall wipe the tear-drops dry,
And Death, the fell destroyer, then shall die!
Through heaven's deep concave, angels sing
Where is thy victory Grave? Death where thy sting?
Hail Summer Flowers! your short lived span
Is but the type of fallen, prostrate man!

Next to Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Lord MORPETH has been most happy and effective in a poetic description of the Falls.

Niagara.

There's nothing great or bright, thou glolorious Fall!
Thou may's not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies, thick'ning as they come,
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of Roman power,
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!

Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps;
And, till the conflict of thy suges cease,
The Nations on thy banks repose in peace! MORPETH.

It is the Miller's Daughter.

BY TENNYSON.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch he neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

Marriages.

On Thursday evening, 14th inst., by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. James Howland to Miss Mary Ann Hurley, all of this city.

In Washington, D. C., on Friday morning, July 1st, by the Rev. H. Stringfellow, Mr. Charles B. Thomson, editor of the LeRoy N. Y. Gazette, to Miss Elizabeth L. Baldwin, daughter of the late Frederick Baldwin, Esq., of that city.

At Canandaigua, on the 4th day of July, by the Rev. Mr. Castleton, Mr. Noadiah Case, of Boistol, to Miss Caroline A. Hutchens, of Canandaigua. At the same time and place by the same, Mr. Samuel S. Boothe, to Miss Cornelia Hutchens, both of Canandaigua.

In Palmyra, on the 4th of July, by Rev. Wilson Osborn, Mr. Benjamin Fitts, of Ontario, to Miss Aurilla Bristol, of that village.

In Penn Yan, on the 5th instant, by Rev. Mr. Minor, Mr. John N. Bennett, of New York, to Miss Amanda Benham, of the former place.

In Sheldon, on the 29th ult., Dr. M. E. Potter, of Bennington, to Miss Mary L. Grosvenor, of the former place.

On the morning of the 31st ult., in Christ Church, Sherburne, Chenango county, by the Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. Horatio Stewart, of Medina, to Miss Sarah Lucette, daughter of the late Henry N. Fargo, of the former place.

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Fact and Fiction.

From the Boston Miscellany.

CHATOCHUS.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. In glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already after midnight. I determined thereupon not to read any more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to-bed; but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin, whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise, the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above the moon was shining peacefully, and below the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There was a strange fascination sitting in the moonlight—and for almost an hour I sat leaning out in the air. All was quiet save the monotonous musical gurgling of the frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far-off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain through my head, which after recurring at intervals during the next half hour, finally settled into a raging head-ache. My brain throbbed violently, and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples within its griping fingers. I lay thus tossing, restless and sleepless for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean were loosened, and hurried boiling fiercely down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then fading from my sight, left the air above all calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes; gradually the features distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they were huddled together and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green sea-weed. As I groped along, the sea-weed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror; all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror, when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble, and of intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir hand nor foot. My eyeballs were fixed upon a spot upon the white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion. There seemed to be an appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained, Mezentius like, to a dead body. There was no pain—only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution of this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead, but, O God! was this death? Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed till the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand fond delights with which God has strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away; these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mild, glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought! Nothing I have ever imagined equaled it in terror. And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense as it was leaving its clay tenement—and though that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over them to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feeling of horror and despair that now gnawed me like a burning worm; and it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move: I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain; I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed because I must see it. Sidewise through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments! they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed, when I heard a light tap at my door. I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked at me and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then uttering a piercing scream, ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand and it fell again on the coverlet. They felt of my heart; there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment that I was enduring. I heard quick convulsive sobs and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said—"He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is." "Yes," was the answer, "he probably suffered no pain and died almost immediately, perhaps in his sleep." Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries—"Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing." The voices then came lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place was sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like breath stain upon glass. I heard the low, confused murmur of voices around the darkened chamber. Now and then the door opened and some one bent over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for any thing was better than this dreary stillness—but in vain; a spell was on the house; its sounds of laughter, its sounds of footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone; every step was careful and slow, and every voice a whisper. So went on hour after hour. I still lay helpless and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close, deathly grasp which almost pressed the life out of my body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window; how joyously it warbled, unconscious of the agony so near—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrible funeral arrangements. Some one said "how ghastly his eyes look," and then gently pressed down the lids over the balls of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that the accursed spot, on which my gaze had been riveted for so many hours, could become dear to me. The tho't that we are viewing any object, however mean, for the last time, always raises it in importance, and gives it a fictitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon—the last link with the visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was utterly dark. Never before had the fear of being buried alive suggested itself, but now it came over me like a gulphing wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house among the decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of Heaven, famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I have ever read came to

my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed. One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to consciousness—I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin! I heard them screw in screw after screw until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over the face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried. "This afternoon," was the answer. "He has now been dead two days." I had been unconscious for the length of a whole day. Now the time instead of dragging a weary length seemed to fly with lightning-like rapidity. The past seemed endless long—the future was foreshortened to a breath—a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thunder-cloud empties its fierce, heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious oder. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the gentle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the gladsome earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose hues shift like the colors of the dove's neck—of the stars—of the moon—of the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim, whispering hum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the Clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the service for the dead—"I am the resurrection," &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed. I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me. "Good God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead! Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet." It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken, than there was a wild hurry, and suppressed exclamations of fear, doubt and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation, lest, after all, there should be no sign of breath, was worse than all before.—The mirror was brought, and then I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Chatochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly; between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect that in two hours I regained my power of motion and set up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through which I had passed as through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, those pains I would not suffer again, if the price should be a showering of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow.—Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I arose from my bed an altered man, with my moral and mental constitution completely changed. • • • •

The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded upon fact, and has occurred within the range of the writer's experience. Chatochus is only a peculiar form of of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended, and presents an appearance which may easily be mistaken for death. In removing some bodies from the vault of a church in a neighboring city, on the occasion of erecting a new church, it was discovered, that three bodies had assumed such a situation as could only be accounted for on the supposition of their having been buried while in a state of suspended animation or stupor, they having turned over in their coffins upon the recurrence of consciousness.—The occurrence of such a fact alone, together with the known existence of diseases which assume the semblance of death, should induce the extremest caution, and make it a matter of duty to apply, before burial, such tests as to leave no shadow of doubt and no room for mistake with regard to the actual fact of death.

The Old World.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The following is a more particular account of the death of the heir to the throne Throne of France, than we have found elsewhere. It will be found interesting.

From Galignani's Messenger.

Yesterday (July 13) at 12 o'clock, the Duke of Orleans was to leave Paris for St. Omer, where he was to inspect several regiments intended for the corps of operation on the Marne. His equipages were ordered and his attendants in readiness. Every preparation was made at the Pavilion Marsan for the journey, after which his Royal Highness was to join the Duchess of Orleans at Plombieres. At 11 the Prince got into a carriage, intending to go to Neuilly to take leave of the King and Queen and the Royal family. This carriage was a four wheeled cabriolet, or caleche, drawn by two horses a la demi Daumont—that is, driven by a postillion. It was the conveyance usually taken by the Prince when going short distances round Paris. He was quite alone, not having suffered one of his officers to accompany him. On arriving near the Port Maillot, the horse rode by the postillion took fright and broke into a gallop. The carriage was soon taken with great velocity up the Chemin de la Revolte. The Prince, seeing that the postillion was unable to master the horses, put his foot on the step, which is very near the ground, and jumped down on the road, when about half way along the road which runs direct from the Port Maillot. The Prince touched the ground with both feet, but the impulse was so great that he staggered and fell with his head on the pavement.

The effect of the fall was terrible, for his Royal Highness remained senseless on the spot. Persons instantly ran to his assistance and carried him into a grocer's by the way side, a short distance off, opposite Lord Seymour's stables. In the mean time the postillion succeeded in getting command of the horses, turned the carriage round, and came to the door of the house where the Prince was lying. His Royal Highness never recovered his senses. He was placed on a bed in a room on the ground floor, and surgical assistance was sent for. Dr. Daumy, a physician in the neighborhood, was the first who came. He bled the royal sufferer, but this produced no good effect. The news of the accident was conveyed to Neuilly. The Queen immediately set out on foot, and the King followed her. His Majesty was to be at Paris at 12 o'clock, to hold a Council of Ministers. His carriages, which were ready, soon overtook their Majesties, who entered them, with Madame Adelaide and the Princess Clementine. They proceeded to the house into which the Duke of Orleans had been carried. He, by that time, was nearly lifeless.

It may be easy to imagine, but it will be impossible for any one to describe, the grief of their Majesties and Royal Highnesses at the spectacle they beheld. Dr. Pasquier, jr. the Prince Royal's first surgeon, had just arrived. Soon afterwards the Dukes d'Aumale and Montpensier came from Courbevoie and Vincennes. Dr. Pasquier was very soon compelled to announce that the case was of the most serious nature, for every symptom showed that there was an effusion on the brain, and evey minute the evil seemed to increase. A few words pronounced by the Prince in the German language, gave a momentary hope, but this as quickly vanished. Marshal Soult, Marshal Gerard, the Ministers of Justice, Foreign Affairs, the Interior, the Marine, Finances, and Public Works, arrived, and were admitted into the death-bed chamber of the Royal Duke. The Chancellor, the Prefect of Police, Generals Pajol and Aupick, with the officers of the households of their Majesties and Princes hastened to the spot and remained outside the house in a space kept clear by the sentinels stationed around. At 2 o'clock, as the case became more and more desperate, the King sent for the Duchess de Nemours, who had remained at Neuilly. She came, attended by her ladies in waiting.

No pen can paint the afflicting scene presented by the chamber when the Duchess de Nemours came, and added her bitter tears to those of the rest of the frmily. The Queen and Princess were on their knees praying and bathing with their tears the hands of their departing son and brother, so intensely beloved. The Princes were speechless, and sobbing almost to suffocation. The King stood by silent and motionless, watching with painful anxiety every fluctuation in the countenance of his expiring heir. Outside the house the crowd continued every minute to increase, every one overwhelmed with consternation. The Cure of Neuilly and his clergy immediately obeyed the King's summons, and came to Sablonville. Under the influence of powerful medicaments, the agony of the dying Prince was prolonged. Life withdrew, but very slowly, and not without struggling powerfully against the utter destruction of so much youthful strength. For a moment respiration became more free, and the beating of the pulse was perceptible.

As the slightest hopes are grasped at by hearts torn with despair, this scene of desolation was interrupted by a momentary calm, but the gleams soon passed away. At 4 o'clock the Prince showed the unequivocal symptoms of departing life, and in another half hour he rendered his soul to God, dying in the arms of his King and father, who at the last moment pressed his lips on the forehead of his lost child, hallowed by the tears of his afflicted mother, and the sobs and lamentations of the whole family. The Prince being dead, the King drew the Queen into an adjoining room, where the Ministers and Marshals assembled, and threw themselves at her feet, and endeavored to offer her consolation. Her Majesty exclaimed, "What a dreadful misfortune has fallen upon our family, but how much greater is it to France!" Her voice was then stopped by her sobs and tears. The King, seeing Marshal Gerard absorbed in tears, took his hand, and pressed it with an expression showing his sense of his bereavement, but, at the same time a firmness and magnanimity truly royal.

The mortal remains of the Prince were placed on a litter covered with a white sheet. The Queen refused to get into the carriage, declaring her resolution to follow the corpse of her son to the chapel of Neuilly, where she wished it to be carried. Consequently, a company of the 17th Light Infantry was hastily marched down from Courbevoi, to line the procession on each side, and thus those brave men who had shared with the Prince Royal in all the dangers of the passage of the Iron Gates and the heights of Mouzain, in Africa, served as the escort of his now lifeless body. Several of the men wept, and called back to their minds the brilliant valor with which the Duke of Orleans had assailed the enemy, and, at the same time the mild and delicate beneficence with which he had ever tempered the necessary rigor of command. At 5 o'clock the mournful procession moved towards the chapel at Neuilly. General Athalin walked at the head of the bier, which was carried by four non-commissioned officers. Behind followed the King, Queen, Princess Adelaide, Duchess de Nemours, Princess Clementine, Duke d'Aumale, and Duke de Montpensier. Then came Marshals Soult and Gerard, the Ministers, the General Officers, the household of the King and Princes, and an immense number of other persons.

The sad and solemn procession moved along the Avenue de Sablonville, and crossing the old Nuilly road entered the royal park, and traversed its whole length to the chapel. Here their Majesties, and Princes and Princesses, after prostrating themselves before the altar, left their beloved child and brother under the guardianship of God. In the evening the royal family remained in seclusion, except that the King conferred with his ministers. At 7 o'clock M. Bertin de Vaux, one of the deceased Prince's orderly officers, and M. Chomel, who was his Royal Highness' first physician, set out for Plombieres, where the Dutchess of Orleans is taking the waters. Amidst all their own afflictions, during this disastrous day, the thought of the deprivation sustained by this unfortunate Princess was never out of the minds of her royal relations, and her name was repeatedly invoked in their lamentations. At length it was resolved that the Dutchess de Nemours and the Princess Clementine should go to her with letters from the King and Queen. Their Royal Highnesses commenced their journey at 9 o'clock, attended by Mademoiselle Angelet and General de Rumigny.

At 10 o'clock the Duke d'Aumale, accompanied by the Count de Montguyon, who was one of the Prince Royal's aid-de-camp, went to the Pavillon Marsan, and in obedience to an order from the King, put seals upon all the deceased's papers, Commandant Larne, one of His Majesty's orderly officers, was sent off to the Chateau d'Eu, to bring back the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chatres, who had been sent there for the bathing season. At 11 o'clock last night the Duke d'Aumale returned to the palace at Neuilly, and

there remains, as well as the Duke de Montpensier. One courier was despatched to the Duke de Nemours, and another to Toulon, with orders for a steamer to be despatched to the coast of Sicily, where it is believed the squadron of Admiral Hugon now is, and consequently the Prince de Joinville will be found.

After the above full and minute details, little more remains to be said at present on this astounding occurrence; and, indeed, from other sources, we have only been able to glean the following:—When the Prince Royal first perceived that the postillion had lost all command over the horses, he stood up in the carriage, and looked with earnest attention along the road before him; but, seeing the road clear, he sat quietly down again;—but, rising once more, after running about 150 yards, and observing that his valet, who was in the seat behind, had disappeared, and probably fearing that the man had been thrown off by the violence of the motion, his Royal Highness took the resolution of getting out. When taken up, the Royal Duke was found to have a severe contusion on the left temple, and several wounds on his legs. The blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, and even from his eyes. When examined by the surgeons and other medical men called to him, a fracture in the skull was discovered, and left little or no hope. The words which the Prince uttered in German, and which are alluded to above, are said to have been—'Shut the door, there is a fire.'

The precise age of the Duke of Orleans was 31 years 10 months and 10 days, having been born at Palermo, in Sicily, on the 23d of Sept., 1810. His royal highness, who was educated at the College of Henry IV, passing regularly thro' all its classes, and who subsequently followed the courses of lectures at the Polytechinc School, spoke several languages with great fluency, holding conversations in English, German and Italian, with perfect ease. His manners, habits, and sentiments, all showed the good effects of his popular education. There was a gay, chivalrous character in the demeanor of the Prince which at once gained the hearts of all who had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him; and when the respect due to his rank and station was not violated, he wore a friendly and even familiar deportment, which put even those who were strangers to him at once upon their ease in addressing him.

We look upon this event as in every sense lamentable, for the afflicted Royal Family, for France, and for the peace of Europe.

The permanency of the throne of July is, in our judgment, a European, nay a universal interest. The whole civilized world is concerned that France should learn repose in the arms of her constitutional monarchy; and this monarchy will be jeoparded by the Regency, (a word of evil omen in France) which must now be provided for a near contingency.

Louis Philippi is now 69 years of age, and although of robust health and temperate and active habits, is care-worn, and by this blow will be deeply, perhaps fatally, smitten. The heir to the throne, the Count de Paris, eldest son of the deceased Duke of Orleans, is just four years old, and hence the necessity of a Regency.

The King of the French bore himself in the most manly way at the dreadful scene of his son's death. "If it had been me," cried the afflicted monarch, as he held in his arms his dying son, and looked with prophetic glance into the future, darkened both for France and his dynasty by this sad event.

The Queen, too, amidst all a mother's yearnings for her glorious son, sinking from youth and hope and strength into nothingness—dying and yet giving no sign—did not forget her country.—"What a dreadful misfortune," she exclaimed in anguish, "has fallen upon our family, *but how much greater is it to France!*"

France should not, will not, forget such words so uttered.

From Galignani's "Guide of Paris."

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

In 1561 it was only a small village in the midst of woods, where the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV, used to come to hunt. At a subsequent period it was much frequented for the same purpose by Louis XIII; who, in 1624, built there a little pavilion as a resting-place on his hunting excursions. A few years afterwards, the same King purchased some land where the palace now stands, with the old *castel* of F. de Gondy, Archbishop of Paris, standing below it to the south, and erected there the small chateau, which has successively grown into the present palace. This chateau, built of red brick, consisted of a central pile, with two wings and four pavilions; but the whole surrounded by a fosse, occupied little more space than the inner apartments which now surround the Cour de Marbre. Louis XIV., on assuming the reins of government in 1660, became tired of St. Germain, and conceived the idea of converting his father's chateau into a splendid palace; the architect Levau was entrusted with the execution of this design, and the alterations were commenced in 1664. The monarch had determined to form there a residence worthy of the court which he meditated establishing, and the difficulties of the undertaking arising from the nature of the site seemed only to stimulate him to proceed. La Notre was ordered to lay out the immense gardens and parks; the vast terraces and excavations were executed at an incalculable expense of time and labor; the troops not engaged in war were made to assist, and 30,000 soldiers were more than once simultaneously engaged on the works. Water had to be brought from a great distance to feed the reservoirs and fountains; and the project not only existed, but was actually commenced, of turning the river Eure through Versailles. Beyond the gardens a second inclosure was formed, called the Little Park, about four leagues in circuit; while still beyond this, the third inclosure of the Great Park had a circumference, including sinuosities, of 20 leagues, and contained numerous villages. The expense of all these stupendous undertakings was immense, and has been variously calculated; it seems, however, that there are no means remaining of arriving at an exact result; but the general tradition is, that the building and decoration of the palace cost less than the other works, and that nearly 40 millions pounds sterling were altogether expended! At the same time every encouragement was given to persons desirous of building houses in the town, and a large population in an elegant city gradually rose round the monarch's residence. Levau died in 1670, and Jules Hardouin Mansard, nephew of the celebrated Mansard, was charged with the continuation of the works. The architect wished to destroy all that remained of the chateau of Louis XIII, and to make one uniform building; but Louis XIV insisted on preserving it as a memento of his father, and therefore only allowed him to make alterations in the court, and to surround it on the western side with the magnificent piles of building forming the garden front. At first only the central part was erected, containing the grand apartments; then the southern wing for the younger branches of the royal family; and at length, in 1685, the northern one for other personages of the court. The King continued to reside at St. Germain till 1681, coming over continually to give fetes, and to inspect the works; but at that period the monarch, with all the court, finally took up their residence at Versailles. Most of the dependencies of the palace were erected about this time; but the chapel was not begun till 1699, nor finished till 1710. Under Louis XV, the theatre, at the extremity of the northern wing, was begun by Gabriel, finished by Leroy, and inaugurated, on the marriage of the Dauphin, Louis XVI, in 1770. Towards the end of the same reign, Gabriel added a wing and pavilion to the northern side of the Cour Royale, and was to have built across the courts a new front in the same uniform style; but Louis XVI was alarmed at the expense; the troubles of his reign soon after intervened; and the corresponding pavilion, on the southern side of the Cour Royale, was added by Louis XVIII after the Restoration. Independently of the extensive internal changes effected by his present Majesty, a new pile of building, joing the chapel and theatre, has has been added, and other works are still in progress—so slow and so various has been the growth of the chateau of Versailles.

From the time of Louis XIV to that of the great Revolution, with the exception of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV, 1715—1722, the king, the royal family and the court, the ministers, and the various public officers, were all concentrated in the palace of Versailles and its dependencies. The furniture was of the most gorgeous description; the ablest painters and sculptors of France had adorned the edifice with their works, and it contained a large collection of the finest objects of art of foreign countries; it was all that the most refined and luxurious court of Europe could make it. But after 1792 the palace was cleared; every thing moveable was disposed of as national property, and Versailles remained desolate. An attempt was made, but failed, to make it a succursal house to the Hotel des Invalides; and it would even have been sold in lots, had not Napoleon, on coming into power, preserved it from destruction. The estimated expense of 50 millions of francs, required for its restoration, alone hindered the Emperor from residing here; but he repaired the walls, fountains, etc., and restored some of the apartments. Louis XVIII, who at first wished to re-establish the court in it, was stopped by similar considerations, and limited his expenditure to six millions of francs, which were judiciously employed in repairs and alterations. "Things remained in the same state during the reign of Charles X, and it was reserved for King Louis Phillippe to restore this palace to its ancient splendor. Time, however, had been marching on, and Versailles could not again exist under the conditions of the monarchy of Louis XIV. It could no longer be the abode of a population of courtisans, nor the Olympus of a monarch. For it, however, to become the rendezvous of all the illustrious of France, to collect the inheritance of all her glories, and without being despoiled of the recollections of grandeur now passed away, to be clothed with other grandeur, new and national, was a destiny not less splendid, not less august, than that which first awaited it." On the one hand, his present Majesty has not only removed all the petty internal arrangements by which the grand conceptions of Louis XIV had in process of time become disfigured, but has restored all the painted ceilings, gildings, etc., has formed new galleries and saloons, and both improved and harmonized the whole edifice; while, on the other, he has completely filled it with an immense series of paintings, sculpture, and works of art, illustrative of "every thing that has reflected honor on the annals of France, from the cradle of the monarchy down to the present day." The historical museum thus formed is without a parallel—like the palace that contains it, it is receiving continual additions, and the estimated expense of all that has been done here by the king is 15 millions of francs.

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

The Emperor of Russia recently announced his intention of liberating the Serfs of his empire, but in this benevolent design he has thus far met with the determined opposition of the nobility of his country, who threaten his assassination if he perseveres in his undertaking. The Emperor, it is said, is noted for being determined and fearless on every question which engages his mind: it is thought, therefore, that a great change will soon take place in Russia—perhaps a bloody revolution by the nobility to depose him. He has already detected and defeated them in an attempt to effect his assassination. Mr. Dallas, our late Minister to Russia, in a recent lecture at New York, gave the following picture of the Serf:

"Imagine a being covered, we cannot say clothed, in undressed sheepskin, the wool turned inward, that which should be a coat, resembling a loose gown—having no collar, and a cape lapped over by a piece of rope or other muterials, as a belt around the waist. His neck is uncovered, red, rough and hard—his beard long, matted and coarse—his *moustache* hanging down and covering his mouth. He wears a bell shaped cap of woolen stuff trimmed with dirty fur, and shoes, either pieces of hard wood scooped out, or a kind of sock of peeled pliable bark—he has hung at his back a short axe or hatchet, and his exterior is altogether harsh, soiled or dirty and repulsive. A man thus characterized and habited, suddenly appearing in our streets, or in any part of our country, would awaken at once alarm and pity, as some escaped wanderer from the cells of lunacy or crime. In the moral and mental qualities of the Russian Serf, there are mingled traits of good and evil. He is mild and amiable, but imbecile and servile. To the profoundest ignorance and vilest superstition, he unites a Chinese imitation, quickness, and an abject, reverential faith in the dogmas of his church. He crosses himself at every flash of lightning, and faces death fearlessly under a priestly promise of paradise. He endures without complaint the most frightful extreme of physical exposure and privation. He is content with a block of wood or a stone for a pillow, a plank for his couch, and some black bread and onions for his single daily meal. Like our Western savages, he yields at every opportunity to the allurements of intoxicating drinks. In the presence of power he falls prostrate in the dust, propitiating safety or kindness in the most disgusting servility. Yet, not

withstanding the rigor of his destiny, he is utterly unconscious that there exist fairer or happier regions of the earth. He loves his country with enthusiastic ardor, and when fighting her battles abroad is almost a willing victim to the enemy, in the confident belief that after death, but before he takes his flight to heaven, he is permitted to revisit for three days his native cottage.

Humorous Sketches.

He vas a very Jonteel Man for all dat.

A celebrated French recitation, as originally given by Mr. Melvin, Mr. Matthews, &c.

Mais! I am Monsieur Jean Francois Marie Louis Grenoble. In Angleterre here, I vas vat you call de emigrant; because in de revolution, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet and run avay so very fast, so dat de guillotine, by gar, can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock maker, and get de living by de *tick*. Mais dans Paris—in my own countree I vas very large man indeed, vas nobleman; vas son altesse le Prince Grenoble, and stood very high indeed (though I am but a little man now) in de grand Armee Royale.

The other day I vas valk in vat you call your High Park, vere dare are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leave dare wives, to valk here; and no deer but de pretty little girls, and parbleau, dey are very dear indeed, pretty indeed, very. Vell, I vas valk dere, and I see sit on de bench for vat they call to dine vid de Duke Humphrey, un pauvre homme; he seem very hungry, very cold; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor indeed—but he appear a very jonteel man for all dat.

I go to him, and I say to him—for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countreeman—Mon ami, my friend, my countreeman, for vat you sit on dis bench here, to dine wid de Duke Humphrey? vy you no go to de cooh-shop, de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de sallade, and de pomme de terre?

He say to me, "I am brave Francoise—I am jontilhomme—I am one of de first men in all France—but I am sans sous, point d'argent; I have not one single farthing, dans toute le monde; not a half-penny in all de world, and no credit at all."

Den he show me his pockets filled with large holes, but noting else; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat; and all at once, immediately, directly, instamment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress all in de silver and de gold lace. Jontilman or noble I forget which, but it vas all de same. I look at him again—ma foi! he has no lace but de rags, and no silver but de gray hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeon's claw out of de top of de pie—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me; mon Dieu! his knee came out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look out of de end of his pump—his shoe; but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I say to him, my countreeman, mon ami, no l'argent, no credit, no dinner; vat for you leave your logement den? vy you not take de refreshment, de sleep in your bed?

He say to me, "Ah, mon ami! I have no logement, no bed; I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my mattress, and de tree dat hang over my head, de curtain, and sometimes de sentinel he come and tuck me in wid de butt-end of his bayonet; for de Jean Bull no have de politesse to do de autrefois jontilhome at all; but I am very jonteel man for all dat."

Sacre blue! no logement, no bed; pauvre homme, my heart is all melt wid de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreeman. I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep for de night; for though you have no money, no credit, no dinner, no logement—though your hair grow out of de top of de hat, your knee walk out of your pantaloon, and your great toe walk out of de end your pumb—your shoe, I see you are very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady is particulars, she no like de stranger sleep in her domocile, so we vill vait and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off your shoe, and ve vill steal up de stairs, and nobody shall know we are dare.

So he pay me de great compliment, give me de great thanks; for though his beard vas like de great blacking shoe brush stuck on his chin, and had no been shave for one month, he was very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve valk under the tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur, vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, and de splendid palace of de great mararque at Versailles, till at last it grow to be dark night—den ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door with de littel key vot I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreeman, he rub his shoe on de mat and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

We have de littel joke on his lose de sole; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking—mon ami, my countreeman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he was very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke because he no have de stocking, and we creep up de stair, light as de feather, without any body hear; for mon ami, my countreeman, pauvre homme, he have no flesh, only de bone, for vant de something to eat very often—for he was very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, we got into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup maigre, dat I make hot; and I say, now mon ami, my countreeman, ve vill have de dinner; but before I commence I say de grace.—Parbleu! my friend he commence, and say no grace at all—but he was very jonteel man for all dat.

I get up for de cloth to put under de chin, dat I may no grease my frill wid de soup maigre; begar! ven I come back to help myself, begar! dere is none! mon ami, my countreeman, he have swallowed it all up—but he was a very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke about the soup maigre, sure not to grease my frill den, and I go to take some mouton; begar; dere is only de bones—mon ami, my countreeman, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel, on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me me de bone, and I go to make a shift vid de crust of de bread, but by gar, dere is no bread at all; mon ami, my countreeman, he eat all de bread while I eat de soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat. We not have de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt.

At last it come to go to bed—and I say, Mon ami, my countreeman, we will aller coucher, put our heads in de night cap; vell, I pull off coat, dere is my waistcoat mon ami, my countreeman pull off his coat, by gar, dere is no waistcoat at all—but he was vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I pull off my waistcoat, dere is my shirt; mon ami, my countreeman, have no waistcoat to pull off, and, by gar, dere is no shirt at all—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say, Mon ami, my countreeman, dere is de old sack dat de gardener bring vid de pomme de terre, you shall make de shift vid dat. Vell, he lay in de potato sack for his shirt, and I go to sleep; in de matin I wake and look for mon ami, my countreeman, and by gar, he is no dere! I look for my breeches, and by gar, dey are no dere.

Vell, I say I will put on my waistcoat and my coat, and see if he is gone down de stair. By gar, dey no dere; nor more is my hat, nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my any ting; but dere is de chapeau, with de hole in de top, the pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe that have no sole, and very lettel body, and de dam greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreeman.

Vell, I say, he hat dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money, no credit; no logement, his hair grow out de top of his hat, his knee valk out of his pantaloon, his toe look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe; he eat up my supper while I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have no waistcoat, no shirt—he make a shift and sleep in my potato sack—he get up while I sleep and run avay vid all my clothes, it is all very bad, ma foi—but he is a very jointeel man for all dat.

So I make de fire vid his old clothes, as dey were too bad for de Jew—wrap myself in de blanket, and think I vill go to vork again; ven by gar, I find all de vatch les montres dat vas left by my customers because dey would not go, had all go vile I vas asleep; mon ami, my countreeman, had taken them vile I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and oblige to run away—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

From the N. O. Crescent City.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN MALTA.

A gentleman in this city attached to "Old Ironsides" during her last cruise, has permitted us to dip into his journal, which is as rich as Calhoun's gold mine. The following is peculiarly fine:

"We passed three weeks in Malta waiting for despatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away.—Fishing, rowing, dinners, wine, suppers, &c. formed our principal amusement; and as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of courtesies was kept up until our anchor was weighed, and 'Old Ironsides' again before the breeze.

"At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of a British frigate, the conversation turned upon rifle shooting, which led to an animated discussion in which our officers took part.

"I have often heard," said the commander of the Thunderer, "that you have some fellows in your country called Kentuckian, who are reckoned great shots with the rifle."

"Yes, sir," replied Lieut. N——, "their fame is great in that line, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle, they commence practising, and in course of time become excellent marksmen."

"They may be very clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel."

"I do not belong to that section of country," observed Lieut. N——, and have had but little practice with the rifle, but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in company who will stand up for his native State."

"Yes, on all occasions," said our purser, a tall muscular descendent of one of the first settlers in the State.

"What say you then, gentlemen, to a shooting match to-morrow morning?"

"Agreed, with all our hearts," said the Yankees.

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, and placed their target seventy-five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the barrel being shorter, and the stock heavier. Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. No one, however, cut the paper, (the size of a dollar) although several of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent by the English and the French officers present, and the natives were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, turning to the purser, said with a smile.—

"What do you think of that? I take it you'll find it difficult to come up to it."

"You may think so—but I consider it no shorting at all!" said the Kentuckian.

"*Vous monter le haut cheval*," said a French officers.

"*Je vous montrai*," said the Kentuckian.

"Fire away," said the Englishman.

"I'll bet a wine supper for all hands," said the Kentuckian, "that I make three shots, every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first."

"I'll take it," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he bro't from home, and fired. The paper was cut! The second fire was better than the first, and the third 'bored the centre!' Nothing could depict the surprise of all present; the Englishman 'acknowledged the corn' and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kentuck. Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious 'receiver, to another, he continued—

"I must have another shot to show you what can be done with a rifle, and to convince my French friend I am not boasting."

The whole party stood silent, in a row, and the Kentuckian retreated about forty yards, making the distance from the tree to where he stood, near one hundred and twenty yards. Ordering a paper of the same size as the other to be put up in the same place, he re-loaded—drew his broad brimmed beaver over his eyes, and after taking deliberate aim, blazed away.

"That was rather too low," he said, "the ball

is about the eighth of an inch below the paper!—the next time I'll bring it."

On examination the ball was found to be precisely where he said is was, which increased the astonishment the remarkable shot had produced on all present, with the exception of the Yankees, who were "used to it."

"This lick will bring the persimmon," said the Kentuckian, as he raised his piece high up, and gradually lowered it and fired. The paper fell from the tree, the ball "driving home" the nail which supported it! Language cannot describe the looks of the foreigners, and particularly the natives, who crowded among the Kentuckian in numbers. That night the wine flowed free at the "Old Admrials," and a more joyous party never met at Malta.

Natural History.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

From a lively description, given by Mr. Kendall in the New Orleans Picayune, of his adventures on the expedition from Texas to Santa Fe, we extract the following account of an extraordinary Commonwealth he met with in the prairies:

Learning from the guide who had returned that there was a large city or commonwealth of prairie dogs directly on the route the command would take, with two companions I started on ahead to visit these neighbors. We were induced by a double object—firstly, by a desire to examine one of these republics, about which prairie travelers have said so much; and secondly to obtain something to eat—for the flesh of these animals was said to be excellent.

Our road wound up the sides of a gently ascending mountain for some six or seven miles. On arriving at the summit we found a beautiful table land spread out before us, reaching for miles in every direction. The soil appeared to be uncommonly rich, and was covered with a luxuriant growth of musqueet trees. The grass was of the curly musqueet species, the sweetest and most nutricious of all the different kinds of that grass, and the dogs never locate their towns or cities except where it grows in abundance.

We had proceeded but a short distance after reaching this beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of the commonwealth. A few scattered dogs were seen scampering in, and by their short, sharp yelps giving a general alarm to the whole community.

Upon the first cry of danger from the outskirts it was soon taken up in the centre of the city; and nothing was to be seen in any direction but a dashing and scampering of the mercurial and excitable denizens of the place, each to his lodge or burrow. Far as the eye could reach the city extended, and all over it the scene was the same.

We rode leisurely along until we had reached the more thickly settled portions of the place, when we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses, to allow them to graze, we prepared for a regular attack upon the inhabitants. The burrows were not more than fifteen yards apart, with well trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even thought I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets.

We sat down on a bank under the shade of a musqueet, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one to his home in our immediate vicinity; but some hundred yards off, the small mound of earth in front of each burrow was occupied by a dog, sitting straight up upon his hinder legs, and coolly looking about him to ascertain the cause of the late commotion. Every now and then some citizen more venturous than his neighbor would leave his lodge on a flying visit to his companion, apparently exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him.

By and by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our nearer neighbors were seen cautiously poking their heads from out of their holes, and looking cunningly and at the same time inquisitively about them. Gradually a citizen would emerge from the entrance of his domicil, come out upon his looking-out place, perk his head and commence yelping.

We were armed, one with a double barrelled shot gun, another with one of Colt's eight shooting rifles of small bore, while I had a rifle made in Louisville by the celebrated Dickinson, running about twenty-four to the pound, and acknowledged by all to be the best weapon in camp. It would drive a ball through and through a Buffalo at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, held up that far, and there was no jumping off or running away by a deer when hit in the right place—to use a common expression, he would never know what hurt him. Hit one of the dogs where we would with a small ball, he would almost invariably turn a peculiar kind of somerset and get into his hole—but with a ball from my rifle the entire head of the animal would be knocked off, and after this there was no escape.

For three hours we remained in this commonwealth, watching the movements of the inhabitants, and ocasionally picking one of them off. No less than nine were got by the party, and one circumstance I would mention as singular in the extreme, and which shows the social relationship which exists between these animals, as well as the regard they have for one another. One of them had perched himself directly upon the pile of dirt directly in front of his hole, setting up and exposing a fair mark, while a companion was seen poking his head out of the entrance, too timid to expose himself farther. A well directed ball from my rifle carried away the entire top of the former's head and knocked him some two or three feet from his post perfectly dead. While re-loading, the other daringly came out, seized his companion by one of his legs, and before we could reach the hole had drawn him completely out of reach, although we tried to twist him out with a ramrod. There was a feeling in the little incident, a something human, which raised the animal in my estimation, and never after did I attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by hunger.

The prairie dog is apparently about the size of a rabbit, heavier perhaps, more compact, and with much shorter legs. In appearance it resembles the woodchuck or groundhog of the North, altho' a trifle smaller than that animal. In their habits the prairie dogs are soeial, never live alone like other animals, but are always found in villages or large settlements. They are a wild, frolicsome set of fellows when undisturbed, restless and on the move, and appear to take especial delight in chattering away the time and visiting about from hole to hole to gossip and talk over one another's affairs—at least so their actions would indicate. When they find a good location for a village, and no water is handy, old hunters say that they dig a well to supply the wants of the community.

On several occasions I crept up close to one of their villages, without being observed, to watch their movements. Directly in the centre of one of them, I particularly noticed a very large dog, sitting in front of his door or entrance to his burrow, and by his own actions and those of his neighbors, it really looked as though he was the president, mayor or chief—at all events he was the "big dog" of the place. For at least an hour I looked at the operations of the little community. During that time the dog I have mentioned received at least a dozen visits from his fellow dogs, who would stop and chat with him for a few moments and then run off to their domicils. All this while he never left his post for a moment, and I thought I could discover a gravity in his deportment not discernible in those by whom he was surrounded. Far is it from me to say that the visits he received were upon business, or as having any thing to do with the local government of the village; but it certainly looked so. If any animal is endowed with reasoning powers, or has any system of laws regulating the body politic, it is the prairie dog.

In different parts of the same village the members of it were seen gamboling, frisking and visiting about, occasionally turning heels over head into their holes, and appearing to have all sorts of fun among themselves. Owls of a singular species were also seen among them. They did not appear to join in their sports, in any way, but still seemed to be on good terms, and as they were seen entering and coming out of the same holes, may be considered as members of the same family, or at least as retainers. Rattlesnakes, too, dwell among them, but the idea that has obtained, of their living upon sociable terms of companionship with the dogs, is without foundation. The snakes I look upon as loafers, not easily shaken off by the regular inhabitants, and they make use of the dwellings of the dogs as more comfortable quarters than they can find elsewhere. We killed one a short distance from a burrow, who had made a meal of a half grown dog, and although I do not think they can master the larger animals, the latter are willing enough to let them pass in and out without molestation—an evil like many in every society, that cannot be got rid of.

The first town we visited was several miles in length, and at least a mile in width. Around and in the vicinity, were smaller villages—suburbs of the larger town to all appearance. We kindled a fire and cooked three of those we had shot, and found the meat exceedingly sweet, tender and juicy—resembling that of the squirrel, only that there was more fat upon it. Thus ended a first visit to one of the numerous dog towns of the West.

Miscellaneous Selections.

An Anecdote of the Reign of Elizabeth.

Let us in idea go back two centuries and a half, and step into the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth. The walls are hung with rich tapestry, while the floor is strewed with fresh hay. At the door leading to the queen's apartments stands an usher dressed in velvet, with a gold chain around his neck, the badge of his office. In the chamber may be seen, besides, a great number of councillors, officers of the crown, and clergymen of high rank—for the queen, after giving passing audience to those present, proceeds to chapel, the day being a holiday of the church.

The mid-doors are thrown open, and the coming of the queen is announced. Gentlemen, barons, earls and knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed, are the first to enter the presence-chamber from her apartments. They are followed by the lord-chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse—and on each side of him walks a nobleman, one bearing the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of state in a crimson scabbard. Queen Elizabeth follows. A small golden grown is upon her head, and rests on a profusion of thick curled hair, of a color too deeply sanguine to countenance her early flatterers when they called the hue golden. The locks now worn by Elizabeth are, however, but a close imitation of what her natural tresses were in her younger days. Rich pearls hang from her ears, and a necklace of fine jewels is thrown over her shoulders. A white silk robe, bordered with large pearls, adorns her person, and the long train is borne by a marchioness of the realm. Elizabeth is now, as has been hinted, past the meridian of her days, yet is her gait erect and majestic, and her small dark eye retains its clear and vivid expression. A sharpening of the lines of her naturally acute lineaments is all that speaks of the advance of years.

On the occasion when this scene, here described in the present tense, was to be witnessed, foreign ministers were in the presence chamber, and to each Elizabeth spoke in his own language, whether that were Spanish or Italian, French or Dutch. Whithersoever she turned her eye all knelt before her. Whosoever had the honor of a word from her remained kneeling, unless the great queen raised him. She passed along slowly thro' the large chamber, conversing with those on one side and another, and sometimes receiving strangers presented by the usher. She came at length to a gentleman advanced in years, who knelt at her look. He was richly dressed, but not in the robes of office or nobility. "Ha!" said the queen, stretching out her hand, and raising this personage; "our good citizen, Sir John Spencer. Welcome! Thou wert informed of our wish to converse with thee? "I had the honor," answered the citizen, "to receive your majesty's commands to that effect." "Thou hast ever indeed, good Sir John, regarded our slightest wish as a command," continued Elizabeth; "and well the loyalty beseems thee. Thou hast paid dearly too, for thy affectionate regard to our person." The old citizen sighed as if involuntarily, showing well that he understood the queen's allusion. She went on, however, to refer more plainly to the subject, while all around fell respectfully back, marking her low tones. "It was while an attendant on our train that my young Lord Compton first saw thy daughter, and the issue was the rash marriage which thou deplorest. Sir John, we would remedy the evil thou hast sustained." The face of the citizen knight grew suddenly flushed, and then left him more pale than before. He knelt down after a moment of apparently agitated thought, and said, in a low and hurried voice, "I hope—I trust your majesty does not mean to lay your commands on me to pardon"——. The queen interrupted him. "Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your paternal resentment will be respected by us. It is a *favor* which we have now to require of thee, and the granting of which you have suffered. An infant boy has somewhat

strangely fallen to our particular guardianship.—He is of such a rank and birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court. Thy civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy; and, God's bread, Sir John, thou shalt have a queen for a partner in the office."

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the citizen's brow during this speech, and had been supplanted by a feeling of the highest gratification, as was clear and apparent in his looks. "Your majesty," said he, "does me an honor which kings might be proud of. And by my life, madam, I shall prove, by my conduct to the boy, that your majesty has not so honored one who is ungrateful for it. I have no child," continued the citizen, more slowly—"I have no child now, and my godson shall supply the place which has been wilfully vacated.

The queen was obviously pleased with what had passed. As she looked on Sir John, who had cast down his eyes in closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing pleasure in her quick dark eye. "Farewell, for the present, Sir John Spencer," said she: "due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties." The knight stooped to kiss the hand extended to him, and the queen passed on, leaving the citizen to follow, and finally wend his way homeward.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called "Richard Spencer," was in his day the wealthiest and most influential citizen of London. The mayoralty and sheiffalty had been both served by him more than once, we believe. He was a great favorite with the queen, being noted for his public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain the honor of his sovereign and his country. Such a feeling was peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worker, as he was by profession, on the occasion of the Marquis of Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador from Henry IV. of France to Elizabeth.—The Marquis (afterward Duke of Sully) was lodged and entertained by Sir John in the most sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was understood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one child, a daughter, his sole heiress. Having fixed upon a son-in-law in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had been deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter with Lord Compton; and though, at the period referred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed since the event, Sir John's anger seemed to have been increased rather than diminished by the lapse of time. Various attempts had been made to bring about a reconciliation, but unsuccessfully. So stood the family affairs of Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated her wish to honor him in the manner related.

Of that honor the citizen continued to think with pride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the queen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich Palace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, meditating how he might best show, in a marked manner, his sense of the high favor bestowed on him by the Queen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he found her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers; and in presence, also, was her majesty's household chaplain. "Welcome, Sir John," said the queen, as the citizen paid his duty on entrance; "thou art punctual, yet we have been for some, in readiness. The ceremony shall be private, as best befits the condition of our poor little charge." Sir John bowed in silence; and the company, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to perform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptized, and the whole ceremony over. Increasing the amount of the honor, the queen gave to the child the Christian name of "Spencer." This unexpected circumstance, and the uncommon beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight in its favor. "Madam," said he to the queen, with tears in his eyes, "I have resolved to show my sense of this honor by adopting this child, now my name-son. He shall be my *sole heir*; and, that no foolish relentings may afterward affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, before the holy altar, and in presence of your majesty and this fair company, to settle irrevocably my estate by deed in this child's favor, and to place it immediately in your majesty's possession, if you will honor me by accepting such trust."

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure. "'Tis well, Sir John Spencer," said she; "we are witnesses to your promise, and know that it will be kept." She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to the door, "Without there! You may enter." In an instant the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer beheld his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband, kneeling at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could speak, the queen addressed him. "Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted is thine own grandchild. Take these parents also to your favor, and make this one of the happiest hours in a queen's life." "Pardon dearest father, pardon!" cried the weeping daughter of the knight; "pardon," continued she, taking her child from an attendant, and raising it in her arms—"pardon, for this child's sake!" Sir John Spencer could not resist these appeals. "Heaven bless you, my children!" said he, embracing them by turns; "I do forgive all the past; and I heartily thank her majesty, who has brought about this happy event."

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signalise the reign of Elizabeth, but it may be questioned if any recorded deed of hers places her character in a more pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconciled Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

EMINENT SHOEMAKERS.—The New York State Mechanic publishes a brief catalogue of men of this class who applied themselves to the *last* in improving the *understandings* of their fellow men, with a zeal worthy of *awl* praise. For

"The shoemaker who hammers and whistles and sweats,
And works early and late to pay off his old debts,"

should remember that he too may live in the memory of posterity with others of his craft, whose characters and attainments are worthy of emulation.

Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden; but afterwards taken notice of, in consequence of his ability, and sent to college.

David Pareus, the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated professor of theology at Heidleburg, Germany, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker.

Joseph Pendrell, who died some time since, at Gray's buildings, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, leaving an excellent library, was bred and pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker.

Bans Sachs, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver in which he continued.

Benedict Baddouin, one of the most learned men of the 16th century, was a shoemaker, as likewise was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. Thus Adam was a shoemaker and Eve a tailor! "She sewed fig leaves together," proving truly the antiquity of these two branches of industry and skill.

To these may be added those ornaments of literature, Holcroft, the author of the critic and other works; Gifford, the founder, and for so many years the editor of the London Quarterly Review, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and Bloomfield, the author of the Farmer's Boy, and other works; all of whom were shoemakers, and the pride and admiration of the literary world.

John Brand, secretary of the London antiquarian society, and author of several learned works, was originally a shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford.

Winckelman, the learned German antiquary, was the son of a shoemaker, and was for sometime engaged in the same employment, but finally burst from his obscurity and became a professor of belles lettres. He was the friend and correspondent of the most learned men of his time.

Fox, the founder of the sect called quakers, was the son of a weaver, and apprenticed to a shoemaker and grazier.

Roger Sherman, the American statesman, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and found ample time during his minority to acquire a stock of knowledge that assisted him in the acquisition of fame and fortune.

"Dawkter, dawkter," said an exquisite the other day, "I wawnt you to tell me what I can get to put intaw mawy head to make it roight?"

"It wants nothing but brains," said the gentleman of function.—*Uncle Sam.*

Educate the poor every where, and give them trusts to discharge. It will not dissatisfy them with their station, but by increasing their self respect, place them in a condition to improve it.

THE COURT LOVERS.

The Marchioness de Prie sat in her boudoir, completing her toilette, and her maid, Marietta, was unsealing the letters which had that morning arrived from Paris to Chantilly, at which latter place she was at present residing.

"Go at once to the signature, Marietta," said the impatient Marchioness to her maid, who had begun to read the epistle she had opened. "Go at once to the signature. The name will tell us all—will tell us all at once what the writer wants. Know you not that every one of these letters is addressed not to me myself, the Marchioness de Prie, but merely to the favorite of the Duke de Bourbon, minister of Louis XV? Therefore burn them in all haste—burn them.

Mariette, as she opened the letters read the signatures—"M. de Noel."

"Burn it," said the Marchioness, as she adjusted her ringlets in the glass.

"M. de Duras."

"Burn."

"M. D'Aumont."

"Burn—burn. Now, is there none from the Duke de Richelieu?"

"None. They are all burnt. Permit me to hope," said Mariette, after a short pause, "that Madame has no inquietude with respect to the Duke de Richelieu."

"Oh, Mariette, be assured on that point," replied her ladyship; "and moreover the Duke I know is faithful."

"Faithful, and at Paris."

"Yes, faithful; and though he is absent, I am satisfied of it. Come, you inquisitive one, you shall be convinced. "Look here, Mariette,"—and she drew from a silken purse, beautifully embroidered, the half of a gold sequin. "When he returns me the other half—but not till then; do you understand?"

"Oh, a love token, if you will. Know, Mariette, that with people of refinement, the greatest misery is not to lose the love of another, but to be still loved when one has ceased to feel the passion?"

"A profound sentiment, madame!"

"Well, the Duke and myself resolved that under no pretext whatever, should our tender enjoyment become a source of chagrin and embarrassment. There it was that, breaking the sequin in two, we each took half, and agreed that the first who ceased to love should forthwith send their moiety to the other, and that the recipient should accept of the present without a single word of reproach. The Duke has not yet sent his half."

Mariette was delighted with an expedient which saved both parties a world of pain, of doubt, of explanation. Her comments, however, were cut short by the arrival of the Duke de Richelieu himself. She very wisely retired.

"From Paris?" said the Marchioness.

"This moment have I dismounted," said the Duke, who begged that the ardor of his attachment might excuse the travelling dress in which he made his appearance.

The excuse was accepted.

"But you have been absent," pursued the Marchioness, "for eight days, and your furlough only extended to five."

The Duke had abundant reasons to give, and to lament for his prolonged absence. He also had his tender reproaches to make. Not a line had he received—not a single billet—not one word of love. Up to that very day he had never seen the handwriting of his beautiful Marchioness.

For this she, in return, had sufficient justification. Was the Duke a diplomatist, and would he have her, the favorite of a minister, commit herself by writing, and put it in the power of any one who should obtain the letter to ruin her fortunes, and procure her disgrace at court?

The argument was irresistible. "However, you love me still?" said the Duke with the most bewitching pathos.

"Oh, do not doubt of it," was the reply.—"And you?"

"Oh, to distraction!" and he devoutly kissed her fair hand. "Permit me," he continued, "though you do not write, to present you with these tablets. They are the newest and prettiest things I could find at Paris."

"And my own arms, I see, are engraved on them," said the Marchioness, as she took his elegant present. Decidedly, thought she, they were procured for no other than myself. The Duke is faithful still. "But I," she continued, "have not been forgetful. I have in your absence worked for you this embroidered purse."

"With my own initials on it!" exclaimed the Duke, as he delightedly accepted the flattering gift. Without a doubt, thought he, it was worked expressly for me. The Marchioness is faithful still. But some engagement now pressed, and it was necessary that the Duke should for a short time deprive himself of that society by which he lived. He rose and took his leave.

"Let me see," said the Marchioness, as soon as his back was turned, "what love verses the poor Duke has been writing on these tablets." She opened them—there dropt out the half sequin.

"The poor Marchioness," said the Duke as he left the apartment, tossing the embroidered purse in his hand, "she dotes on me it seems." There was something in the purse. He opened it—there fell out the half sequin.

The Marchioness, holding the broken sequin in one hand and the tablets, in the other, naturally turned towards the door through which the Duke had just departed. There stood the Duke, who had returned, holding his embroidered purse in one hand, and displaying his broken sequin in the other.

The effect was irresistible. They both burst into laughter.

Among the many beautiful and touching tradition of the Indians, there is one of the Pascagoulas, who, in conflict with a tribe more powerful tribe more powerful than themselves, were driven to the dreadful expedient of being overwhelmed by their more powerful neighbors, and their wives and daughters made a sacrifice to the uncontrolled passions of their enemies, or to bury themselves beneath the waters of the lake, and thus save their honor at the expense of their lives. The latter alternative was adopted, and the whole tribe with the chiefs and wise men at their head, plunged themselves into the deep bosom of the lake and perished. Ever since that time, at certain seasons of the year, sweet music is heard issuing from the waters that flow over the spot where the Indians are buried. Not long since the editor of the Bee was on a visit to Pascagoula, when the same strange music was heard; and while listening to its magic sound, he heard the name of Henry Clay mingling in sweet harmony with the music of the waters, and as the gentle breezes ruffled the smooth surface of the lake, the very air seemed filled with the name of the great Statesman, while wondering visitors remained chained to the spot until the last sound had died away, and the music of the Indians had ceased.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

ROMANCE AT A DISCOUNT.—The Cincinnati Republican spoils all the romance attached to the little story published in the Sun a few days since, about a middle aged gentleman finding among a lot of strawberries the gold ring of the girl of whom he bought them, and the probability of a match resulting from the incident. It appears that the gentleman was at the time, and still is, provided with a second wife, and grey hairs are creeping out amongst the otherwise auburn locks. Unfortunately, after finding the ring, he went home and his servant girl claimed it, saying that she had dropped it in the dish before he went to market. On his demonstrating that it was impossible, as he had upset the dish three times in purchasing peas, radishes, and new potatoes, before he purchused the aforesaid strawberries, and her still persisting that the ring was hers, he made a farther investigation, whereby he ascertained that the girl had been filching the strawberries after he had brought them home, and dropped her ring in her haste to avoid detection. He gave the girl her ring, and discharged her for lying and stealing—and thus the romance ended, not with marriage, but repudiation.

A POSER.—A boy asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbor was, and when he heard his name, asked him if the gentleman was not a fool.

"No, my little friend," said the guest, "he is no fool, but a very sensible man; but why did you ask the question?"

"Why," said the little boy, "my mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

THE COBLER'S LAST WORDS.—"I feel that I *wax* weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching may *end*;—a few more *stitches* and all will be over;—in heaven there is rest for the weary *sole*;—earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot *heel*." Having said *awl* he wished, he calmly breathed his *last*.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1842.

FRANCE.—The Foreign news by the Great Western brings the intelligence of the death of the Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent to the French Throne. This at first sight might seem an ordinary event, but when its immense influence upon the future destinies of Europe are taken into consideration, it must be classed among the most portentous occurrences of the times. Louis Phillippe is aged and infirm. With all his experience, gained in the school of adversity, and his acknowledged ability and sagacity as a Statesman, he has barely sustained himself, for twelve years, upon an unsteady and dangerous throne. The crown by the laws of heredetary succession, falls upon the young Count of Paris, eldest son of the late Duke, who is an infant scarcely four years of age. A King already three score and ten cannot expect to live many years. Consequently France with all her fortunes falls under the sway of an infant' or what is but little better—a regency.—The most disastrous periods of French history—with the exception of the revolution—have been during the sway of her regents. Before the revolution, a king, whether an infant or an adult, had a sacredness attached by usage and tradition to his person which always ensured his safety.—But those barriers are now broken down. A sovereign is looked upon by one portion of the people as a matter of convenience, and by another and far the most numerous portion, with absolute hatred. Those best acquainted with the French people assert that a large majority are *republicans* at heart. If a man of mature intellect and well tried experience like Louis Phillippe has been able only by the most extraordinary means to maintain his position, there is no hope that a weaker prince and much less an infant, could be able to assume the reigns of power.

Viewing the subject in this light it will readily be seen, that the death of the present king, would be the signal for a revolution, more important in its consequences to France as a nation, than that which ended only in the fall of Bonaparte and the restoration of her former rulers. The turbulent, fickle and discontented people of that country would gladly seize such an opportunity to overwhelm existing institutions; und the sovereigns of Europe would not sit quietly by and see a republic established in their midst. Consequently the scenes of '96 would be enacted over again in the midst of a general war of the leading nations of the world.

It is said that all the efforts of Louis Phillippe for several years past have been directed to such measures as would ensure safety and stability to the throne of his successor. How far these will be adapted to that object since the succession is changed remains for the future to unfold. The position of France is fearful in the extreme.

The Duke of Orleans was nearly thirty-two years old and was said to be a man of fine intellect and popular manners. The regency will doubtless fall upon his widowed duchess as the nearest relative and the most suitable guardian of the youthful heir. With her will doubtless be associated the Duke de Nemours, eldest brother to the late Duke. But whoever wields the sceptre of power, *France will be a republic.*

The *Perry Democrat*, says that a "poet" of that town, on returning from a pic-nic on the top of a neighboring mountain, "bust" out in this wise:—

"When I came down the streets they wore
A different aspect from what they did when
I went up a little while before."

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY!

About 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Pinnacle was the scene of a rare occurrence for these "diggins," being nothing less than "a meeting" between two young *bloods* of our city! The particular cause of the difficulty is of little consequence to the world; it is enough to state that it had its origin in an affair of gallantry. The aggrieved party, in his note to the aggriever, was unusually peremptory; he had been treated as no "gentleman" would treat another; and nothing short of blood could heal the wound that had been inflicted upon his pride and honor.

The belligerent epistle was favorably received, seconds were chosen, and a select number of friends having been apprised of the momentous affair, they all arrived at the Pinnacle at the hour named, in carriages provided for the occasion.—The weapons selected were pistols, and the distance fifteen paces. The instruments were then loaded by the seconds; but it very strangely happened that the balls did not find their way into the barrels! The parties were then stationed, and the word given—"One—two"—but here the challenger faltered, and very modestly hinted that he would accept of an *apology!* This having been promptly denied him, they again prepared for the fatal shot; and at the word "two," the challenger, as pale as marble and shaking like an autumn leaf, fired, and *dodged*—a moment after which the other discharged his piece, staggered and fell!

"My God!" exclaimed some one near, "he's a dead boy! See how the crimson gore gushes from his bosom!" Upon this the challenger made a rush toward his supposed dying antagonist, but was seized by his second, and told, "As he valued his own life, to fly!" Springing into his carriage, and ordering the driver not to spare the silk, in an incredibly short space of time he arrived at Pittsford, from which place he addressed a line to his second, requesting that clothes and money might be sent to him with the least possible delay; and ere this he has probably either sought

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,"

to brood, in bitterness of soul, over his heaven-daring crime, or is flying with the speed of steam from the ministers of justice and the ghost of his youthful victim!

The "kilt" boy returned to the city, and would have enjoyed the joke right well, had not his mamma tied him by the thumbs to the bed-post and administered to him a smart switching.

☞ The August numbers of Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, the Boston Miscellany, the Lady's Musical Library, and Merry's Museum, and the New York Lancet, of July 30th, have been sent us by Mr. MOORE, the Agent for this city. We have had occasion to speak of these publications heretofore, and need only say at this time, that the contents of each do no discredit to any of their predecessors. The engravings in the three first named, are excellent, and that of "A Village Scene" in the Lady's Book, ranks, in our estimation, among the very best productions of the kind.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE," for July, will richly repay a perusal. The classical reader will find an excellent article upon Cicero. The miscellanies and poetry are also good. A paper upon Affghanistan and Iadia will be found interesting at the present time, when those countries occupy so large a space in the public mind. The promptness with which this and other magazines are issued after their arrival in this country, by the enterprising publisher, Mrs. MASON, should ensure a hearty support.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Death of Mrs. Eli Smith, of the Syria Mission.

Oh! gently, gently hath she passed away,
Like the pure zephyr of a summer day;
Or pencil'd hues upon the sky at even—
Thus hath her quiet spirit gone to heaven.

Yonder her form reposes—in that grave
Where cypress boughs in mournful silence wave;
There 'mid the tombs of many, who have trod
The soil of pagans, for the cause of God.

Sudden indeed her exit, short her stay
In that new-chosen home, far, far away;
The parting tear has scarcely yet been dried,
The farewell echo ceased—and she hath died!

Yet wherefore mourn we? not that she is blest,
In leaving earth for an eternal rest;
Not for her happy spirit would we sigh,
That reigns with God and angel-hosts on high.

But let the sympathizing tear be shed,
For him who's weeping by her lowly bed;
Once and again hath he been made to feel
That deepest wound, which none but God can heal.

Weep for the helpless infant that is left,
Of a fond mother's soothing care bereft;
The fragile vine from its support is riven,
Oh! who will guide its tendrils up to heaven!

Another sainted missionary gone!
Her self-denying toils and duties done;
And earth has offered up another gem
To sparkle in the Saviour's diadem.

Thou who dost move mysterious! bid a ray
Celestial turn this darkness into day;
And may this solemn voice borne o'er the sea,
Lead many hearts to bow in peace to thee.

A. C. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Song—The Pride of the Vale.

BY J. L. CIST.

They may boast of their beautiful flowers
That grow in their gardens so rare,
But we'll show them a flow'ret of ours,
May well with their proudest compare.
Not so gay, nor so gaudy it showeth,
Nor so richly the sense may regale;
But sweetly and modestly bloweth
The Lily, the pride of the vale!

It flaunts not its colors so gaily,
As those in the garden that bloom;
But it scatters abroad o'er the valley
As fragrant and sweet a perfume:
Its odorous treasures distilling,
It balmily ladens the gale;
And grows near the cottager's dwelling,
The Lily, the pride of the vale!

Like the Lily—the pride of *our* valley,
Is Lucy, so modest and neat;
And the zephyrs around her that dally
Are laden with perfume as sweet:
Her figure so graceful and airy,
Her delicate cheek slightly pale;
And sprightly and gay as a fairy
Is Lucy, the pride of the vale!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Dedicated to R. J. R., Author of "My Choice."

'Midst wide domains and palaces,
My lot has ne'er been cast;
With ottomans and vases rich,
Our parlor ne'er was grac'd.

But in a rural evergreen
Our humble dome is found;
With riv'lets clear as crystal springs,
And grapes that cluster round.

In rear the woodlands raise their heads,
Where bounds the nimble deer,
And nightingales oft cheer the night,
With notes most shrill and clear.

In country style our garden's fill'd
With plants designed for food;
Beets, parsnips, onions, cabbages,
With other things as good.

In one small space allotted me,
('Tis near a vine-clad bower,)
I often steal, as sun declines,
To cultivate the flower.

Our parlor's modestly attir'd,
And floor with carpet spread;
The hearth is burthen'd with a rug
Which my own fingers made.

Mostly my time's in kitchen spent,
Under my matron's care,
While she with knitting work reclines,
In her arm'd rocking chair.

My *beauty* surely's not so great,
Were I costumed with laces,
That pinks or vi'lets need to blush,
Or veil their pretty faces.

My heart is free, (it ne'er was bound,)
And all this truth may learn;
The one who takes it, *freely* takes,
Yet *gives* me *his* in turn.

To cultivate the intellect,
I use exertions great;
The noble deeds of gen'rous hearts
I strive to imitate.

But *modesty*, with accents loud,
Chides me to hold my voice;
This once I will her bounds transcend,
To imitate *my choice*.

It is the man of temper sweet,
Virtuous, honest, kind;
The man who has a gen'rous heart,
The man of noble mind.

[It's not the man of pomp and show,
Equipp'd in plumage fine,
That ever will admittance gain,
To hearts composed as mine.]

He must not be insensitive
To the lone widow's sigh,
Nor turn a cold, relentless heart
Unto the orphan's cry.

I would he had a little land
That he might *dress* and *till*;
Although no barrier that shall be,
If he has but the *will*.

But he must have an honest trade,
By which to gain his bread;
Landsharks and *pirates* I protest
I ne'er design to wed.

Teetotaller he too must be;
'Tis here I draw the "plummet;"
None other need his suit to bring,
For surely "*he can't come it.*"

Riga, August 1, 1842. O. P. H.

From the Leeds [Eng.] Northern Star.

A Starvation Anthem for the Royal Christening.

Bring forth the babe in pomp and lace,
While thousands starve and curse the light!
But what of that? on royal face
Shame knows no blush, however slight.
Bring forth the babe—a nation's moans
Will ring sweet music in its ear,
For well we know a people's groans
To royal ears were always dear.

Bring fourth the babe—down, courtiers, down!
And bow your laquey knees in dust
Before a child's beslobber'd gown;
Our children cannot find a crust.
When Christ was born, no servile throng
Around the Saviour's manger met;—
No flatterers raised their fulsome song—
But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

God, who has heard the widow's moan—
God, who has heard the orphan's cry—
Thou, too, dost sit upon a throne,
But none round thee of famine die.
Things like this babe of royal birth,
Who boast their "princely right divine,"
Are but thy parodies on earth:
Their's is oppression—mercy thine.

Bring forth the babe! From foreign lands
Fresh kingly vampires flock to greet
This new one in its nurse's hands—
(For royal mothers give no teat;)
Bring forth the toy of Princely whim,
And let your prayer mount night and day,
For ought we not to pray for him
Who'll prey on us enough some day?

Oh! who would grudge to squander gold
On such a glorious babe as this?
What though our babes are starved and cold,
They have no claims to earthly bliss;
Ours are no mongrel—German breed,
But English born and English bred;
Then let them live and die in need,
While the plump Coburg thing is fed.

Christen the babe, Archbishop proud—
Strange servant thou of lowly Christ,
Thousands are to your purse allowed,
For Him the smaller loaf sufficed.
Though holy water's scanty now,
My lord you may dismiss your fears;
Take to baptise the infant's brow
A starving people's bitter tears!

From Tait's Magazine.

Crush the Afghaun.

Crush the Afghaun! Why does he dare
To claim man's birth right and be free?
Go slay him in his mountain lair,
Go teach him magnanimity.
Tell him about your gentle creed,
Good will and Peace to wildest horde.
And preach it while his heart shall bleed,
Revenge the grace that plunged your sword

What is he, the Moslem thief,
Rude Gheber, Bhuddist, blind Hindu?
But all your orthodox belief
He dares to have:—wants freedom too!
Lifts he his sword 'gainst British wrong?
Plucks he the lion by the mane?
The Rebel! Is not Britain strong?
Sweep forth his race from hill and plain!

Go, crush the Afghaun! Ask him why
He, dog, prefers his will to yours!
Full many a slave, 'neath ev'ry sky,
Your mighty Helotry endures;
Toils to fill your cheating coffers,
Your bondage feels, nor dares to sigh;
Who are Afghauns? Crush the scoffers,
They dare refuse!—Then let them die.

Pomp of empire, blood cemented!
Witness ye orphans, widows' tears;
Strife by treachery fomented,
Proud conquests of a thousand years;
Can the mountain jackals tarnish
All your glorious long array?
Christian Love is glazing varnish,
Shout out Revenge!—like Christians slay!

Kind,—you wished to ease the burden
Which Freedom's independence gave;
He, for bonds of steel and burden,
Took all the promises you gave.
Stiff-necked! not to trust you better,
Freedom,—a free man loves to be,
He broke your pious Christian fetter,
And you denounced, for tyranny.

So, crush the Afghaun! now be bruited
Throughout your realm,—with noble port,
Magnanimously spurred and booted,
Ride down his children—spoil their sport.
Strew bones to bleach, and skulls to whiten,
In every gorge round Afghaun's throne;
And, your triumphal march to heighten,
Be careful that they're not your own.

Hurrah for Laughing Love!

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path where'er we roam;
Though melancholy brood not o'er
The festive board at home.
Hurrah! hurrah!

The stately form, the haughty brow,
And the cold, majestic air,
May awe the slave who worship them—
The pomp they cannot share.
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love for me!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!

Marriages.

At St. Luke's Church, in this city, on the evening of the 26th inst., by the Rev. Doct. H. J. Whitehouse, SAMUEL STEVENS, Esq., Counsellor at Law, of Albany, and Miss MARY FRANCES, eldest daughter of Silas O. Smith, Esq., of this city.

In this city, on the 24th inst., by Elder Hotchkiss, Mr. Daniel Van Fleet, of Sparta, Liv. Co., to Orpha, eldest daughter of John P. Chamberlain, Esq., of Birmingham, Ohio.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. Tyron Edwards, Mr. C. H. Sholtus to Miss Adaline B. Luce, both of this city.

In this city, at St. Luke's Church, on Monday evening, the 18th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. CHARLES HENDRIX, Merchant of this city, to Miss ANN BLAKESLY, of New York.

In Brighton, July 28, by John Hagaman, Esq., Mr. John Miller to Mrs. Nancy Morrison, both of Brighton.

In St. John's Church, Batavia, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Thomas Yates to Miss Julia D. Mix, both of that place.

In Batavia, on the 17th inst, by the Rev. Alfred Handy, Mr. Joseph Whitney, of Albion, to Miss Julia A. Pollay, of the former place.

At Youngstown, on Tuesday, the 14th inst., by Rev. John Elliot, Erial McArthur, M. D. to Miss Harriet M. Smith, daughter of Obed Smith, Esq., all of Youngstown.

At Fishkill, Dutchess co., on the 4th inst., by Rev. W. F. Collins, Major Samuel B. Randall, of Palmyra, to Miss Maria M. Dates, of the former place.

In Pultneyville, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. James Johnson to Miss Eliza Ann Geralmon, both of Williamson.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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One Dollar per annum, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XIV. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1842. No. 17.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When the physician had been led by Bolton from the room in which Wilkins lay ill, as mentioned in a previous chapter, he suffered himself to be conducted down the stairs and into the street without remark; Bolton keeping at his side, and endeavoring to employ his thoughts on other subjects than that of his patient, until a long distance of gloomy streets and many a high dingy house intervened between them and the scene they had left. Then on the pretence that he had urgent business to attend to, he left him, and making a short circuit, returned to Wilkins, as has already been narrated.

No sooner however was he gone, than the Doctor stopped too, and watched him until his figure was hid in the gloom of the streets, raising his finger and shaking it slowly in the direction which he had taken, partly in warning and partly in menace. Could any one have observed his face at that moment, he would have seen suspicion, dislike, and anger all stamped upon it. He did not stir from the spot, but folding his arms stood for some time musing, with the red flaring light of a lamp flashing over his features, and giving them a harsh, uncouth expression. At last he said in a low, stern tone:

"I have seen hundreds die; ay, go howling to their graves; and I have stood by while mother, children and friends were begging me to give life to a worn-out carcase, as if life and death were in my gift; and when the breath was gone, I have had them turn upon me and revile me because I could not step between the Almighty and his decrees—and I have borne it all without flinching, for I knew that it was human nature. Yet never have I seen any thing so horrible as the look [illegible] this sick man this night. He must die—he *must*; but," continued he, in the same stern tone, "he must not be *murdered*; and if ever being had the look of an assassin, it was the man whom I found there; and if ever an eye *looked* murder, his did, as that wretched criminal cursed and accused him. As sure as I'm a living man, there was murder in that look. I'll see to it!" And turning short about, he once more sought the sick man's room.

His heart beat quickly, and something like a shudder passed over him, in encountering a man darting with headlong speed from the building—for dark as it was, he yet detected a resemblance to Bolton in his figure, as he dashed into the street.

On entering the room, a glance showed him that Wilkins was lying there, apparently dead; and although there was nothing to justify a suspicion that he had met with foul play, yet that suspicion was in his mind; and at the same instant came the hope that he might have interrupted the murderer before his work was accomplished. The idea, and to act upon it, were simultaneous. He went straight to the bed, opened Wilkin's shirt, and placed his hand upon his heart. He had held it there for some moments, when he felt it beat. Then it stopped, fluttered as if in doubt whether to cease its labor for ever, then it beat again. In a moment his lancet was out, a vein was opened, a few simple applications, such as were ready at hand, were made, and Wilkins slowly opened his eyes and looked about him.

"You may thank God, my poor fellow, that He put such suspicion in my head as never came into it before, or your last breath would have been drawn ere this!" said the Doctor, kneeling beside Wilkins, and supporting his head on his breast, and bathing his temples with something which he took from a cup at his side. "If ever you uttered thanks to God, do it now!"

Wilkins stared about him, but at first his mind wandered. He had no connected recollection of what had happened; and the few words which he uttered were vague and indistinct. He knew that high words had passed between himself and the lawyer, and that then they had a scuffle; but he could recall nothing more.

"Can you remember nothing else?" said the Doctor, earnestly.

Wilkins passed his hand feebly across his brow, and shook his head. "He could not."

While this was going on, the door of the room opened, and a sharp, frightened face was thrust in, while a tremulous voice inquired:

"How is he? Did he kill him?"

The Doctor looked up at the face, and then told him to come in and tell him what it meant.

The man to whom the face belonged hesitated. Before venturing in, he looked behind him to see that the door was open, so that there might be no impediment to a rapid retreat in case of necessity; and then accepting the Doctor's invitation, advanced toward him, displaying at the same time the rest of his person, which bore evident marks of decay and shabbiness.

"Well, what do you mean by your question, and what do you want to know?" demanded the Doctor, who had laid Wilkins in the bed, and now stood up. "You ask if that man," said he, pointing to Wilkins, "is killed. Who wanted to kill him? Did you?"

The thin man replied in not very firm voice: "No; but I saw a man that was trying to."

"You did, eh?" said the Doctor.

The stranger nodded.

"Then why the devil did'nt you come over and help his victim?"

The thin man made no reply to this question; but contented himself with quietly brushing a remarkably old hat with the sleeve of a coat which was not a little the worse for wear, although there was not the slightest probability that either article would be benefitted by the process.

"Do you know the man?"

"Not his name," replied the man, adding variety to his proceeding by rolling his hat in a very small compass, though for no other apparent purpose than that of unrolling it, which he did instantly.

"Well, I do," said the Doctor. "That will answer as well. But first of all, tell me what you saw."

The stranger paused, and having cleared his throat, and felt in his pocket for a handkerchief which he did not find, said that he was at the window of his house on the opposite side of the street, when his attention was attracted to what was going on in Wilkins' room, which he could distinctly see, as there was a light in it, while his own room had none. The man described the scene which had taken place between Wilkins and the Attorney; and frankly confessed he had been so much excited and frightened at what he had witnessed that he lost all presence of mind; and it was not until the Attorney took to flight that he thought of giving the alarm.

"You will swear to all this at the police-office, will you?"

"Yes; to-night, if you choose."

"Very well, you shall," replied the Doctor laconically. "Do you know any person who will stay with this man? He must not be left alone, for that fellow may return."

"Get me some one, for God's sake!" exclaimed Wilkins feebly, and clasping his hands together. "Oh! don't leave me again in his power!"

"Be quiet" said the Doctor; "you shall be taken care of, even though I should be obliged to remain here to do it myself. Who will stay here?" inquired he, again addressing the stranger.

The thin man stole on tip-toe to the window; thrust his head out, and bellowed in a voice which had wonderfully increased in power within the last few moments: "Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! I say. He'll answer by and bye," said he jerking in his head, and awaiting a response with great patience and composure. But he was mistaken in his conjecture; and after a pause he was again obliged to thrust out his head: "Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! you infernal low-lived vagabond! where are you?"

"Here!" responded a faint voice, which sounded as if it came from under a distant barrel.

"Well, why did'nt you say so at first? Bring yourself over here, will you?—and be quick!"

That Tom Stubbs made a response of some kind was evident from the fact that certain uncouth sounds were heard from the opposite side of the street, which must have been something of that nature, unless Mr. Stubbs was addicted to soliloquy. But whatever it was, it did not impede his operations; for in a few minutes Mr. Stubbs brought over a little oily fellow with red cheeks and fat legs, whom he introduced as himself, by simply saying:

"Well, old fellow! here I am. What do you want?"

"Do you see that man?" said the thin one, pointing to Wilkins.

"Well, suppose I does?—what then?" inquired Mr. Stubbs, anxious to investigate results before committing himself; "and suppose I does'nt!—what *then*?"

"Some one has been mighty near giving him a walking-ticket to see what sort of lodgings the sexton keeps."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Stubbs; "licensed or unlicensed?—physic or murder?—which?"

"Murder!" replied the other; "murder the most foul!"

Mr. Stubbs looked about the room; an examination which seemed very cursory, but which had embraced every thing in it before he answered:

"Well, cuss me! if I see any thing that was worth the risk. It must 'a been a grudge."

"It was," interrupted the Doctor, impatiently; "it was. An infernal scoundrel, taking advantage of his being ill and unable to help himself, attempted to murder him. And I want you to watch here, lest he should come back and complete what he left unfinished. I'll pay you for your trouble."

"Well, that's honorable," said Mr. Stubbs, "and I won't even insinuate the propriety of handing over the dust afore hand. Oh no! I would'nt think of it!"

The Doctor put his hand in his pocket and drew out a silver dollar, which he flung to him.

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs, "I had no idea of sick quick returns for my investments. But punctuality is the soul of business; and I won't make you feel unhappy by refusing. Oh, no! It is not in my natur, it is'nt. My heart is all milk, sir—all mother's milk. I'll watch him like a babe; and if that there chap comes agin, blast my eyes! but I'll wring his neck! If I don't damme!" And by way of illustrating his words more fully, Mr. Stubbs looked ferociously at the wall, and seizing himself by the cravat, twisted it round till he was black in the face; all the time grating his teeth with a kind of savage satisfaction at the idea of performing the pleasant little process in which he was engaged, even though the subject of it was his own respectable self.

"There sir," said he, relaxing his hold when he thought that he had sufficiently demonstrated his meaning by bringing himself to the very verge of strangulation; "that's what I'll do to him! I might have carried the experiment farther; but it was'nt safe. Another twist might have been a little too much, sir. One very respectable gen-

tleman of my acquaintance found it so. He was in the habit of diverting himself in that way;—twisting his cravat till his face was black as ink. But one day, sir, he carried the joke so far that he could't bring it back again, and cuss me if he did'nt choke his self in real earnest; affording a sad example of the mutability of earthly events, and of the danger of trifling with the human wind-pipe by means of red silk pocket-handkerchers."

Having thus completed his illustration, and delivered himself of his opinion, Mr. Stubbs took a seat on a small stool which stood in the room, and commenced adjusting his neck-cloth, which the fervor of his previous demonstration had very much discomposed.

"You'll look after him, will you?" said the Doctor, after eyeing him as if in doubt whether to leave Wilkins in his charge or not.

"To be sure I will," said Mr. Stubbs, still continuing his toilette.

"He must be kept quiet; no talking."

"He shan't open his mouth," said the other, resolutely.

"He must'nt get up," continued the Doctor.

"If he *does*, I'll knock him down," replied Mr. Stubbs, in a determined tone.

"You must'nt hurt him."

"Oh no! in coorse not. I'll knock him down gently, very gently."

The Doctor paused.

"Any physic to be took?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "Don't be afear'd. If it's to be took, say so.—Cuss me if he shan't swaller it! You say the word, that's all."

"No, not to-night."

"Oh! very well. You can go now as soon as you please. I know what's to be did, and *did* it shall be."

The Doctor gave one or two directions to Wilkins, and impressing it upon him to keep quiet, at last went out, accompanied by the stranger.

Mr. Stubbs followed the Doctor's advice to the letter; for no sooner was he gone than he seated himself on the floor, and placing his back against the door so that it was impossible to open it without awakening him, in less than one minute was completing a sound nap which had been interrupted when he was summoned to perform the duty in which he was now engaged.

The result of the complaint of the two personages who had just retired has already been shown, in the arrest of the Attorney, whom we left accompanying Mr. Tike to the tombs, and to whom we must now return.

Bolton had been locked up for the night; but he had previously learned to his great relief that he had not succeeded in his attempt upon the life of Wilkins. The idea of the gallows had haunted him incessantly; and now he looked upon imprisonment as a trifle scarcely to be regarded. But still it was a wretched night for him. Pacing his room like a wild beast in his cage, shaking his fists at the bare walls, and cursing and blaspheming, he passed the lagging hours until the dim light breaking through the windows told him that it was day.

Early in the morning the door of his room was unbolted, and Mr. Tike walked in. "Come, Sir," said he, "the Justice is here, and you'll be disposed of in short order. You'll be 'zammined, and I suppose afore breakfast you'll be bailed.—This way, this way," said he, leading the way along an entry, and descending a flight of stairs. "A very comfortable place this is, when once you're accustomed to it. A little morsel dampish; but that you know is quite nat'ral, considering that it's built over a quagmire."

Bolton made no reply, but followed him into the police office. It was a large room, partly railed off, and with a bar running across it to indicate which were the justices and which were the criminals; the main distinction between the two being that the former sat behind the bar, and the latter stood before it.

The former of these positions was occupied by a tall, stout man, with iron gray hair, and a pair of spectacles surmounting a nose which from the excessive modesty of its owner had acquired a blush of which it was impossible to divest it. He was administering justice in small doses to vagabonds, and in large ones to thieves; and having got through with the accumulation of the night, called "Bolton!"

The Attorney walked up to the bar. "I should like to know with what I am charged," said he.

"Harvey!" said the Justice.

"Sir!" exclaimed an elderly man, in a foxy wig, who was dozing beside the Justice, with his head resting on a large book with a red cover.—The Justice nodded toward Bolton, and said:—"Complaint against him?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Harvey, sitting up and rubbing both eyes with his knuckles. "We'll oblige him—we will. What's his name?"

"Bolton," replied the Attorney, sternly.

"Oh! ah!" said the man, fumbling among a number of papers which were lying in front of him. Stykes, that's not it; Booney, nor that; Smith, nor that; Horpins, White, Arnold, Higgins, Traney, Jones, Bolton. Ah! that's it! Reuben Bolton; the last one—sure to be the last one; always the way when a man's in a hurry. I would swear to it. Shall I read it?"

"Yes!" said Bolton.

And Mr. Harvey, after having cleared his throat several times, and taken a very moderate sip of water, which he distributed over his lips, ingeniously using his tongue as a trowl, proceeded in a deliberate tone, and with an utter disregard of stops or punctuation, to read the affidavits and examination of the Doctor and the thin gentleman, setting forth the facts of the attempt against the life of Wilkins.

"Is the complainant and his witness here?" demanded Bolton, calmly.

"They are there," said the Justice, pointing to a small room adjoining the office.

"You will oblige me by examining them at once? The whole thing is a trick or mistake."

The magistrate stared, and then said; "You'd better come in, there."

Bolton made no reply, but followed him into the room and took a seat at the table. A single glance told him that the Doctor was there, and had his eyes on him; and he did not venture a second one; but as the Justice called the Doctor, he said without raising his eyes: "Let the other witness leave the room."

An officer approached the thin man, and whispering a few words in his ear, escorted him beyond the door; after which he returned for the purpose of hearing what was going on.

The magistrate seated himself at the table, drew an ink-stand toward him, and clearing his throat, and shaking his head for the purpose of removing all obstructions, both physical and intellectual, commenced his examination.

Bolton sat for the most of the time with his head leaning on his hand, his brow knit, occasionally suggesting a question as the examination proceeded. When the depositions had been signed, the red-nosed man turned to Bolton:

"You are aware that it is now my duty to examinine you, and that you are at liberty to answer or not, as you please."

"I am aware of that," replied the lawyer, "and shall avail myself of the privilege which the law gives me of being silent. So that it is not necessary to send off the witnesses," said he, seeing that an officer was preparing to lead them out.

"Very well," replied the Justice, folding up the the papers and taking off his spectacles.

"It's too early to look for bail now, so I must trouble you for an hour or two longer," said Bolton; "beside, the bail in this case is a matter which the circuit Judge must settle, I suppose."

The magistrate said that "it was," and nothing more; and Bolton, finding all attempts to open a conversation with that functionary unsuccessful, got up and followed an officer to his 'room,' establishing himself in his good opinion by giving him a dollar, and ordering a good breakfast and a barber.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Either the blood-letting which Wilkins had undergone proved beneficial, or his disease took a favorable turn; for on the following day, contrary to the predictions of the physician, he awoke much better. His first impulse was to get up, but this Mr. Stubbs, who still performed the combined duties of nurse and watchman, prevented by unceremoniously thrusting him back in the bed, and telling him to keep quiet, according to orders.—Wilkins at any other time might have felt disposed to resist, but he was too feeble to venture upon any thing of the kind then; while Mr. S., to show that he acted with full impartiality, stretched himself in a similar position on the floor, and maintained it until relieved from duty by the appearance of the Doctor.

Now that the strength of his disease was broken, Wilkins began to improve rapidly. The following day he was able to sit up, and in a short time to go into the street and breathe an atmosphere which was pure when compared with that which stagnated in his own room.

One fine morning, as his strength began to increase, Wilkins prepared to go out. He had hitherto been very slovenly in his dress, for he was wretchedly poor; and but that Higgs quietly supplied him with food, he might have starved.—Drawing his tattered clothes about him, for he felt a little cold, he set out, carefully avoiding thoroughfares in which he was in the habit of walking, and slinking through by-streets and narrow lanes, toward his old home. Since his illness the thought of that old place had fairly haunted him; and a tide of old recollections and feelings and affections which seemed long since dead had sprung into life, and were flooding his heart, overflowing it until pride, resentment and shame were all swept away. Back he *would* go to the old spot, and look at it once more, for it had been the home of his wife; and his heart was full of love for her now; and a faint and scarcely defined hope shot across him, that she might have returned to it; and desolate as it was, might he not find her sitting there, watching for him? He inwardly prayed that it might be so, and that her glad face might be the first to greet him as he knocked.—His heart beat violently as he came in front of it, for the same screens were hanging at the window, through which he observed a fire burning within, and that the room was occupied. He went to the door and opened it noiselessly. Every thing there was strange. A rough-looking woman was sitting near the fire, and a child was playing on the floor. He closed it in the same cautious manner that he had opened it; and leaning his head against the wall, the hot tears streamed down his cheeks, and heavy sobs burst from him, such as had never escaped him in all his troubles. He left the house with a careless, reckless air, and wandered back to his abode—and sat down with his head bowed on his knees and his hair hanging wildly over his face. The door of his room opened suddenly, but he did not move until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and the voice of Higgs said:

"George! I've news for you."

Wilkins looked up, and as he did so he observed that Higgs was much excited, and that his cheek was pale. He demanded hastily, "Well, Bill, out with it! Is it good or bad?"

"*You'll* think it good. *I* think it—d bad!" said Higgs, laconically.

"Good news is scarce; let's have it," said Wilkins, impatiently.

"Well, you've *one* trouble less in your way—your wife——"

"What of her?" demanded Wilkins quickly; "what of *her*, I say?"

"She's gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"Dead—dead and buried!"

The yell that burst from the unhappy man at this communication might have awakened the dead. He sprang to his feet, and then leaped upon Higgs like a wild beast, seizing him by the throat. "Is this true? on your soul?" shouted he. "As you value your life, don't trifle with me!"

"It is."

"Who told you?"

"I heard it from Phillips, who is searching the whole city for you. You'll find him at his rooms. But you'd better not see him now, for on my life I believe he'll murder you."

Wilkins flung his comrade from him, and rushed from the house. Turning neither to the right nor left, but hurrying on with an impetuousity which attracted the attention of hundreds whom he passed, he instinctively made for Phillips' house, for there was little reason left to guide him. He knocked at the door, and no sooner was it opened, than without a single question he darted up stairs, and went into Phillips' room.

Phillips was sitting at a table opposite the door, with a book in front of him, but he was not reading—for his head was resting on his hand, his eyes were directed toward the floor, and altogether he had the air of one buried in deep and unpleasant thought. He did not look up as Wilkins entered.

Wilkins went to a chair which stood close to him and seated himself, and touching Phillips, said in a quick, husky tone:

"Jack, where's Lucy?"

"So you've come at last!" said Phillips, slowly rising until he stood his full height in front of him, and looking at him as if he would wither him with his glance—"and to inquire after *her* whose happiness you blasted, whose life you cursed, and whose young heart you trampled on; whose name you branded, and whom you drove from your door as if she had been the outcast that your lying lips dared to call her! And now that she is dead and in her grave, you ask where she

is! George!" said he with a strong effort, mastering the fierce emotion that shook him from head to foot, and slowly clenching his fist in the very face of Wilkins, "but for the memory of old times, and for my promise to *her*, I could feel it in me to dash your brains out as you stand! I can scarcely keep my fingers off you!"

Still Wilkins did not move; and the fierce excitement of Phillips seemed to have no effect upon him; for he merely repeated his question:—"Jack, where's Lucy?"

"Where your infernal villany sent her before her time!" exclaimed Phillips, hesitating to strike a man who made no resistance, and yet burning to revenge the wrongs which he had inflicted upon his wife; "in her grave!"

Wilkins started up, pressed his hand upon his heart as if a sudden pain had shot through it, and then sat down. A sharp hysteric sob escaped him, but no other sound.

"If you would see her," continued Phillips in the same stern tone, "go to the church-yard."

Wilkins looked at him as one stunned; one who observed what was passing, who heard the words, but did not take in their meaning.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Phillips.

Wilkins stood up, smiled vacantly, and said:—"Yes, yes; *I'll go there!*" Then pressing both hands to his temples, he said in a low, plaintive tone: "My head's very wild; I can't think any more. All's confused and strange. Where did you say Lucy was? Nothing has happened to her?" He took Phillips by the shoulders, and held him off at arm's length, and gazed in his face. Then with a slight laugh, he said:—"I see—it's all right. I was afraid that there was something wrong." And he sat down "There can't be any thing wrong. No harm can have happened to her—can there?"

Even Phillips was unnerved by the look of deep anguish of the broken-down man who crouched before him and looked so wistfully up in his face.

"Go on, George!" said he; "tell me all;—what she said, what she did, and where she is.—There is something wrong here!" said he, touching his head; "but I can listen when you talk of *her*. Go on, I say."

Phillips thus adjured, and recollecting his promise to Lucy, told him all that had passed, without reserve.

Wilkins sat motionless in his chair, with his hands clasped around his knees, his chin resting on them, and his wild eyes gleaming like two stars from amid his dishevelled hair.

"Is that all?" said he, when Phillips concluded. "Tell me every thing. Don't be afraid. I'm seared *here*," said he, again pointing to his head; "and my heart won't break. It's iron."

"You've heard all, George; her last words were a blessing on you."

"Yes, yes!" said he, rising to his feet, and looking vacantly about him. Yes, yes; I know that. Poor Lucy! Well, they buried her, did'nt they?" And he looked Phillips earnestly in the face, and paused until he was answered.

"That's all right. Where was it?" said he, in the same vacant manner, and pausing as before for an answer.

Phillips mentioned the place, and Wilkins stood for a long time with his fingers twisted together, dreaming it over, and in his mind conjuring up the memory of the past, and tracing out old scenes.

"She was a child then," muttered he, "with her long black hair playing in the wind, and those laughing eyes! How merry her voice was! Her laugh went to one's heart; yet it was soft, too.—She was very gentle, and as tender-hearted as a child. After that I did'nt see her for a year or two, and she had grown up quite a woman—and I married her." He paused, and then looking mournfully at Phillips, he said: "Jack, I came to see you about something; but I've forgot what it was. It's a sad thing to have a bad memory—very sad. Stop!" He placed his hands over his eyes, and stood for some minutes in silence. "It was something about Lucy. What did you say of her? Where is she?"

Phillips rose and took his hands in his. He had no trace of anger against him now. He could not have harbored it for an instant against the poor brain-shattered being before him.

"Sit down, George," said he, "sit down; and I'll tell it all again. Do, there's a good fellow."

But Wilkins impatiently repeated his question: "What was it? What was it? Where is she? Don't worry me, Jack. I'm very feeble. Where is she?"

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Phillips.

"Oh! Jack, this is not right!" said Wilkins, earnestly; "it's not right to keep her away.—Where is she? Let me know the worst!"

"I have already told you, George."

"Yes, yes; I know it—but tell me again.—Where is she?"

Phillips' answer was almost a whisper, as he said, "In the grave!"

Wilkins shrank from him; and then with something like a shudder he attempted to draw his coat around him, as if attacked by a sudden cold. The next instant, without noise, almost like a shadow, he passed from the room, and was rushing through the streets with desperate speed.

* * * * * * * *

On the second night after Wilkins' interview with Phillips, a man was passing through the village where Lucy was buried. He walked feebly, and once or twice paused and looked up the clear sky, and said something in a low tone, and then went on.

Pale, emanciated, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, none would have recognized Wilkins—yet he it was. Disease and remorse had done their work, and the wild glassy eye which glittered in the pale moon-beam like a living flame, showed that the spirit within was burning brightly—too brightly for reason.

Once or twice he observed persons coming from the opposite direction, and he shrank into the bushes, and crouched there until they had passed, and then resumed his course toward the church. Sometimes he paused, stared vacantly about him, then placing his hand to his forehead, dashed hastily forward, and went on muttering as before.

Arrived at the gate of the edifice, he stopped, and as if altering his mind, he quitted it and went to the front of the church and tried the door. It was not bolted, and opened with a melancholy creak, which echoed up the empty aisles. Wilkins listened, shook his head, and said: "No, no! that was not her!" And then he began to wander listlessly up one aisle and down another. At last, coming to a pew-door, he opened it, and sat down. Before him lay a small prayer-book, much worn and stained, but on which a name was still legible in gilt letters. He took it up and held it in the moon-beam, where he read in the indistinct light the words LUCY WATERS. It was the name of his wife before he married her. Without noise or cry he laid the book in its place, and bending his head forward against it, groaned audibly,—"Lucy!" whispered he; "Lucy! *dear* Lucy! Do you hear me? Pray for me, Lucy!"

He listened, as if expecting an answer; then turned and gazed timidly about him. "Lucy! Lucy! I say;" exclaimed he more loudly; and pushing back the matted hair which hung over his eyes, and staring wildly around the church: "No, no; she is n't here!" Getting up, he went along the aisle to the door communicating with the burial-ground. This he flung open, and strode out, keeping on until his eye rested on a simple tablet at the farther end of the yard, newly erected, and the inscription on which was plainly legible in the moon-light. He stopped and read:—"*Lucy, wife of George Wilkins.*" "That's me! that's me!" muttered he; "that's me!"

He crouched on the sod. "I've found her at last! *Here she is!*" He bowed his head to the earth; thick-crowding fancies, mingled with all the phantasies of madness, came sweeping upon his brain. The present was forgotten. Again he was a boy; again the bright days of youth and purity were before him; his past life was a dream. She could not be dead! That warm, confiding heart which had loved him so well, could not be cold for ever! It was a dream—a wild and troubled dream! He shouted loudly to awake himself—*but he awoke not.* He clutched the dank weeds in his hands; he knelt down upon the grave; he laid his cheek to the cold earth that shrouded her, and whispered her name. He whispered it again, in those low gentle tones which in the days of their early attachment she had always loved, and always responded to. He whispered it again. "No answer!" muttered he. "She's gone! she's gone for ever! or she would not have been silent now, when my heart is broken, and all the world is against me. Lucy! Lucy! *dear* Lucy! do you hear me? Answer, oh! answer me now!"

The wretched man stretched himself at full length upon the cold earth, and sobbed like a heart-broken girl. The past came fierce and furious upon him. In one instant the wild fit was over. He remembered the hot angry feelings between himself and his wife; his taunts, his bickerings, his sneers; and last of all the *blow* which had separated them for ever. Then he thought of his tempter—of Bolton. Revenge was now uppermost. Frantic with fury, he sprang from the grave, rushed through the church-yard, flung open the gate, and hurried down the road as if life and death depended on his speed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sketches of Humor.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!

BY DALTON.

'And when, my angelic Seraphine, will you yield up your sweet self to the arms of Mars and Major O'Callaghan?—Cæsar, ye divil, take your tail out of the lady's basket, and let her spake in pace and quietness.'

The latter portion of this address was directed to a large black, curly haired Newfoundland dog, who acknowledged the reproof with dignity, and complied evidently as a matter of great condescension.

The 'angelic Seraphine' was a maiden, 'a gem of purest ray serene,' whose beauty had for nine-and-thirty long years been lost upon mankind—but, recently decorated with a setting, both 'rich and rare,' its worth and brilliancy had become suddenly and widely appreciated. No sooner had the highly respectable Mynheer Von Steinker died, leaving ten thousand pounds in red herrings and Dutch cheeses to his niece, the said unnoticed 'Gem,' than unnumbered aspirants started up for the hand (none, of course, looked so low as the pocket) of the charming heiress. Major O'Callaghan, however, and a certain Mr. Augustus Adolphus Ernest Jay, clearly distanced the field; with these, so well balanced appeared their merits, danger was at one time apprehended of a dead heat, till Mr. Jay, whose force lay, for the most part, in sentimental poetry, and a nice disposition of the shirt collar, gradually gave ground to his more vigorous rival.

'Shall we say to-morrow, my darlin, or will it be the day after, my own angel!'

Miss Seraphine (an euphonism, by the way, for Sally) bent her eyes earnestly towards the canvass in which she was delineating in worsted some very original leaves and roses.

'Now, really, isn't this very pretty?' she said at length, with an air of innocent playfulness, as if matrimony had never formed the subject of her lightest thoughts; 'have you seen the enchanting stanzas that dear Mr. Jay has addressed to my boquet? Heigho! he certainly does write delightfully!'

'And don't I write delightfully?' exclaimed her companion, 'running, round hand, German text, and cyphering—it's all one.'

'I spoke of poetry, sir,' said the lady.

'And has he been writing poetry on them pickled cabbages and cowcumbers?'

'Cabbages and cucumbers, Major O'Callaghan!' repeated Miss Steinker in a very high tone.

'Oh!' cried the latter, passing one hand round her waist, and with the other seizing one of hers, 'what is cow-cumbers?'—and what is roses and cabbages to female loveliness and military affection? Here I throw myself, a good six feet two, at your feet, and will never rise till you fix the day for becoming Mrs. Major O'Callaghan—Mrs. *Major* O'Callaghan,' he repeated, laying much emphasis upon the somewhat incongruous prefix.

The lady turned her green and lovely eyes upon the speaker; a faint, a *very* faint effusion was just visible on her countenance as she met the 'Long-sword saddle-bridle' expression of his.

'The day?' reiterated the suppliant—'now or niver!'

The 'now or niver' settled the business; Miss Steinker trembled, and Mr. Jay was lost—'Wednesday next,' was at her tongue's end, when modestly turning her head aside, she with a shriek exclaimed,

'Oh! mine dear life—oh, mine beautiful worsteds—we are all ruined! What you bring your filthy dog for here? he is von brute—a beast!'

'A very common charge against dogs, ma'me,' replied her admirer, taking snuff, but still on his knees. 'Cæsar, sir, oblige the lady by putting her daffy-down dillies out of your own ugly mouth.'

Cæsar looked at his master, as if inclined to expostulate and argue with him the unreasonableness of the request.

'Drop it, sir,' exclaimed the latter.

The dog instantly obeyed, and wagging his tail with an 'Oh certainly, if you wish it' kind of air, deposited the mangled portions of the worsted boquet, the

'The poor remains of beauty once adored,'

upon the floor.

The deed, however, was done. Miss Steinker was indignant, and not one word more respecting the happy day—the auspicious day—the blushing morn, (the Major tried them all,) would she listen to. The disconsolate lover was at length compelled to beat a retreat unanswered, and with an intimation, too, that he was not to set foot in that best front drawing room again, till Cæsar had found a Brutus, or had, at least, suffered the pains and penalties of expartriation.

It was a severe blow to Major O'Callaghan.—Cæsar from the days of puppywood, had lived with him, and eaten with him—when there was dinner for two—and had slept nightly at his feet, 'twas a hard matter to part with so intimate and so intelligent a companion; but the sentence had gone forth, and the lady was not to be trifled with—before marriage; the 'Long sword-saddle bridle' system might be carried too far, with her—which could not be the case with the dog—and ten thousand pounds was rather too large a sum to pay for his society; he was despatched accordingly, heavily chained and collared, and consigned per wagon to Cornelius Bathershins, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

* * * * * * * *

With a heavy heart did Major O'Callaghan make his next appearance in his mamorata's best front drawing room.

'The Misthress will be down in a moment, sir,' said Molly.

'Poor baste,' ejaculated Major.

Molly stared, and after rattling the handle for some time without obtaining her usual assistance from the usually gallant visitor, banged in the door in a pet.

'Poor baste—ye are far enough by this time—hungry and thirsty may be—and exposed to all the perils and temptations of the metropolish.'

A low, prolonged whine, and a furious scratching interrupted the soliloquy—the next moment the door was forced open, and Cæsar, dirty and foot-sore, lay crouching at his master's feet.

'Ye divil's darlin,' cried the Major, in the greatest possible surprise and alarm, 'isn't it that I'm ruinated entirely? What, in the name of ould Nick, has brought your disagreeable face back again?'

Cæsar replied by throwing his enormous paws upon his master's chest, as if intimating that it was to them more directly he was indebted for his unlooked for return.

'Fire and water,' pursued the distracted Major, 'I hear the Misthress on the stairs, into the balcony, ye blackguard, and down, sir, down—niver stir, if you value that over grown tail of yours.'

There was but just time to close the French windows, and for the dog to stretch himself on the outside, behind a large geranium stand ere Miss Seraphine made her appearance. Major O'Callaghan did not on the occasion receive his betrothed with that modest assurance and gallantry so peculiar to gentlemen of his country and profession; his conversation was incoherent—his seat uneasy.

'Dear me, the room is very close,' observed Miss Steinker: 'pray be so coot as open the window.'

'Oh, divil a bit—isn't it as cowld as Caucasus! and would you have that illegant face swelled as big as a cauliflower? No:—put on your hat and boots—bother, bonnet I mane—and we'll just take a stroll to the pier; it's high water, and ———.'

'Wauw-wauw,' screamed something behind him.

'Gracious heavens, what's dat?' exclaimed Miss Seraphine.

'Och! nothing—niver mind that,' said the Major, 'put on your bonnet."

'Spit-spit!—wauw-wauw!—vow-vow!'—continued the unknown individual.

'What is it!—oh, dear!' cried the lady, turning yellow in alarm.

'Put on your boots!'—shouted the Major.

'Bow-wow-wow!' came from the balcony, and in an instant, with a tremendous crash went the window, and though it sprang a large tom cat, with a brass collar round his neck and a tail like a German sausage—in a second after, in dashed Cæsar, shivering the glass to atoms, and overturning several small tables of curious China in his course! he caught the luckless fugitive by the back, gave one sharp gripe—and,

'It was once Thomas that thou lookest upon!'

The lady emitted shrieks rapid and shrill as those of a steam carriage with 'the whistle' up. Major O'Callaghan had recourse to oaths of a much deeper note, and expressed the purest Milesian; while the dog with one paw on the prostrate foe, wagged his tail, and barked occasionally, with an extremely self-satisfied expression, weakly imagining, perhaps that the concert in question was got up in express celebration of his victory.

'Oh, mine life!—mine soul! mine dear Tommy!' screamed Miss Seraphine—'it is over! I will faint!'

'For the love of Heaven and Major O'Callaghan, don't think of it! Oh, bother!—where's the wather?'

In his agitation the gallant officer grasped the tea kettle, and had not Miss Seraphine, with admirable presence of mind, postponed her fit, and recovered on the instant, ere the lapse of another, she would, in all probability, found herself 'washed and done for.'

Cæsar now laid the breathless favorite at his master's feet, looked up into his face anxiously, expecting notice and commendation. Poor fellow! what a different fate awaited him—the sentence of a perpetual banishment was commuted indeed—but commuted for immediate execution—nothing less might expiate the double crime of buglary and Tommycide!

'Hang him—poison him—shoot him—drown him!'—and until all this was done a second interdict was laid on the 'best front drawing room.'

'There goes a brace of ye,' soliloquized the Major, as Miss Steinker, having delivered this last prohibition rushed to her chamber, with the ill-fated cat in her arms. 'Cæsar, ye divil, why did'nt ye tackle both of 'em when your mouth was in it? 'twould have saved us two mighty unpleasant operations.'

* * * * * * * *

Slowly—sadly did Major O'Callaghan pace his way towards the little jetty, which springs from that extremity of the Dover Bay, known as 'Smith's Folly'—his curly haired companion trotted cheerfully by his side, little divining the business on which they were bent. It was the morn of the Major's wedding day, which had been fixed subject to execution previously done to Cæsar. The hour was come!

'I'd not trust another,' muttered the Major, as he passed under the Castle Cliff, 'and the pup might object to be drowned by a stranger—no—this is the hand to do it tenderly, if it must be done—but, why must? What is nine or ten dirty pounds, after all!' As it probably occurred to him that the said sum was one

"To which more but itself could be its parallel,"

he did not pursue the inquiry farther; and Cæsar, perceiving the irresolution, trotted up and licked his hand.

'I cannot do it,' exclaimed the Major, stopping. He turned, and doing so caught sight of Mr. Swipes, the wine merchant, who was apparently watching his motions at a little distance on the Parade. Oh, brother Swipes,' he muttered, 'then it's all up.'

Cæsar's fate was settled. On reaching the little breakwater, the dog, as if conscious of approaching ill, slunk behind, and watched his master with seeming uneasiness, as he filled a small ballast-bag with shingles.

'Cæsar,' said the latter, advancing, 'I am about to discharge a painful duty, together with several small accounts. You'll not mind it, old dog?—Drowning is not so mighty unpleasant as people make it out; give us your paw, Cæsar, we'll never shake hands again in this world.'

The animal obeyed, but with a plaintive air, and looked pitiously at the Major, licking his hands occasionally as the canvass bag was being fastened around his neck.

'Don't look so unhappy, then—it's only one plunge, and a mouthful of salt water,' said the Major, as he coaxed the obedient animal to the edge of the platform.

The breeze was pretty still, and the tide came rolling in, booming heavily on the barrier of shingles behind them; it was nearly five fathoms deep immediately below the spot on which they were standing. The two looked on each other, and a salt drop stood in the Major's eye—but whether of spray or otherwise, was never clearly ascertained. He patted the dog's head, then pointed suddenly to the sea—no sooner was the latter's gaze averted than his master pushed him suddenly off the rampart.

For an instant or two the poor creature's black and glossy head was visible as he strained every nerve to keep above the surface—the next it was gone.

At that moment, Major O'Callaghan would have cheerfully given all he possessed in the world (viz: certain military equipments, and a pound and a half of the best Havannah cigars,) to have recalled his lost favorite to life.

It was too late! and so was he himself. The 'church was decked,' &c. and the bridal party had been assembled some time, when the bridegroom rushed disordered into the apartment. His apology was very brief and not particularly distinct.

'It is done,' he said in a low voice to Miss Seraphine; 'he has breathed his last poor fellow, or rather he couldn't brathe it, for he was choaked by the salt wather.'

A plumy little boy, in a suit much too tight for him, and covered with buttons, here announced that the carriages were in waiting. A movement was made towards the hall.

'Oh, mine little heart? it beats so!' sighed the lady.

'It's soon over,' replied the Major, 'at laste it was with Cæsar.'

Down clattered the steps, the door was thrown wide, and through it scattering dirt and dismay in every direction, sprang Cæsar himself, in all the ectasies of delight.

The huge animal threw himself upon his master, and, dripping as it was, the Major took him to his breast. The next moment Cæsar transferred his caresses to his bride, nor was he disengaged until he had thoroughly saluted the lady's face and neck, in token of the most entire forgiveness. But, alas, what a change! From that countenance, no longer fair, every rose and lily had departed; one eye brow had entirely disappeared, while the other had assumed a very definite shape, blending its jet with the marble of the adjoining forehead.

Of course there was no alternative for Miss Steinker—she went into hysterics immediately—and although her performance was very much applauded by the ladies, it made no great impression upon the Major—he had seen too much.

'Come along, Cæsar,' he said, patting the dog's head; 'you have taken as big a load off my heart, ye blackguard! as ye have off the lady's cheeks, and that's no trifle. It's an awful escape we've had both of us; and I would entreat all young ladies, particularly such as may become candidates for the office of Mrs. Major O'Callaghan, to take warning by the gentle Seraphine, and to remember the maxim,

'LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!'

Sunday Reading.

From the U. S. Gazette.

THE LAST PARTING.

On the little cross cut called Pear street, running down from Third to Dock street, there is a large lugubrious building, which, in the course of the last twenty years, has been used for almost every conceivable purpose, from a turner's shop to a meeting house, and even a Jewish Synagogue. The character of the building is not inaptly set forth by a scriptural quotation which our Hebrew brethren placed upon the outer wall, while tenants and worshippers within:

"How dreadful is this place."—*Genesis.*

The rear of this ancient building extended towards our establishment, and its back windows are within a few feet of the windows of our sanctum.

Last autumn, the Directors of the Public Schools hired the lower part of this building for a Primary School, and placed within its walls a host of little children. With their windows and doors closed, we could hear their noise, the tumult of a hundred tiny voices; and we thought there was weight in the monition of a friend, that "next spring we should be finely annoyed with their clatter, when the windows of both buildings, and throats of the youngsters should be wide open."

Late in the spring the windows were opened, and occasionally the multitudinous voices of this host reached us across the short distance. They were singing their morning hymn, or closing the day with their evening song. But neither matins nor vespers disturbed us; our pen slid easily over the paper, and our thoughts moved as regularly in the small noise of these songsters, as if "silence and night, twin sisters," had sat at our elbows, with finger on lip, gazing into that distance which suggests no words, and asks no voice for the thoughts that it inspires.

Occasionally we would pause in our business, as the anthem arose, and feel our heart rise with

gratitude to Him that had perfected praise from such mouths.

We rarely saw the little folks. A high brick wall cut off all sight from our lower windows, and there was so much harmony in the singing, that we never learned to distinguish one voice from another. It was a perfect whole, made, perhaps from the perfection of parts, but more likely from the skilful combination of little voices.

It was rare, indeed, that we could understand a word of the hymn which the little choristers gave forth. Their low and delicate utterance was breathed out so gently, that we could only guess at the character of the words by the movement of the music.

A short time since we were struck with sounds from the room at an unusual hour for music. We listened, and the school was apparently in full song. We could catch a few words. Apparently, the burthen of the hymn was "Shall meet to part no more." And as the singers reached this "refrain," there was a peculiar distinctness in their utterance. Ascending towards the composing room of the office, we cast our eye out of the window on the stair way, and saw a single scholar leaning from the back window of the school room, listening to, but not joining in, the music of her mates.

She was a thin, pale girl, with cleanly, plain habits. She could scarcely be more than ten years of age, and her eyes were wonderfully expressive, and as the scholars reached the chorus of their song, we thought her upturned eye denoted a peculiar depth of thought, its black contrasted strongly with the paleness of her cheek, and its activity seemed scarcely in harmony with her frail, bony form. When the little band had concluded their anthem by a double repeat of the words, "we meet to part no more," one of them came to the window, and calling the child by her name, intimated she was needed at the other end of the room. "Elizabeth ——," that was the name used, turned away with a severe coughing spell, and we prosecuted our journey upwards. The next morning we missed our musical neighbors.—There was no hum of studies, no loud utterance of lessons by classes, no uplifting of their voices that took with them our heart; all was still, all was quiet. And the song which we had listened to with so much delight, was the little ones' valedictory for the season. The holidays had commenced, so pleasant to *them*, so necessary to their faithful teachers, and we felt a loss—felt that a part of the incitement to devotion, if not to composition, had ceased. We felt for a moment as if we had parted from those we should not meet again—and it may be so. Their little throats may swell with the sound of thanksgiving and devotion in their wonted place, while the ear that was delighted with their performance shall be closed and dull. The event is one in the order of nature. The old die, and the young come up to fill their place.

It was only on Monday afternoon, that driving down towards the Neck, we met a funeral. It was of little ceremony—a small cortege, and no carriages. They were conveying to the grave a child, and judging from the number of young females, the deceased was a girl. The procession turned into a burying ground, and as the occasion might be made one of profit to *our* little ones, we stopped the carriage, and followed the train to the resting place designated by a heap of fresh earth.

When the company had gathered into a circle around the coffin, we placed our charge upon a newly sodded hillock, and leaning for rest over a tombstone, we awaited the simple ceremonies. When the narrow coffin had been lowered into the grave, the attending clergyman, (such we suppose the speaker to have been,) addressed the audience with simple eloquence, upon the mutability of human affairs, and the uncertainty of that life so precious in our eyes. And he closed by a solemn appeal to the little ones, to lay these things to heart, that they might number their uncertain days and apply their hearts to wisdom: that they should cherish the grief at the loss of a friend, that it may wean them away from earthly affection: for it was the order of a just Providenee, that "lover and friend should be put far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness."

He paused—and the circle of little ones, that stood almost on the age of the grave, broke forth into a hymn. It sounded sweetly amid the evidence of mortality around us, and new as the whole scenery was to us, there was something not unfamiliar in the harmony. The delicate tones of the young voices lost their wiry sound by multiplication and union, and the song seemed to ascend upwards from the open grave. They ceased for a moment, and then, with united voices, strengthened as if by newness of hope, they closed the service and the hymn with the emphatic assertion of the chorus, that they and their little friend below would soon

"Meet to part no more."

And so, we supposed, for we could not learn the name, Death, who had set his mark upon Elizabeth ——, had gathered her to his garner. And a place is vacant in the author's heart, and a voice has ceased from the school choir, and been added to the company, "who meet to part no more."

Miscellaneous Selections.

Historical Destiny of Women.

One of the most beautiful traits that characterised the chivalric age, was a profound reverence for women—whence sprung results of infinite importance to the well-being of society. To such as are familiar with the histories of these good old times, it will not appear strange that, despite the material spirit which then ruled supremely the hearts of men, and tinged all the relations of life, a refinement of feeling and a greatness of soul pervaded the nations of Europe, which may be more easily scoffed at now-a-days than imitated! The annals of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are replete with instances of loftiest honor and magnanimity. Much is to be attributed to the influence of woman. She was next to Religion, the perennial fount of poetic inspiration, and of heroic enthusiasm. Beneath her lattice the gentle greetings of the Trobadour were heard by moonlight—and as the plaintive melody of his harp floated on the midnight air, she caught from the sad story of his wanderings, the words most dear to lady's heart, for, in the stirring bustle of the camp, or in the heat of mortal conflict, the *gage d' amour*, more potent than oriental talisman, had been preserved unsullied by the dust of craven flight. The steel clad conqueror of pagan foes laid his proud trophies at her feet—and as she smiled approval of his valor and devotion, arose, with kindling eye, to enter the lists and break a lance with rival lovers in the mock combat of the tournamont. Kings and mighty emperors bowed to the dominion of her beauty and her virtue; and cavaliers of high courtesy attended her steps, with keen wit to honor, and keener swords to defend.

Upon the United thrones of Castile and Arragon sits the pride of Europe. Pure as the lily, and beautiful as the roseate hues of morn, Isabella rules the destinies and reigns in the hearts of the high-minded sons of Iberia! As round her are gathered the loveliest of the dark-eyed maidens of the South, and many a gallant youth of ambitious hopes, and dauntless bravery. Here are the stern signors, very models of Spanish chivalry! and, there, the stalwort knights of old England, allured by bright smiles, and the syren voice of fame, to tempt the Moorish scimetar. Upon the hill top and in the valley, burn the huge watch fire—for the 'larum of war hath been wrung from every tower, and the enthusiastic multitude roll on their deepening tide towards the rich plains of the Vega! To-day, the Christian Queen fulfils the beatitudes of the New Law—she clothes the naked; gives drink to the thirsty; whispers solace to the disconsolate; and bids "God rest" the departing spirit. To-morrow, glowing with zeal, and lofty patriotism, she smites the Moslem in the strong hold of his power, and plants the ensign of Salvation upon the ramparts of the Alhambra! The munificent patroness of the discoverer of a new world; the intrepid heroine; the sage ruler of her people in the hour of trial; the philanthropist, and benefactress of mankind; the devoted friend; the mild and loving wife. Isabella presents to our view a model of a Christian woman; and proves more urgently than cold argument could do, the moral of my subject; to wit, that to Religion woman is indebted for her exaltation.—Under its benign influence she has attained, and will retain her position—without it, she would, of very necessity, be hurled back into the abyss of heathen debasement, and rank with the degraded inmate of the Turkish harem, or the abject creature who wanders over the prairies of the west, and obeys in servile humility, the harsh behests of her servile lord.

As the reign of Augustus may be considered the epoch of re-action in the destiny of woman, so the age of chivalry is marked as being the acme of her influence in the social state.—Henceforth we find her gliding gently into the quiet and lovely retirement of domestic life, honored and revered by man. She may no longer preside at the tournay, and crown the victor; but her cheerful smiles sheds happiness around the evening hearth, and her generous hand is ever open to distress.

If the fierce cry of battle sounds in her ear, and her country is invaded by the mercenaries of a foreign despot, she is ready, like the noble matrons of our revolution, to make every sacrifice, share every hardship, incur every danger, in the holy cause of liberty. With holier devotion than that of the Spartan mother, she makes an offering of her only son at the shrine of Freedom; girds on the avenging sword, and bids him return a conqueror, or find a hero's grave. The bloody field of action loses its terrors. With tender charity and firm resolve she stoops over the fallen soldier, binds up his bleeding wounds, bathes his throbbing temples, and cools his parched lips with water from the passing stream.

And when "grim visaged war hath smoothed its wrinkled front," and the battle shock hath passed away; and again peace smiles serenely, you trace her steps in the path of arduous duty.

She leaves the scenes of her early life—she hath trampled upon the world and its vain allurements—the breath of adulation and the smile of lovers pass by her, as the idle [illegible] which she heedeth not; for she hath [illegible]ed in the depth of her heart to abandon the pleasures of life, and to waste her beauty and her youthful energies in the severest avocations of charity. The gray-haired father had blest his daughter, and the mother had clasped her for the last time, it may be, to her throbbing bosom, and pressed upon her lips the parting kiss. Turning her meek and glowing face to heaven, she consummates the self-sacrifice; and tearing herself forever from the home of her childhood, embarks upon a sea of troubles, of trials, and of manifold suffering.

And now, the timid orphan meets her on the way, with tearful eye and joyous heart; for sore is its bereavement, and welcome is the new protector! and, finding that its young affections are returned, and that now it hath a resting place, lisps, once more, under sweet delusion, the name of Mother! With maternal solicitude, it is instructed in virtue and all usefulness; and thus prepared for the various departments of social life.

But see her softly moving through the *hospital*, where disease and human wretchedness mock the vain boasts of poor mortality! There, on his lowly couch, lies the sad victim of insanity—his eye with fierceness rolls, and his muttering lips would fain utter the wild fantasies of his disordered brain—a mild look, a gentle word, a kindness from the heart, and the maniac is subdued by the power of the Christian woman.

See the withered semblance of a human being! phantom-like, it looks forth with ghastly stare from the bed of sickness! Night hath succeeded day, and day night; still, ever faithful to her post, the devoted nurse is there, to catch the last wish of the expiring sufferer. And now, she hath inhaled the subtle poison—it courses her veins with electric speed—the rose fades from her cheek; the brightness of her eye is dimmed by the gathering film of death; and lo! in the midst of her labors she is called away, a *martyr to charity!* Oh! what tongue can utter the eulogium of such devotion! Woman, woman, great is thy destiny!—truly hast thou been enobled by the divine power of Religion! And, when contemplating the immeasurable good achieved for humanity by her efforts, we are forced to exclaim, with Cheautaubriand, "Such deeds are beyond the praises of men: we meet them with the silent tear of admiration."

Pitching a Tent.—An Irishman, a servant of Col. Squibbs, of Powhattan, at the battle of Thunder-Gust, in the Revolution, was ordered by the brave Colonel to go and pitch his tent. After a time he returned, and exclaimed, scratching his head—"May it please yer honor, the divil a bit of pitch can I git for ye'r tint. But Dennis Mahane had a barrel of *tar*, and by the hokey I *grased* it swately all over." The Col. split his coat tail, and burst three buttons off his breeches.

Confab.—"Papa, what does the editor lick his Price Current with?" "Whip it? He does not whip it, my child." "Then he lies, Pa." "Hush, Tom, that's a very naughty word." "Well, by George! this ere paper says Price Current carefully corrected,—and I guess when I gets *corrected* I gets *licked*—hey, don't I?" "*Nuf ced*, my son."

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TEACHERS.—Many fathers there are that so love their money and hate their children, lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good school-master for them, rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth; thereby beating down the market that they may purchase cheap ignorance. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a selfish father, by whom being asked, what he would take to teach his child? He answered, a thousand drachms.—Whereupon the other crying out, O Hercules! how much out of the way you ask! for I can buy a slave at that rate. Do then, said the philosopher, and thou shalt, instead of one, purchase two slaves for thy money; him that thou buyest for one, and thy son for another.—*Plutarch.*

CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.—It is a dangerous thing to try new experiments in a Government; men do not forsee the ill consequences that must happen, where they go about to alter the essential parts of it upon which the whole frame depends; for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a dependence one upon another. And it is with them as with clocks and watches, if you should put great wheels in the place of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the movements would stand still; so that we cannot alter any part of a government without prejudicing the motions of the whole.—*Buckingham.*

SICKNESS.—Sickness and disease are in weak minds the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jolity, kindly pulls us to a proper sease of our duty.—*Burton.*

MAN.—Man is a creature very inconsistent with himself; the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits are at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians are on some occasions whimsical.—*Tatler.*

Man is to man all kind of beasts; fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture.—*Cowley.*

VIRTUE.—Virtue is one of no particular form or station; the finest outlines of the human frame are frequently filled up with the duellest wits.—A little diamond, well polished is always of greater value than a rocky mountain, whatever may be its size and extent.—*Burton.*

THE SOUL.—We might compare the soul to a linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off its native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed, to preserve and keep it white.—*South.*

WIT AND BUFFOONERY.—The vulgar may swallow any sordid jest; any mere drollery and buffoonery; but it must be a finer and truer wit which takes with men of sense and good breeding.—*Sharftsbury.*

WIT.—The sword of wit, like the scythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every thing that accidentally lies in its way.—*Lord Orrery.*

LOVE.—Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man, love prepares for its object.—*Lavatar.*

SUFFERING.—Suffering is sweet when honor doth adore it.

Who lights revenge? Not he that fears, but scorns it.—*Buckingham.*

Quiet night, that brings rest to the laborer, is the outlaws's day, in which he rises early to do wrong; and when his work is ended dares not sleep.—*Massinger.*

POVERTY.—'Tis an ill thing, to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse than not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.—*Thucidides.*

SIN—Sin is the fruitful pareat of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians.—*South.*

HARD TIMES.—"Well Joe, what luck?" inquired a boy yesterday of a little shaver, who was coming up from the wharf with an angle over his shoulder and an empty basket by his side.

"Oh, bad enough; such desperate hard times the *fish won't bite!*"

We came away with the impression that if the bad times had got down to the fish, we must be pretty near to the *bottom* of them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Joys of Home.

O, what so refreshing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveler. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of this earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance. It quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and hears the promise which causes him to hope "thou shalt know also that thy tabernacles shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." O! the happy union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science. He drops the labor and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a fathers's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family, he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See, his toil worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness—his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to rest, and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lovely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! Peace be to his house.

"Let no ambition mock thy useful toil,
The homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

TWO HORNS.—"The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sound to a great distance.

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn ——."

The New Orleans "horn" is made of gin and sugar, and sometimes rum and lemon peel, or else peach brandy and honey.

"When the first rays of the sun gild" the cupola of the St. Charles Exchange, the loafers who inhabit the neighboring "diggins" step in and take *their* "horn."

The latter is best for a "*blow* out!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

☞ "Jabe, what are you doing there on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I've had a shock."

"A shock?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a shock?"

"Why, sir, one of your subscribers came in during your abscence, and offered to pay a year's subscription; which produced such an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."

"No wonder, Jabe; but cheer up; if you survive this you are safe—as there is little prospect of another such a catastrophe in this office."

A very romantic young lady fell the other day into the river, and was near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless, and carried home. On coming to, she declared to the family that she must marry him who saved her. "Impossible," said her papa.—"What, is he already married?" "Was it not that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?" "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

"WALL FLOWERS."—Under this head, the New Orleans Picayune perpetrates one of its inimitable jokes, as follows:

We have often been amused in scanning the old walls about town where play-bills, auction and steamboat bills, and posters of all kinds and denominations have been stuck up one above another, making sometimes very curious and ludicrous cross readings. Particularly at this dull period, when but few new bills are put up, and the old ones remain in a most interesting state of superannuated dilapidation, very odd juxtapositions of placards may be noticed; for instance, you may read among the various parts and fragments of old posters some such combination as this:

GREAT SALE OF REAL ESTATE
AT
TIVOLI GARDENS AND THEATRE.
BENEFIT OF MR. CORRI.
NINTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!
The fine high-pressure steamer
SOUTHERNER
RAN AWAY FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
A Grand, Vocal and Instrumental
CONCERT
Will be sold this day
BY JOS. A. BEARD & CO.
After which a fancy Dance by
MISS JOHNSON.
Five feet six inches high, square-shouldered, deeply pitted with the small pox, and
Will leave for St. Louis at 12 o'clock, M., on
A Small, Shaggy, Gray-haired
INDIAN PONEY.
☞ The above reward will be paid for the
CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH OF JULY!
On which occasion, Mr. Johnson,
THE REFORMED DRUNKARD,
Will address
THE NASHVILLE RAILROAD.
N. B.—Third Municipality notes received at par.
[Picayune print.]

ADMONITION.—Young man—did you ever feel a disposition to borrow a sum from your employer's till? just a few cents to be paid to-morrow or next day, or as soon as you got a little change? Did you ever venture to do that much, or to actually take the money, resolved, sincerely to put it back again? Do not shrink from the question, but look right at it, read it over and reflect; because many a noble heart has suffered itself to be poisoned in that way, not knowing how insidious is evil, and how soon indulgence, even with the cheat of good motive, ends in ruin. Beware, as yould avoid a gulf of undying torture, ever yielding for one instant to such a thought—for once admitted, you cannot tell the result. Beware, beware. We ask you to read the question at the head of this, and ever remember it. Guard yourself, and when time has given you a position to justify it, urge the same question to your son, your brother, your friend. Don't forget it.

GLASS WAISTCOATS.—The very ingenious discovery of working glass into a substance resembling the richest silk, is now being brought into very general operation, and in various ways, such as gentlemen's waistcoats and stocks, ladies' dresses, and many other articles of decoratiou, in the most splendid patterns. It is superior even to silk in flexibility and softness, and the durability of it, a point, however, of no consideration with the *haut ton*, among whom at present it exclusively is, is as a matter of course, vastly superior. In process of time, when the manufacture has arrived at a more perfect state, and all its defects are remedied, and all its wastings discovered, in all probability it will come within the reach of most classes of society, but at present its cost is its only drawback. The magnificence of its appearance is quite remarkable, and when used in any quantity, such as window curtains, &c. it should be seen before a just appreciation of its richness and elegance can be entertained.—*London paper.*

PSALMS AND HIMS.—A late number of the Glasgow Courier says, that a maiden lady, suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs. "Oh no, Ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only *me* singing a psalm." "You may amuse yourself Betty," replied the maiden, "with Psalms; but let's have no *Hims*, Betty; I have a great objection to *Hims*." Betty curtsied, withdrew, and took the hint."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1842.

THE NESTORIAN BISHOP.—*Mar Yohannah*, the venerable Nestorian Bishop, who is now on a visit to this country in company with the Rev. Mr. PERKINS, one of the missionaries to Nestoria, addressed a large audience at the First Presbyterian Church in this city, on Monday evening. Mr. PERKINS gave a very interesting account of the rise, progress, present state and future prospects of the Nestorian Mission, in which he detailed the many sufferings and hardships endured in reaching that country. The Bishop, who was habited in an eastern costume, addressed a few remarks to the audience in his own language, the substance of which was, that he was surprised to find, at such a great distance from his native country, so numerous a people, possessing so much wealth, and enjoying such great civil and religious privileges.

The Nestorians take their name from Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, who lived in the fifth century. He advanced some peculiar doctrines concerning the nature of the Saviour. The sect which took its rise from him now inhabit a portion of the modern kingdom of Persia. They still adhere to their ancient faith, and continue an isolated people in the midst of Mohammedanism. In the tenth and eleventh centuries they were distinguished for missionary enterprise and made large numbers of converts, particularly in the neighboring empire of Tartary. A few copies of the scriptures in the ancient language of the country, are still to be found among them. The missionaries have been very kindly received among them, and are busily engaged in instructing the people and introducing the arts of civilized life throughout the country. The present number of the Nestorians is about 150,000. Dr. GRANT, one of the missionaries to that country, has lately written a very learned work to prove that this people are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel.

ACCIDENT TO A BUSTLE.—A story is going the rounds in the newspapers of a young lady in Boston who received a severe injury from wearing an India rubber bustle which, unfortunately, collapsed while she was walking in the streets. An accident almost similar—though not so disastrous in consequences—occurred in this city a day or two ago. A neat and fashionably dressed young lady was promenading one of our most public streets with her dress adjusted with one of those indispensable articles of female apparel of enormous dimensions. Close behind was an old gentleman. In front of one of our large dry goods stores he saw something drop from the lady's dress. He hastened up to her side, and in the politest manner possible told her she had lost part of her dress. "No sir" said she, with much confusion, "it is not mine." "I think you are mistaken, madam," said the old gentleman, "I saw you drop it." "It is not mine," reiterated the young lady, and walked quickly on. The old gentleman took the roll into the store, where the clerks, with most impertinent curiosity, proceeded to rip it open.—It was found to be composed of factory cloth, measuring nearly six yards in length. Not knowing the fair owner, it was determined to send it to one of our charitable institutions. The principal was very grateful for the present as it made night dresses for three of the younger children. This is about the best use ever made of a bustle.

There is a town in Maine called *Random*.—"Where do you reside?" asked a man of one of the inhabitants. "I live *at Random!*"

A VEGETABLE COMPASS.—Lieut. ALVORD, of the U. S. Army, in a letter to F. MARKOE, jr. Corresponding Secretary of the National Institution, at Washington, gives a full and very interesting account of a plant unknown to many persons of intelligence, if not to many botanists, called the *Polar Plant* of the Western Prairies. The most, and indeed the only, remarkable feature about this plant is, that the plane of its leaf always points to the North and South, with the most unerring precision—thus affording to trappers, and to many of the Indian tribes, in their tours over those vast prairies, a humble but omnipresent guide, of which they always avail themselves when the aid of the sun or stars is denied them.

The *cause* of the polarity of this curious plant, Lieut A. says, remains to be discovered. "Being symmetrical in shape, or rather the weight being equally distributed about the stem, it is possible that its fibre is so thoroughly impregnated with certain salts of iron, as to be deviated, from the period their infant growth, by the action of the magnetism of the earth, turning like the compass needle on its stem or root as a pivot."

"LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH."—The enterprising publishers of the New World, have issued, in a double sheet, this most excellent Life of one of the most interesting characters of modern times. It is from the pen of the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, author of several interesting historical and biographical works. In this biography of LOUIS PHILLIPPE, we not only have a graphic history of the King of the French, but of the stirring events in which he has been a most prominent actor. This embraces the most interesting period in the history of France; and, in prosecuting his work, the author gives epitome-biographies of the leading spirits of the famous Revolution, with abundant details of that terrible epoch. The work can be had at MOORE's agency office, at 25 cents per copy.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—Among the prominent articles in the September number of the Knickerbocker, we may mention No. 5 of "The Polygon Papers," "A Marriage of Convenience," a very clever story, and No. 8 of "Notes of Life in Hayti." By the by, the series of papers on the history of Hayti, which have been in course of publication for some months, we regard as among the most really interesting reading of the Knickerbocker. This number also contains, among other poetical contributions, Canto III of the "Rime of Sir Thopas," and a very touching poem by Mrs. HEWITT, entitled "The Indian Wife."

"The Attorney," as will be seen by the chapters we publish, is fast approaching its conclusion. We shall probably be able to give the last of it in the next number but one of the Gem.

L. MOORE and C. MORSE are agents for the Knickerbocker.

☞ We have heard of very many cures by Mesmerism, but the most remarkable cure is this. By simply putting *others* to sleep, one of the mesmeric professors cured himself of that most terrible of all diseases—*empty pockets!*

REMARKABLE FACT.—One year ago, Mr. Caleb Hartshorn, of this place, while chopping logs in the woods, cut his own foot off, just below the ancle, with his axe. We are informed on the best authority, that a new foot has grown out since, in its place. It is one of the most providential things we ever heard of.—*Arkansas Gaz.*

Providential! Not at all. What says the poet—

"There is a Divinity that *shapes our ends*,
Rough *hew* them as we will."

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be very singular.

Variety.

Let no one be ashamed to work. Let no one be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of idleness and dishonesty.

The Montreal Herald says it is rumored on pretty good authority, that Mr. Secretary Daly will shortly bring with him from Downing street, an unconditional pardon for both refugees and banished rebels.

If a bushel of potatoes are worth 30 cents, how much are they worth a piece, provided some are smaller than others? Don't scratch your head, now, for there is nothing in it—as the Major says.

Said a fond lover yesterday to his friend—"Well, Jim, I kisesd Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it ELECTRIFED me."

"No wonder," said Jim, "it was a GAL-vanic battery."—*N. O. Crescent City.*

A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbor told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon.—"No," said the other, "I inted to marry again, myself."

"I had rather not take a *horn* with you," said the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted upon treating him to two, and the loafer got quite *high*—*Detroit Adv.*

The human heart, in its weakness and noble sympathies, resembles a broken harp, which never plays a perfect tune, but mingles strains of the sweetest melody with many discords.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

An Irishman seeing a half hog hanging up in a slaughter-house, asked the butcher when he was going to kill the other half.—*Providence Chron.*

"Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work?" "Bress you, massa, I no 'fraid ob work—I'll lie down and go asleep by him side!"

A queer fellow reprimanded his friend for speaking severely of bustles, because he said it was slandering the ladies *behind their backs.*

Time sanctifies, as in the Catholic church a holy man is not canonized until a century after his death.

"My throat is filled with *melody*," as the grey cat observed when he swallowed his mistress's pet canary.

'Tis far better to give than to receive,' as the school-boy said, when he gave his class mate the itch.

"It's a poor *rule* that wont work both ways," as the scholar said when he sent it back again at the master's head.

"I am born to blush unseen," as the nigger wench remarked when she viewed herself in the looking-glass.

"You'll find it *out*," as the thief remarked to himself, when he saw a gentleman feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief.

"If you wet me again I'm *blow'd*," as the rose-bud said to the summer-shower.

"You make me *blush*," as the peach said to the July sun.

"I'm revealing a horrible *tale*," as the snake said when he shook his rattles.

"I can beat you at *shaving*," as the jack plane said to the barber.

'*Hands off!*' as the master said when his 'prentices ran away.

"I've *crossed the line*," as the shirt said to the washer-woman.

"You are too *insinuating*," as the clover top said to the honey bee.

We never see young ladies kissing each other without wishing to join the fun.

Original and Selected Poetry.

]For the Gem and Amulet.]

Vacation.

The following was sung by Miss S. B. SCRANTOM, at the Examination of Miss Atkinson's Seminary—accompanying herself on the Piano:

TUNE—*Sparkling and Bright.*

Glory is shed on the conqueror's head,
When victory's clang is sounding;
And high is the heart and quick the tread
Of the exile homeward bounding:
But brighter far, than sun or star,
That lights the wide creation,
Is the dawn of day o'er the learner's way,
That heralds in VACATION.

Sweet is the scene on the mountain top,
When the sun's first ray is given:
And bright is the hour when friend meets friend
Who have long on earth been riven:
But brighter far, than sun or star,
That lights the wide creation,
Is the dawn of day o'er the learner's way,
The herald of VACATION.

Oft shall we think of the weary way,
With the toils of school around us:
Of the love we had of the light and play
And the golden chains that bound us:
But brighter far than sun or star,
That lights the wide creation,
Will be the sheen in the distance seen,
That tells us of VACATION.

The Cottage Door.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields,
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves.

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth.
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewey sod,
And every infant tongue is still,
To hear the word of God.

O, happy hearts! to him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills,
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labors with increase;
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace!"

"If that High World."

BY LORD BYRON.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heat be found,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so; 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

SONG.

There is a name, which on my lips,
Though seldom breathed, for ever dwells,
Like hidden music rocked to sleep,
Within the ocean's painted shells.

There is a bright but pensive eye,
Which ever on my pathway shines,
As day and night the gentle stars
Look doown and light the darkest mines.

A voice, whose tender accents sound
As if it were the soul which spake:
And of that voice the lightest tone
Doth in my heart wild echos wake.

And this is love, the only one
Of Eden's torn and trampled flowers,
Which sheltered by some angel's wing,
Still lives to bless this world of ours.

Lines written upon a Sea Gull.

BY LORD MORPETH.

Fly on, fly on, thou noble bird,
What hand could aim against thy life,
When you so nobly brave the storm,
And gather pleasure in the strife?
Fly on, fly on, and boundless roam
Far, far o'er thine own lake and sea,
Since their high waves thou mark'st thy home,
Since their fierce storms are bliss to thee.

But stop, oh stop! I pray thee tell,
(If aught of bliss be in the tale,)
What impulse makes thee kiss the swell,
And why you court the rising gale?
For oh, I feel, when fate doth bring
Its storms upon life's troubled sea,
'Twould be a glorious, happy thing,
If we could brave those storms like thee.

Then pry'thee tell, when storms o'ercast,
When hearts and hands begin to fail,
When cares that first blew but a blast
Have risen quite to blow a gale—
Oh tell us how with hearts as light
As seems thy will, thy wing, thy form,
How we may live in such a night,
How we may brave out such a storm.

When slander's tongue its arts employ
To blight a virtuous, honest name,
When envy's hand would smite the boy
Who seeks to gain a living fame—
Oh tell them how such storms to brave,
For much they need thy magic tale—
Already are they on the wave,
Already yield they to the gale.

And when some poor and honest man
Is struggling manful 'gainst his fate,
Or when some youth has formed a plan
(And hard's his task!) to rise, be great,
Or when some tender heart's exposed
To vile temptation's gilded form,
Oh teach them how such gale's opposed!
And how to live out such a storm!

Or should some noble, free born band
E'er say or hope that free they'll be,
Or should some despot's iron hand
E'er 'tempt to grasp or bind the free—
Oh pry'thee tell them then thy tale,
How wide you roam, how far you range,
How you oppose the fiercest gale,
And yet you never, never change.

And 't seems to me that 'twould be sweet,
When malice swells its hideous form,
When all the perils deign to meet,
Or envious critics raise the storm—
That 'twould be sweet to learn from thee
How unconcern'd we then might sail,
Or how to ride this troubled sea,
And laugh at all the furious gale.

Head of Lake Ontario, June, 1842.

From Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by Wm. Motherwell.

Lines given to a Friend,

A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE WRITER.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore.

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully rushing,
Like full hearts break;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their beds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no ster twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned—
Will there be then one versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start:
It were in vain—for Time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

October 15, 1835.

"Genius Slumbering."

Long o'er his papers the editor poured;
Exchanges were dull—and the editor snored,
Soft as the June breezes played in his hair,
He dreamed of that land where the earthquakes are:
And swift as the deaths of the hurricane come,
The paragraphs flew from his fingers and thumb;
Far cities he sank in the bottomless sea,
And toppled down mountains in glorious glee
Volcanoes were raging—he stood on their brink,
And dipped his steel pen in their lava for ink;
On the valleys that slumbered in beauty below,
He wrote down the curses that stamped them with woe.
O little he needed of others to borrow,
As he murmured in sleep, "what a paper to-morrow!"

Hours of Joy.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOPHANES.

At even-tide, when the beautiful sound,
Sings on the wind from the olive-ground,
And the nigntingale's breath is stirring the vine,
And the sun is passing from every shrine;
And the cheek of the cottage child gleams with a smile,
And the eyes of the mother grow brighter the while—
Child of gladness, how joyous then
The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

When the little one lifts its voice of glee,
And a chequer of light is under the tree,
And flowers are scattering over the floor,
And the young men lean at the cottage door,
And the aged and young come gathering round thee,
And the heart of the widow laughs when she hath found thee—
Child of gladness, how frank and free,
The merry sound of thy steps shall be!

In the shade of the elm when the day-beams depart,
The plane-leaves shall murmur peace to thy heart,
The boughs of the poplar shall shadow thy seat,
And the children in joyfulness play round thy feet,
The light of the bosom shall not burn dim,
Time shall not wither heart or limb—
Child of gladness, how joyous then
The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

Sea Shore Stanzas.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Methinks I fain would lie by the lone Sea,
And hear the waters their white music weave!
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companioned be,
By that strange harmony
Of winds and billows, and the living sound
Sent down from Heaven, when the Thunder speaks,
Unto the listening shores and torrents creeks,
When the swoll'n Sea doth strive to burst his bound!

Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the Ocean,
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
I see the writhing of that curled snake,
Which men of old believed—and my emotion
Warreth within me, till the fable reigns
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
Do homage to that serpent old,
Which clasped the great world in its fold,
And brooded over Earth, and the charmed sea,
Like endless, restless, dear Eternity!

Marriages.

On the morning of the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, Mr. CHARLES A. BOURGOIN, to Miss MARTHA E. GRAVES, all of this city.

In this city, on the 2d instant, by the Mayor, Abraham Collinson, Esq., of Providence, R. I., to Miss Sickey Larson, of this city.

In Brockport, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. ELIAS T. WATKINS, Merchant of this city, to Miss ANGELINA, youngest daughter of William Downs, Esq., of the former place.

At Monroe Academy, Aug. 4th, by Rev. Geo. Freeman, Prof. R. M. Brown, of Union College, to Miss Margaret Ann Bell, of West Charlton, and late principal of the Female Department in said Academy.

In Lockport, on the 4th inst., by Wright Lattin, Esq., Mr. Albert Emery, to Miss Sarah Jane Adams. On the 17th ult., by the same, Mr. Alvin J. Reed, to Miss Charlotte E. B. Emery, all of Lockport.

In Lockport, on the 7th inst., by Rev. Philo E. Brown, Mr. William Whiting Marsh, A. M., to Miss Sylvia Clarissa Sharp, both of lockport.

In Canandaigua, on the 30th ult., by Rev. Thomas Castleton, Mr. Walter Henry, to Miss Belinda Brown, both of Naples.

In Canandaigua, on Saturday, 30th ultimo, by Rev. Thos. Castleton, Mr. Walter Henry, to Miss Belinda Brown, both of Naples.

In Gaines, by the Rev. Mr. Buttolph, Mr. Youngs A. Brown, of Barre, to Miss Remember S. Hiler, of Palmyra, Wayne co. On the 20th ult., Mr. Orman Spicer, of Kendall, to Miss Charlotte Button, of the former place.

In Gaines, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Isaac Gage, to Miss Mary Williams, all of that town.

In York, July 31st, Mr. Benjamin Shipman, of Peoria, to Miss Susan E. Roberts, of the former place.

In Albion, on the 24th ult., by Elder Jackson, Mr. Amos McWhorter, to Miss Uretta Lawrence.

At Hartland, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. J. E. Marwell, of Hartland, Mr. George W. Slocum, of Livingston county, to Miss Marinda Johnson, of Ridgeway, Orleans county, N. Y.

In Lewiston, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. A. Cleghorn, Mr. Joseph Nixon, of Niagara Falls, to Miss Susan C. Edwards, of Stamford, U. C.

In Utica, on the 8th instant, Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, D. D., President of Union College, Schenectady, to Miss Urania E. Sheldon, Principal of the Utica Female Seminary.

In Warsaw, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Alpha Wright, Mr. Jacob Nichols, of Bennington, to Miss Jane Lattimer, of the same place.

In Palmyra, on the 28th ult., by Frederick Smith, Esq., Mr. Horace Burnett, to Miss Delinda Smith, both of Macedon.

In Arcadia, on the 7th instant, by M. Rich, Esq., Mr. John Hewson, to Miss Jane Rogers.

In Lyons, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. M'Kenney, George B. Southwick, of Mendon, Mass., to Miss Mary, daughter of Jabez Greene, of the former place.

At Sodus Point, on the 27th of July, by A. B. Williams, Esq., Mr. Elias Finney, to Miss Adah Comstock, all of Arcadia.

In Owego, July 14th, by the Rev. Mr. P. B. Peck, Mr. Charles Webster, to Miss Jane Foster.

In Williamson, on the 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Adam Nash, to Miss Mary Johnson, both of Williamson

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Popular Tales.

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE MARRIED SISTERS.

"Come, William, a single day out of the three hundred in a year is not much."

"True, Henry Thorne. Nor is the tingle drop of water that first finds its way through the dyke much; and yet the first drop but makes room for a small stream to follow, and then comes a flood. No, no, Henry, I cannot go with you to-day; and if you will be governed by a friend's advice, you will not neglect your work for the fancied pleasures of a sporting party."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We were not made to be delving forever with tools in close rooms. The fresh free air is good for us. Come, William, you will feel better for a little recreation. You look pale from confinement.—Come; I cannot go without you."

"Henry Thorne," said his friend William Moreland, with an air more serious than that at first assumed, "let me in turn urge you to stay."

"It is in vain, William," his friend said, interrupting him.

"I trust not, Henry. Surely, my early friend and companion is not deaf to reason."

"No, not to right reason."

"Well, listen to me. As I said at first, it is not the loss of a single day, though even that lost, is a serious waste of time, that I now take into consideration. It is the danger of forming a habit of idleness. It is a mistake, that a day of idle pleasure recreates the mind and body, and makes us return to our regular and necessary employments with renewed delight. My own experience is, that a day thus spent causes us to resume our labors with reluctance, and makes irksome what before was pleasant. Is it not your own?"

"Well, I don't know; I can't altogether say that it is; indeed, I never thought about it."

"Henry, the worst of all kinds of deception is self-deception. Don't, let me beg of you, attempt to deceive yourself in a matter so important. I am sure you have experienced this reluctance to work after a day of pleasure. It is an universal experience. And now that we are on this subject, I will add, that I have observed in you an increasing desire to get away from work. You make many excuses, and they seem to you to be good ones. Can you tell me how many days you have been out of the shop in the last three months?"

"No, I cannot," was the reply, made in a tone indicating a slight degree of irritation.

"Well, I can, Henry."

"How many is it, then?"

"Ten days."

"Never."

"It is true, for I kept the count."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken. I was only out a gunning three times, and a fishing twice."

"And that makes five times. But don't you remember the day you were made sick by fatigue?"

"Yes, true, but that is only six."

"And the day you went up the mountain with the party?"

"Yes."

"And the twice you staid away because it stormed?"

"But, William, that has nothing to do with the matter. If it stormed so violently that I couldn't come to the shop, that surely is not to be set down to the account of pleasure taking."

"And yet, Henry, I was here, and so were all the workmen but yourself. If there had not been in your mind a reluctance to coming to the shop, I am sure the storm would not have kept you. I am plain with you, because I am your friend, and you know it. Now, it is this increasing reluctance on your part, that alarms me. Do not, then, add fuel to a flame that, if thus nourished, will consume you."

"But, William—"

"Don't make excuses, Henry. Think of the aggregate of ten lost days. You can earn a dollar and a half a day easily, and do earn it whenever you work steadily. Ten days in three months is fifteen dollars. All last winter, you know, Ellen went without a cloak, because you could not afford to buy one for her; now the money that you could have earned in the time wasted in the last three months, would have bought her a very comfortable one—and you know that it is October now, and winter will soon be again upon us. Sixty dollars a year buys a great many comforts for a poor man."

Henry Thorne remained silent for some moments. He felt the force of William Moreland's reasoning; but his own inclinations were stronger than his friend's arguments. He wanted to go with two or three companions a gunning, and even the vision of his young wife shrinking in the keen winter wind, was not sufficient to conquer this desire.

"I will go this once, William," he said at length, with a long inspiration; "and then I will quit it. I see and acknowledge the force of what you say; I never viewed the matter so seriously before."

"This once may confirm a habit now too strongly fixed," urged his companion. "Stop now, while your mind is rationally convinced that it is wrong to waste your time, when it is so much needed for the sake of making comfortable and happy one who loves you, and has cast her lot in life with yours. Think of Ellen, and then be a man."

"Come, Harry!" said a loud, cheerful voice at the shop door; "we are waiting for you!"

"Ay, ay," responded Henry Thorne. "Good morning, William, I am pledged for to-day. But after this, I will swear off!" and so saying, he hurried away.

Henry Thorne and William Moreland were workmen in a large manufacturing establishment in one of our thriving inland towns. They had married sisters, and thus a friendship that had long existed, was confirmed by closer ties of interest.

They had been married about one year, at the time of their introduction to the reader, and, already, Moreland could perceive that his earnings bought more comforts for his little family than did Henry's. The difference was not to be accounted for in the days the other took in pleasure-taking, although their aggregate loss was no mean item to be taken from a poor man's purse. It was to be found, mainly, in a disposition to spend, rather than to save; to pay away for trifles that were not really needed, very small sums, whose united amount in a few weeks would rise to many dollars. But, when there was added to this constant check upon his prosperity, the frequent recurrence of a lost day, no wonder that Ellen had less of good and comfortable clothing than her sister Jane, and that her house was far less neatly furnished.

All this had been observed, with pain, by William Moreland and his wife, but, until the conversation recorded in the opening of this story, no word of remonstrance or warning had been ventured upon by the former. The spirit in which his words were received, encouraged him to hope that he might exercise a salutary control over Henry, if he persevered, and he resolved that he would extend thus far towards him the offices of a true friend.

After dinner of the day during which her husband was absent, Ellen called in to see Jane, and sit the afternoon with her. They were only sisters, and had always loved each other much.—During their conversation, Jane said, in allusion to the season—

"It begins to feel a little chilly, to-day, as if winter were coming. And, by the way, you are going to get a cloak this fall, Ellen, are you not?"

"Indeed, I can hardly tell, Jane," Ellen replied, in a serious tone: "Henry's earnings, somehow or other, don't seem to go far with us; and yet I try to be as prudent as I can. We have but a few dollars laid by, and both of us want warm underclothing, and Henry must have a coat and pair of pantaloons to look decent this winter. I must try and do without the cloak, I think."

"I am sorry for that. But keep up a good heart about it, sister. Next fall you will surely be able to get a comfortable one; and you shall have mine as often as you want it, this winter. I can't go out much, you know; our dear little Ellen, your namesake, is too young to leave often."

"You are very kind, Jane," Ellen said, and her voice slightly trembled.

A silence of some moments ensued, and then the subject of conversation was changed to one more cheerful.

That evening, just about nightfall, Henry Thorne came home, much fatigued, bringing with him half a dozen squirrels, and a single wild pigeon.

"There, Ellen, is something to make a nice pie for us to-morrow," he said, tossing his game bag upon the table.

"You look very tired, Henry," his wife said, tenderly; "I wouldn't go out any more this fall, if I were you."

"I don't intend going out any more, Ellen," he replied, "I'm sick of it."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say so!" his wife said, in an altered and cheerful tone. "Somehow, I always feel troubled and uneasy when you are out gunning or fishing, as if you were not doing right."

"You shall not feel so any more, Ellen," he replied; "I've been thinking all the afternoon about your cloak. Cold weather is coming and we haven't a dollar laid by for any thing. How I am to get the cloak, I do not see, and yet I cannot bear the thought of your going all this winter again, without one."

"O never mind that, dear," Ellen said in a cheerful tone, her face brightening up. "We can't afford it this fall, and that's settled. But I can have Jane's whenever I want it, she says; and you know she is so kind and willing to lend me any thing that she has, I don't like to wear out her things; but then I shall not want the cloak often."

Henry Thorne sighed, at the thoughts his wife's words stirred in his mind.

"I don't know how it is," he at length said, despondingly: "William can't work any faster than I can, nor earn any more a week, and yet he and Jane have every thing comfortable, and are saving money into the bargain, while we want many things that they have, and are not a dollar ahead."

One of the reasons for this, to her husband, unaccountable, difference, trembled on Ellen's tongue. But she could not make up her mind to reprove him; and so she bore in silence, and with some pain, what she felt as a reflection upon her want of frugality in managing household affairs.

Let us advance the characters we have introduced, a year in their life's pilgrimage, and see if there are any fruits of these good resolutions.

"Where is Thorne, this morning?" asked the owner of the shop, of Moreland, one morning, an hour after all the workmen had come in.

"I do not know, really," Moreland replied. "I saw him yesterday, when he was well.

"He's off gunning, I suppose again. If so, it is the tenth day he has lost in idleness during the

last two months. I am afraid I shall have to get a hand in his place, upon whom I can place more dependence. I shall be sorry to do this for your sake, and the sake of his wife. But I do not like such an example to the workmen and apprentices, and besides, being away from the shop often disappoints a job."

"I could not blame you, sir," Moreland said; "and yet, I hope you will bear with him for the sake of Ellen. I think if you would talk to him, it would do him good."

"But why don't you talk to him, William?"

"I have talked to him frequently, but he has got so that he won't bear it any longer from me."

"Nor would he bear it from me, either, I fear, William."

Just at that moment, the subject of the conversation came in.

"You are late this morning, Henry," said the owner of the shop to him, in the presence of the other workmen.

"It's only a few minutes past the hour," he replied, moodily.

"It's more than an hour past."

"Well, if it is, I can make it up."

"That is not the right way, Henry. Lost time is never made up."

Thorne did not understand the general truth intended to be expressed, but supposed at once, that the master of the shop meant to intimate that he would wrong him out of the lost hour, notwithstanding he had promised to make it up. He therefore turned an angry look upon him, and said—

"Do you mean to say that I would cheat you, sir?"

The employer was a hasty man, and tenacious of his dignity as a master. He invariably discharged a journeyman who was in the least degree disrespectful in his language or manner towards him, before the other workmen. Acting under the impulse that at once prompted him, he said;

"You are discharged;" and instantly turned away.

As quickly did Henry Thorne turn and leave the shop. He took his way homeward, but he paused and lingered as he drew nearer and nearer his little cottage, for troubled thoughts had now taken the place of angry feelings. At length he was at the door, and lifting slowly the latch, he entered.

"Henry!" said Ellen, with a look and tone of surprise. Her face was paler, and more careworn than it was a year before; and its calm expression had changed into a troubled one. She had a babe upon her lap, her first and only one. The room in which she sat, was far from indicating circumstances improved by the passage of a year, was far less tidy and comfortable; and her own attire, though neat, was faded, and unseasonable. Her husband replied not to her inquiring look and surprised ejaculation, but seated himself in a chair, and burying his face in his hands, remained silent, until, unable to endure the suspense, Ellen went to him, and taking his hand, asked, so earnestly, and so tenderly, what it was that troubled him, that he could not resist her appeal.

"I am discharged!" he said, with bitter emphasis. "And there is no other establishment in the town, nor within fifty miles!"

"O, Henry! how did that happen?"

"I hardly know myself, Ellen, for it all seems like a dream. When I left home this morning, I did not go directly to the shop; I wanted to see a man at the upper end of town, and when I got back it was an hour later than usual. Old Ballard took me to task before all the shop, and intimated that I was not disposed to act honestly toward him. This I cannot bear from any one; I answered him in anger, and was discharged on the spot. And now, what we are to do, heaven only knows! Winter is almost upon us, and we have not five dollars in the world."

"But something will turn up for us, Henry, I know there will," Ellen said, trying to smile encouragingly, although her heart was heavy in her bosom.

Her husband shook his head doubtingly, and then all was gloomy and oppressive silence. For nearly an hour, no word was spoken by either. Each mind was busy with painful thoughts, and one with fearful forebodings of evil. At the end of that time, the husband took up his hat and went out. For a long, long time after, Ellen sat in a dreamy, sad abstraction, holding her babe to her breast. From this state, a sense of duty roused her, and laying her infant on the bed—for they had not yet been able to spare money for a cradle—she began to busy herself in her domestic duties. This brought some little relief.

About eleven o'clock, Jane came in with her usual cheerful, almost happy face, bringing in her hand a stout bundle. Her countenance changed in its expression to one of concern, the moment her eye rested upon her sister's face, and she laid her bundle on a chair quickly; as if she half desired to keep it out of Ellen's sight.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" she asked with tender concern, the moment she had closed the door.

Ellen could not reply; her heart was too full. But she leaned her head upon her sister's shoulder, and, for the first time since she had heard the sad news of the morning, burst into tears. Jane was surprised, and filled with anxious concern. She waited until this ebullition of feeling had in some degree abated, and she then said, in a tone still more tender than that in which she had first spoken,—

"Ellen, dear sister! tell me what has happened."

"I am foolish, sister," at length Ellen said, looking up, and endeavoring to dry her tears.—"But I cannot help it. Henry was discharged from the shop this morning, and now what are we to do? We have nothing ahead, and I am afraid he will not be able to get any thing to do here, or within many miles of the village."

"That is bad, Ellen," Jane said, while a shadow fell upon her face, but a few moments before glowing and happy. And that was nearly all she could say; for she did not wish to offer false consolation, and she could think of no genuine words of comfort. After a while, each grew more composed in mind, and less reserved, and then the whole matter was talked over, and all that Jane could say, she did say, that seemed likely to soothe and give hope to Ellen's mind.

"What have you there?" at length asked Ellen, glancing towards the chair upon which Jane had laid her bundle.

Jane paused a moment as if in self-communion, and then said—

"Only a pair of blankets, and a couple of calico dresses that I have been out buying."

"Let me look at them," Ellen said, in as cheerful a voice as she could assume.

A large, heavy pair of blankets, for which Jane had paid five dollars, were now unrolled, and a couple of handsome chintz dresses displayed, of dark rich colors, suitable for the winter season. It was with difficulty that Ellen could restrain a sigh, as she looked at these comfortable things, and thought of how much she needed, and of how little she had to hope for. Jane felt that such thoughts must pass through her sister's mind, and she also felt much pained, that she had undesignedly thus added, by contrast, to Ellen's unhappy feelings. When she returned home, she put away her new dresses and her blankets. She had no heart to look at them, no heart to enjoy her own good things, while the sister she so much loved was denied like present comforts, and worse than all, weighed down with a heart-sickening dread of the future.

We will not linger to contrast, in a series of domestic pictures, the effects of industry and idleness on the two married sisters and their families—effects, the causes of which neither aided materially in producing. Such contrasts, though useful, cannot but be painful to the mind, and we would a thousand times, rather give pleasure than pain. But one more striking contrast we will give as requisite in showing the tendency and end of good or bad principles, united with good or bad habits.

Unable to get any employment in the village, Thorne, hearing that steady work could be obtained in Charleston, South Carolina, sold off a portion of his scanty furniture, and his cow, by which he received money enough to remove there with his wife and child.

Thus were the sisters separated; and in that separation, gradually estranged from the tender and lively affection that presence and constant intercourse had kept burning with undiminished brightness. Each became more and more absorbed, every day, in increasing cares and duties; yet to one those cares and duties were painful, and to the other full of delight.

Ten years from the day on which they parted in tears, Ellen sat, near the close of day, in a meanly furnished room, in one of the southern cities, watching with a troubled countenance the restless slumber of her husband. Her face was very thin and pale, and it had a fixed and strongly marked expression of suffering. Two children, a boy and a girl, the one about six, and the other a little over ten years of age, were seated listlessly on the floor, which was uncarpeted. They seemed to have no heart to play. Even the elasticity of childhood had departed from them. From the appearance of Thorne, it was plain he was very sick; and from all the indications the room in which he lay afforded, it was plain that want and suffering were its inmates. The habits of idleness he had suffered to creep at a slow but steady pace upon him, and idleness brought intemperance, and intemperance reacting upon idleness, completed his ruin, and reduced his family to poverty in its most appalling form. Now he was sick with a southern fever, nor had his wife and children the healthy food that nature required.

"Mother!" said the little boy, getting up from the floor, where he had been sitting for half an hour, as still as if he were sleeping, and coming to Ellen's side, he looked up earnestly and imploringly in her face.

"What, my child?" the mother said, stooping down and kissing his forehead, while she parted with her fingers the golden hair that fell in tangled masses over it.

"Can't I have a piece of bread, mother?"

Ellen did not reply, but rose slowly and went to the closet from which she took part of a loaf, and cutting a slice from it, handed it to her hungry boy. It was her last loaf, and all their money was gone. The little fellow took it, and breaking a piece off for his sister, gave it to her; the two children then sat down side by side, and eat in silence the morsel that was sweet to them.

With an instinctive feeling, that from nowhere but above could she look for aid and comfort, did Ellen lift her heart and pray that she might not be forsaken in her extremity. And then she thought of her sister Jane, from whom she had not heard for a long time, and her heart turned towards her with an eager and yearning desire to see her face once more.

And now let us look in upon Jane and her family. Her husband, by saving where Thorne spent in foolish trifles, and working when Thorne was idle, gradually laid by enough to purchase a little farm, upon which he had removed, and there, industry and frugality brought its sure rewards.—They had three children: little Ellen had grown to a lively, rosy-cheeked, merry-faced girl of eleven years; and George, who had followed Ellen, was in his seventh year, and after him came the baby, now just completing the twelfth month of its innocent, happy life. It was in the season when the farmer's toil is rewarded, and William Moreland was among those whose labor had met an ample return.

How different was the scene in his well-established cottage, full to the brim of plenty and comfort, to that which was passing at the same hour of the day, a few weeks before, in the sad abode of Ellen, herself its saddest inmate.

The table was spread for the evening meal, always eaten before the sun had hid its bright face, and George and Ellen, although the supper was not yet brought in, had taken their places; and Moreland, too, had drawn up with the baby on his knee, which he was amusing with an apple from a well-filled basket, the product of his own orchard.

A hesitating rap drew the attention of the tidy maiden who assisted Mrs. Moreland in her duties.

"It is the poor old blind man," she said, in a tone of compassion, as she opened the door.

"Here is a shilling for him, Sally," said Moreland, handing her a piece of money. "The Lord has blessed us with plenty, and something to spare for his needy children."

"Ain't I glad that I've got eyes, and plenty to eat," George said, glancing at the blind man, and then looking up into his mother's face, with boyish delight, as she brought in a savoury dish for their supper.

"O, but that looks good!" ejaculated Ellen, peeping into the dish—as her mother paused, to smile upon her boy—and enjoying the coming feast in anticipation.

Her liberal meal upon the table, the mother sat down with the rest, and, as she looked around on each happy face, her heart blessed the hour that she had given her hand to William Moreland. Just as the meal was finished, a neighbor stopped at the door and said:

"Here's a letter for Mrs. Moreland; I saw it in the post office, and brought it over for her, as I was coming this way."

"Come in, come in," Moreland said, with a hearty welcome in his voice.

"No, I thank you, I can't stop now. Good evening," replied the neighbor.

"Good evening," responded Moreland, turning from the door and handing the letter to Jane.

"It must be from Ellen," Mrs. Moreland remarked, as she broke the seal. "It is a long time since we heard from them; I wonder how they are doing?"

She soon knew, for on opening the letter she read this:

"SAVANNAH, September, 18—.

"My Dear Sister Jane: James has just died, and I am left here without a dollar, and know not where to get bread for myself and two children. I dare not tell you all I have suffered since I parted from you. I—

"My heart is too full, I cannot write. Heaven only knows what I shall do! Forgive me, sister, for troubling you; I have not done so before, because I did not wish to give you pain, and I only do so now, from an impulse that I cannot resist.

"ELLEN."

Jane handed the letter to her husband, and sat down in a chair, her senses bewildered and her heart sick.

"We have enough for Ellen, and her children, too, Jane," Moreland said, folding the letter after he had read it. "We must send for them at once. Poor Ellen! I fear she has suffered much."

"You are good and kind, and noble-hearted, William!" Jane said, bursting into tears.

"I don't know that I am any better than any body else, Jane. But I can't bear to see others suffering, and never will, if I can afford relief.—And surely, if industry brought no other reward, the power it gives us, to benefit and relieve others, is enough to make us ever active."

. . . .

In one month from the time Ellen's letter was received, she, with her children, was an inmate of Moreland's cottage. Gradually, the light returned to her eye, and something of the former glow of health and contentment to her cheek. Her children in a few weeks were as gay and happy as any. The delight that glowed in the heart of William Moreland as he saw this pleasing change, was a double reward for the little he had sacrificed in making them happy. Nor did Ellen feel, with her children, an entire burden upon her sister and her husband; her activity and willingness found enough to do that needed doing, and Jane often used to say to her husband,

"I don't know which is the gainer over the other, me or Ellen; for I am sure, I can't see how we could do without her."

Western Sketches.

From Mrs. Kirkland's "Forest Life."

TRAVELERS IN A STORM.

Where was I? as the *causeurs impitoyables* always say. Oh! telling of our dinner in the woods.

When all was done, the cold beef and its attendant pickles, the pies and the cake and the huge loaf were returned "each to the niches it was ordained to fill" in the champaigne basket that served to hold our treasures. The little tin pail of butter which had been carefully placed in water, was now re-wrapped in its shroud of fresh leaves, we set forth again, but under a threatening aspect of the heavens. We had been so much amused watching Leo's gambols in the still transparent water, that we had not noticed the gathering clouds, which now grew apace thicker and heavier than we could have desired. Nevertheless on we went, and at a good pace, for our steeds had been as well refreshed as ourselves and seemed to understand beside that there might be reasonable ground for haste. Not a house was to be descried, for in the back route we had chosen, settlers are few and scattered, and much of the road lay through tracts of untouched timber, where one was obliged sometimes to take good heed of the great H hacked on the trees by the surveyor's ax, to be sure that we are on the highway.

And now the rain came down in earnest. No pattering drops, no warning sprinkle, but a sudden deluge, which wet every thing through in half a minute. Onward, good Prince!—*en avant*, Quicksilver, (for thou art of French extraction,) shining and smoking as ye are, with torrents streaming down your innocent noses, adopt David Crocket's motto, so often quoted and acted upon by our compatriots, "Go ahead!" If bonnets and veils, if gingham and broadcloth or their wearers find any favor in your eyes, let not water extinguish your fire. Think of our soaking bread.—Think of your own smimming oats, and as ye love not "spoon vittles," hasten.

The rain spatters up from the rail fences so as to create a small fog on every rail. The puddles in the road looked as if they were boiling, and the sky seems to grow more ponderous as it discharges its burden. We have emerged upon a clearing, and there is a liquid sheet between us and the distant woods.

But there is a roof! I see a stick chimney, and there is a drenched cow crowding in beneath a strawy barrack, and some forlorn fowls huddled under an old cart. We approach the habitations of men, and we may not doubt a good fire and a kind welcome, so forward, good steeds.

The log house proved a small one, and though its neat corn crib and chicken coop of slender poles bespoke a careful gudeman, we found no gate in front, but in its stead great awkward bars which were to be taken down or climbed over; and either of these is no pleasant process in a pouring rain. But by the aid of a little patience we made our way into the house, which had only a back door, as is very usual among the early settlers.

Within, marks of uncomfortable though strictly neat and decent poverty were but too evident.—No well-stored dresser, no snug curtains, no shining tins, no gorgeous piece-work bed-quilts, exhibiting stars of all magnitudes and moons in all quarters. Not even the usual display of Sunday habiliments graced the bare log walls. The good woman was of shadowy thinness, and her husband, with a green shade over his eyes, wore a downcast and desponding air. One little girl with her yellow hair done up in many a papillote, sat in a corner playing with a kitten. The mother put down her knitting as we entered, but the father seemed to have been sitting in listless idleness.

We were received with that free and hospitable welcome so general among the pioneers of the West. Our wet garments were carefully disposed of for drying, and even the buffalo robes and blankets found place on those slender poles which are usually observed above the ample fireplace of a regular log hut, placed there for the purpose of drying—sometimes the week's wash, when the weather proves rainy; sometimes whole rows of slender pumpkins, for next spring's pies; sometimes (when we can get them) festoons of sliced apples. The rain gave no signs of a truce, the eaves poured incessantly, and we heard the rumbling of the distant thunder. There was every prospect that we should be constrained to become unwilling intruders on the kindness of Mr. Gaston and his family, for the night at least.

When this was mentioned, the good woman, after expressing her willingness to do the very best she could for us, could not forbear telling us there *had been* a time when she could have entertained us decently under such circumstances. "But those days are gone by," she said with a sigh; "trouble has followed us so long that I don't look for any thing else now. We left a good home in York State because my old man could not feel contented when he saw the neighbors selling out and coming to the West to get rich. And we bought so much land that we hadn't enough left to stock it and improve it; but after awhile we had got a few acres under improvement, and we begun to have enough for our own consumption, although nothing to sell; we had to part with some of our land to pay taxes on the rest; and then we took our pay in wild cat money that turned to waste paper before we got it off our hands. And my husband took on dreadful hard upon that, and we all had the ague, and then his eyes took sore, and he is almost blind—too blind to see to work more than half the time. So we've been getting down, down, down! But I needn't cry," said the poor creature, wiping her eyes, "for I'm sure if tears could have bettered our condition, we'd have been well off long ago."

Here was an apology for poverty, indeed. How many complain of poverty, sitting in silks and laces, at tables covered with abundance. What groans over "hard times" have we not heard from jewelled bosoms within these two or three years. What rebuffs are always ready for those who take upon themselves the pleasant office of soliciting of the superfluity of the rich for the necessities of the poor. "Hard times!" say the unthinking children of luxury, as they sip their ice cream, or hold up to the light the rosy wine.

This log cabin, with its civil and respectable inhabitants, would furnish a lesson for such economists, if indeed they were willing to learn of the poor to appreciate the overbounding comforts of their lot.

Our hostess was a very active and tidy person, and she busied herself in all those little offices which evince a desire to make guests feel themselves welcome. She had small change of garments to offer, but she was unwearied in turning and drying before the fire such as we could dispense with for the time, for we hoped the storm would be short-lived, and did not wish to open our trunks until we stopped for the night. The rain, however, slackened not; but on the contrary frequent flashes of lightning and a muttering thunder, which seemed momentarily to draw nearer, threatened still longer detention. The eaves poured merrily, and it was amusing to see our little hostess, with an old cloak over her head, fly out to place tubs, pails, jars, basins and milk pans so as to intercept as much as possible of the falling treasure, intimating that as soap was pretty scarce she must try to catch water, any how. A trough scooped from the portly trunk of a large whitewood tree was so placed as to save all that fell from one side of the roof, but on the other almost all the utensils of the house were arranged by the careful dame, who made frequent trips for the purpose of exchanging the full for the empty—apologizing for not calling upon "th' old man" to assist her, because getting wet might increase the inflamation of his eyes.

Mrs. Gaston had carried out her last milk pail, and was retiring to the door when the sound of wheels was heard above the rattling of the storm; and in another moment a loud "Hal oa!" told that other travelers beside ourselves were about to seek shelter.

"I'll tell 'em to drive on to Jericho," said Mrs. Gaston, "for we can't make them any ways comfortable here."

"What! two mile farther in this rain!" rejoined her husband; "no, no, that'll never do. The shower won't last long; let 'em come in." And he would take his great straw hat and go out to invite in this new windfall.

"Halloa, there! halloa! where under the canopy *is* all the folks? Be a joggin, can't ye?" shouted one of the newly arrived.

Mr. Gaston hurried as fast as his poor blind eyes would allow, and his wife threw fresh wood upon the fire, and swept the rough hearth anew, as well as she could with the remnant of a broom.

This was scarcely done when we heard voices approaching—at first mingled into a humming unison with the storm, then growing more distinguishable. A very shrill treble overtopped all the rest, giving utterance to all the approved forms of female exclamation.

"O dear!" "O mercy!" "O bless me!" "O papa!" "Oh! I *shall* be drowned—smothered!" "O dear!" but we must not pretend to give more than a specimen.

A portly old gentleman now made his appearance, bearing, flung over his shoulder, what seemed at first view a bolster cased in silk, so limp and helpless was his burden. Behind him came, as best she might, a tall and slender lady, who seemed his wife; and after scant salutation to the mistress of the cottage, the two old people were at once anxiously occupied in unrolling the said bolster, which proved, after the Champollion process was completed, to be a very delicate and rather pretty young lady, their daughter.

After, or rather with this group entered a bluff, ruddy, well-made young man, who seemed to have been charrioteer, and to whom it was not unreasonable to ascribe the abjuration mentioned at the head of our chapter. He brought in some cushions and a great coat which he threw into a corner, establishing himself thereafter with his back to the fire, from which advantageous position he surveyed the company at his leisure.

"The luggage must be brought in," said the elderly gentleman.

"Yes! I should think it had oughter," observed the young man in reply; "*I* should bring it in, if it was mine, any how!"

"Why don't you bring it in, then?" asked the gentleman, with rather an ominous frown.

"I! well, I don't know but what I could, upon a pinch. But, look here, uncle! I want you to take notice of one thing—I didn't engage to wait upon ye. I a'in't nobody's nigger, mind that!—I'll be up to my bargain. I came on for a teamster. If you took me for a servant you're mistaken in the child, sir!"

"However," he continued, as if natural kindness was getting the better of cherished pride, "I can always help a gentleman, if so be that he asks me *like* a gentleman; and, upon the hull, I guess I'm rather stubbeder than you be, so I'll go ahead."

And with this magnanimous resolution, the youth departed, and with some help from our host soon filled up every spare corner, and some that could ill be spared, with a multifarious collection of conveniences, very inconvenient under present circumstances. Three prodigious traveling trunks of white leather formed the main body, but there were bags and cases without end, and to crown all, a Spanish guitar.

"That is all, I believe," said the old gentleman, addressing the ladies, as a load was set down.

"All!" exclaimed the teamster; "I should hope it was! and what any body on earth can want with sich lots o' fixins, I'm sure's dark to me. If I was startin' for Texas I shouldn't want no more baggage than I could tie up in a handkercher. But what's curious to me is, where we're all a goin' to sleep to-night. This here rain don't talk o' stoppin', and here we've got to stay if we have to sleep like pins in a pin cushion, all up on eend. It's my vote that we turn these contraptions, the whole bilin' on 'em, right out into the shed, and jist make up a big shake down, with the buffaloes and cushions."

The young lady, upon this, looked ineffable things at her mamma, and indeed disgust was very legible upon the countenances of all these unwilling guests. The house and its inhabitants, including our inoffensive and accidental selves, underwent an unmeasured stare, which resulted in no very respectful estimation of the whole and its particulars. Nor was this to be wondered at, for as to the house, it was one of the poorest and not one of the best of log houses, (there is a good deal of difference,) and the people were much poorer than the average of our settlers.

The young lady at least, and probably her parents, had never seen the interior of these cabins before. Indeed, the damsel, on her first unrolling, had said very naturally, "Why, papa, is this a *house?*"

Then as to the appearance of our little party, it was of a truly Western plainness, rendered doubly plain, even in our own eyes, by contrast with the city array of the later comers. Theirs was in all the newest gloss of fashion, bedimmed a little, it is true, by the uncourtly rain; but still handsome; and the young lady's traveling dress displayed the taste so often exhibited by our young country women on such occasions—it was a costume fit for a round of morning visits.

A rich green silk, now well draggled; a fine Tuscan bonnet, a good deal trimmed within and without, and stained ruinously by its soaked veil; the thinnest kid shoes, and white silk stockings, figured with mud, were the remains of the dress in which Miss Angelica Margold had chosen to travel through the woods. Her long ringlets hung far below her chin, with scarce a remnant of a curl, and her little pale face wore an air of vexation which her father and mother did their best most duteously to talk away.

"This is dreadful!" she exclaimed in no inaudible whisper, drawing her long damp locks thro' her jeweled fingers, with a most disconsolate air. "It is really dreadful! We can never pass the night here."

"But what else can we do, my love?" rejoined the mamma. "It would kill you to ride in the rain—and *you* shall have a comfortable bed at any rate."

This seemed somewhat consoling. And while Mrs. Margold and her daughter continued discussing these matters in an under tone, Mr. Margold set about discovering what the temporary retreat could be made to afford besides shelter.

"This wet makes one chilly," he said, "Have n't you a pair of bellows to help the fire a little?"

The good woman of the house tried her apron, and then the good man tried his straw hat—but the last wood had been wet, and seemed not inclined to blaze.

"Bellowses!" exclaimed the young man, (whose name we found to be Butts;) "we can do our own blowin' in the woods. Here! let me try;" and with the old broom stump he flirted up a fire in a minute, only scattering smoke and ashes on all sides.

The ladies retreated in dismay, a movement which seemed greatly to amuse Mr. Butts.

"Don't you be scart!" he said, "ashes never p'ison'd any body yet."

Mr. Margold was questioning Mrs. Gaston as to what could be had for tea, forgetting, perhaps, that a farmer's house is not an inn, where chance comers may call for what they choose without offence.

"But I suppose you have tea—and bread and butter—and—"

"Dear!" exclaimed the poor woman, "I have n't seen any thing but sage tea these three months; and as for bread, I could make you some johnny-cake, if you like that; but we have no wheat flour this summer, for my old man was so crowded to pay doctor's bills and sich, that he had to sell his wheat. We've butter, and I believe I may say it's pretty good."

"Bless my soul! no bread!" said the old gentleman.

"No tea!" exclaimed his wife.

"O dear! what an awful place!" sighed Miss Angelica, piteously.

"Well, I vote we have a johnny-cake," said the driver; "you make us a johnny-cake, aunty, and them that can't make a good supper off of johnny-cake and butter, deserves to go hungry, that's a fact!"

Mrs. Gaston, though evidently hurt by the rude manner of her guests, set herself silently at work in obedience to the hint of Mr. Butts, while that gentleman made himself completely at home, took the little girl in his lap with the loving title of "Sis," and cordially invited Mr. Margold to sit down on a board which he had placed on two blocks, to eke out the scanty number of seats.

"Come, uncle," said the facetious Mr. Butts, "jes' take it easy, and you'll live the longer.—Come and set by me, and leave more room for the women folks, and we'll do fust rate for supper."

Mr. Butts had evidently discovered the true philosophy, but his way of inculcating it was so little attractive, that the Margolds seemed to regard him only with an accumulating horror.

Hitherto we had scarcely spoken, but rather enjoyed the scene, had stowed ourselves and our possessions within as small a compass as possible and waited the issue. But these people looked so thoroughly uncomfortable, so hopelessly out of their element, and seemed moreover, by decree of the ceaseless skies, so likely to be our companions for the night, that we could not help taking pity on them, and offering such aid as our mature experience of forest life had provided. Our champaigne basket was produced, and the various articles it contained gave promise of a considerable amendment of Mrs. Gaston's tea table. A small canister of black tea, and some sparkling sugar, gave the crowning grace to the whole, and as these things successively made their appearance, it was marvellous to observe how the facial muscles of the fashionables gradually relaxed into the habitual bland expression of politer atmospheres. Mrs. Margold, who looked ten years younger when she smoothed the peevish wrinkles from her brow, now thought it worth while to bestow quite a gracious glance at our corner, and her husband actually turned his chair, which had for some time presented its back full to my face.

We got on wondrously after this. Mrs. Gaston, who was patience and civility personified, very soon prepared a table which was nearly large enough to serve all the grown people, and as she announced that all was ready, Mr. Butts, who had been for some time balancing a chair very critically on its hinder feet, wheeled round at once to the table, and politely invited the company to sit down. As there was no choice, the strangers took their seats, with prim faces enough, and Mrs. Gaston waited to be invited to make tea, while her poor half-blinded husband quietly took his place with the children to await the second table.

Mr. Butts was now in his element. He took particular pains to press every body to eat of every thing, and observing that Miss Angelica persisted in her refusal of whatever he offered her, he cut with his own knife a bountiful piece of butter, and placed it on her plate with an air of friendly solicitude.

The damsel's stare would infallibly have frozen any young man of ordinary sensibility, but Mr. Butts, strong in conscious virtue, saw and felt nothing but his own importance; and moreover seemed to think gallantry required him to be specially attentive to the only young lady of the party.

"Why, you don't eat nothing!" he exclaimed; "ridin' don't agree with you, I guess! now for my part it makes me as savage as a meat-ax! If you travel much after this fashion, you'll grow littler and littler; and you're little enough already, I should judge."

It was hardly in human nature to stand this; and Mr. Margold, provoked beyond the patience which he had evidently prescribed to himself, at last broke out very warmly upon Butts, telling him to mind his own business, and sundry other things, not particularly pleasant to relate in detail.

"Oh! you're wrathy, ain't ye? Why, I didn't mean nothing but what was civil! We're plain spoken folks in this new country."

Mr. Margold seemed a little ashamed for his sudden blaze when he found how meekly it was met, and he took no farther notice of his republican friend, who on his part, though he managed to finish his supper with commendable *sang froid*, was evidently shorn of his beams for the time.

Most lamentably amusing was the distress of Miss Angelica when it became necessary to concert measures for passing a night in a crowded log cabin. The prospect was not a very comfortable one, but the view taken of its horrors by these city people was so ludicrously exaggerated, that I am sure no spectator could help laughing. The philosophy that cannot stand one night's rough lodging, should never travel west of Lake Erie. Not that the lodging any where in these Western wilds is likely to be found more really uncomfortable than is often the lot of the visitors at the Springs during crowded seasons; but fashionable sufferings are never quite intolerable.

The sleeping arrangements were of a more perplexing character than those which had fortunately been devised for the tea. There were two large beds and a trundle bed, and these, with a scanty supply of bedding, comprised our available means, and besides our tea party, two little boys had come dripping home from school to add to our numbers. After much consultation, many propositions, and not a few remarks calculated rather to wound the feelings of our civil entertainers, it was concluded to put the two large beds close together in order to enlarge their capabilities, and this extensive couch was to hold all the "women folks" and some of the children. The trundle bed, by careful stowage, took the little ones, and for the old gentleman a couch of buffalo robes and carriage cushions was skilfully prepared by none other than the forgiving Mr. Butts, who seemed disposed to forget past rebuffs, and to exert himself very heartily in the public service. This disinterested individual was perfectly contented to repose Indian fashion, with his feet to the fire, and any thing he could get for a pillow; and the master of the house stretched himself out after the same manner.

When all was done, Mrs. Gaston made the ordinary cotton sheet partition for the benefit of those who chose to undress; and then began to prepare herself for the rest which I am sure she needed. All seemed well enough for weary travelers, and at any rate, these poor people had done their best. I hoped that all fault finding would soon be hushed in sleep.

But it became evident ere long that Miss Margold did not intend to become a person of so small consequence. She had disturbed her father several times, by requests for articles from different parts of the luggage, without which she declared she could not think of going to bed. She had received from her mother the attendance of a waiting maid, without offering the slightest service in return; and now, when all her ingenuity seemed to be exhausted, she suddenly discovered that it would be in vain for her to think of sleeping in a bed where there were so many people, and she decided on sitting up all night.

A silence expressive of the deepest consternation held the assembly bound for some seconds. This was first broken by a long, low, expressive whistle from Mr. Butts, but the remembrance of past mischance bridled his tongue.

"Do you think you could sleep here, my dear?" inquired Mr. Margold from his snug nest in the corner.

The young lady almost screamed with horror.

"Never mind, my darling!" said the mamma. "I will sit in the rocking chair by the fire, and you shall have plenty of room.

"Oh, no, ma! that will never do—why can't the woman sit up? I dare say she's used to it."

This was said in a loud whisper which reached every body's ears, but no reply was made.

Mrs. Margold and her daughter whispered together for some time farther, and the result was, that the lady drew one of the beds apart from the other, which movement caused Mrs. Gaston's little girl to roll out upon the floor with a sad resounding thump and a piteous cry.

This proved a drop too many. Out spoke the poor half-blind husband and father. His patience was, as Mr. Butts would say, "used up."

"Neighbors," said he, "I don't know who you are, nor where you come from; and I didn't ask, for you were driven into my house by a storm.—My family were willing to accommodate you as far as they could; such as we had you were welcome to; but we are poor, and have not much to

do with. Now, you havn't seemed to be satisfied with any thing, and your behavior has hurt my wife's feelings and mine too. You think we are poor ignorant people; and so we are; but you think we haven't feeling like other folks; and there you are mistaken. Now, the short and the long of the matter is, that as the storm is over and the moon is up, it's my desire that you pick up your things and drive on to the next tavern, where you can call for what you like, and pay for what you get. I don't keep a tavern, though I'm always willing to entertain a civil traveler as well as I can."

Hast thou not marked, when o'er thy startled head,
Sudden and deep the thunder cloud had rolled?

I do not know whether this unexpected display of spirit in poor Mr. Gaston was more like a thunder clap or a deluge from a fire engine. Like single speech Hamilton, he was too wise to attempt to add any thing to the effect it had produced.—He waited in silence, but it was very resolute silence.

The Margolds were in a very pitiable perplexity. Miss Angelica, knowing that none of the trouble would come upon herself, was for being very spirited upon the occasion; her papa, who had already begun to dream of Wall street and Waverley Place, did hate to be recalled to the woods, and Mrs. Margold had no opinion of her own on this or any other occasion. Mr. Gaston, seeing no demonstration of retreat, went to Butts, who was or pretended to be asleep, and shaking him by the shoulder, told him he was wanted to get up his horses.

"Get up the poor critters at this time of night?" sad he, rubbing his eyes; "why! what upon the living airth's the matter! Has the young woman got the high-strikes?"

"Your folks is a going to try and amend their lodging, that's all," replied the host, whose temper was a good deal moved. "They a'n't satisfied with the best we could do for 'em, and it's my desire that they should try the tavern at Jericho. It is but two miles, and you'll soon drive it."

"I'll be tipped if I drive it to-night, though, uncle," replied the imperturable Mr. Butts. "I don't budge a foot. I shan't do no sich nonsense. As for their trying the tavern at Jericho, the tavern's a deuced sight more likely to try *them*, as you very well know. Any how, this child don't stir."

"But if we are turned out of doors," said Mr. Margold, who aroused himself most unwillingly to the consciousness of a new cause of disturbance, "you are bound to —"

"I a'n't bound to drive nobody in the middle of the night," said Mr. Butts, "so you don't try to suck me in there. But as to turning out of doors, this here chap a'n't the feller to turn any man out of doors, if he'll be civil. He's a little wrathy because your folks wasn't contented with such as he had. I see he was a getting riled some, and I thought he'd bile over. You see that's the way with us Western folks. If folks is sausy we walk right into 'em, like a thousand of brick. He'll cool down agin if you just pat him a little. He's got some grit, but he a'n't ugly. You only make your women folks keep quiet—get a curb bridle upon their tongues, and we'll do well enough."

Poor Mr. Margold! here was a task! But sleep, though it makes us terribly cross when its own claims are interfered with, is a marvellous tranquilizer on all other subjects, and as Mr. and Mrs. Margold and Miss Angelica were all very, very weary—the latter of teasing her parents, the former of being teased—a truce was at length concluded by the intervention of Mr. Butts, who acted the part of peace maker, and gave sage advice to both parties.

The conduct of these city people, who were evidently of a very numerous class—that which possesses more money than intellect or cultivation—is not, after all, very surprising; for it is still fresh in our recollection that an English traveler of intelligence—one notorious for ultra liberal principles too—made angry complaint because the mistress of a log house some where in the Western prairies was not disposed to entertain a party of strangers, who found it convenient to enter her dwelling uninvited. It seems that this person, whoever she may have been, was insensible of the honor done her house by the Avator of so much dignity. She thought, perhaps, that travelers who had abundant means might have arranged their distances so as to make public houses their stopping places. And if her dwelling had, by a chance which might not unnaturally occur in the wilds of the West, been the mansion of wealth and consequence, it may be doubted whether our "liberal" guests would have claimed hospitality at its gates. It was because the tenant of the log cottage was supposed to be *poor*, that she was censured for her unwillingness to turn her humble lodge into a tavern.

The Old World.

Human Sacrifices in India.

Blackwood's Magazine for August contains a notice of a paper recently published by the Royal Asiatic Society of London, written by Capt. Macpherson of the Madras Army, and giving some account of the Khonds, one of the three races that inhabit the territory which formed the ancient kingdom of Orissa. They are Polytheists—have an hereditary priesthood—are rigid observers of veracity, and preserve in their religious worship and opinions many of the distinctive but not most beautiful features of the Grecian system in the Pelasgic period. They are almost the only people that offer human sacrifices; and of their festivals at these horrid rites we find the following account from Capt. Macpherson's work:

"They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes, and continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross excess—in more than Saturnalian license.

"The first day and night are spent exclusively in drunken feasting and obscene riot. Upon the second morning, the victim, who has fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing.

"The meria grove, a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees,—

'Sylva alto Jovis, lucusque Dianæ,'

in which the mango, the bur, the dammar, and the pipula generally prevail, usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by a rivulet, which is called the Meria stream. It is kept sacred from the ax, and is avoided by the Khond as haunted ground. My followers were always warned to abstain from seeking shelter within its awful shade.

"In its centre, upon the second day, an upright stake is fixed, generally between two plants of the sankissar or bazar danti shrub. The victim is seated at its foot, bound back to it by the priest. He is then annointed with oil, ghee and tumeric, and adorned with flowers; *and a species of reverence which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration*, is paid to him throughout the day. And there is now infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person; a particle of the tumeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle, being esteemed (especially by the women) of supreme virtue.

"In some districts, instead of being thus bound in a grove, the victim is exposed in or near the village, upon a couch, after being led in procession round the place of sacrifice. And in some parts of Goomsur where this practice prevails, small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers at this festival, and stuck on poles; a practice, of the origin or meaning of which, I have been able to obtain no satisfactory explanation.

"Upon the third morning, the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago, while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is loudly renewed. About noon, these orgies terminate, and the assemblage issues forth, with stunning shouts and pealing music, to consummate the sacrifice.

"As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places.

"The acceptable place of sacrifice has been discovered during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose into the fields of the village, or of the private oblator. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks, and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth-god. The rod is left standing in the earth, and in the morning four large posts are set up around it.

"The priest, assisted by the abbays and one or two of the elders of the village, now takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft to a distance of several feet down the centre; they insert the victim within the rift, fitting it in some districts to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are then twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. He then wounds the victim slightly with his ax, when the crowd throws itself upon the sacrifice, and exclaiming, "we bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us!" strips the flesh from the bones. Each man bears his bloody shred to his fields, and thence returns straight home. Next day all that remains of the victim is burned up with a whole sheep on a funeral pile, and the ashes are scattered over the fields, or laid as paste over the houses and granaries; and for three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this time, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when tongues are loosened."

From Allison's History of Europe. vol. x. p. 530.

Remarkable Circumstance,

Which led to Prince Leopold, of Saxe Cobourg, coming to England in 1814.

One other circumstance, of domestic interest in its origin, but of vast importance in its ultimate results, deserves to be recorded of this eventful period. At Paris, during the stay of the allied monarchs, there was Lord ——, who had filled with acknowledged ability a high diplomatic station at their head quarters, during the latter period of the war. His lady, of high rank, had joined him to partake in the festivities of that brilliant period, and with her a young relative, equally distinguished by her beauty and talents, then appearing in all the freshness and beauty of opening youth.

A frequent visitor at this period in Lord ——'s family was a young officer, then an aid-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine, a younger brother of an ancient and illustrious family in Germany, but who, like many other young scions of nobility, had more blood in his veins than money in his pocket. The young aid-de-camp was speedily captivated by the graces of the English lady; and when the sovereigns were about to set out for England, whither Lord —— was to accompany them, he bitterly lamented the scantiness of his finances, which prevented him from following in the train of such attraction. Lord —— good humoredly told him he should always find a place at his table when he was not otherwise engaged, and that he would put him in the way of seeing all the world in the British metropolis, which he would probably never see to such advantage again. Such an offer, especially when seconded by such influences, proved irresistible, and the young German gladly followed them to London.

He was there speedily introduced to, and ere long distinguished by, the Princess Charlotte, whose projected alliance with the Prince of Orange had recently been broken off. Though the Princess remarked him, however, it was nothing more than a passing regard, for her thoughts were then more seriously occupied by another. Having received, at the same time, what he deemed some encouragement, the young soldier proposed to the Princess, and was refused, and subsequently went to Vienna during the sitting of the Congress at that place, where his susceptible heart was speedily engrossed in another tender affair. Invincible obstacles, however, presented themselves to the realization of the Princess Charlotte's views, which had led to her first rejection of the gallant German; he received a friendly hint from London to make his attentions to the fair Austrian less remarkable; he returned to the English capital, again proposed to the English Princess, and was accepted.

It was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg; and his subsequent destiny and that of his family exceeds all that romance has figured of the marvellous. He married the heiress of England; after her lamentable end he espoused a daughter of France; he was offered the throne of Greece—he accepted the crown of Belgium.

In consequence of his elevation, one of his nephews has married the heiress of Portugal, another the Queen of England; and the accidental fancy of a young German officer for a beautiful English lady, has in its ultimate results, given three kingdoms to his family, placed on one of his relatives the crown of the greatest empire that has existed in the world since the fall of Rome, and restored to England, in hazardous times, the inestimable blessing of a direct line of succession to the throne.*

* It would be indelicate, during the life of some of the persons mentioned in the preceding curious narration, to give their names to the public. Those acquainted with the

From the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

SEMIRAMIS.

Secure on the throne, Semiramis thought only of eclipsing the glory of her husband, and her first act was to build the city of Babylon, the same, we are told, of which the ruins still excite the astonishment of travelers, and the magnificence of which, according to the account preserved from Ctesias, is calculated to excite doubt even more than amazement. Nor were her splendid works confined to the metropolis. The banks of the Euphrates and Tigris were embellished with towns and the commerce of her empire was improved by various judicious measures, as were its agricultural resources by the canals which she caused to be formed. Having completed her operations in Mesopotamia, Semiramis assembled a vast army, and marching into Media, left there also magnificent monuments of her power and taste, and where, during the completion of these works, according to some authors, she abandoned herself to a life of the most profligate vice and luxury. But, arousing from this disgraceful sloth, she visited the whole of her Asiatic dominions, and passing thence through Egypt, added the greater part of Lybia to her wide territories. From thence she marched to reduce Ethiopia, and having settled affairs in that quarter, she again entered Asia, and reposed for a while at Bactra. But tranquility had no charms for this restless conqueror. The wealth and prosperity of distant India excited her ambition; she longed to view its wonders, to possess its riches, and therefore she resolved to invade it. To an immense army were added 2000 vessels for navigating the Indus, carried to the banks of the river on camels, together with the hides of 300,000 black oxen, made into artificial elephants, formed for the purpose of familiarizing her cavalry with the sight of these animals, as well as to terrify the Indians and encourage her own troops by a show of the counterfeit quadrupeds.

The preparations made by Strabrobates, the sovereign of India, for repelling this alarming invasion, were such as became a powerful prince jealous of his independence, and indignant at an unprovoked aggression. It was asserted that he gathered together a far greater army than Semiramis commanded, and, adding contumely to defiance, upbraided his enemy with her infamous course of life, and threatened, should his arms be successful, to put her to a cruel death. She smiled at his threats, and advanced to the Indus.—"He does not know me yet," said she; "he will soon have an opportunity of judging me by my actions and deportment." But the height of her fortune and the limit of her empire had now been reached. A temporary success rendered her bold; and, decoyed across the river, over which she constructed a bridge of boats, she came to a decisive action with the Indian King.

Her artificial elephants could not withstand the shock of the true ones, and, being wounded in a combat hand to hand with Strabrobates, she was forced to recross the stream, with a third part of her army. This was the last of her enterprises. Her own son, desirous to anticipate the prediction of an oracle, which declared "that she should at a certain period disappear from the eyes of men," sent an eunuch to assassinate her. She forgave him the attempt, surrendered herself into his hands, and was translated from earth, as was asserted, in the form of a dove—a flock of which birds had settled at the moment upon her palace. Such, after a glorious and successful reign of forty-two years, and a life of sixty-two, was the end of the celebrated Semiramis.

THE YOUNG MINER.—A late number of the Christian Spectator (England) has the following:

Many of our readers have heard the affecting story of the collier boy, who was one of the sufferers in the dreadful accident which took place in Heaton Maine Colliery, near Newcastle, in the year 1815. It was often related by the late Rev. Legh Richmond. After the bodies were put in coffins, the relatives were permitted to go down into the pit for the purpose of recognising their husband or children; and Elizabeth Thew, whose husband and two sons had perished, was among the foremost. She readily found out her son William's body by his fine auburn hair. In one of his pockets was discovered his tin candle-box, on which, in the darkness of the suffocating pit, or with only the dim light of his Davy lamp, he had with a nail engraved on his candle-box the following touching words:—"Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did." And then, on the other side, were found the following words, which, it is supposed, must have been dictated by his father, as it bears his signature, though he could not write:—"If John is saved, be a good lad to God and thy mother. John Thew." The narrative, with some appropriate remarks, now forms a tract, containing a *fac.smile* of the box and the writing."

elevated circles of English society at that period, will have no difficulty in filling them up; and the facts may be relied on, as the author had them from some of the parties immediately concerned.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Touching Sketch of Parental Sorrow.

A few months ago I buried my eldest son, a fine manly boy of eight years of age, who had never had a day's illness until that which took him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful to me. A younger brother, the next in age to him, a delicate, sickly child from a baby, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, I used every precaution that prudence suggested to guard the other members of my family against it. But of this one, my eldest, I had but little fear; he was so rugged and so generally healthy. Still, however, I kept a vigilent eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which he was prone to visit.

One evening I came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments, and found that he also had just come into the house, and that he was wet, and covered with dockmud. I taxed him with disobedience, and scolded him severely—more so than I had ever done before; and then harshly ordered him to his bed. He opened his lips, for an exculpatory reply as I supposed, but I sternly checked him; when with a mute, sorrowful countenance and a swelling breast, he turned away and went slowly to his chamber. My heart smote me even at the moment, though I felt conscious of doing but a father's duty. But how much keener did I feel the pang when I was informed in the course of the evening by a neighbor, that my boy had gone to the dock at the earnest solicitation of younger and favorite playmate, and by the especial permission of his school-master, in order to recover a cap belonging to the former, which had blown over the wharf. Thus I learned that what I had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of generous nature which, forgetful of self, had hazarded perhaps life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which I had always endeavored to engraft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

How bitterly now did I regret my harshness, and resolve to make amends to his grieved spirit in the morning! Alas! that morning never came to him in health. Before retiring for the night, however, I crept to his low cot, and bent over him.—A tear had stolen down upon his cheek, and rested there. I kissed it off; but he slept so sweetly and so calmly, that I did not venture to disturb him.—The next day he awoke with a raging fever on his brain and in forty-eight hours was no more! He did not know me when I was first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward, though in silent agony I bent over him until death and darkness closed the scene. I would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but it was not permitted.—Once indeed a smile, I thought of recognition, lighted up his eye, and I leaned eagerly forward. But it passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, that lasted till death came to his relief.

Every thing I now see that belonged to him reminds me of the lost one. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother; to-day, in rummaging an old closet I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where his voice rang the merriest among his play-mates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I often try, recall any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh. Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious, that neither by inconsiderate word or look we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow, the fierce rebuke, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving but grieved or outraged nature!—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

We shall not say from whence we derive this singular relation, but it is here original in print, and we fancy it can be best told in the first person:

"I have been long used to steamboat traveling, and, though a person of timorous and nervous susceptibilities, I never could refrain from spending much of my time upon the boiler deck, notwithstanding a strong innate terror of explosions and all the dangers of steam. Just about sultry noon one day I was musing over a cigar as I sat with my feet elevated upon the front guards, when the whole dreadful catastrophe of a terrific explosion rushed in a tumultuous vision before me.

"There was but a slight shudder of the deck beneath me, and a brief sharp cracking of plank, when one tremendous roar and blast arose, and all I was conscious of was a rapid and violent ringing in the head as my body sped whirling into the air and plunged an instant after into the water near the shore. I was unhurt, and had presence of mind enough to gain safe footing on the bank. But as I turned to the scene behind me a spectacle presented itself that caused my heart to faint with sickness and horror.

"It is strange how I could realize such a scene. The whole boiler deck, social hall, and pilot house had been swept into the air, and the shattered fragments were then descending around me. Human limbs were among them, and one horrid, black and mangled mass of what had been a fellow being only an instant before, came with a furious plunge into the soft clay of the bank beside me! He was the pilot. Mutilated as he was, I recognized him.

"Blood-freezing screams were now issuing from the boat as she was now settling in nearer the shore. Women were out upon the afterguards tearing their hair and wailing miserably. Dying victims were struggling, gurgling and dying in the water around me, and one gentlemanly-looking person, who had been sitting beside me when smoking, fell within a few feet of me, rose again with a spasmodic effort in the water, and then sunk dead, without a word or a groan. I seized the body as it rose once more, and with a sickening sensation drew it in to the shore.

"At this instant screams—unearthly and hideous screams—pierced my ears and thrilled into the very marrow of my bones like arrows of fire. A young female was struggling far out in the stream!—a shattered piece of timber was near me, and I seized it. Darting into the water, I pushed it before me with desperate energy toward the sinking girl. A heavy-whiskered ruffian attempted to take it from me to save himself, but I clutched him by his long hair and plunged him far away from me in the water. Mad, almost frenzied with anxiety and horror, I was still making towards the drowning girl, when this dying wretch rose and cursed me in strong gurgling agony, as he sank into the turbid flood forever!

"A bell was heard ringing about the boat, and I went 'to the captain's office to settle!' What a frightful fancy for a day-dream!"

"By the apostle Paul! shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, led on by shallow Richmond!"

"O! Sewkey, I wish I was a bear."

"A bear—ha, ha! Ma says, that you are one, now."

"She does, does she! darnation take it—I guess I a'n't, then; I wish I was."

"La! Jonathan, you are so quar. What do you want to be a bear for?"

"Coz, they hug so allfired hard, as I've he'rn say—and I can't hug you half hard enough now, you leetle, plump critter you."

"Be still—let me alone, or I'll holler. You Jonathan, go away, or —."

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.—One of the wonders of the southwest is the mysterious music at West Pascagoula. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican, who examined it attentively, thus takes the mantle of romance from it:

"During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighborhood of 'Baragua,' and 'San Juan de Nicheragua,' from the nature of the coast we were compelled to anchor at some distance from the shore; and every evening, from dusk to late night, our ears were delighted with the Æolian music that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first, I thought it was the sea breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin, (the bridge of which I had inadvertantly left standing;) but, after examination, found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet and mellow and ærial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by the soft fingers of the deep sea nympths, at an immense distance. To the lone mariner, far from home and kindred, at the still hour of twilight, the notes were soothing, but melancholy.

Although I have considerable 'music in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing—I had half-filled my bucket with the finest white cat-fish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water, and took fish and all in my cabin for the night.

I had not yet fallen asleep, when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear; and getting up, what was my surprise to find my 'cat-fish' discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket.

I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft, wiry fibres, and by the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jewsharp."

From the N. O. Picayune.

It seems to have been at length ascertained that the fairy music at Pascagoula is a *fish story*. If so, it is a capital one, has had a longer run, and required more wit to find it out than even the great moon hoax. Symms, the novelist, wrote a poem of five hundred lines about it. The sound is exceedingly singular and pleasing, at any rate, and it is a pity to tear away the pretty romance attached to it of old.

MARRIAGE.—Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, sucinct, and, elegant, has described the benefits of marriage. They are these: 1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them? 2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some. 3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it. 4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, bear her part. 5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy. 6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy. 7. Nothing is delightsome alone. No society is equal to marriage. 8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine. 9. Kindred is increased, parents double, brothers, sisters, families-nephews. 10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue. 11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life? 12. If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage.

"Earth, air, sea, land fall soon will come to naught,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

"Have you no pen and ink?" said the doctor.

"No," said the poor woman.

"Well—I have lost my pencil—give me a piece of chalk."

And the doctor chalked a prescription upon the door, telling the afflicted female to give *that* to her son when he awoke.

"Take it, my boy, take it!" said the old woman, lifting the door from the hinges and carrying it to the sick youth when his eyes opened. "I don't know how you are to do it, I am sure, but the doctor says it is good, and you had better try it!"—*Picayune.*

QUAKER COURTSHIP.—'Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.'

'Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! and behold I will sojourn with thee: hum.'

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1842.

SALE OF A BANKRUPT'S ASSETS.

We have generally no wish to laugh over the misfortunes of any of our fellow-creatures; but we could not restrain our risibles while attending, the other day, the sale of the assets of a Bankrupt. There was a great deal to laugh at, and a great many to laugh; and none, we fancy, had reason to feel better—whether he laughed or not—than the man for whom the beneficent law had opened a way of escape. The sale took place under the supervision of the assignee, who began the sale by offering

A GOLD WATCH. "What is bid for this elegant gold watch?" was the first inquiry of the salesman. "What is it good for?" "It keeps good time." "Won't it *keep a boarding house?*" "Yes, if you can purchase provisions on *tick*.—What is bid?" "Five dollars." "Only five dollars. Going at five, five, five;—it is too bad." "Will it go?" "Yes, warranted to go—*to the highest bidder*." "Then, I'll bid six, seeing you warrant it. I'll never buy nothing unless it's warranted. I'll tell you why. I was once—" "Six fifty." "Thank you, sir. Don't press the case so hard. You'll stop the machinery." "That'll never do," said a wag. "The Millerites have fixed upon 1843, as the period in which to *stop the wheels of time*." "Six fifty—who'll bid seven?" "I will, if you'll tell me why that watch is like a bankrupt." "Because it goes on *tick*. Seven dollars is bid. Seven, seven, seven—going." "Eight dollars." "It is yours. What's the name?" "James Grabem."

Next came a huge bundle of notes. The first offered was for $133 33. "What is bid? They are not yet due, and are only offered to close a concern." "Are they good?" "Yes—warranted genuine, or no sale." "Five dollars." And down they went. Its mate went for the same price.

Another, dated in 1828, for $200. "Who bids." "That's what I should call a *slow* note." "Not so slow, either. It has been *running* fourteen years." "Then it must be tired." "Not at all; for its maker will warrant it to run *fourteen years longer*. What's bid?" "One shilling." "It's yours, and you're cheated at that."

"Here, now, are five or six notes against good men. Aggregate amount some 5 or $600. What's bid? Quick, or you lose." "Two cents." "Six." "Twelve." "Twelve and-a-half." "Down she goes—cash 12½. Now here's a note for $1000.—another for $250—another for $80, &c. &c.—Does any one want them? They are dated 1838, '36, &c." "Are they *long* notes." "Long enough, probably, before you collect them."—"Fifty cents." "Five shillings." "Six"—"sold!" "Down she goes—$1500 for seven shillings. These are Tyler times, sure enough.—Now here is a note for $525, against Mr. B——, formerly a forwarding merchant in this city. What will you give? Will no one bid? You all know the man." "That's the reason we don't want the note." "Say something." "*One cent!*"—"The note is yours—hand over the cash."—"I will now put up a *judgment*." "That must be John Tyler," said a sour-looking Whig. "*He* is a judgment sent to afflict this people. I wouldn't take him as a gift. He's not worth a farthing." "Did you tell me to knock it down to you, sir?" "Yes, *knock him down*, if you're a mind to."—"Mr. Crusty, at one farthing; and a bad bargain at that."

Thus it went on through a long list of judgments, mortgages, executions, &c. &c., none running up to more than fifty or seventy-five cents. When such another sale comes off, we shall be there to see.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"METRICAL STORIES IN CHEMISTRY AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, designed for Youth. By a Teacher in New York, Dayton & Newman.

This is the most charming little work for children, that has issued from the press in a twelvemonth. It is irresistably attractive. No boy or girl, of seven years of age, can read it without being both delighted and improved. It explains the important principles of the interesting sciences upon which it treats, in the simplest and most attractive manner possible. Every one knows that children more readily commit poetry than prose, and retain it much longer. It is equally well known that very young children will patiently glean truth from well told stories, when, if the same truths were contained in a dull, formal essay, they would go to sleep over them. This little work takes advantage of both these facts, and most admirably, too.

The "Story of Samuel and Thomas," under our Poetical head, is selected indiscriminately, and will illustrate the character of the book better than any thing we can say.

"THE LAW REPORTER, AUGUST, 1842."—This work has become indispensible to the profession. The bankrupt act has originated so many new questions of law, that no student, or practitioner, can hope to keep pace with law principles, who does not acquaint himself with these decisions.—And they are to be found in the Reporter, together with a mass of other material indispensable to the profession. Among other things are the Rules of Practice in the Courts of Equity of the United States, and a long list of "Decisions." MOORE receives subscriptions, or sells single numbers, at his agency office, in the Arcade.

"THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED," by the Barronness de Carabrella."—This is said to be a work of deep interest. The incidents and style are good, and the reader will be sure not to get cheated if he buys, as the price is but 12½ cents. It is far sale at MOORE'S, in the Arcade.

"THE LADY'S COMPANION"—Rich, as it always is. The engravings alone are worth twice the price of the work. This is also for sale at MOORE'S.

FRUIT—CAUTION.—The health of our citizens seems to require, at the present season of ripe fruit of various kinds, that due caution should be used by every one, not only in the quality of the fruit which they partake of, but in many other respects, which it seems almost idle to specify.—When eaten in too large quantities, even if it is sufficiently ripe and wholesome, sickness generally arises; and the same result will attend the sparing use of fruit which is either unripe or too ripe. Especially during this season of watermelons, should both the old and young be upon their guard.

☞ The Boston Atlas says truly that "over-done politeness is like an over-done beefsteak." A well-bred man makes every one feel at ease around him. He does not throw compliments about him with a shovel, nor toss civilities as he would hay with a pitchfork.

We notice that a Miss *Candy* is giving concerts at Louisville. She must be a *sweet* singer, of course.—*Buff. Com.*

That doesn't follow, as a matter of course; because the Albany papers assure us that Miss *Sloman* goes *ahead* of any thing in this country, on the piano.

☞ Mr. *Grog* is a candidate for office in South Carolina. The *tee-totallers* oppose him so strenously, that he has become low *spirited*.

Poetry.

Mrs. Smith, the Missionary.

From the New England Puritan.

"I am not sorry that I came to Syria, though it be but o die."—*Last words of Mrs. Smith, of the Syria Mission.*

The voices of her early home
Were not around her there,
She heard no mother's gentle tone,
She knew no sister's care;
Yet, on the bed of death she lay
Calm, as when to the sea,
A deep stream in its hidden way,
Glides onward silently.

A ruined shrine her mind had been,
Wandering in sadness back
To the fresh hopes, and rainbow dreams
That graced her childhood's track.
Her mother's low, hushed vesper hymn,
Sweet as an air-harp's strains,
Was ming'ing with the memory dim,
Of Syria's vine-wreathed plains.

But the long-tangled chain of thought
Was clear, and to her now
The fearful consciousness was brought,
That death had marked her brow.
But the bright wings that came to bear
Her spirit to its rest,
A holy light threw o'er her there,
And thus her lot she blest:

"No terror dwells within the grave,
No shadows o'er it lie,
Though I have come across the wave,
Away from friends to die.
No bitter anguish here hath part,
No sorrow that I laid
Upon the altar shrine, my heart,
For I have been repaid.

"In the blest hope that Bethlehem's star,
Which rose in eastern skies,
When I am in the sepulchre,
Again shall brightly rise
In the far east, and men shall come
To worship here again,
As when, above the shepherd's home,
That star shone o'er the plain.

"In heathen darkness now it lies,
But if one soul is won,
Though my life be the sacrifice,
It is a glorious boon.
And now farewell, it is the last,
The last adieu; I know.
The valley dark will soon be past,
That I am entering now.

"When the last tribute ye shall pay,
That sorrowing love can show,
Before ye bear me hence away,
Unto my dwelling low,
Take thou in faith this infant charge
Which God to us hath given,
And consecrate him unto Christ,
And train him up for heaven."

The low voice ceased, yet lingered there
A heavenly radiance still,
A smile that angel faces wear,
When lip and brow are chill;
And by her words of holy trust,
Shall other hearts be led,
To seek the land where she hath found
Her dwelling with the dead.

Not with the dead, the spirit dwells,
Of that devoted one,
For where the seraphs' anthem swells
Through Heaven's eternal dome,
Her soul hath found the place of rest,
It ne'er might find below,
O, was not her's an errand blest,
The way of life to show?

Lowell, August 5, 1842. M. T. B.

The Debtor's Song.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of those old debts around me,—
The bills and duns of younger years,
The host of books bespoken—
The gold that shone, now spent and gone,
The promises—all broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of old accounts around me.
When I remember all
The bills and duns together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wint'ry weather,
I feel like one who trod alone
Some city jail deserted—
Whose rusty hinges ever grown,
Like ghosts of duns departed.

* * * "Oh she is fair!
As fair as Heaven to look upon! As fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount,
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage,
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

From Metrical Stories in Chemistry and Nat. Philosophy.

Story of Samuel and Thomas.

A suit of clothes did Sammy get,
That cost full many a dollar,
The coat was thick and black as jet,
And had a velvet collar.

"Ah! these," said he, "will keep me warm
Through all the freezing winter,
For cold can never reach my form—
For where can any enter?"

But Thomas was a Quaker lad—
A very splendid scholar,
And he a suit much lighter had,
Without the velvet collar.

Said Sam to Tommy, when they met,
"In that light dress you'll shiver.
See, mine is thick and black as jet,
'Twill let the cold in never."

"O, no!" said Tom, "for black, you know,
Absorbs caloric fleetly.
The white not so—scarce lets it go,
Reflecting all completely.

"And when the hot caloric flows,
In haste the moment seizing,
Straight through your clothes—then out it goes,
And leaves your body freezing.

"But when caloric leaves my skin,
It finds white clothes are present,
'Tis sure to stop and stay within,
To make me warm and pleasant."

"Well, well, when summer suns shall shine,"
Said Sammy, gayly boasting,
"Your dress will not be cool as mine—
And I shall see you roasting."

"Not quite so fast," said Tom with glee,
"Though yours be black and fuller,
The *lightest* colored clothes must be
In *summer* time—the cooler.

"The burning sun of summer flings
Caloric down to meet you,
And when it strikes *your* clothes, it springs
Through that black dress to heat you;

But when from yon blue sky it flows
In this or that direction,
It beams upon *my* quaker clothes,
And leaves me by *reflection*."

So Sam at last the truth confessed—
By no means in a passion—
That his black clothes were only best,
Because the most in fashion.

And they who most submit their wills
To fashion's gaudy show,
Must oft experience many ills,
That others never know.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY A MANIAC, ON THE WALLS OF HIS CELL.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every reed on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade:
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry—
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

Wives.

Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And the prime bliss—a loving wife,
Oh! what's a table, richly spread,
Without a woman at its head?

Marriages.

In this city, on the 26th instant, by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. Henry Gore, of Springport, to Miss Rachael Treadwell, of Ledger.

In this city, by the Rev. Timothy Stillman, Mr. Oliver Aubry to Miss Catherine Chart.

On Sunday, the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Carlton, Mr. SAMUEL JILLSON, to Miss MARY VALE, all of this city.

In Springwater, on the 18th ult., by the Rev. William Hunter, Mr. John I. Grover, to Miss Lucinda C. Robb, both of that town.

On the 24th instant, by Rev. Horatio N. Seaver, Mr. J. C. Vandercook, of Vitory, Cayuga county, to Miss Abby Ann Wilmot, of Penfield, formerly of Litchfield, Ct.

At Old Castle, Geneva, on the 18th instant, by Rev. P. C. Hay, DD., Mr. Harrison Daniels, of Albion, to Miss Experience E. Crittenden, late of LeRoy Female Seminary.

In Canandaigua, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Colegrove, Mr. Daniel Bennett, of this place, to Miss Leuvange Patridge, of Victor. On the 18th inst., by the same, Mr. Linus N. Dewey, to Miss Mary Stephens, both of Canandaigua. On the — inst., by the Rev. Samuel Wood, Mr. Berton D. Hamm, to Miss Evelina R. Spencer, all of East Bloomfield.

In Palmyra, on the 21st inst., Mr. Garrett Henry Hiney, to Miss Sophia Ann O'Neil.

At Lyons, on the 17th instant, by the Rev A. Eddy, E. N. Clark, M. D. of Bellona, to Miss Sarah A. Sutton, of the former place.

In Auburn, on the 16th instant, by Rev. L. E. Lathrop, D. D. Edward L. Skinner, Merchant of Elmira, to Miss Mary E. Skinner, daughter of Mr. Thomas M. Skinner, of Auburn.

In Canandaigua, on the 11th instant, at the residence of Samuel Thompson, Esq., by Holloway Haywood, Esq., Mr. James Hayes, to Mrs. Mary Lane, all of that village.

In Brighton, by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. Garret G. Van Riper, to Miss Mary Green.

Variety.

HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.—These occupied a square of four plethra, or 400 feet on each side, and are described as rising in terraces one above another, till they attained the height of the city walls, the ascent to each terrace being by a flight of steps ten feet wide, the pile resting upon a series of arches, tier above tier, and strengthened by a surrounding wall 22 feet thick. The doors were formed by a pavement of stones, each 16 feet long by 4 broad, over which two cources of brick, cemented together with plaster, were laid in a bed of bitumen: over these were spread thick sheets of lead; and on this solid terrace was placed suitable mould, deep enough to nourish and support the largest trees. On the highest of these terraces was a reservoir, which, being supplied by an engine from the river, served to water the plants. Such, according to Diodorus, were the celebrated hanging gardens of Babylon, erected by Nebuchadnezzar. The temple of Belus, which at all events was enlarged and embellished by that monarch, is described by Herodotus as two furlongs square, in the midst of which rose a tower of the solid depth and height of one furlong, upon which, resting as a base, seven other turrets were built in like manner and in regular succession.—The ascent, which was on the outside, winding from the ground, was continued to the highest tower, and in the middle of the vast structure there was a convenient resting place. In the last tower was a large chapel, in which was placed a couch, magnificently adorned, and near it a table of solid gold; but there was no statue. No man was suffered to sleep there; but the apartment was occupied by a female, who, as the Chaldean priests affirmed, was selected by their deity from the whole nation, as the object of his pleasures. They themselves, adds the historian, have a tradition which cannot easily claim credit, that their deity enters the temple, and reposes by night on this couch.

LOOK OUT.—When a stranger offers to sell you an article for half its value, look out.

When a note becomes due, and you don't happeu to have the necessary funds to meet it, then look out.

When somebody comes along by your room that you don't want particularly to see, it is very natural that you should see something in the street to attract your attention, and that you should look out.

When a young lady has "turned the first corner," and sees no connubial prospect ahead it is natural she should look out.

When you find a man doing more business than you are, and you are puzzled to know the reason, just look at the advertisements he has in the newspapers, and look out.

Look out for rain when the almanac tells you to, and if it don't come, why, you can keep looking out.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge—"What's your native language?"

Witness—"I pe no native—I's Dootchman."

Judge—"What is your mother tongue?"

Witness—"O, father says she pe all tongue."

Judge—(in an irritable tone)—"What tongue did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness—"I tid not speak no language in te cradle; I only *cried in dootch*."

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.—*Picayune.*

"Miss," said a conceited young lawyer to a female witness in Court, "upon my word you are very pretty."

"I would return the compliment, dear sir, *if I were not on oath!*" the lady replied. This ended her examination.

GROUNDS FOR A DIVORCE.—A lady in Scott county, Mo., left her husband on the third day after her wedding, because he would not allow her *coffee* for breakfast.

If a *miss* is as good as a *mile*, it will take three young ladies to make a *league*.

Why should a tee-totaller never have a wife? Because he cannot *sup-porter*.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Strong & Dawson, Publishers.

One Dollar per annum, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XIV. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, SPETEMBER 17, 1842. No. 19.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Attorney had been admitted to bail, in a heavy amount. Few would have assisted him from feelings of friendship; but he had so strong a hold upon the fears of many, that he found no difficulty in obtaining sureties for his appearance to stand his trial and abide the sentence of the law. These being given, he was once more at large, to scheme and plan.

It was on a bright, clear afternoon that he was walking slowly along the street toward his office. That morning the Surrogate had declared the forged Will to be valid, and had admitted it to probate. The dearest scheme of his heart had succeeded; yet he wore a clouded brow. He had much to harrass him; for the Grand Jury had brought in a bill against him for his attempt upon the life of Wilkins; and in a few days he would be obliged to appear as a felon at the bar. He felt but too truly that his course had been such as to repel all sympathy, and to gather about his path only those who would rejoice at his downfall. "Imprisonment! disgrace! a convict!—a convict!" muttered he; "shall I run for it?—forfeit my recognizance, and in a foreign land laugh to scorn their laws, and shut my ears to the opinion of the world? My wealth will command respect. The world might taunt with his infamy, "Bolton, the plodding lawyer, who starved on his fees and truckled to the rich; but who will dare to insult the owner of two hundred thousand dollars?" And he raised himself erect, and looked menacingly about him, as if to confront any such offender, while his lip curled as in scorn of those who in his fancy bent the knee to his coffers. "Well, well; I'll think of it. There's time enough yet. Could I but bribe those witnesses to forfeit their bonds and be out of the way, I might easily silence Wilkins. Indeed, I'm told that he was seen but yesterday, stark mad; so that his evidence goes for nothing. One of those men is poor; gold might work upon him—and I could spare much rather than risk this public exposure. But the other—the Doctor; there's the rub—*there's* the rub!"

Thus musing and muttering, Bolton went on. But he felt that he had not the readiness of purpose which usually marked him. There was a heaviness about his faculties which he could not shake off; and at times a strange fear flung its shadow over his heart. It came and was gone, almost in the same moment, leaving nothing behind it but a vague dread of—he knew not what. He could trace it to no cause. He endeavored to reason himself out of it. He was in perfect health; somewhat jaded and worn down by mental anxiety, it was true; but his physical condition had never been better. He drew a long breath. His lungs played freely. He stamped his foot on the ground to try its strength. "Nothing wrong *there*," said he. "I should say that twenty good years were before me. I may have taxed my brain, but I never abused my body; and the reward of my abstinence will be a green old age—ay, and a wealthy one!" As he said this, the word "IMPRISONMENT" sounded so distinctly in his ear that it made him start; and he turned to see who had uttered it; but there was no one near; and then came that same dark, creeping sensation of fear. The sky was clear and cloudless; the world was teeming with life; thousands were moving about him, full of strength and vigor, pursuing their every-day plans, and each carrying out his own great dream of existence. *They* had no apprehension. They had no forebodings.—They were but men, mortal like himself; and why should he be haunted with these forebodings when *they* were not? "*They* are not *dreamers*," said he, "and I *am!*"

It was late when he came to the house in which was his office. Every thing seemed so bright and cheerful in the streets, and the interior of the old building looked so gloomy and chilly, that he felt reluctant to enter it, but strolled on until it began to grow dark. Then he directed his steps toward it. At the door he stopped, and looked up and down the street and at the sky. There were thoughts in the head of that man as he stood there, with his face turned toward the clear heavens, which had never been there before; yet he spoke not a word, but drawing a long breath of pure air, as if to fortify himself against the stagnant exhalations within, slowly ascended the stairs and entered his office.

"You may go, Tom," said he to the boy, who was out of the office almost before the sentence was concluded.

Bolton stood still and looked abstractedly at the door after he was gone, as if he had something to say to him, and was endeavoring to recall it to his mind; and then he went into the other room, and sat down. Several letters were lying on the table; and although it was his habit to open all letters immediately, yet he was now so absorbed in his own reflections that he did not perceive them. At last he got up, lighted a candle, and taking them up one by one, read their superscriptions. One of them was in the hand-writing of Higgs; and this, with a slight feeling of trepidation, he opened. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR: I've been at the Surrogate's office to-day, and find the old boy has gone in your favor. When will you be ready to hand over the twenty thousand dollars? I want to get it as soon as possible, and be off; for after swearing to the execution of a document what never was executed, and to the signature of that very respectable old gentleman, John Crawford, who I never clapped eyes on in all my life, I feel as if the air of the city wasn't healthy for me. Perjury has done for Wilkins; for he's gone mad, and will die soon; so you'll get clear of paying him, and might in consideration of that, toss me over a few odd thousands. But I don't press that; and as we made the bargain fairly, beforehand, I'll stick to it; and to tell the truth, I've known many a clever fellow swear to a lie for less than half the money. I'll call to-morrow; and if you can pony up by that time I'd like it all the better, as I want to be out of the reach of the law, which has a devil of a long arm.

WILLIAM HIGGS."

"The sooner he goes the better!" said Bolton, throwing the letter on the table. "His testimony, if wanted hereafter, can be taken under a commission; and if not needed he's better out of the way. But twenty thousand dollars cannot be raised by to-morrow. The thing's impossible."

He sat drumming his fingers on the table, until they accidentally touched one of the other letters. He took it up and held it to the light. "It's from Camden," said he; "that old matter of Wharton and Ross. Let's see what he says."

He broke the seal and read the first page, and then laid the letter down. He then opened the others, glanced at their contents, and threw them from him. As he did so, his eye again accidentally fell again on the letter from Mr. Camden; and at the lower part of the page, below the signature, he observed the two words, "*Turn over.*" Mechanically he took up the letter and read the postscript attached. In an instant his brow became knitted, his breath short and spasmodic.—His eyes seemed starting from their sockets toward the paper; and then with a feeble, plaintive cry, almost like the wail of an infant, he sank back in his chair, completely powerless, his arms dropping at his side, but with his eyes still glaring at that fatal letter. The contents were these:

Albany, March 10, 183–.

"REUBEN BOLTON, ESQ.:

"DEAR SIR: Will you inform your client that Mr. Isaacs will have the money ready to pay off the mortgage on his farm in a week from to-day, at which time I will remit you a draft for the amount, on one of the banks in your city.

"The proposal made by you, in the suit of Whalter *vs.* Ross, Mr. Whalter declines acceding to; and unless a more favorable one can be made, I shall notice the cause for trial at the next Circuit. You can see Mr. Ross, and learn whether he has any thing better to offer. Let me hear from you as early as possible; as in the event of my not doing so, I shall suppose that you have nothing farther to propose, and shall proceed accordingly.

"Yours respectfully,

(*Turn over.*) "JOHN CAMDEN.

"P. S. I have just heard of the death of a client of yours, John Crawford. In the month of October last he was taken snddenly ill in this city and being much alarmed, got me to draw up a Will, which he executed. He afterward recovered, and went off, leaving it with me, intending to call for it on his return. His business however taking him in another direction, he did not return to Albany; and the Will is still in my possession. I shall be in the city in a few days, and will bring it with me. Please intimate this to his daughter, who being his sole devisee, is the most interested in the matter. J. C."

Hour after hour passed; still there sat the Attorney, looking at that letter. He seemed to have grown old since he entered the room. His face was haggard; his temple sunken; and he twisted his fingers one in another with a kind of childish helplessness.

It was near midnight; and a faint noise echoing through the street made him start and cast his eyes fearfully about him; for he was grown within the last few hours as superstitious as a child. Then he thought of getting up and going to his own home, away from this sad, gloomy office, but he was afraid. His thoughts were not of punishment. They were of the grave; of the earth-worm; of the future, and its unknown eternity. He began to recall to mind what he had done, which he must account for hereafter. He began to think his acts over one by one. How clear his memory was! He recollected, as if it were but yesterday, one man whom he had defrauded of all he owned. He had died in that very room, at his feet; and had cursed him with his dying breath. He knew that that curse was upon him; he felt its weight palpably pressing him to the earth.—Well, the man had died; they said his heart was broken; his family had become beggars, and his only child, a beautiful girl, was now a common harlot in the streets. He thought of a poor woman whose son he had imprisoned years before for a trifling debt. The son died in jail, and the mother went mad, and would watch for hours at the office-door, until he came out; and then would shake her long, skinny finger at him, and laugh in his ear until it made his flesh creep. Then he thought of many who had come to him in his legal capacity; those whom he was grinding to the dust, to beg for a little delay; but a week, nay even a day, and they would pay him all; but like a good lawyer, and one who had the interests of his clients at heart, he had crushed them to the earth; had wrung from them their last cent, and had thrown it into the coffers of the rich whom he served. He had tured a deaf ear to them all; but they came *now*. They *would* be heard!—Their cries were ringing in his ear. He fancied that he saw this sad array coming slowly down the dim street; gliding in the old building one after another; shadowy and spectral, on they came, up the creaking stairs, along the dark entry, until they were crowding at the door of the

office. He could hear them whisper, and fancied that they were pointing at him from without.

He drew his chair closer to the fire; he stirred up the dying coals, for he was beginning to be chilly; and felt that if there were a blaze it would not be so lonely. He coughed loudly too, and rattled the poker against the bars of the grate; for there was something in the dread silence that made him shudder. The feeling however would not go off, for when he ceased, the stillness seemed more intense and fearful. He would have given worlds to have been in his own room in bed; but he dared not venture along that dark passage, crowded with accusers. Then he fancied that the office looked darker and more gloomy, that the lights were duller than usual, and he got up and trimmed them; but still there was the same dull, uncertain light. He tried to argue himself out of these fears; to laugh them off as ridiculous; and he threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. If ever mortal man felt the agony of terror, he did; for at that moment his laugh was echoed from the dark passage! Crouching back in his chair, with his heart beating fast and hard, and gasping for breath, his hair bristling, he sat watching the door. He heard a slight motion in the entry, like a sliding, creeping step. It stopped. Then it came again, and nearer; then a hand touched the knob, and was withdrawn. Then it took it again, turned it, and opened the door ajar; and two bright eyes glared in through the crack. It opened wider; and a tall, gaunt figure stole cautiously in, turning the key after it. It then slowly and with catlike step crept toward the Attorney, until it came in the full light of the candles.

With a feeling partly of horror and partly of relief, Bolton sprang to his feet, as the light revealed to him the ghastly features of Wilkins.

"Wilkins!" exclaimed he.

"That's me!" said the other, looking vacantly about him. "That's me! I wonder where Lucy is!"

"Lucy?—your wife?" exclaimed the Attorney, staring at him. "Why *you* should know. She's dead, long ago."

"They told me so," said he, shaking his head sadly; "but I didn't believe it. She wouldn't die and leave me all alone. I know she wouldn't.—It wasn't like her."

"Poor fellow!" muttered Bolton. "It's too true. She's dead."

"Dead! Then who murdered her?" shouted the maniac, confronting the Attorney; "who murdered her, I say?" he fairly screamed, and at the same time advancing; "who murdered her? I'll *tell* you who did it! It was Reuben Bolton! *He* did it! She told me so in the grave-yard. I laid my head upon her grave, and she spoke to me, and told me; and I swore I would have revenge! And now I'm looking for him!"

"Good God! George!" exclaimed the Attorney, shrinking from the excited mad-man. "I never harmed your wife; indeed I did not!"

"Who are you?" demanded Wilkins, clutching him by the coat and dragging him forward with a strength that his appearance scarcely indicated. "Ha! have I found you?"

"God! George! I never harmed your wife!" exclaimed Bolton, absolutely paralysed with fear; "never, on my soul!"

"You lie! you lie! Where *is* she then?" demanded Wilkins, now roused to a perfect frenzy of madness. "I swore I'd revenge her! I've caught him!—now for his blood! Huzza! huzza!" shouted he, suddenly dashing his hand in his bosom and drawing out a large knife.

"God of heaven! protect me!" exclaimed the Attorney, struggling to get loose. "Help! help! help!"

Now, however, Wilkins was ungovernable.—He sprang upon the Attorney, and bore him to the earth; but Bolton was a muscular man, and driven to desperation, his struggles were fearful. He threw Wilkins from him, and although wounded, contrived to get to his feet and grasp the iron poker. This however offered but slight resistance to the maniac. Regardless of blows, he dashed in upon the Attorney, and drove the knife to the haft in his stomach, and drew it out with a long downward cut; and as the wretched man fell, he sprang upon him, and hacked and gashed him until his loud screams were stopped by the blood that gushed up from his throat, and his groans and cries sank into silence.

. . . . . .

In the morning when the clerk came to open the office, the key was not in its usual place. He knocked, thinking that business had called the Attorney there earlier than usual; but all was quiet. He went to Bolton's lodgings; but he had not been there. He returned and wandered about the premises, supposing that Bolton had gone out, and would be back shortly. But hour after hour passed, and it became late in the morning; still Bolton did not come. By this time the clerk's anxiety had increased, and fear and suspicion began to take the place of uncertainty. These communicated themselves to others to whom he mentioned them. A small group collected about the house, and finally ascended to the office-door and knocked. No answer. One of them then placed his shoulder to it and burst it open.

On the floor in front of them, stone-dead, was the lawyer; and crouching at his side, like a wild beast, with his long talons still clenched in the folds of the cravat of his victim, sat an object that scarcely seemed human; his large eyes glaring like fire from the deep caverns in which they were sunken, his beard black and unshorn, his face dabbled with dirt and blood, his clothes in rags, and his hair hanging like ropes on his shoulders. Such was Wilkins!

They rushed in and dragged him from his prey. He made no resistance, but laughed until he made the building ring; and then with a shout he suddenly broke from them, and darted out of the house with a speed that baffled all pursuit.

There was one tie of relationship that yet linked Wilkins to the earth, and that was a mother, whom he had not seen for years; and toward her home, with that strange instinct that sometimes lingers in a blasted mind when all else is wrecked forever, directed his course; sometimes pausing, sometimes straying far off in another direction, but in the end always making that his destination. And so he wandered on until night; and then, gaunt, haggard, like one in the last stage of mortal disease, he stood before his mother. Thirty miles had the miserable man come that day on foot. His feet were bleeding, and left their red tracks on the floor as he stood there.

"Lock the door, mother," said he, gazing wildly about him; "they're after me!"

"George! my boy! my own dear boy!" exclaimed the old woman, hobbling across the room and flinging her arms about his neck, as soon as she recognized him; "and you have come home at last?"

"Why don't you lock the door?" said he, looking restlessly around as he spoke. They're after me; and they'll have me! Oh! mother! save me from them!" and the wretched outcast threw his arms about her, and buried his face in her bosom, as if he were again a child, and sought the shelter which she once could give.

His mother gradually withdrew herself from his hold, and going to the door, shut and bolted it.—"There, George, you are safe now," said she; "now tell me all about it. What ails you? And Lucy, where is she?"

But Wilkins' mind was wandering, and he seemed restless. He got up and went to the door; then returned, and then went to it again, and tried the bolts and bars; and having done this, he sat down and took her hand, and looked up in her face with a childish vacancy that made her fear the worst; and then he laid his head quietly on her knees, and was soon asleep.

He slept for more than an hour; a perturbed and broken slumber, sometimes muttering to himself, sometimes laughing in a low merry tone, and at times gnashing his teeth. At last he awoke, and sat up, gazing about the room.

"Mother!" said he, in a low tone, "is that you?"

"Yes, my child!" said she, bending over him, and putting his matted hair back from his sunken forehead.

"And it's all a dream!" muttered he; "all a dream! Well, well; I thought that I had become a man, and had married; and that *she* was in her grave, and that *he* had murdered her, and that I killed him, and that *they* were after me.—Is that *blood* on my hands, mother?" said he, suddenly starting up and extending toward her his two hands, which were still stained with the blood of his last night's work. "Is that blood? Have I killed any body?"

"No, no, my dear boy; you have not!" exclaimed his mother. "Lie down, lie down; that's a dear boy. You're very tired; so go to sleep."

Wilkins made no reply; but sat gazing with a troubled look at his own hands. At last he again laid his head upon her knees. "Cover me up, mother; I'm very cold." His mother threw something over him. "There, now put your arms around me. You'll keep them off when they come, won't you?"

The old woman bent her head over him, and wept; and the wretched man, nestling up to her like a child, looked in her face and smiled, then laid his head down and closed his eyes.

He never opened them again; for when his mother attempted to arouse him, after a long time, his head fell back. Wilkins was dead!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Far and wide rang the news of that fearful murder. Men stopped each other to talk of it in the crowded streets, and women gossipped over it at their fire-sides until they drove the blood from their own cheeks. From morning till night hundreds loitered about the blood-stained building, gazing at its old walls and crumbling cornices with that mixture of apprehension and delight which go hand in hand so strangely. Some were busy in conjecturing which was the room wherein the deed was done. Some stood in silence with folded arms. One or two ventured into the passage and up the stairs; and as they creaked beneath their tread, they sank their voices and spoke in whispers; and having looked at the door of the office, and pointed it out to each other, they slunk out, without going in, glad to be once more in the open air. At last the police took the matter in hand. They went to the room and examined it; overhauled the papers, winked their eyes solemnly at the bloody knife, which still lay on the floor; shook their heads and made profound remarks to each other, in a solemn tone, which struck peculiar awe to the hearts of three small boys who had followed at their heels. After taking voluminous notes, they came out, shut the door with a loud bang, and locked it, so that none should enter. The crowd hung round the spot for several days; but as the wonder grew stale it gradually melted away, leaving the old house to silence and an evil name.

But bright things were in store for others who have largely figured in this story. Mingled with the rumors which were rife respecting the death of the Attorney, was one of the detection of the foul fraud attempted by him against the daughter of Mr. Crawford, which had been brought to light by letters found in his possession at the time of his death. These reports reaching the ears of Mr. Camden, hastened his movements. He forthwith proceeded to the city with the authentic will of Mr. Crawford in his possession. Before his arrival, having been informed of all that had transpired respecting the forged document, and being ignorant of the address of Miss Crawford, he went directly to Mr. Fisk, to whom he delivered the real will, and who immediately took the proper steps to have it admitted to probate, and the previous one annulled.

Great was the joy of Doctor Thurston on receiving this news. He hastened to Miss Crawford's house, and kicked the slow servant, partly because he kept him waiting too long at the door, and partly because he told him that what he was so anxious to communicate belonged to that valuable class of information called by way of distinction "piper's news." Once in the house, he hurried up to Miss Crawford's apartment, took both of her hands in his, shook them violently, gave her a hearty salute, and then trotted out of the room. When in the entry, however, it struck him that he had not sufficiently testified his satisfaction; so he opened the door, thrust in his head, and exclaiming, "Damme! I'm delighted!" shut it after him, and sallied into the parlor, where he repeated nearly the same ceremonies, omitting the salute, upon Wharton, whom he found sitting there. Having thus got rid of the first ebullition of his pleasure, he commenced walking up and down the room, rubbing his hands together as if deriving intense satisfaction from the operation; occasionally chuckling, and hugging himself up as if he had lately been seized with a violent and somewhat spasmodic attachment to his own person. At last he stopped in front of Wharton:

"Frank!" said he.

Wharton looked up.

"Helen is a fine girl—a very fine girl; I think I might venture to say, a d—d fine girl!"

Having thus asserted Miss Crawford's character, and clenched the last assertion by a blow of his fist on the table, he again paced the room, rubbing his hands, and embracing himself more violently than ever; while Wharton patiently waited for the conclusion of the sentence, which his knowledge of the Doctor's habits made him aware would come in due season.

"Rich, too—rich, Frank; handsome, young—a glorious girl!—a prize for a king! Isn't she?" And he now looked at him until he got an assenting answer.

"Nobody in the world to care for her but me, is there?"

Again he paused, and looked Wharton steadily in the face; but this time no answer came.

"Very well. I thought as much. She's all alone, poor girl! She's under some obligations to me, too; and she shan't go a-begging for a protector. I'm not so *very* old. Look at that leg!" said he, stretching out his right supporter, "and that arm; firm as iron! I'll marry her myself!"

As he said this he turned on his heel and resumed his walk up and down the room, without appearing to notice the deep flush which had covered over Wharton's face while he was speaking.

"Don't you think she'll take me, Frank?" said he, again checking himself in mid career, in front of Wharton's chair. "I *know* she will! She'd be very ungrateful if she did not—very ungrateful! Come, Frank, you must go at once, and make the offer for me. Be about it, boy—be about it! I'm afraid some one else will get the start of me."

Wharton turned very pale, and then said:

"My dear Doctor, I think—that is—I would rather that you should select some other person. I am sure that I should make but a bad messenger. I am certain that I should fail."

"Why?" said the old man, eyeing him sharply; "why?"

Wharton became slightly embarrassed; at length he said: "To be candid with you, I have feelings and wishes with respect to Miss Crawford totally at variance with your success; and therefore it is unfair in you to ask me to make a proposal which if successful must ruin my own happiness."

"You have?" said the Doctor, quietly.

"I have."

"And you intend to press your suit in opposition to mine? and now that you find all my hopes of happiness centered in that girl and her welfare, you do not hesitate to thwart the intentions of the old man who has been a father to you, and has protected you from childhood, and to blight the dearest wish of his heart? Is this so, Frank?"

It was a hard task for Wharton to struggle with feelings which he had cherished for years; but he did so; and at last he took the hand of the Doctor in his, and said: "No, my old friend, I will not. You shall meet with no obstacle from me. Marry her if you can. She's a noble girl. God forbid that I, by word or deed, should bring upon myself the charge of ingratitude, by crossing the path of one who has always been my best friend. But you must seek some one else to bear your message, for I cannot; indeed I cannot."

"And you will not endeavor to prevent my fulfilling my intentions?"

"Indeed I will not!" replied Wharton, earnestly.

"Well, I did not expect that," said the Doctor, coldly. "Didn't I bring you up from the time that you were no higher than my knee? Answer me *that!*"

"You have been very kind to me," said Wharton.

"And hadn't I a right to expect that as I grew old and feeble, you would be a stay to me, and if needs be, shield me from harm? Hadn't I a right to expect all this, I say?" asked he, warmly.

"You had, indeed," replied Wharton; "and as far as I can, you shall always find me ready to repay the debt of kindness which I acknowledge."

"*Shall* I?" said the Doctor, with a sneer.—"This looks like it; for at this very moment, when I, almost in my dotage, and scarcely able to carry my own tottering carcass, talk of committing such a downright piece of folly as running off with a gay, giddy girl, who would lead me the devil's own life—a rattling, wild hoyden, who would raise such a din about my old ears that I should be glad to tumble out of the world at a hop-skip-and-jump to get rid of her—you in the most demure manner say that although you will not assist, yet you will not stir a finger to prevent the consummation of this outrageous piece of folly! As I said before, I did not expect this of you."

"But my dear Sir," said Wharton, earnestly, "what do you want? What *should* I do?"

"Do? I'll tell you what *I* would do. If I were in your place I would step up to my venerable friend, and I would say to him: 'My dear old fellow, don't be a fool! I won't permit it.—You must not make such a sacrifice at your years. Sooner than that, I'll offer myself as a substitute, and will take the girl off your hands.' *That's* what I would do."

"Oh!" said Wharton, whose face began to brighten, "I understand."

"You do? Well, it's time. And you'll make the sacrifice?"

"I will."

"When?"

"Let me choose my own time," said Wharton; "for considering the picture which you have just drawn of the life that I am to lead, I think that I ought not to be hurried."

The old man took a pinch of snuff, and shaking his head, said:

"You're a droll fellow. Have it your own way." Putting his cane under his arm, he went into the street without saying another word.

Wharton kept his promise; and before the year was out he had offered himself as a substitute for the Doctor; and was accepted, and sacrificed according to agreement.

. . . . . .

On the day succeeding the murder, Mr. Higgs, ignorant of what had happened, was making the best of his way to the Attorney's office. He thought it strange that a crowd should be lingering about the door and looking up at the windows as if there were something very remarkable in what had hitherto struck him as a house very far gone in dilapidation, and not at all peculiar for any thing except an extremely rusty and gloomy exterior. Elbowing his way through the throng, he was on the point of entering the door, when he felt his arm touched, and looking round perceived the stunted marker, his usually composed countenance lighted up with an expression of great interest, beckoning him to follow. At the same time he quickly but cautiously placed his finger on his lip. Higgs did not know what to make of this manœuvre, but he did not forget that the marker was shrewd and intelligent, and rarely acted without a motive; so he turned in the direction which he had taken.

"You had better evaporate!" said the boy, as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the crowd. "What the deuce brought you here, when all your pluns is bu'st up, and you'm got to streak it? Why a'n't you off?"

Higgs favored the boy with a look of intense investigation, and then said: "Go on, Charley; what's to pay?"

"Then you haven't heard it?"

"No, and am not likely to, if you keep on asking questions without answering them. What is it?"

"*This* is it," said the boy, earnestly: "Wilkins settled the hash of that legal gen'leman, Bolton, last night; slashed him all to slivers; and when they bu'st into his office this morning they found him as dead as a hammer."

"Great God!" ejaculated Higgs. "Well?—well?"

"Well," said the boy, "that wasn't the wo'st of it. Wilkins is mad and t'other dead; so that there is not much can be done to them. But they found letters of your'n to the lawyer, and letters of his'n, all about that Will; and the police have got all on 'em, and will soon be arter you. So I think you'd better be off. That's all."

"I think so myself, Charley," said Mr. Higgs, after a short pause; and I'll remember the good turn you've done me this dey; I *will*, Charley; and if ever you are in trouble, come to me and I'll help you. By Heaven! I will. If I have but a shilling, you shall share it. Good by! I have thought hard of you, but I find the devil is not as black as he's painted."

"I find the same identical thing," said the marker, composedly, thrusting his hands in his pockets; "but you'd better trot. Off with you!"

Urged this second time, Higgs hurried off, while the marker sauntered back to the house to pick up more gossip.

From that time Mr. Higgs was absent from his usual haunts; and at the same time a gentleman singularly like him in personal appearance took lodgings in a small attic, in an unfrequented part of the city, where he locked himself up, saw nobody except a small stunted boy, who occasionally called and had long and confidential conversations with him in so low a tone that none could overhear them. The rest of the time the stranger passed in reading the newspapers and imbibing beer with great perseverance and relish. His name however was Brown.

For days after the appearance of Mr. Brown at his new lodgings the noise of the murder spread through the city. In broad thoroughfares where the butterflies of the world sunned themselves, and in narrow alleys where thieves skulked and the poor starved, it found its way. Every thing connected with it came to the broad glare of day; and among other things the last letter from Higgs to the Attorney figured in the public journals with a frequency which in any other case Mr. Higgs might have thought quite desirable. It was generally followed by a firm assurance from the editor to his readers, that a warrant was out against Mr. Higgs, that the police were on his track, and that he could not escape. Mr. Brown had been living in privacy for some days, when this paragraph met his eye. Having concluded it, he laid his paper on the floor, uttered the single monosyllable "D—n!" buttoned his coat up to the chin, put on his hat, drained to the very dregs a small mug which had contained ale, and opening the door of his room, quietly decamped. Mr. Brown never returned to his lodgings, nor was Higgs ever taken, notwithstanding the predictions of the editor, and the noted vigilance of the police.

Of Mr. Higgs nothing more is known; but shortly after the disappearance of Mr. Brown from his abode, that gentleman arrived in Texas, where he soon became engaged in an extensive law practice, being particularly well versed in the criminal branches of that profession, and profoundly learned in the law relating to wills. I am informed however that the effect of his intense application to study is showing itself in his eyes and nose, the former of which are becoming somewhat weak, and the latter slightly red at the end. It has been suggested by some ill-meaning person that Mr. Brown and Higgs were the same individual; but such a suggestion could only have come from an evil-minded person, and should be frowned down as a vile slander against a man of unimpeachable character.

Mr. Rawley and his dog a few years since left their former place of abode without mentioning their intentions to any one; and so profound is the mystery attached to their departure that I am informed neither his wife, nor sixty-two creditors, nor five deputy-sheriffs, who have shown a most lively interest in his welfare by diligently searching for him from that time to the present, have feared that he might have jumped in the dock and bathed himself out of the world, and it was suggested that if the river were dragged his body would be found. But his antipathy to water unless diluted with some stimulant having been duly reflected on, it was concluded that not even a strong hankering for sudden death could have overcome *that;* and the idea was abandoned as preposterous.

About a year after Mr. Rawley's departure, Mr. Quagley struck up an intimacy with his deserted wife. His visits became more and more regular; he sat longer, and seemed to think more profoundly; once or twice he complained of a little kind of flurry about the heart, and then would shake his head mysteriously at the lady; and on one occasion, when departing, being accompanied by her to the door, a succession of short, sudden reports, not unlike the corks popping out of half a dozen over charged porter-bottles, was heard in the entry. This discharge of artillery was accompanied by a very gentle scream, and in a short time Mrs. Rawley returned a little flushed in the face, adjusting her cap, which had in some unaccountable manner got out of place, probably in endeavoring to stop up the bottle from which the noise proceeded; and Mr. Quagley was heard chuckling to himself, and muttering as he went past the window: "Cuss me! but she isn't so bad!" From the direction in which all these straws were blowing, and from the fact that Mr. Quagley one day said, in the most resolute manner, "If he wouldn't like to know whether that there Rawley had hopped the twig or not, he hoped he might be sniggered," it was strongly suspected that he had designs on the lady in question.

But the best laid plans sometimes fail, and Mr. Quagley was a striking instance of the truth of this novel maxim; for one fine afternoon, after having been uncommonly merry, and having, as he metaphorically remarked, oiled the wheels of life's locomotive with a slight sling or two, he gradually retired into what he called a "brown study," a peculiar state of mind and body into which he was in the habit of relapsing after indulging the unctuous process just mentioned, and reposing his body on a chair and his head in a corner, he soon became merged in a profound calm. The usual hour for his leaving his study having passed, it struck the stunted marker that it was both longer and browner than common.—On attempting to awaken him, however, he dis-

covered that his studies were ended forever, and that life's locomotive had burst its boiler, and got off the track.

The establishment was broken up and the table sold; the "Retreat" disappeared, and the poor marker, after sauntering about the streets for several days with his hands in his pockets, whistling a careless tune with a heavy heart, betook himself to selling newspapers, an avocation in which he acquired great distinction by the ease of his manners and the harmonious fluency with which the names of a dozen or twenty journals flowed from his lips, without his missing a syllable or catching a breath. Having accumulated a small capital in this profession, and being of an ambitious turn, he gave it the go-by, and is at present a sub-editor to a leading journal in this city.

Mrs. Dow, on recovering from her fainting-fit at the Surrogate's office, retreated to her house in deep wrath; and having spent an hour in tearing her hair and gnashing her teeth—which, the former being a wig and the latter false, and originally reared in the mouth of a negro who had died of the small-pox, was not accompanied by any great bodily inconvenience—she retired to her own room, opened a small box without word or comment other than a spasmodic effort at swallowing an imaginary potato which rose in her throat, committed a large package of letters to the flames. She then went down stairs and rang the parlor-bell.

"Aaron, do you know of the affront which has been put on me?" said she, in a subdued tone, as the man-servant thrust his head in the door, and then walked deliberately to the middle of the room and stopped.

"I do," said Aaron.

"How shall I be revenged? I shall die if I aint."

"Marry some one else."

"Who?"

"Me!" replied Aaron.

The perspiration gushed in large drops on Aaron's forehead as he uttered this bold piece of advice, and he looked apprehensively toward the door; but it was received with more favor than he had anticipated; and but a very short time had elapsed before the man-servant had actually kissed the widow, a performance which he might have repeated, had not the lady suggested that she was in a state of high excitement, which proceedings of that nature tended rather to increase than diminish, and begged him to consider how recently her feelings had been lacerated by the most barbarous of men. Aaron took the hint; but he nevertheless urged his suit with such warmth and success that Mrs. Dow consented to change her state that very day. Before night the ceremony was performed, and instead of supping in the kitchen, Aaron took his tea in the parlor; the red-haired cook with prominent teeth officiating as waiter, that situation being resolutely declared by Aaron to be vacant, in defiance of the entreaties of his wife, who begged him to perform the duties but for that single night. But Aaron was so obstinately astonished that his lady could even think of employing him in such menial occupations, that she yielded the point; and the red-haired cook was called from the regions below to attend in his place.

Phillips yet lives; still the same generous fellow that he ever was, with a hand and heart always open to the voice of suffering. Many a spirit which was weary and heavy laden has been lightened by his kindness; many a sad eye has learned to glow with pleasure at the sight of him. Though his means are scanty he never makes that a plea for turning a deaf ear to the cry of distress; and his ready aid has often sustained those whom misfortune had driven to the verge of despair, and rescued those whom want had kept balancing between hunger and crime. Although his connection with this story has been a painful one, let us hope that there may still be pleasant dreams in store for him, and that he may yet meet with instances where a wife's love was rewarded, and where a husband knew how to appreciate that best gift in life.

THE END.

Dr. Johnson in Petticoats.—An old newspaper records the saying of a young lady, somewhere in the remote country parts of Yankee-land who, being asked at a tea-table if she used sugar, replied:

"I have an invincible repugnance to sugar, for according to my cogitations upon the subject, the suavosity of the sugar nullified the flavority of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious."

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the New York Sun.

A NEW NATURAL PHENOMENON.

Discovery of a vast Cavern in Schoharie, N. Y.—This new cave is not to be identified with the celebrated "Ball's Cave" of Schoharie, but is reported as far exceeding it in vastness, besides being more remarkable in its structure. Mr. Yates, a correspondent of the Commercial, in a letter of two columns, and from which we make a few extracts, minutely describes this last discovered cavern. It is situated in a north-easterly direction from the Schoharie Mountains, near the "Cave House," kept by Mr. Lester Howe, a very respectable farmer, who is proud of the cave, being, for all that is known to the contrary, its discoverer. Mr. Howe entered it for the first time in May, since which he has made numerous explorations, penetrating, on one occasion, a distance of five miles, and yet not coming to a termination!

"Having fairly entered the cave, (writes Mr. Yates,) we were obliged to walk in a stooping posture through a descending avenue, averaging 3 feet in height, width from 5 to 10 feet, and length about 25 feet. We then found ourselves in "the ante-chamber," a room about 10 feet square, and supplied with natural shelves, which suggested to our host the idea of fitting it up as a refreshment saloon.

"On we went through another avenue or hall 40 feet long, about 4 feet high, and 6 wide, whence we emerged into another room, 75 feet by 50, which I shall call the 'assembly room.' At one end of this room is a natural elevation, which could, with a little clearing away of the rubbish, be made to answer as a stage or pulpit for an orator.

"On the right we discovered a conical opening of immense height, not uncommon in caverns, and which are usually denominated 'domes,' or 'belfreys.' Diverging to the left through an avenue, about 15 feet in height, we found another room, which, from its form, we denominated the rotunda. Thence proceeding north about 19 feet, we came to the lowest passage yet discovered, 18 inches being the utmost height from the bottom to the vault of the cavern. Even the process of creeping on hands and knees was here impracticable.

"It seemed as if each one of us was now doomed to realize in his own person the sentence relating to the manner of locomotion pronounced of old upon the beastly tempter in the Garden of Eden; and not only so, but,

'Like a wounded snake, drag his slow length along.'

"After undergoing this penance for five or six minutes, I was rewarded by being ushered into a room that resembled in many respects the rotunda of Ball's Cave. From this room there were avenues leading to the right and left. Following the right avenue, I was conducted to a large chamber, which contained the largest stalactites I had ever yet seen. The predominating appearance of the stalactites in this cave is that of enormously large mullen leaves, hanging in clusters.

"Pursuing our circuitous way through the main gallery of the cavern—now stooping and then creeping—we presently came to another apartment furnished with a towering dome. Here we found an exceeding large stalagmite of pyramidal form. This mound-like formation, like all others in this cavern, (as well as in all lime-stone caverns,) is formed of carbonate of lime—is of a yellowish color—and presents in the main a smooth surface, with moisture varnished. A mammoth stalagmite, nearly filling the whole chamber, and about twelve feet high, is to be seen at some distance farther in the interior of the cave.

"To give a circumstantial account of the many other side chambers, domes and passage ways, to be seen in this wondrous cavern, would be but a repetition of description already given.

"We had penetrated into the interior of the cave to the distance of nearly one mile, when Mr. Howe intimated that we were in the neighborhood of 'the lake,' upon arriving at which we found a new and substantial boat ready for our reception, which Mr. Howe, with a commendable spirit of enterprise, and a tender regard for the welfare of all future travelers in his subteranean domains, had built a short time previous. This lake is about 50 feet across and 12 feet deep. It was not necessary here as in Ball's cave to prostrate ourselves in the boat to avoid the projecting rocks.

"Landing on the shore we followed the main avenue of the cavern about a mile farther, until I arrived at the point. It was here, I heard a sound similar to the roar of either the wind or distant falling water. We noticed an opening to the left, which Mr. Howe said had never yet been explored. We entered it, and the farther we proceeded, the more distinctly could we hear the sound of what we were now morally certain was a cataract. The noise continued to grow louder until it became almost deafening. At length I could with the great mathematician of old exclaim, Eureka! We were upon a level with the top of the fall, but could not enjoy the sight of it, as it was lost in the clefts of the rocks, foaming, tumbling, rushing into the gulf below, with a momentum that shook the very foundation of the cavern.

'Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous—see it roar,
While trembling rocks rebellow to the roar.'

"We had now been five hours in the cave, and had traversed a distance of three miles, and wishing to return to Schoharie village before sunset, we commenced a retreat.

"On emerging from the cave, I noticed, as I had done before, on leaving Ball's cave, the great difference between the air of the cave and of the upper earth. Comparing air with water, the former is the pure cold water of the living fountain the latter the insipid water of the rain-vat. I experienced, too, a sensation of lassitude, to which I was an utter stranger when I was in the cave.—In all this there is, in my opinion, nothing singular. The nitre, which is so well known to abound in caverns, solves the mystery. It imparts a healthy action to the respiratory organs, and slightly exhilerates while it invigorates the whole system. As germane to this subject, witness the cures of consumption affected by breathing the fumes of nitric acid, and the experiment of Dr. Mitchell, of Kentucky, who being much debilitated and afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, was restored to health by inhaling for a period the air of the celebrated Mammoth Cave of that State."

The Cave abounds in natural formations of great beauty, such as cannot be examined without intense interest, and luckily too large to be removed by the covetous hand of the geologist.—Mr. Yates says that he saw in the course of his wanderings through the cavern several square columns, with bases and cornices, apparently cut out of the solid rock; and many of the arches over head looked like fine stone masonry, the white incrustations having the appearance of cement or mortar.

No name has been given as yet to the cave, but the letter writer remarks: "It might not inappropriately be called 'The Great Tunnel Cave,' but the term 'Gallery,' the primary meaning of which is—'a long apartment leading to other rooms'—is very expressive. Some would perhaps prefer the name of 'Cataract Cave,' as the cataract is truly one of its distinguishing features."

Extraordinary Discovery.—At the late meeting in Manchester of the British Association, the following singular facts were communicated by Professor Bessel, said to have been discovered by Professor Moser, of Konigsburg:

"A black plate, either of horn or agate, &c., placed below a polished surface of silver, at a distance of one-twentieth of an inch, receives an impression of figures, &c., engraved on the former, which may be rendered visible by exposing the silver plate to vapor, either of water or of mercury, &c. The image made by the camera obscura may be projected on any surface whatever (glass, silver, a smooth cover of a book, &c.) without any previous preparation; and these will produce effects of the same kind as those observed on a silver plate covered with iodine. Vapors of different substances are of equal effect,) without pretending that the effect will always be permanent.)

"The wonderful secret and silent operation takes place at midnight as well as mid-day, in the dark as well as in light. There, on the silver surface, is the picture, to be called into sight by a breath. Can this be potography? The image is of the same character and as perfect as that of the early daguerrotype; but it is produced as well in the absence of light, and therefore Sir W. Hamilton suggested facetiously, as a distinction, that it be termed scotographo. But Sir J. Herschel asked, might it not be thermography? He had obtained impressions at the heating end of the spectrum beyond the extreme red ray!"

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Our attention is now attracted to a ray of light that glitters on the apex of a bold and noble head "located" on the left of the House, in the neighborhood of the Speaker's chair. It proceeds from that wonderful man who in his person combines the agitator, the poet, philosopher, statesman, critic and orator—John Q. Adams. Who that has seen him sitting beneath the cupola at the hall, with the rays of light gathering and glancing about his singularly polished head, but has likened him to one of the luminaries of the age shining and glittering in the firmament of the Union.—There he sits hour after hour, and day after day, with untiring patience, never absent from his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most zealous member of the House, his ear ever on the alert, himself always prepared to go at once into the profoundest questions of State; or the minutest points of order. What must be his thoughts, as he ponders upon the past, in which he has played a part so conspicuous? We look at him and mark his cold and *tearful* eye, his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We see him amid his festive and splendid halls years back, standing stiff and awkward, and shaking a tall military looking man by the hand, in whose honor the gala was given to commemorate the most splendid of America's victories. We see him afterwards the bitter foe of the same "military chieftan," and the competitor with him for the highest gift of a free people. We look upon a more than king, who has filled every department of honor in his native land, still at his post; he who was President of millions, now the Representative of forty odd thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating high principles. To-day growling and sneering at the House with an abolitiou petition in his trembling hand; and anon lording it over the passions, and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken to, unconsulted, never consulting with others, he sits apart, wrapped in his reveries; and with his fingers resting on his nose, he permits his mind to move like a gigantic pendulum, stirring up the hours of the past, and disturbing those of the hidden future; or probably he is writing—his almost perpetual employment—but what? who can guess? Perhaps some poetry in a young girl's album! He looks enfeebled, but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for combat; melancholy, but let a witty thing fall from any member, and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles; he appears passive, but woe to the unfortunate member that hazards an arrow at him; the eagle is not swifter in his flight than Mr. Adams; with his agitated finger quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe, and amid the amusement of the House, he rarely fails to take a signal vengeance.

His stores of special knowledge on every subject, gradually gathered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well-arranged storehouse of a memory which is said never to have permitted a single fact to escape it, gives him a great advantage over all comers in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderfully eccentric genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party belong to him. He is of too cold a nature to be long a party leader. He is original—of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and mentioning them. He is remarkable for his affabilities to young persons; and surrounded by them at his own table, he can be as hilarous and happy as the gayest of them. For one service at least, his country owes him a debt of gratitude, (I refer to the fine illustration which he offered of the true character of our institutions when he passed from the Presidential palace to his present post on the floor of the House of Representatives.) Though the position which he has there made his own, may not be that which his friends might wish to see him occupy in that body, yet in every respect the example was a fine one.

His manner of speaking is peculiar; he rises abrubtly, his face reddens, and in a moment throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack; then he becomes full of gesticulation, his body sways to and fro; self command seems lost; his head is bent forward in his earnestness till it sometimes almost touches the desk; his voice frequently shakes; but he pursues his subject through all its bearings; nothing daunts him; the House may ring with the cries of order—order! unmoved—contemptuous—he stands amid the tempest, and like an oak that knows its gnarled and knotted strength, stretches his arms forth and defies the blast.

The Room with the Light in it.

The following occurrence, in which Gen. Jackson (then a young man) was one of the principal actors, took place some years since in Tennessee:

The General was riding the circuit at the time referred to, as a lawyer, and the court was sitting in the little town of R——, now not much larger. It was a pleasant summer evening, and a group of the gentlemen of the bar were standing in front of the only tavern in the place, engaged in discussing the news of the day, when a stranger rode up to the tavern and dismounted. There was much of the dandy in his appearance. He stalked into the house, looked neither right nor left, and paid no attention whatever to the friendly greetings of the gentlemen above mentioned.—The house was kept by an aged widow lady, who was respected and esteemed by all who knew her. The important gentleman sought her presence, and demanded rather than requested "a room to himself, with a light in it." Mrs. R. politely informed him that as the court was then sitting and her house was somewhat crowded, it would be impossible to accommodate him in the way proposed; but he could have a room if he would share it with another gentleman. This he refused, and finally became so insolent and annoying in his remarks about the want of accommodation, that the lady sent for Gen. Jackson, as one in whom she could confide, and requested his advice. To him she stated the case, and he desired her to leave the matter to him.

He immediately took a servant and made him enter the little log corn crib, rake the corn all on one side, and sweep the floor. The light so much wanted was placed upon the floor. The entrance was a hole about two feet square, with a door or shutter, which was fastened with a padlock. The General then repaired to the great man and told him his room was ready with a light in it! The grinning darkey took another light and preceded him, while the General, with all due deference, brought up the rear. Jack led him to the hole, at which he stopped with very manifest tokens of rage. "There's your room," said the General, "don't keep us waiting." "Do you mean to insult me?" stammered the stranger, as he encountered the flashing eyes of the General rivetted on him. "Get in sir!" was the reply, "or by the Eternal, you shall go in, neck and heels. Jack, (to the negro,) help him in; he wants a room to himself!" Jack's aid was not needed. The dandy crawled in, the key was turned, and as insisted upon, he had the "room to himself, with a light in it."

Kissing the Bride.—Some thirty years ago, when the custom of kissing the bride was more in vogue among the ministers than at the present day, the congregation of old Mr. W., in one of the western towns of this county, were much exercised about their parson, on account of his indulging in such practices. They considered it unbecoming their spiritual guide, and the deacons of the church were finally appointed to wait upon Mr. W., and remonstrate with him upon his conduct in the particular referred to. They accordingly called at the house of the parson, and were received very kindly by the old gentleman, who listened patiently to their reasons why he should desist; but he told them that it was *part of the ceremony* which he rarely omitted, and one which he viewed as perfectly innocent, both in its performance and in its tendency. After discussing the subject for a length of time, the deacons, finding their arguments unavailing, attempted the force of ridicule. The parson bore it all very patiently, without making much reply, when one of the "commissioners," in reply to Mr. W., who said he always had and should "kiss the bride," asked him whether, in case the parties were colored, he would adhere to that rule. "No, no," said Mr. W., "whenever that occurs, I shall send for my deacons." The meeting was dissolved, and nothing more was ever heard against old parson W.'s saluting the bride.—*N. H. Palladium.*

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged! The lady by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied that she had no more money than himself, and though none of her relations had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging!

The following toast was offered by a gentleman of color at a celebration on the 4th of July:—"Here's to de colored fair sec'—der face need no paint nor der head no fumery."

Thrilling Incident.

Colonel John McDonald, of Ross county, Ohio, at a recent public dinner, related the following touching incident:

In 1787, Wheeling was besieged by a large army of British and Indians. So suddenly was the attack made that no time was afforded for the preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Col. Silas Zane; and Col. Ebenezer Zane, the senior officer, was in a block-house some 50 or 100 yards outside the wall.—The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but on every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block-house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to remove it. On the afternoon of the second day of the siege the powder in the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block-house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men to see if any one would undertake the hazardous enterprise, at first all went silent. After looking at each other for some time, a youth stepped forward and said he would run the chance. Immediately half a dozen offered their services in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, the sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity to dare, and the fortitude to bear her up in the heroic risk of her life. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt, by saying a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and if she should fall, she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of her clothing as would impede her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the block-house, where her brother Col. Zane, hastened to receive his intrepid sister. The Indians, when they saw her bound forth, did not fire a gun, but called aloud "squaw, squaw, squaw." When she had told her brother the errand on which she came, he took a table-cloth and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort with all the buoyancy of hope. The moment she was outside of the block-house the whole enemy poured a leaden storm at her, but the balls went whistling by without doing her any injury.

Blarney.—"A bright morning to your fair face, Mistress Murphy."

"Well, a good morning, John."

"Och! Mistress Murphy, whiniver I see a rale shiney, Irish mornin', like this, it puts me in mind of the old counthry, and of the time when I lived wid yer father, (rest his sowl,) a dacenter man niver drew breath, and sorra a poor crayther niver passed his doors without a bit of a sup."

"Troth he was, John."

"Mistress Murphy, (pulling a flask out of his pocket,) would you thrust me for half a pint till I go down to the wharf, and may the divil fly away with the roof of me jacket, but I'll I'll pay ye before the sun goes to bed!"

"Burn the dhrap, John, till ye pay for the half pint ye got yisterday."

"Mistress Murphy, (*emphatically,*) I know'd yer mother, and she was an ould hod carrier, an' yer fadther was a dirty washerwoman, an' I seed him hauled wi' six roarin' big bulls, to the gallows, ye ould ug——"

John decamped in double quick time, and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

On the smooth surface of a ledge of rocks, at Rainsford Island, that gem of Boston harbor, in front of the hospital, is the following epitaph;

Near these gray rocks,
Enclosed in a box,
Lies Mr. John Coxe,
Who died of small pox.

I Fight 'till I die.—An Irishman and negro were fighting a few days since at the corner of Eleventh and Market streets, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed, "You black vagabond, holler enuff! I'll fight 'till I die!" "So will I!" sung out the negro; "*I always do!*"—*Phil. Chron.*

"This must be looked into," as the spoilt child said to his father's watch.

"I have done the State some service," as the convict said when he left the State prison.

NEAPOLITAN LOVE ADVENTURE.—The London Globe furnishes us with the following Neapolitan story. No dates are given, but we are to suppose that the affair is of recent occurrence: "The Countess Mulfioli was left a rich and beautiful widow, at the early and interesting age of 22. Innumerable suitors came, but the Duke de Hermello was the only one whose sighs were reciprocated. Their union was agreed upon, and deferred only till the term of widowhood had expired. One day, at a fete, the young Countess took the fancy of consulting a fortune-teller who was there for the entertainment of the guests. He as usual examined the lines of her hand, and, with a troubled countenance and tremulous voice, said: 'Lady! you are at the gates of the temple of happiness, but you will never pass over its threshold, and will die in despair.' The lady was deeply affected by this prediction, and all the affectionate soothings of her lover were scarcely adequate to restore her mind to tranquility. Time and passion, however, had obliterated the impression when the Duke de Hermello went on a visit to Rome, and the Countess retired to a convent, anxiously waiting his return. Days, weeks, and months elapsed without the reappearance of her betrothed. At last came from him the following cruel epistle: 'Madame, we deceived ourselves in believing that we were destined for each other. To-morrow I shall be married to the Princess Maria Doria. Let us forget our childish fancies, but ever remain friends.' This was the stroke of fate; for, on finishing the letter, she sank to the ground and was taken up a lifeless corps. On the same evening her father left Naples for Rome, and five days after the Duke de Hermello received three poignard wounds as he was getting into his carriage, and expired on the spot. The ministers of justice in both countries are engaged in investigating these tragical events, which have occasioned the deepest emotion in many noble families."

A DISCOVERY.—Col. Payerne, of London, has made a discovery, by means of which the diving bell may prove vastly more useful than at present.

The difficulty heretofore has arisen from the fact that the diver could not remain, for any length of time, under water, for want of fresh air. But this difficulty the Colonel obviates by a very simple process. He takes down in the bell two chemical substances, the first found in pure potassa, which absorbs easily half its own weight of carbonic acid gas; the second, the sulphate of potassa, which when heated, gives out a large proportion of pure oxygen gas. Thus the one absorbs the carbonic acid gas as fast as generated by the lungs, and the other gives out the oxygen gas to supply the place of that consumed.

Col. P., with these two chemical substances, lately descended in a diving bell to the bed of the Thames, and remained there, without difficulty or inconvenience, cut off from all communication with the upper air, for ten hours.

MEXICAN DOGS.—Mr. Kendall, in the account of his Santa Fe expedition, speaks of some remarkable dogs used by Mexicans to guard their sheep. He says:

"There are very few men along with this immense herd of sheep; but in their stead were a large number of noble dogs, who appeared to be peculiarly gifted with the faculty of keeping them together. There was no running about, no barking nor bitting, in their system of tactics; but on the contrary, they would walk gently up to any sheep that happened to stray from the fold, take it carefully by the ear, and lead it back to the flock. Not the least fear did the sheep manifest at the approach of these dogs; and there was no necessity for it. They appeared to me to be a cross of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard species, of very large size, with frank, open countenances, and, from what I could learn, extremely sagacious."

IT TAKES THE VIDDERS!—Quite a mistake lately took place in a love affair at the north. A couple of young fools agreed to elope together, and by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements the male lover put his ladder up to the window next to that in which his sweetheart slept, which proved to be that in which her anxious mamma, a handsome widow, reposed. She turned the mistake to her own advantage, got into his arms, returned his affectionate embraces, was borne by him to the carriage, and by preserving a becoming silence until daylight, kept him blind to his error, and then by the potent power of her blandishments actually charmed him into matrimony with herself.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1842.

"THE ATTORNEY."—We conclude this popular tale in the present number of the Gem. At the time we commenced it, we had no idea that it would occupy for a year so large a portion of our paper; but if we err not, the tale has proved so thrillingly interesting, from its very commencement, as to render its length a trifling objection to the great mass of our readers. It is to be hoped that its author, JOHN QUOD, has not taken a final leave of the reading public.

MESMERISM.

Our citizens have for three or four weeks past, had an opportunity of witnessing some of the experiments in Mesmerism, or Animal Magntism as it usually is called, in the lectures of Mr. JOHNSON at the National Hotel. Having heard considerable said about town concerning these exhibitions, we dropped into the National a few eveoings since, and took some notes of the lecture. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to express an opinion farther than to say that they appeared mysterious and unaccountable. The subject was a young lady, a sister of the operator. He threw her into the magnetic state by looking intently in her face and gently rubbing her head and arms. A committee had previously been appointed, consisting of Drs. SMITH and REED and WM. A. LANGWORTHY, who examined the state of the patient previously, and reported to the audience. After being magnetized, the respiration increased, and the muscles became to all appearance as rigid as marble; the arms when placed in a bent or horizontal position, remaining fixed, and required the force of a strong man to move them.

The first experiments were those displaying the power which the *will* of the magnetizer has over the subject. Slips of paper were handed the operator from vorious parts of the audience, requesting him to cause the subject to assume various positions, such as raising the arms, relaxing the fingers, clasping the hands, &c. These were mostly successful, the subject performing the action before it was known to the audience what the paper contained, while the operator stood off at the distance of six or eight feet. The most remarkable of this class of experiments, was one requiring the young lady to rise from her chair and *kiss* one of the committee. The lecturer had stated at the commencement that he was unable to make her do any thing indelicate or improper. However, before the audience (except the writer,) had the least intimation of what the paper contained, the young lady commenced shaking her head, and by various gestures showed the utmost repugnance to do what she was requested. She manifested for a considerable length of time, a total unwillingness to obey; but finally rose from her chair, turned half round and advanced two or three steps towards the person, all the time manifesting strong symptoms of disgust. After standing a few seconds in this position, she resumed her chair.

The next class of experiments were those of "*Clairvoyance*," or the power of describing whatever the magnetizer has in his hand or whatever scenes he fixes his mind upon. Various articles were handed from the audience, such as watches, pencils, silver and gold coins, smelling bottles, reticules, fans, umbrellas, &c., the most of which she was quite accurate in describing, although from the commencement she had been blindfolded and the operator stood some six feet behind her back, with a partition which rose above her head, between them. When describing a fan she would make a motion as if fanning herself, and when an umbrella was handed in she would raise her hand as if holding it above her head, and then tell distinctly what it was. She would often, when asked, describe minutely the different parts of the article. After describing a gentleman's purse, the operator took out a bank note and asked her of what bank it was? Her first answer was "of this State;" when again asked, she answered "Rochester"—which was correct. She was requested to describe the gentleman to whom the purse belonged—and she told accurately the color of his hair, his clothes, and even the manner of wearing his shirt collar. She also described a lancet, and when the operator pricked his finger with it, showed signs of pain. Various articles were given him to taste; many of which she characterized as good or bad, according to the quality.

But the most amusing and perhaps the most wonderful of all the experiments, are those of "*Phreno-Mesmerism*, or *Neurology*," and which, if true, are most conclusive proofs of the truth of phrenology. By placing the fingers upon the different organs of the head, the natural language of those organs would be produced. Thus if "Mirthfulness" were touched, she would immediately commence singing and laughing; and when the fingers were changed to "Veneration," instantaneously her tune would change to a slow and solemn strain. Exciting the organ of "Language" would produce incoherent talking—"Alimentiveness" would cause the hand to go into the mouth, &c. If "Philoprogenitiveness" were touched, she would make the most alluring signs apparently to entice a young child to her arms; and if "Combativeness" were excited, she would manifest every symptom of anger and disgust.—Her answers during the operations were always in correspondence to the emotion depicted upon the countenance. The organ of "Weight" produced the most surprising result. She grasped the arm of the operator and endeavored by main force to raise herself from the floor. These experiments were combined and repeated various ways. She would sing a child to sleep and raise her hands in the attitude of prayer, when the proper organs were excited.

We have given a sketch of the lecture and the results of many of the experiments. The public can judge for themselves. The young lady was relieved—the head first, and then the arms—while the hands remained rigid in such a state that the medical gentlemen present thought it impossible to remain in without the muscles of the fore arm being correspondingly rigid. Dr. Smith placed his hand in hers and received a *squeeze* which he assures us he will long remember, and one which he believes it impossible for any female of ordinary strength to give.

The operator has, we think, been ungerously treated by the audience, who, though repeatedly requested to remain quiet, kept constantly hissing and applauding, wrangling and disputing about trifles; so that those who really wished to investigate had but a slim opportunity. We hope this evil may be remedied. If it is a necessary requisite to the success of the experiments that the mind of the operator should be kept quiet, he certainly should have an opportunity of remaing so.

Mr. Johnson has given a number of lectures since the one above referred to, some of which were more or less successful, while others were decided failures.

☞ *Comin & Paigh*, is the title of a firm in Manchester, applying for the benefit of the bankrupt act. *Duso & Keep* are their Attornies.—*Canigat & Gone* were their endorsers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HOLINESS THE CHIEF MINISTERIAL QUALIFICATION." A Discourse by JAMES B. SHAW, Pastor of the Brick Church, Rochester. Printed by EASTUS SHEPARD, corner Buffalo and Front Street, 1842.

A neatly printed pamphlet of 20 pages, 8vo. under the above title, has been published, andis for sale at the Bookstores. The Discourse was delivered before the Alumni of Auburn Theological Seminary, during the annual exercises, August 16, 1842. We give a few extracts, in the hope of extending its circulation among christians, and especially among christian ministers. It is the finished production of a powerful mind, directed to its object with uncommon fervor of feeling. Besides a beautiful adaptation to the occasion which called it forth, it is equally adapted to reprove that spirit of the age which, while it overlooks "The Chief Ministerial Qualification," is clamorous for superior learning and superior talents, though these are qualifications of a minister which the Bible never mentions. There is a striking simplicity in the division of the subject, and perspicuity characterizes the discourse throughout.—The author's style is always clear and forcible and often eloquent. But its chief beauty is an earnestness which will secure attention to the writer's views on the subject which he has so ably discussed:

Speaking of emotion in a preacher, he says:

"The propriety of *emotion* in the preacher, has been doubted by some and boldly denied by others. We have heard the praises, brethren, of a so called *philosophical* preaching—its matter, soulless abstractions; its manner, freezing frigidity; its pride, the dubious glory of shunning the very appearance of ardor. Such is the preaching, it is said, which commends itself to the wisdom of the wise, and which calls in the refined and literary. This may be true; and yet it is not the preaching which the Bible authorizes or the exigencies of a perishing race demand. That a sermon should contain clear analysis, sound logic and strong argumentation, we cordially admit; and if the gospel sought only to win the assent of the understanding, this would be the perfection of preaching. But the religion of Christ sets up a higher claim. Having brought over the intellectual powers, it passes into the territory of the heart, and summons the *affections* to its standard. Now, the accomplishment of this work requires something more than the abstractions of reasoning.—Nothing but the *heart*, can vanquish the heart. A speaker may possess an intellect to which the strength of Newton's mind was weakness; yet in vain will he strive to kindle feeling in others without first manifesting it himself. But why dwell on the propriety of emotion, when in every well adjusted mind it must necessarily be called forth by the moral grandeur of divine truth. There must be something wrong in that spirit which stands a listless spectator amid vastness or grandeur of any kind. He is to be pitied or condemned, who looks with a stoic's eye even at the wonders of nature. But the embassador of God is ushered into sublimer scenes. He finds himself surrounded by the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell. Every object which meets his eye, is invested with the grandeur of eternity. Amid such an assemblage of sublimities, to say that he does not feel the stirrings of intense emotion, is to impeach his intellect or question his faith.—When we are ready to exchange the glorious truths of the gospel for the senseless abstractions of the schools—when we are prepared to leave the sacred desk, for the academic grove—then let us coldly state and dryly argue. Until that time, God give his ministers grace to preach as Peter did, who was accused of drunkenness, or as Paul, who was charged with madness."

Again, speaking of trials which require holiness of heart:

"The office of God's embassador, brings him in contact with all that is most sad in this sorrowful world. In the marts of traffic, or the bewildering scenes of earthly amusement, the multitude can forget the wo of others, and find a refuge from the pangs of their awakened sympathies. But the man of God must bend *his* footsteps to the house of mourning, and hold *his* melancholy intercourse with grief. The sympathetic feelings of no other man are so seriously taxed. It would be impossible to find the individual who sheds so many tears for sorrows not his own. The hour of keenest suffering to the pastor is, when death enters his beloved charge, followed by his retinue of wo—the last convulsive agonies, the final farewell, the mournful knell, the sable bier, the bitter wail, the frantic widow robbed of her all; forcing her way, poor soul, into the grave, as though she could move the iron heart of the dreadful king—oh! these are the scenes which try our souls."

Our limits will not admit of more lengthy extracts. The pamphlet is for sale by E. SHEPARD, corner of Buffalo and Front streets.

"HUNGARIAN TALES AND LEGENDS, Romantic, Chivalric and Supernatural. By Miss PARDOE, author of the City of the Sultan, &c. &c.&c. First American Edition."

The readers of light literature have good cause to remember and admire the writings of Miss PARDOE. Few works of recent date, attracted greater attention, or reached a more extended popularity, than her admirable work entitled "The City of the Sultan." Deeply interesting in incident, free and flowing in style, and graphic in its delineation of the manners of that dazzling Court, it received the ecomiums of all the critics on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not strange, therefore, that this new work from her pen, should be caught up with such avidity in this country.—And it deserves to be; for no one fond of this description of literature, can read it but with pleasure. It has been issued from the press of the "Brother Jonathan," in a double sheet, for 12½ cents!—Those desirous of procuring a copy, can do so at MOORE'S Agency, Arcade Hall.

"THE UNITED IRISHMAN—their lives and times, by R. R. MADDEN, M. D. author of Travels in the East, &c. &c."

Is there an Irishman or an American who has yet to become acquainted with the great Irish Rebellion? If there is, here we have it, from a distinguished pen—dripping with genuine Irish genius. Few works have ever been issued from the press, possessing a deeper interest than this. It abounds in spirited details, and graphic biographies of all the noble hearted men who struggled for their country's freedom, during that terrible and unfortunate struggle. Every student of history—every one who wishes to know how much Ireland has suffered from English tyranny—should read this interesting work. It may be had, in a treble number of the "New World," at MOORE'S Agency, Arcade.

"LETTERS FROM THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC, in 2 vols."

The publishers of the New World, have sent out this work, in a double number of their paper. It is an interesting work, giving a graphic delineation of interesting scenes and characters.—Price 18 cents. To be had at MOORE'S.

"GODOLPHIN—a novel by Bulwer."

This is a re-print of one of Bulwer's early efforts. It is of a different caste from many of his more recent works, and quite as interesting. Price 12½ cents, at MOORE'S.

"THE LADIES' COMPANION, for September."

Full of rich matter from the pens of popular writers. The frontispiece is unusually beautiful, and the view of Washington's Monument, at Baltimore, is one of Dick's best. And there are Fashions for the month, with a fine piece of music, and several pages of pretty poetry—the whole forming a rich number.

"LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY, embracing the most popular and fashionable Music of the day. Edited by Chas. Jarvis, Professor of Music. Sept., 1842, vol. 1, No. 9."

This is a gem. Nothing can be more exquisite than the majority of the contents of the present number. The "Family Quadrilles" constitute fine pieces' of exceeding richness, while "Sweet Mary Draper" will drive off the blue devils, though they were as thick upon you as a swarm of bumble bees. There are seventeen pieces in this number—twelve of them original.

"THE NEW YORK LANCET."

Medical men speak well of this periodical. It contains a vast amount of what *appears* to be medical information, and we are of the opinion that it is managed with a great deal of judgment and taste.

"ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM, for September. Edited by S. C. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales."

Every new issue of this favorite of the lads and lasses of America, increases its popularity, and establishes its character for usefulness. To be had at MOORE'S

All of the above works can be had at MOORE'S Agency office, Arcade Hall.

RANDOM SHOTS AND SOUTHERN BREEZES.—This is the title of a new work in two volumes, by L. F. TASISTRO, a gentleman well known in the literary and dramatic world. It consists of desultory sketches of travel in the Southern States, and presents a fair picture of Southern manners and Southern institutions; and abounds with adventures, anecdotes, delineations of character and critical reflections. The author is sometimes grave, sometimes gay, and always entertaining. The work will amply repay a perusal. The state of our columns does not permit us to make any extracts. Published by the Harpers, in New York, and for sale at ALLING'S, 12 Exchange st.

A TREMENDOUS BUSTLE.—The old lady who represents Justice on the top of the Connecticut State House, was dressed in old times, when ladies *bustled* in the kitchen aad at the spinning wheel. Some wag deeming this ancient costume out of date, a few nights ago lashed a two bushel bag of bran to the old lady's back! It made a considerable "*bustle*," but no one felt disposed to disturb it until the ladies of Hartford had had time enough to contrast the superior grace of modern over ancient fashions.

A MODERATE FORTUNE.—It is stated that the Rothchilds of London have offered to compound their tax, under the new Income Tax Act of Sir Robert Peel, for the three years at £24,000. In other words, they are willing to be let off with the payment to the tax collector of $40,000 a year.—They admit, therefore, if the report be true, that their annual income is at least one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A WOMAN.—An exchange paper mentions the case of a woman who is so large round the waist, that her husband cannot hug her all at once, but when he takes one hug, he makes a chalk mark, so as to know where to commence the next time going round!

☞ A lady in Boston, a very beautiful woman, so represented, has made application to be divorced from her husband. She assigns the following reasons in justification of her petition:—"Harsh treatment, shaoby clothing, boxing her ears! and refusing to let her aunt visit her!!"

☞ There is a man in Philadelphia who has such a hatred to any thing approximating to monarchy, that he wears no *crown* to his hat.

There is an editor in old Virginia, by the name of Cake. His wife says he is a *sweet Cake*.—*Cin. Mic.*

A *dough* nut, perhaps.—*Boston Bee.*
More likely a *slap*-jack.—*Penny Post.*
More likely a *soft*-Cake.—*Barre Gaz.*
And possibly, though we should be sorry to believe it, a *sponge* Cake.—*Norwich Aurora.*
He's a *cup*-Cake.—*N. Y. Aurora.*
And perhaps *no* Cake after all.—*Prov. Chron.*
He is a *wedding* Cake, at all events.—*Boston Bee.*

His Cake may prove to be nothing but *dough*, after all.—*Roch. Gem.*

"What evils result from an unfortunate *attachment*," as the chap said when the sheriff sold his property, "by virtue of," &c.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Miss O. P. H.

Oh, lady fair, thy words have won
A conquest, bright as noon-day sun:
Most heartily do I rejoice,
To find the person of *my choice*.

I little dream'd so soon to find
One so well suited to my mind;
Although you are unknown to me,
I *like* you still, exceedingly.

I long to be with you alone,
To see you at your cottage home,
And then at evening's stilly hour,
To visit that delightful *bower*,

Wherein thy myrtle might be seen,
The woodbine, rose, and evergreen,
Arranged so neatly by your hand,
'Twould almost seem a fairy land.

I'd like to see that placid stream
That ripples through the woodland green,
Where warbling birds their songs unite,
Soft as the breeze of summer's night.

Pray tell me, Madam, if you will
Receive me at your domicil?
If so, then tell me at what hour,
And I will hie me to your bower.

But had I better not relate,
Before this thing we consummate,
The circumstances of my birth,
Describe my person, and so forth?

I do not boast of noble blood,
On Britain's soil I never trod,
American I am by birth,
The freest land upon the earth.

I'm not a *land-shark*, not at all,
But quite a different animal.
A *pirate* I would scorn to be,
The appellation suits not me.

Imagine to yourself a man,
Whose height would measure three feet ten,
And well proportioned otherwise,
With redish hair and greenish eyes.

One night, when walking past a store,
Heedless of obstacles before,
I hit my nose against a crate,
Which knocked it somewhat out of shape.

Perhaps you thought me beautiful,
With lofty brow and broad withal,
A handsome youth of courtly size,
With raven hair and dark blue eyes.

But now I fear you'll say I am
A very ugly looking man;
And wonder why I never thought
That what you wrote was meant for naught.

So to relieve you from all doubt,
I'll "pop the question" out and out:
If mine you will consent to be,
My heart and hand I'll give to thee!

Write soon, and let me know the worst:
If you refuse me, I am lost;
Discarded as a fallen star.
Will be your victim————R. J. R.

Riga, August, 1842.

From the Knickerbacker Magazine.

Woman or Wine.

An Epistle to the President of the New England Society, who recommend the introduction of Women instead of Wine at entertainments.

'One of the two, according to your choice,
Women or wine, you'll have to undergo:
Both maladies are fatal to our joys:
But which to choose I really hardly know:
* * * * *
I have tried both; so those who would a part take,
May choose between the head-ache and the heart-ache.'
Byron.

Oh! weak and fool-hardy reformer,
To substitute women for wine;
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than the sunniest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are juleps
Than women in witchery skilled;
For there oozes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who barters for beauty his whiskey,
The change will be certain to rue;
For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the best 'mountain dew.'

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry
You'll find to out-sparkle champagne:
And ringlets more golden than sherry
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to fools with like ease:
If one lays us under the table,
T'other brings us at least to our knees.

After dinner, when warmed with good eating,
'Tis woman not wine we should flee:
'Perfect Love' 's a chasse-cafe more heating
Than even abused 'eau de vie.'

Still at table some mischief she's brewing;
Oft feet scrape acquaintance below:
Ah! no heel-taps so pregnant with ruin
As those hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between courses at leisure,
Make friends when there's no one to mark:
Ah! less poison yield grapes under pressure,
Than fingers thus squeezed in the dark.

As home reels the toper of beauty,
How crimson his visage, poor elf!
How fever'd he sleeps! how his duty
Is left to take care of itself!

When thwarted, how palsied his powers,
Till he sinks in despair at death's door;
Oh! if woman her victim thus lowers,
Wine, I ask, can the bottle do more?

No spirit so ardent as woman's—
So sure to intoxcaite man:
Her touch is 'delirium tremens,'
That maddens him more than the can.

The glance of her eye is 'blue ruin,'
Her blush is the blood of the vine,
Her pout is a punch, in whose brewing
Tart, sugar, and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim appears;
Should her smiles only render him giddy,
He'll be surely made drunk by her tears.

Not the grape-juice of Eden made Adam
So stupidly forfeit his all;
But the lure of his volatile Madam
Led him tipsily on to his fall.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus the rover
So sure as its women beguile:
Better rest where he is, 'half seas over,'
Than steer for so fatal an isle.

O! then shun such a tempter as this is,
Nor commerce so hazardous court:
Who embarks on the waves of her tresses
Will grieve that he ventured from *Port*.

New York, 1841. Flaccus.

The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the green wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in her's she kindly put.
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near;
A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long.
Say, can you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his *song*?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees."

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made."

"So, Sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any *blind*
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary! he's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said "Oh, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

"And you'll come there—dear Mary too;
But, Mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, Mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

Marriages.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., at the residence of Darius Perrin, Esq., by the Rev. Mr. Eigenbrodt, Mr. DEWITT C. ROBERTS, son of Judge Roberts of Canastota, to Miss CAROLINE COMENS, daughter of B. Comens, Esq. of Louisville, Ky., formerly of this city.

On the 13th instant, by Rev. Charles P. Bush, of New York, Mr. WILLIAM H. SPENCER, of Mount Morris, Liv. co., to Miss ALMIRA HOPKINS, of this city.

At Ogden, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Sadgwick, CHAUNCEY NASH, Esq., of this city, to Miss SOPHIA G. ARNOLD, daughter of Enoch Arnold, Esq., of Ogden.

In this city, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. William Goss, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet Walker, of Brighton,

In this city, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, AUGUSTUS P. BIEGLER, M. D., to Miss JANE E., daughter of S. McKillip, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Rev. LYMAN P. JUDSON, of Warsaw, Wyoming county, to Miss ABBY C. PRATT, daughter of Harry Pratt, Esq., of this city.

In Grace Church, on the evening of the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Eignbrodt, Mr. HENRY H. LAMBERT, to Miss ELEANOR B. ROTHGANGAL, all of this city.

At Macedon, Wayne co., on Tuesday morning, the 13th inst., by Durfee Osborne, Esq., LEWIS EDDY, of Walworth, merchant, to HANNAH, daughter of John Thorne of Macedon.

In New York, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Rev. SILAS B. RANDALL, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Woburn, Mass., to M[illegible] MARY E., eldest daughter of Rev. Elisha Tucker, Pastor of the Oliver street Church, in that city.

In Chili, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. S. C. Charles, Mr. BENJAMIN BANGS, to Miss LAVINIA LAURA SECOR.

In Syracuse, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Adams, James Noxon, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of S. W. Caldwell, Esq., all of that place.

In Buffalo, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, Mr. Edmund J. Caldwell and Miss Jane Ann Babcock, all of that city.

At Eagle Village, Onondaga co., on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Jonathan S. Buell, of the firm of Buell & Delamater, of Pompey, to Miss Ellen J. daughter of Mr. Ezekiel Callender, of Eagle Village.

At Romulus, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Barton, Rev. Morrison Huggins, of Marion, Wayne co., to Miss Abigail Fleming, of the former place.

In Bergen, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. C. C. Foote, Mr. Joseph Pitcher to Miss Louisa Ashley, all of Bergen.

In Palmyra, on the 6th inst., by Frederick Smith, Esq., Mr. William Smith, of Columbia co., to Miss Fanny Vanriper, of Washington co.

In Newark, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Lee, Mr. Philo Phelps to Miss Emily Dewey, both of Manchester.

In Albion, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. W. French, Mr. Frederick W. Record, of Hartsville, Pa., to Miss Sophia, daughter of William Bradley, Esq., of Illinois, formerly of Westfield, Chautauque co. On the 31st ult., by the Rev. R. S. Crampton, Silas Day, M. D., to Miss Lois Eldredge, all of Holley.

In Murray, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. E. Esty, Mr. Bezer Benton, of Albion, to Mrs. —— Minor, of the former place.

In Attica, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. J. B. Preston, Noah H. Hart, Esq., of Lapeer, Mich., to Miss Emily J. daughter of Raymond Peck, Esq., of that village.

At Wethersfield Springs, on the 1st inst., by Rev. Thomas Meacham, Mr. Noble Morris to Miss Betsey A., daughter of Munson Doolittle, of the former place.

In Penn Yan, on the 30th ult., by Rev. James Richards, Mr. Arial Woodworth and Miss Margaret A. Worden, all of that village.

In Jerusalem, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. O. Montague, Mr Josephus Barrett and Miss Aurelia Danes, all of that place.

In Greece, on the 28th ult., at the residence of T. Roraback, by the Rev. Ralph Clap, Mr. Philo Sperry, of Alford, Mass., to Mrs. Ester Howe, of Albany.

In Batavia, by the Rev. A. Steele, of St. John's Church, on the evening of the 28th ult., Mr. George Knowles, to Miss Laura A. Latimer, both of that place.

In Burlington, Vt., Aug. 16th, by Rev. O. W. Meeker, D. C. Huntington, Esq., of Wyoming, to Miss Juliana Alton, of Covington, N. Y.

In Lyons, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. A. Eddy, E. N. Clark, M. D., of Bellona, to Miss Sarah A. Sutton, of the former place.

In Lockport, by the Rev. Philo E. Brown, on Tuesday evening, 23d ult., Mr. Albert Outley, to Miss Diana Broadhead. On Wednesday morning, 24th ult., by the same, Mr. George Allen, to Miss Mehitable Hollenbeck, all of that village.

On the 21st ult., by Rev. R. S. Crampton Mr. Henry Gardner, to Miss Elizabeth Ennis, both of Clarendon.

In Amsterdam, on the 24th ult., by Rev. M. S. Goodale, Mr. Edward N. Dauchy, to Miss Marion R. Pardee, all of that village.

ELECTION NOTICE—SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Monroe County, ss.—Rochester, 14th September, 1842.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
sep16 of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office. } 'To the Sheriff of the } county of Monroe—Sir,—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State; a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Henry Hawkins, on the last day of December next; a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States, is to be elected for the 28th Congressional District, consisting of the county of Monroe.—Also, the following county officers, to wit: three Members of Assembly. Yours respectfully,
S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

August 31, 1842.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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Western Sketches.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

HUGH GLASS, A HUNTER OF MISSOURI.

Those pioneers, who, sixty years ago, as an advanced guard, fought the battles of civilization for the very love of fighting, may now be recognized in the class of the hero of my sketch, who, 1000 miles beyond the last wave of the troublous tide of emigration, seek their pleasures in the hunt of the Blackfoot of the Rocky Mountains, a grizzly bear or a buffalo. It must be difficult to give even a faint idea of the toils and risks of a set of men so constituted as to love a mode of life only for these attendants; who exist but in the excitement of narrow escapes—of dangers avoided or overcome; who often, such is their passionate devotion to roving, choose it, and in preference to comfortable circumstances within the pale of civilization. Little has been reaped from this field, so fertile in novel incident, that its real life throws romance into the shade.

The class of people above mentioned, excluded from choice from all intercourse with the world of white men, are at different periods very differently occupied;—at times as trappers; at others they live with Indians, conforming in every respect to their mode of life; and often they are found entirely alone, depending upon a rifle, knife, and a few traps for defence, subsistence and employment.

A trapping expedition arrived on the hunting ground is divided into parties of four or five men, which separate for long periods of time; and as the beaver is mostly in the country of hostile Indians, in and beyond the Rocky Mountains, it is an employment of much hazard, and the parties are under great pains for concealment. Trappers and others, who remain in these regions, subsist for years wholly upon game. They never taste bread, nor can they even procure salt, indispensible as it may be considered in civilized life.

To take the beaver requires practice and skill. The trap is set, and then sunk in the stream to a certain depth, (when the water is too deep for it to rest upon the bottom) by means of floats attached, and a chain confines it to something fixed or very heavy at the bottom. This depth must be such that the animal in swimming over it is caught by the leg. The *bait* consists of some strong *scent*, proceeding from a substance placed directly opposite upon the shore; an oil taken from the body of the animal is generally used.—The greatest care is necessary to destroy all traces of the presence of the trapper when making his arrangements, which, if discovered by the most sensitive instinct of the animal, it carefully avoids the place; they therefore wade or use a canoe in setting the trap.

The solitary hunter is found occasionally thus employed for the sake of the trade with those who visit the country solely for that purpose; getting for his skins the few necessaries of his situation—blankets, powder, lead, &c.

The white, or more properly the gray or grizzly bear, is next to the Indian, the greatest enemy the hunter meets with in this region; it is the lion of our forests; the strongest and most formidable of all its animals. It is about 400 pounds in weight, its claws more than three inches long; the Buffalo bull, perhaps stronger and more active than the domestic, is a certain victim to its strength. If a grizzly bear is reported to be in the vicinity of an Indian camp or village, fifty or a hundred warriors turn out (as in the East for a lion or tiger) to hunt to its death so dangerous and dreaded a neighbor.

The grizzly bear never avoids, very often attacks a man; while, on the other hand, the hunter, but under the most favorable circumstances, carefully avoids him.

In the summer of 1828, immediately after the desertion and conflagration of the Arickara village, consequent upon its attack by the Sixth Regiment of United States Infantry, a party of eighty men, under the direction of Major Henry, (that had volunteered in that engagement,) left that point of the Missouri river, intending to gain the head waters of the Yellow Stone to make a fall hunt for beaver. The party had journeyed four days on the prairie; on the fifth we would introduce our hero (who was rather backward) to the attention of the reader, if indeed, it has not been already lost in the rugged field prepared for his reception.

On the fifth day, Glass (who was an engagee in the expedition) left the main body, accompanied by two others, to make one of the usual hunts, by which, while subsistence is acquired, the party is not detained. Having, near night, succeeded in killing a buffalo, they were directing their common course to a point near which they knew must be the position of the camp for the night; it was on a small stream, and as they passed near one of its curves, Glass became somewhat detached from the others, intending to drink of its waters; at this moment his progress was arrested by the sight of a grizzly bear issuing from beneath the bank opposite to him. His companions, overcome by their fears, which no obligation to share with him his unavoidable danger could resist, profited by their more favorable situation to attempt escape by flight, leaving him to his destiny.

A contest with a grizzly bear, more tenacious of life than a buffalo, is always dangerous; to insure a probability of success and safety, all the energies must arise in proportion to the magnitude of the danger; and they must be shown in perfect coolness; the slightest falter, which with the many would result from a loss of this presence of mind, would render the case hopeless and insure destruction.

Glass would gladly have retreated, but he knew all attempt would be useless. This desperate situation only nerved *him* to the combat. All depended upon the success of his first and only shot; with an aim cool and deliberate, but quick, lest greater rapidity in the animal should render it more uncertain, he fired his rifle. The shot was a good one; eventually mortal; but its immediate effect was only to raise to its utmost degree the ferocity of the animal, already greatly excited by the sight and opposition of its intended prey; it bounded forward with a rapidity that could not be eluded, in pursuit of its flying adversary, whom danger, with means of defence, had inspired with deliberate action, but now only gave wings for his flight. But it was unavailing and he knew it.—An appalling roar of pain and rage, which alone could render pallid a cheek of firmness, chilled him to the soul; he heard it as a requiem for a departing spirit. He was overtaken, crushed to the earth, and rendered insensible but to thoughts of instant death. The act of contact had been two blows, inflicting ghastly wounds; the claws literally baring of flesh the bones of the shoulder and thigh. Not sated with this work of an instant, the bear continued on to pursue, with unabated speed, the flight of the two hunters. The chase was to them awfully doubtful. Every muscle of a hunter's frame strained to the utmost tension—the fear of a horrid death—the excitement of exertion—together producing a velocity seldom equalled by bipeds, had been unavailing in a contest with that of the superior strength and fleetness of the raging animal. But fortunately it could not last; it was expended in the distance from the loss of blood—its exertions became more feeble—the sacrifice of a deserted comrade had saved their lives—they reached their camp in safety.

When sufficiently recovered, they reported the death of Glass, and their escape from the pursuit of the wounded grizzly bear. A large party was instantly in arms. It had gone but a short distance when the bear was discovered and despatched without difficulty. Glass, they found, was not yet dead; they bore him to the camp, still insensible from the shock of his deadly wounds. They were considered mortal, and of course bound up and treated as well as the circumstances would admit of.

A question then arose how he should be disposed of. To carry him further was useless, if not impossible; and it was finally settled that he should be left. Eighty dollars were subscribed for any two men who would volunteer to remain with him, await his death, and then overtake the party. A man named Fitzgerald, and a youth of seventeen, accepted the proposals; and the succeeding day the main party continued its route as usual.

For two days they faithfully administered to his wants; then their imaginations began to create difficulties to their situation; at least their inactive stay became very irksome; and as they considered his recovery hopeless, they equally agreed to think their remaining longer useless. Thus wrought upon, and from innate depravity, they conceived the horrid idea of deserting him, overtaking the party, and reporting his death. And they determined upon the prompt execution of their design. Nay, more; these most heartless of wretches, taking advantage of his first sleep, not contented with the desertion of a sacred trust, robbed him of his rifle, knife, and, in short, every thing but a small kettle containing water, and a wallet on which his head rested, and which, fortunately, contained a razor.

On awakening, how could he realize his situation! Helpless from painful wounds, he lay in the midst of a desert. His prospect was starvation and death! He was deserted by the human race!

But all could not equal the mental conflict created by this act, which words cannot sufficiently blacken. He muttered a mingled curse and prayer. He had a motive for living! He swore, as if on his grave for an altar, his endless hatred, and if spared, his vengeance on the actors of so foul a deed.

Glass, when his water was exhausted, for fear he should become so weak as to perish for want of it, succeeded, with great difficulty, in crawling to the edge of the stream, where he lay, incapable of further exertion for several days.

Few are aware, until tried, of their capacity for endurance; and the mind seldom shrinks from an exertion that will yield a single ray of hope to illumine the darkness of its waste.

Glass did not despair; he had found he could crawl, and he determined to reach a spot where he could better hope for succor. He crawled toward the Missouri, moving at the rate of about two miles a day! He lived upon roots and buffalo berries. On the third day he witnessed near him the destruction of a buffalo calf by wolves—and here he gave a proof of his cool judgment. He felt certain that an attempt to drive the wolves from their prey before their hunger was at least somewhat appeased, would be attended with danger, and he concluded to wait until they had devoured about half of it; when he was successful in depriving them of the remainder; and here he remained until it was consumed, resting, and perhaps gaining strength. His knees and elbows had now become bare; he detached some of his other clothing, and tied them around these parts, which must necessarily be protected, as it was by their contact with the ground that motion was gained.

The wound on his thigh he could wash; but his shoulder, or back, was in a dreadful condition. For more than forty days, he thus crawled on the

earth, in accomplishing a five day's journey to the Arickara village. Here he found several Indian dogs still prowling among the ruins; he spent two days in taming one of them sufficiently to get it within his power; he killed it with a razor, and for several days subsisted upon the carcase.

Glass, by this time, though somewhat recovered of the effect of his wounds, was, as may be supposed, greatly reduced; but he continued his weary and distressing progress, upon arms and knees, down the Missouri river. In a few days he was discovered by a small party of Sioux Indians; these acted toward him the part of the good Samaritan. The wound on his back was found in a horrid condition! The Indians carefully washed it, and applied an astringent vegetable liquid. He was soon after taken by them to a small trading house, about eighty miles below, at the mouth of the Little Missouri.

Glass slowly recovered from his wounds. He had been greatly reduced; he was, indeed, when found, a mere skeleton; but a vigorous frame and strong constitution, inured to constant exercise and rough labors, thus rendered iron-like, with little encouragement quickly recovers from shocks that would be fatal to men of different pursuits. While in this situation, his curse, his oath of vengeance on the authors of half his misfortune had not been forgotten. When in his feverish dreams he fought his battles o'er,—entrapped the wary beaver—enticed to its death the *curious* antelope —when the antlered buck was arrested in its pride by his skill, and weltered before him—and when the shaggy strength of the untameable buffalo sank beneath his fatal rifle, the bear, the grizzly bear, would still disturb his slumbers; a thousand times would be imagined to his mind the horrid, the threatening grin of its features; now its resistless paw was suspended over his head, with naught to avert the death-inflicting blow—and now his bloody teeth mangled his vitals. And again it would change, and he was confronted by mortal foes, and he felt a spell-bound inactivity—goblin-like they danced before him, retreated, advanced, in mockery of the impotence of their intended victim; and then he would see them afar off, with demon countenances of grim satisfaction in leaving him to a fate they could easily avert, of studied cruelty, worse than death. Awaking with convulsive start, the "Great Nemesis," ever invoked by the unfortunate, would seem to whisper, "Hast thou forgotten thy oath?"

His oath of revenge was far from forgotten.—He nourished it as an only consolation—an excitement to hasten recovery. Near two months had elapsed, when Glass was again on his feet. Nor had his ill fate in the least dampened the hunter's ardor; he the rather felt uneasy quickly to resume his adopted habits, which he had so long, so unwillingly forgotten.

The pleasures of this roving, independent, this easy, careless life of the hunter, when once tasted with relish, the subject is irreclaimable, and pines in disgust amid the tameness of more quiet occupations.

Glass had found sympathy among his new friends at the trading house. Who could withhold deep interest from the story of such wrongs? He was destitute of clothing; the rifle, butcher-knife, &c., the means of support, and even existence of the hunter. These they generously supplied him.—A party of six of the *engagees*, headed by one Longevon, had occasion about this time to ascend the Missouri, in a Mackinaw, for the purpose of trading with the Mandans, about 300 miles above. These, Glass resolved to accompany; he was anxious to rejoin the trapping expedition, from which he had been cut off; a great object, it may be readily conjectured, was to meet the two wretches he was so much indebted to.

The party set out in their Mackinaw in October; and near a month did they tug against the stubborn current of the Missouri. So slow is the progress of all boats, but those impelled by resistless steam, that hunters have the greatest leisure to subsist a party thus employed. At the Big Bend, a half hour's walk across reaches the point gained in three days by the boatman's labor. Among the hunters, Glass was as usual, conspicuous for patience and success. Many fat elk fell by his hand.

The Arickara Indians, driven by armed forces from the extensive village, had retreated up the river to the Mandans for relief. They had been overpowered, but not vanquished, and their immemorial hostility to whites was but aggravated to fresh deeds of outrage.

Late in October, the Mackinaw had reached within twenty miles of the Mandan village. Nor had its party been more cautious than is usual on the river. Late in an afternoon at this time, they unsuspectingly landed to put ashore a hunter; and, as it happened, at a point nearly opposite the spot chosen by the Arickaras for their temporary abode. Ever on the alert, the boat full of white men had in the morning been descried by one of their out-parties, and a runner had informed the tribe of the glad tidings. So all was in readiness for the destruction of the unconscious objects of savage revenge. Scarce had the boat left the beach, and Glass, as the hunter, (his lucky star still prevailing,) gained the concealment of the willows, when a hundred guns or bows sent forth their fatal missiles, and on the instant rose the shrill cry of war from a hundred mouths. Had a thunderbolt burst from the cloudless heaven upon the heads of the boat crew, greater could not have been their astonishment, or its destruction. The appalling din was echoed from hill to hill, and rolled far and wide through the dark bottoms; and it was such as to arrest in fear the fierce panther in the act of leaping upon the now trembling deer.

But few guns from the boat sent back defiance to the murderous discharge; the shouts were but answered by the death-cry and expiring groans. The Indians rushed upon their victims, and the war-club and tomahawk finished a work that had been so fearfully begun. They rioted in blood—with horrid grimaces and convulsive action, they hewed into fragments the dumb, lifeless bodies—they returned to their camp a moving group of dusky demons, exulting in revenge, besmeared with blood, bearing aloft each a mangled portion of the dead, trophies of a brutal success.

Glass had thus far again escaped a cruel fate. He had gained the almost impervious concealment of matted willows, and undergrowth, when the dread ebullition of triumph and death announced to him the evil he had escaped, and his still imminent peril. Like the hunted fox, he doubled, he turned, ran, crawled, successively gaining the various concealments of the dense bottom, to increase his distance from the bloody scene. And such was his success that he had thought himself nearly safe, when at a slight opening he was suddenly faced by a foe. It was an Arickara scout. The discovery was simultaneous, and so close were these wily woodsmen, that but the one had scarce time to use a weapon intended for a much greater distance. The deadly tomahawk of the other was most readily substituted for the steeled arrow. At the instant, it flew through the air, and the rifle was discharged; neither could see or feel the effect produced, but they rushed into each other's grasp, either endeavoring to crush his adversary by the shock of the onset. But not so the result. The grappling fold of their arms was so close that they seemed as one animal. For a while doubtful was the struggle for mastery. So great was their exertion that the grasped fingers met in the flesh! But Glass, not wholly recovered from his wounds, was doomed to sink beneath the superior strength of his adversary, by an irresistible effort of which he was rolled upon the earth, the Indian above. At this instant the effect of his unerring shot was developed. The Indian's last, convulsive exertion, so successful, was accompanied by a shout of victory—but dying on his lips, it had marked his spirit's departure. It was as if his proud soul, sensible of approaching dissolution, had willingly expired in the last desperate effort, and the shout of triumph with which he would have ushered both their souls into the presence of the "Great Spirit."

Redeemed, unhoped, from death, Glass beheld at his feet his late enemy, not only dead, but already stiffening, with hand instinctively touching the hilt of his knife.

Brief was his breathing time. He was soon rendered aware that the report of his rifle had been heard by the Arickaras—that his escape was discovered. He had instinctively reloaded his gun, and he renewed a flight of which his life was the stake. Concealment from his pursuers having become impossible, he used his utmost speed in the hope of soon gaining a shelter of such a nature that he could end a race which could no longer be doubtful. Horses had been called into requisition.

We may venture to suppose his hurried thoughts now turned upon his late narrow escapes, which he feared were of little avail; that the crowning scene was at hand; or that he prayed that that hand so often interposed between him and death, would again extend its protection.

Horses were of little aid in the thick bottom; but shouts, uttered at occasional glimpses of his form, announced to Glass that his pursuers were thus excited to efforts that could not much longer fail of success; and his thoughts were intensely turned upon some separate stratagem as his only hope, when a horseman suddenly crossed his path. In his present state of mind any Indian appeared in his eyes a blood-seeking enemy. He felt his death now certain, and was determined not to fall single and unavenged; he was prepared for his last mortal strife. But fortune, which apparently delighted to reduce him to the narrowest straits, but to show her freaks in almost miraculous reverses, had thrown in his way a friend. The horseman was a Mandan Indian on a visit to the Arickaras. Attracted by the noise of the pursuit, he had urged his horse's speed to witness the result; and coming suddenly upon the object of it, he, at a glance, became aware of the state of the case. A hundred in his place, or a hundred times to this once, though of a friendly tribe, would have sacrificed the white; but taking one of the sudden and unaccountable resolutions of an Indian, or, perhaps, thinking his interposition of almost impossible avail, at once entered into the excitement of the trial. Be this as it may, he motioned to Glass to mount behind him; it was instantly complied with, when turning his horse's head he urged it to its utmost speed. Better ground was soon gained, and avoiding the Arickara camp, they that night entered the Mandan village in triumph.

Here Glass was well received, for the announcement of his presence was naturally accompanied by the recital of his escapes, which nought but the greatest prowess could have accomplished; and nothing is better calculated effectually to engage the interest and admiration of Indians.

And often are acts and events, which are set down to the score of good fortune or good luck, the result of superiority in qualities immediately conducing to the result. Fortune is not so far removed from the agency of man that a genius may not, by a happy effort, insure its favor and apparently dictate to fate. A true knowledge of all of Glass' career leaves a first impression on the mind that it is a rare combination of *fortunate* escapes, or lucky accidents, but much of it may be explained as the more natural result of physical strength, cool intrepidity, and untiring patience.

After remaining a few days with the Mandans, Glass, nothing daunted by his past dangers, and equally regardless of new ones, resumed alone and on foot, his journey up the Missouri. The Mandan village is on the left or N. E. bank of the river; it was on the same side he commenced his journey, intending to leave the Missouri at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, about 300 miles higher up; his object in following water courses being to meet with white men, and to run no risk of missing the trapping party under Major Henry, he was so anxious to regain.

His arms were now a rifle, small axe, and the ever necessary knife; his dress, a blanket capote, (perhaps) a flannel shirt, leather leggins and moccasins, and a fur cap; he was, in addition, equipped with a blanket, spare moccasins, and a small kettle, composing a bundle suspended on his back. His route lay through a country infested by the Blackfeet Indians. The Blackfeet muster eight or ten thousand warriors; they live North of this part of the Missouri, and extend West to the Mountains; and they are frequently upon the Yellow Stone. To their East live the Assinaboines, Mandans, and Minitarees; to the South, the Crows and Sioux; and North and West, the Mountain or British Indians. With these tribes they wage perpetual war, and to the whites, incited by British traders, they have been more dangerous than any other Indians. It was through the grounds of this people that Glass had to make his solitary way.

The country on the Missouri, from the L'eau-qui-bourt up, is nearly bare of timber; the river bottoms are narrow, and on but one side at a time, changing at intervals of twenty or thirty miles, and sometimes there are none at all, the ground being generally high bluff prairies. This open, bare country, at times, as far as vision extends, is blackened with buffalo; it is within bounds to say that fifteen or twenty thousand may be seen at a glance. One of these vast herds, all taking the same course to cross the Missouri, detained Glass for two days, declining the perilous attempt to penetrate a mass which, when in quick motion, is as irresistible as the waves of the ocean.

In two weeks he reached the mouth of the Yellow Stone, having met neither white man nor Indian; here he crossed the Missouri on a raft of two logs tied together with bark, and continued his journey up the Yellow Stone. This is a wide and shallow stream, emptying into the Missouri from the south; it is even more muddy and rapid

than the latter river, to which it is believed to have considerable agency in imparting these qualities.

It was more than 300 miles to the forks of the river, nearer than which he could scarcely hope to meet with any of the party; since it had set in very cold, which would cause the small detachments of trappers to be drawn into that point, where he knew they were to winter. Right weary did he become of his journey, inured as he was to the toils and dangers which surrounded him. And the weather was extremely cold, for which he was scarcely prepared. Almost in despair, and having at times nearly resolved to retrace his steps, and winter with some of the most friendly Indians, one morning in December he was overjoyed to discover a hunting party of white men. On reaching them, it was long before they could make up their minds to believe their eyes; to believe that it was the same Glass before them, whom they left, as they thought, dying of wounds, and whose expected death was related to them by two witnesses. It was to them a mystery; and belief of the act of black treachery, which could only explain a part of it, was slow in being enforced upon their minds. Overwhelmed with questions or demands of explanation, it was long before he could ascertain from them in return, that the party had rendezvoused for winter at the Forks, which was but a few miles distant; that Fitzgerald was not there, having deserted; and that the youth was one of the expedition.

Fiercely excited with conflicting feelings—the escape of the main object of his just revenge, chiefly for which he had made so long a pilgrimage; and the certainty of soon facing the accomplice of his crime, Glass hastened to enter the encampment.

Nearly the first person he met, was the unfortunate and guilty young man; and it so happened they came upon each other suddenly. All attempt must fail to describe the scene that ensued; the effect of his appearance upon the youth. Had he awoke from a deep sleep in the embrace of a grizzly bear, or been confronted at noonday by the treatening ghost (and such he firmly believed him) of a deeply injured enemy, greater could not have been the effect produced. He stood without power of any motion; his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets; his teeth chattered with fear, and a clammy sweat rose upon his ashy countenance. Glass was unprepared for such a spectacle; and well was it calculated to create pity. For some moments he could not find words, much less the act of his purpose. He leaned upon his rifle; his thoughts took a sudden turn; the more guilty object of his revenge had escaped; the pitiful being before him was, perhaps, but the unwilling and overpersuaded accomplice of his much elder companion. These and other thoughts crowded upon his mind, and he determined upon the revenge which sinks deepest upon minds not wholly depraved, and of which the magnanimous alone are capable; he determined to spare his life,—

"That curse shall be forgiveness."

With dignity and severity, but great feeling, he thus addressed the petrified youth, who but expected immediate death: "Young man," he said, "it is Glass that is before you; the same, that not content with leaving, you thought, to a cruel death upon the prairie, you robbed, helpless as he was, of his rifle, of all with which he could hope to defend, or save himself from famishing in the desert. In case I had died, you left me to a despair worse than death, with no being to close my eyes. I swore an oath that I would be revenged on you, and the wretch who was with you; and I ever thought to have kept it. For this meeting I have made a long journey; this has supported me in my weary path through the prairie; for this have I crossed raging rivers. But I cannot take your life; I see you repent; you have nothing to fear from me; go,—you are free; for your youth I forgive you." But he remained mute and motionless; his reprieve, rather pardon, for such it must be considered in a country where the law has never reached, could not allay the mental storm which awe, fear, and an upraiding conscience had created. He was taken off by some of the witnesses of the scene, in whose breasts pity had taken the place of wonder and resentment.

Glass was welcomed as one recovered from the dead; one whose memory—such is our lot—had already been swept far upon the gulf of oblivion. His services, ever highly appreciated, were again engaged in the company, where we leave him, employed as the rest, in the sole labors of supplying provisions, and of self-defence from the extreme coldness of the winter.

Sketches of History.

From the last Annual Report of the A. B. C. F. Missions.

Eruption of the Volcano of Kilauea,

On the Island of Hawaii, (one of the Sandwich group,) in 1840.

BY THE REV. TITUS COAN.

On the 30th of May, the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region in that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle, they took little notice of it until the next day, Sunday, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by a sudden and grand exhibition of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night; but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to bow off in a northeasterly direction, and on Wednesday, June 3d, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour, in its progress. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modified by the inequalities of the surface over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except clearing away hills and precipices.

But I will return to the source of irruption.—This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one except myself has reached the spot. From Kilauea to this place, the lava flows in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet, but its course can be distinctly traced all the way by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam and gases. The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up, and spread over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it reappears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream, on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire, into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean! The scene, as described by eye witnesses was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision! Two antagonist and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand! The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of sand were also formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred, and the highest about three hundred feet.

For three weeks, this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for tweaty miles along the coast.—The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself like a river to the face of the country over which it flowed. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi, converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometimes sluggishly; now widening into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle here exhibited. The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed. During the flow, night was converted into day in all eastern Hawaii. The light rose and spread like morning upon the mountains, and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles, fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene was one of unrivaled sublimity.

The whole course of the stream from Kilauea to the sea, is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from Hilo station. The ground over which it flowed descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed with care, tho' scalding steam, pungent gases and smoke are still emitted in many places.

On pursuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty mouldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene. Hills have been melted down like wax; ravines and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like a feather in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then re-uniting, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres, with trees still standing, but seared and blighted with the intense heat. On the outer edges of the lava, where the stream was more shallow, and the heat less vehement, and where, of course, the liquid mass cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smouldering and only half consumed. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed, and when this was effected, the lap of the tree fell and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk, remains almost as smooth and perfect as the calabre of a cannon. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to measure from ten to forty feet deep, but as I remarked before, they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper. During the flow of this eruption, the great crater of Kilauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only out of many being left active in this mighty caldron. This, with other facts which have been named, demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement of the fires of Kilauea. The open lake in the old crater, is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station, and from the testimony of visiters.

During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt for several successive days, near the scene of action.—The shocks were not noticed at Hilo.

Through the directing hand of a kind Providence, no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of fiery ruin. The stream passed over an almost uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped.—During the progress of the eruption, some of the people of Puna spent most of their time in prayer and in religious meetings; some flew in consternation from the face of the all devouring element, others wandered along its margin, marking with idle curiosity its daily progress, while another class still coolly pursued their usual avocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors. It was literally true that they ate, drank, bought, sold, planted, bnilded, apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the firey waves, the bellowings, the murmurings and unearthly mutterings coming up from a burning deep. They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, firey scintillations, gazing vacant-

ly on the ever-varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense, dingy, lurid, or party-colored clouds. All these moving phenomena were regarded by them as the fall of a shower, or the running of a brook; while to others they were as the tokens of a burning world, the departing heavens and a coming Judge.

I will just remark here, that while the stream was flowing, it might be approached within a few yards on the windward side, while at the leeward no one could live within the distance of many miles, on account of the smoke, the impregnation of the air with pungent and deadly gases, and the fiery showers which were continually descending and destroying all vegetable life. During the progress of the descending stream, it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself in apertures, and under mossy rocks, and even hillocks and extended plats of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them with all their superincumbent mass of soil, trees, &c., on its livid bosom like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance like clotted blood, and when it was active it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation. Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery, diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, till meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill, of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then, bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had just time to escape from his dangerous position, when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out.

Sketches of Real Life.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

A DARING ADVENTURE.

There was some sharp and serious work occasionally on board our ships of war and merchantmen during the suspension of the friendly relations between this country and France, upwards of forty years ago. Many instances might be cited, illustrative of the courage of American tars. Among the most conspicuous was the recapture of the ship Hiram, of Castine, Captain Whitney, as described in the letter from the Captain published at the time, dated

"FORT ROYAL, MARTINICO, November 18, 1800.

Arrived here on the 13th inst., after being twice taken and retaken; and one hundred and two days at sea. I left Liverpool the 21 of August, and on the 13th of September, being in long. 55, and lat. 29, I was taken by a French sloop of war, and all my people taken out except *Harry*,* one man, and a boy of twelve years of age, an apprentice of mine; and manned with ten Frenchman, and ordered for Cayenne.

I being determined to attempt to retake my ship, on first discovering the sloop of war to be French, loaded my pistols and hid them in a crate of ware, which had I not done, I should have lost them, for not less than three different times were my trunks searched for them, as were the cabin and all parts of the ship, which they could come at; they found my ammunition, but my pistols were secure; and such was their extreme caution that, they would not allow any man to be off deck; eat, drank and slept on deck.

Finding that I could not obtain any advantage of them by getting them below, I determined to attack them openly by day light. Therefore at about four o'clock, on the fourth day after being taken, I secured my pistols in my waistband, having previously told Harry and my man my determination, and directed them to have a couple of handspikes where they could clap their hands upon them in an instant, and when they saw me begin, to come to my assistance.

The prize-master was now asleep on the weather hen coop, his mate at the wheel, and the crew on different parts of the main deck. Under these circumstances I made the attempt by first knocking down the mate at the wheel; the master started so quick, that I could get but a very slight stroke at him; upon which he drew his dirk upon me, but I closed in with him, sallied him out of the quarter rail, and threw him overboard. But he caught by the main chains and so escaped going into the water. By this time, I had the remaining eight men upon me, two of whom I knocked backwards off the quarter deck, and Harry and my man coming aft at this time with handspikes, played their part so well among them, that I soon got relieved. I then drew a pistol and shot a black fellow in the head, who was coming at me with a broad-ax; the ball only cut him to the bone, and then glanced, but it had an excellent effect, by letting the rest know I had pistols, of which they had no idea. By this time, the mate, whom I first knocked down had recovered, and ran down to his trunk and got a pistol, which he fired at my man's face, but the ball missed him.

The prize-master whom I hove over the quarter, got in again and stabbed Harry in the side, but not so bad as to oblige him to give up until we had conquered. In this situation we had it *pell mell*, for about a quarter of an hour, when we got them a running, and followed them on, knocking down the hindmost, two or three times around the deck, when a part of them escaped below, and the rest begged for mercy, which we granted on their delivering up their weapons, which consisted of a discharged pistol, a midshipman's dirk, a broad-ax, a handsaw, &c. We then marched them aft into the cabin, and brought them up, one at a time, after strictly searching them, and confining them down forward."

Ten days after this dangerous action, Capt. Whitney was again captured by a private schooner, from Guadaloupe, who plundered his ship of 8 or £10,000 sterling, put on board a crew of fifteen Frenchmen, and ordered her for Guadaloupe. After being in their hands for forty-six days, he was retaken by an English frigate and sent into Martinico.

* Second mate, a brother of Capt. Whitney, aged seventeen years.

From the Boston Boston.

Novel Case—A Warning to Ladies!

AN EDITOR RECOVERING SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS OF A LADY FOR A BREACH OF PROMISE!—Suits at law, brought by *ladies*, or their friends, for a breach of promise on the part of the *gentleman promisor*, are quite common, and excite little or no interest in the community. We have now to record the trial of a lady—for it was in fact a lady that was tried—for a breach of promise towards a gentleman. Many of our readers, perhaps, have heard something of the facts in relation to an interesting and highly exciting affair which occurred some year or two since, at Seabrook, N. H., the parties to which are Mr. J. M. Pettingill, publisher of the Village Transcript at Amesbury, Mr. John McGregor, a young man from the "land o' cakes," and at the time a sub-contractor on the Eastern Railroad; and last, but not least in our story, Miss Emily S. Browne, a fair and interesting young lady, the daughter of a substantial citizen of Seabrook. It appears that, for a considerable period anterior to that on which this affair happened, an intimacy and honorable intercourse had subsisted between Mr. Pettingill and the young lady in question, which, so far at least as was known, was both agreeable and reciprocal, and which had continued so up to the time when this Mr. McGregor, in pursuance of his vocation as a railroad contractor, took up his residence in the family of Mr. Browne, the father of the young lady, who lived on the line of the road. About this time, and after McGregor, (who by the way was a high man) had resided several months in the family of Mr. Browne, Mr. Pettingill came to the conclusion that he would get married. For this purpose he consulted with Miss Browne, who expressed her entire willingness to join her hand and her fortunes with his, and that too without delay. The parents too were consulted, their consent obtained, and thus all the necessary preliminaries were adjusted. Every thing thus far promised well, at least to the vision of Mr. Pettingill. Furniture and other necessary appendages were immediately purchased—a residence was selected by the lady herself—the wedding garments were bespoken—and even the happy day itself—the banns having been previously published—a day which was to render complete all their joys and consummate their happiness here below, by the tying of the nuptial knot—this day, even, was appointed by the lady herself!

But alas! for all human joy and bliss! How soon was the cup of joy and happiness to be dashed to the ground, leaving nothing but the bitter dregs of disappointment and sorrow to the expectant bridegroom! But the perfidy, and treachery, and deceit of a *beautiful young lady!* What shall or *can* be said in extenuation of such extraordinary conduct? Sorry are we to say, that truth, as well as the decision of a big judicial tribunal, answer, nothing whatever. The facts, as they are known, and as they were disclosed at the trial, were, that at this very time when the engagement was entered into and sanctioned by Miss Browne herself, and the arrangements making to celebrate the wedding with Pettingill, she was encouraging the addresses and keeping the company of the Scotchman; and finally the day before she was to have been married to Mr. Pettingill, she quit her father's residence at midnight, and eloped with Mr. McGregor to New York, where they were married!

Such are the facts, briefly, of this extraordinary affair. The residue is soon told. After spending the "honey moon" in New York, McGregor and his "lady love" returned to Seabrook. In the mean time Mr. Pettingill, feeling, as would naturally be expected, that he had been most unhandsomely treated, and that his conduct and motives had been misrepresented and unfairly condemned by the really guilty parties, resolved to avail himself of the protection of the law, and to seek in a court of justice that satisfaction and vindication of himself, which he was denied elsewhere. Immediately, therefore, upon the return of McGregor, a suit was instituted against him, the damages being laid at $5,000. This was upwards of a year since, but owing to some neglect in procuring the evidence of the marriage of McGregor to Miss Browne, the case was deferred to the term of the Common Pleas Court, which is now in session at Exeter, where it was called, progressed in, and finished on Monday last, the result of which was, a verdict for Mr. Pettingill with $1,600 damages!

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that this verdict has given very general satisfaction in the community where the facts are known. This is a novel case—the first of the kind that has ever happened in New Hampshire, or perhaps in New England, as we are assured by a veteran member of the New Hampshire bar.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE HOLE IN MY POCKET.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and turned my purse inside out, but it was all space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it, my dear; positively there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins.—"How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there! really!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate, as she is, always gave me her loose change *to keep*, called for a twenty-five cent piece, that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe-keeping; "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried, so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; "but vacancy returned a horrid groan." "On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plagued pocket is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am, it's gone! totally gone." My wife dismissed her promise and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loth to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor

friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

Thus things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pockets looked worse and worse; even my pocket-book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate:—as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore,
As his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," she said, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied, "he can't afford it; he can just scrape any how, and in these times it a'n't right for him to do it."

My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I could go with her to see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about six hundred dollars a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of housekeeping. We were admitted by Ned and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshments, an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he, on six hundred dollars?" was my answer, "if he gives ten dollars to this charity and five dollars to that, and lives so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without tweuty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to health, as it is not to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice-cream, or apples at one hundred per cent. on market price, or oranges, at twelve cents a piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, *he has no hole in his pocket.*"

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject; and it cut me to the quick. Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up—me and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening.

Musical Prodigy—Antoine Rubinstein, a native of Moscow, 12 years old, is displaying his extraordinary talents in London. In private parties he has exhibited such powers on the piano-fote as to astonish even professors, who are not led away by admiration of precocious ability. The lad, who is small, and very slenderly made, executes the same music of which Thalberg excels, and to perform which, it has been jocosely said, this celebrated artist has been furnished with five fingers and two thumbs to each hand. To gratify those who prefer fashionable music, he plays the fantasias of Liszt, Thalberg, Herz, &c; but when exhibiting before real connoisseurs, he chooses for his purpose the elaborate compositions of the old German school—the learned and difficult fugues of Sebastian Bach and Handel, all of which he executes with ease, as well as a precision, which very few masters are able to attain. He plays every thing from memory, this faculty being, apparently, as fully developed in him, as it is now and then, though rarely, in adults, who have perfected it by long practice.

THE UNDERTAKER.

An Undertaker is an ill-willer to the human race. He is by profession an enemy to his species, and can no more look kindly at his fellows than the sheriff's officer; for why, his profit begins with an arrest for the debt of nature. As the bailiff looks on a falling man, so doth he, and, with the same hope, namely, to take the body.

Hence hath he little sympathy with his kind, small pity for the poor, and least of all for the widow and least of all, for the widow and orphan, whom he regards, planter like, but as so many blacks on his estate. If he has any community of feeling, it is with the sexton, who has likewise a per centage on the bill of mortality, and never sees a picture of health but he longs to ingrave it. Both have the same quick ear for the churchyard cough, and both the same relish for the same music, to wit: the toll of Saint Sepulchre. Moreover, both go constantly in black—howbeit 'tisno mourning suit but a livery—for he grieves no more for the defunct than the bird of the same plumage, that is the undertaker to a dead horse.

As a neighbor he is to be shunned. To live opposite to him is to live under the Evil Eye.—Like the witch that forespeaks other cattle, he would rot you as soon as look at you, if it could be done at a glace—but that magic being out of date, he contents himself with choosing the very spot on the house front that shall serve for a hatchment. Thenceforward he watches your going out and your coming in; your rising up and your lying down, and all your domestic imports of drink and victual, so that the veriest she gossip in the parish is not more familiar with your modes and means of living, nor knows so certainly whether the visiter that call daily in his chariot is a mere friend or a physician. Also he knows your age to a year, and your height to an inch, for he hath measured you with his eye for a coffin, and your ponderosity to a pound, for he hath an interest in the dead weight, and hath so far inquired into your fortune as to guess with what equipage you shall travel on your last journey. For, in professional curiosity, he is truly a *Pall* Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a churchyard;—but to be within sound of his hammering is to hear the knocking at death's door.

To be friends with an undertaker is as impossible, as to be crony of a crocodile. He is by trade a hypocrite, and deals of necessity in mental reservations and equivoques. Thus he drinks to your health, but hopes secretly, it will not endure.—He is glad to find you so hearty as to be apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout, with a short neck. He bids you beware of your old gout—and recommends a quack doctor. He laments the malignant fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your complexion when it is blue or yellow; admires your upright carriage, and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good day, but means everlasting night, and commends his respect to your father and mother, but hopes you do not honor them. In short, his good wishes are treacherous; his inquiries are suspicious; and his civilities are dangerous; as when he proffereth the cloth of his coach, or to see you home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with humanity; at constant issue with its naturalists, and its philanthropists, its sages, its connsellors and its legislators. For example, he praises the weather with the wind at the east; and rejoices in a wet spring or fall; for death and he, reap with one sickle, and have a good or a bad harvest in common. He objects not to bones in bread,—being as it were his own diet,—nor to drugs in beer, nor to sugar of lead or arsenical filings in wine, nor to ardent spirits, nor to interment in churches.—Neither doth he discountenance the sitting on infants, nor the swallowing of plumstones, nor of cold ices at hot balls; nor the drinking of embrocations; nay, he has been known to contend that the wrong dose is the right one. He approves *contra* the physicians, of a damp bed and wet feet, of a hot head and cold extremities, and his own countenance to the natural small pox, rather than encourage vaccination—which he calls "a flying in the face of Providence."

Add to these, a free trade in poisons, whereby the oxalic crystals may currently become proxy for the epsom ones; and the corrosive sublimate as common as salt in porridge. To the same end he would give unto every cockney a privilege to shoot within ten miles round London, without a taxed license, and would never concur a fine of deodand for fast driving, except the vehicle was a hearse. Thus, whatever the popular cry, he runs counter; a heretic in opinion, and a hypocrite in practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

To conclude, he is a personage to the house of life: a raven on the chimney pot—a deathwatch in the wainscot—a winding sheet in the candle. To meet with him is ominous. His looks are sinister; his dress is lugubrious; his speech is phophetic; and his touch is mortal. Nevertheless he hath one merit, and in this our world, and in these our times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he undertakes he performs.—*T. Hood.*

School Examination.—We find the following in the Knoxville Times—it was not written in Tennessee, though:

"John, whar's your passin' lesson?"

"That sentence on the black board:—*There go a gentleman and a scholar.*"

"Pass *there.*"

"*There* are a noun of multitude, fust person, sing'lar, numerative case to *go.*"

"Very well—'go' the next.—[Tom makes for the door:]—Come back! Pass go."

"I was trying to go past."

"Next."

"Go is an insensible rig'lar verb, finity mood, perfect tense; 1st person, go it; 2d person, go ahead; 3d person, no go; made in the 3d person to agree with daddy's old grey mare understood."

"Very well, next pass gentleman."

"*Gentleman*, are an abstract noun, substantive mood, neuter gender, but in opposition to scholar."

"Right; *scholar*, the next."

"*Scholar* is an obstinate, pronominal adjective, ridiculous mood, imperfect tense, fust person, because I am speaking and governed by *a.*"

"Give the rule."

"Scholars are governed by indefinite articles."

"Very good; take your seats with 9 merit marks apiece."

Poetry run Mad.—The following appears under the head of "Watch Reports," in a sprightly little paper lately started in New York, called the "Morning Chronicle:"

"Mister Jonny O'Connor, a man of no honor, went out with Miss Brady, a nice little lady, and treated to brandy, and sponge cake and candy, and more things so dainty, and kisses in plenty. But at length the sad fellow grew awfully mellow; and as he was walking, and kissing and talking, with pretty Miss Brady, the nice little lady, a purse full of rhino, (I wish it was mine, oh,) he whipt from her pocket, and cleared like a rocket. But soon he was taken, while tracks he was making, and lodgings assigned him, where justice might find him. But the maid, on the morrow, came forward in sorrow, her little heart heaving, and tears her eyes leaving, and begged that his Honor would pity poor Connor—to which he consented, as Connor repented; when off went the couple, with limbs mighty supple, and left us presuming that maiden so blooming herself to a life of much trouble was dooming; for Jonny, the blockhead, who picked the maid's pocket, when married, I'm thinking, will whip her like winking."

Excellent.—John Neal beautifully says:—"When a man of sense—no matter how humble his origin, or degraded his occupation may appear in the eyes of the vain and foppish—is treated with contempt, he will not soon forget it; but he will be sure to put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who thus look down in scorn upon him. By shunning the mechanic we exert an influence derogatory to honest labor, and make it unfashionable for young men to learn trades or labor for a support. Did our young women realize that for all they possess they are indebted to the mechanic, it would be their desire to elevate him and encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn the lazy, the fashionable, the sponger, and the well-dressed pauper. On looking back a few years, our most fastidious ladies can trace their geneology from some humble mechanics, who, perhaps, in their day were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms."

All Ladies.—In Queen Anne's reign, Lord Bateman married three wives, all of whom were his servants. A beggar woman, meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy. "An' bless you," said she, "and long life to you; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time."

"Back out," as the bustle said to the petticoat.

Anecdote of the Marquis De LaFayette and General Wayne.

An anecdote of the Revolution has recently been related to me which I think may prove interesting to your readers, both as connected with that era in our history, and as conferring honor on a worthy son of the Old Dominion, now no more. Its interest is enhanced from the beautiful illustration which it gives, in the case of Gen. Lafayette, of that circumstance so often noticed and dwelt upon by metaphysical speculators—the peculiarly permanent impression *trivial* circumstances, occurring in youth, make upon the mind.

It was in the summer of 1781, when Cornwallis was invading Virginia, and in pursuit of the Marquis de LaFayette, (in which memorable retreat LaFayette was so eminently successful,) attempting to prevent him from communicating with General Wayne, on the Pennsylvania line, and reaching his military stores at Albermarle Old Court House. The Marquis found his *stores* indispensable—and in order to obtain them he tho't it extremely probable that he should have to hazard a battle. Such was the disparity of force that it would have been the height of rashness to do so without a reinforcement—and this reinforcement was expected in the forces under command of Gen. Wayne.

For the purpose of effecting the proposed junction, he determined to send despatches to Wayne, disclosing his plan of operations, and ordering him to do all in his power to unite his detachment with the main body of the army. He selected as the bearer of these despatches, a young aid-de-camp, by name, Richard Anderson, a native of Virginia. He gave Anderson the following additional instructions; to remain with Wayne's detachment, and to send him a courier every hour informing him of Wayne's progress and locality.

Ensign Anderson immediately mounted his horse and rode to Wayne's camp. On his arrival, he was conducted into the presence of "Mad Anthony," (as Gen. Wayne was called,) to whom he delivered his despatches. Having likewise communicated his instructions to the General, he demanded a courier, and asked Wayne what he should write: "Tell him I will come," was the laconic reply. With this answer the courier was despatched. The tents were immediately struck, and the army was soon on its march. After the lapse of an hour, another courier was demanded, and obtained. "What shall I write, General?" asked Anderson. "Tell him, I will come," was the second reply; and the courier was sent off.—The third courier was brought forward at the commencement of the third hour. "What shall I say to the Marquis?" asked A. "Tell him, I will be d——d if I don't come!" was the enthusiastic response of "Mad Anthony," with which the third courier was despatched.

Wayne effected a junction with the Marquis—they marched round Cornwallis during the night, and obtained possession of the stores. Lord Cornwallis, without hazarding a battle, commenced a retreat to the lower country: the conclusion of which was, his taking refuge in York Town, whither LaFayette followed him. The subsequent fate of Cornwallis is well known.

Years had flown, when LaFayette, on his last visit to this country, met Col. Richard Anderson on the wharf at Louisville, Ky. Col. Anderson, as his title indicated, had been promoted; and, subsequent to the war, had emigrated to Kentucky. He was one of the committee appointed by the citizens of Louisville to welcome his beloved Commander to their city. La Fayette instantly recognized him. They exchanged greetings, not unaccompanied by tears on the part of both. Col. Anderson escorted him to a hack, which they entered. After riding a short distance, the Marquis looked at Col. Anderson, and said—"Tell him, I will come." After a few moments, he turned to him again and said—"Tell him, I will come."—Soon afterwards he said in a louder and more emphatic tone—"Tell him, I will be d——d if I don't come!"

This singular correspondence, no doubt associated with what he considered the brightest portion of his life, had retained a place in his memory, even through the toils and cares, the pains and sufferings of that period of his life which intervened his return to France, and his subsequent visit to America. This period included those disastrous times of the French Revolution in which he took part; his confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz, and his liberation through the instrumentality of Washington and Napoleon.

☞ He who covets the opportunity to prove himself fit for *great* things, must *be* great in *small*.

PITY AND SCORN.—He that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

FACTS.—Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove, remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.—*Sydney.*

READING.—It is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge; and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

PROMISES.—It would be more obliging to say plainly, we cannot do what is desired, than to amuse people with false words, which often puts them upon false measures.

TREACHERY.—There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.—*Spectator.*

HONESTY AND JUSTICE.—He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest, and dares do it—that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect, than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenue.—*Dr. Fuller.*

CONTENTMENT.—A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all his conditions—

"He knows not how to fear who dares to die."

TALKING.—The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions; and value others that deserve it.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CHASTITY.—Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible.

SINGULAR GALVANIC EXPERIMENN.—Weinhold cut off a cat's head, and when its arterial pulsation had ceased, took out the spinal marrow and placed in its stead an amalgam of mercury, silver and zinc; immediately after this was done, the pulsation recommenced, and the body made a variety of movements. He took away the brain and spinal marrow of another cat, and filled up the skull and vertebral canal with the same metallic mixture.

Life appeared to be instantly restored—the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut his eyes, and, looking with a fixed stare, endeavored to walk—and whenever it fell, tried to raised itself upon its legs. It continued in this state 20 minutes, when it fell down and remained motionless. During all the time the animal was in this state, the circulation of the blood appeared to go on regularly; the secretion of the gastric juice was more than usual, and the animal heat was re-established.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins and coats of armor, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition. When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitchy darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickly thistle, and instinctly uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

LOVE FOR NAPOLEON.—The National, of Paris, states that on the eve of the day which was observed as the anniversary of the Fete of Napoleon, upwards of fifteen thousand persons went to the Invalides to visit the late Emperor's tomb; and that during the day, also, the column of Vendome was surrounded by votaries to his memory.

DIFFERENCE IN PRIESTS.—When Le Pere Poudalone preached at Louen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick,—but when I preached the following year, said Le Pere Arrius, every man minded his own business.

CANTER.—Though any man can put his pony or his roadster to the canter, few are able in general to explain the word by which they designate the animal's pace. The term canter is a corruption, or rather an abbreviation of a Canterbury gallop, which signifies the hand-gallop of an ambling horse. The origin of the phrase is as old as the days of Canterbury pilgrimages, when votaries came at certain seasons to the shrine of Thomas-a-Becket, in that city, from all parts of the nation. Mail-coaches and railroads being then unknown, the pilgrims traveled on horseback, and, from their using generally easy ambling nags, the pace at which they got over the ground came to be called a "Canterbury gallop," and afterwards a "canter."

PARENTAL BEREAVEMENT.—An affecting instance of this in one of the lower ranks of creation, was witnessed at a neighbor's a day or two since. A domestic hen, the mother of a brood of five tiny chickens, had been killed by a blow received in the street, and her lifeless body was thrown aside into a retired part of our friend's garden. In the evening after a long and busy search for the little family, they were all found surrounding their dead mother, some of them nestled, as best they could, under her neck and wings. The spectacle presented by the little orphans, was quite a moving one, and not uncalculated to win a tear from a human feeling heart.—*Georgetown Adv.*

AN AFRICAN'S IDEA OF THE CREATION OF MAN.—King Yardoo, of the Goulah country, during a recent palaver with one of the Liberia missionaries, gave him the following account of the manner in which God made man:—

"First he came down in the morning, and worked all day long making white men in America, and gave them a plenty of good sense. Then he came along in the dark, about midnight, and made we countrymen all black, and because he wanted to get home before breakfast, he never waited to give us any sense at all, but told us to make war, raise rice and cassada, eat dumboy and pepper, and that is all."

PREACHING.—A parishioner complained to his parson that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer. "Why," asked the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?"—"O, yes, I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes, I can see perfectly well." "Then what can be the trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you may say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dish-water."

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—Not many months ago, while a number of young people were discoursing upon the easiest mode of leaving the world, whether drowning, freezing, &c., were the least painful, a Miss of fifteen was asked how she should choose to die, who replied, "I wish to die the death of the righteous."

ETYMOLOGY.—EXPLANATION.—The saying "stark naked" arose from the fact that the wife of Gen. Stark lent her petticoat for a flag during the war. "Stark naked" doesn't mean entirely naked, as people have hitherto supposed—but only means naked *a la* Mrs. Stark.

KEPT HIS WORD.—A poor scamp left his wife in a great rage, declaring she should never see his face again, till he was rich enough to come back in a carriage. He kept his word, for in two hours he was brought home drunk, on a wheelbarrow.

THE RULING PASSION.—Sigourney, the celebrated punster, when near his death, overheard a servant inform the doctor in a whisper, that a certain person had fallen into the well. Sigourney painfully lifted up his head and inquired, "I say doctor—*did he kick the bucket!*"

A militia officer being told lately, by a phrenologist, that he had the organ of *locality* very large, innocently replied—

"Very likely—I was fifteen years a colonel in the *local* militia."

A lady, down south, allows potatoes on the table in no other state than washed, as she does'nt like to see them *undressed before folks!*

Another lately discharged her beau because he said the *wind* had *shifted.*

An old English author whose writings are characterized more by homely bluntness than by rhetorical beauty, saith, "Hogs do not *always* go upon all fours."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, including the more recent discoveries and applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, and to the Arts. By ROBERT KANE, M. D., M. R. I. A., pp. 704."

This is an American edition of the most perfect work upon this important science, ever issued from the press. It contains very many useful suggestions, and details of recent experiments, by Dr. DRAPER, of the New York University, under whose supervision it has been published in this country. In the preface the editor remarks:—

"My object in the following pages is to present to the student an account of the general principles and facts of Chemistry, and of its applications to Pharmacy, to Medicine, and to the Useful Arts.

"Chemistry being itself but a department of Natural Philosphy, although the most extensive in its objects and the most important in its uses, it is connected so intimately with the other branches of Physics, that a knowledge of at least their general principles is necessary for the proper unstanding of the nature of chemical phenomena. I have consequently embraced within the design of the present work a description of the physical properties of bodies, so far as they serve to complete their chemical history, or influence their chemical relations; and thus, upon the one hand, supply characters by which chemical substances may be recognized, and, upon the other, modify the affinities by which the action of chemical substances upon each other is determined. With this twofold object, the chapters on Cohesion, Light, Heat and Electricity have been drawn up.

"The portion of the work which treats of the general laws of chemical combination, is followed by an account of the mode of preparation and properties of all inorganic substances of interest to Science, to Medicine, or to the Arts. But in this part I will pass over very briefly the history of numerous bodies which, from their rarity, are objects only of scientific curiosity, referring those who would wish to study their history more closely to the extended works of Thompson, of Graham, of Dumas, or of Berzelius.

"In the department of Organic Chemistry, my object will be fully to discuss the history of all such bodies as are of importance, from their bearing upon general principles or existing theories, from their use in medicine or pharmacy, their employment in the arts or in ordinary life. The numerous series of bodies which are every day discovered in Organic Chemistry, but which do not come under any of the above heads, shall be dismissed with only a notice of their existence.

"The relations of chemical action to the functions of organized matter, the applications of Chemistry to Physiology and to Pathology, will be treated of so far as our accurate knowledge extends; and, finally, a succinct description of the mode of analysis of organic and inorganic bodies will be given.

"The processes given for the preparation of the various substances described are, with very few exceptions, those followed either in my private laboratory or in the manufacturing laboratory of the Apothcaries' Hall of Ireland; and the apparatus figured in the woodcuts are generally similar to those which I employ in experiments of research or at lecture."

The work is for sale at WILLIAM ALLING'S Bookstore, Exchange street.

"THE BOSTON MISCELLANY of Literature and Fashion, a monthly magazine of original and choice articles, from the best writers of the day. Boston. $3 per annum. "September."

This work has reached the top-round of popularity. The indefatigable industry of its publishers, their liberality and determination to excel, has induced them to engage the very best talent in the country. Hence we find in the present number, articles from the pen of N. P. Willis, A. H. Everett, J. H. Ingraham, Mary E. Hewett, "Mrs. Clavers," &c. &c. The number for September contains two beautiful steel engravings—"The Dream" and "The Astor House;" and also a fine piece of music to Scott's "Farewell to Northmaiven." The typography of the Miscellany is of the best Boston stamp.

"THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, a monthly magazine of choice American Literature. Philadelphia. $2 per annum."

This is one of the favorite magazines, with which the press teems monthly. Its pages are usually filled with literary gems, but its peculiarity is its devotion to the Fashions. Each number is graced with several figures illustrative of the latest styles in lady's attire—which, to "a fashionable" would seem almost indispensible. The September and October numbers have each a very rich engraving—"The Eastern Princess," and "The Beggar's Petition." Either of these plates is worth half the price of a year's subscription.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK. Philadelphia. $1,50 per annum. Ten copies for $10."

This little work takes the lead of all the juvenile periodicals now published. It is not only edited with ability—by Prof. FROST, and T. S. ARTHUR—but its typography and the beauty and number of its engravings, are unequalled. Parents who wish to furnish their children with a useful and enteptaining companion, cannot do better than to subscribe for "The Young People's Book."

"GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE. Philadelphia. $3 per annum."

GRAHAM is always a favorite. More than fifty thousand copies are issued monthly. Among its regular contributors are J. F. Cooper, Wm. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow and Chas. F. Hoffman. With such a corps of regulars, and a host of occasional contributors, not a whit behind them, it is no wonder that this periodical stands so high in public estimation. The engraving in the September number—"The Proposal"—is exquisite.—There are two engravings in the October number, both rich—"The Playful Pets," and "The Blessing."

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Philadelphia. $3 per annum."

We have the September and October numbers of this monthly, and they are both brimful of literary gems, from the pens of Sarah J. Hale, Willis, Miss Lesslie, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Norton, &c. &c. Every article is rich, and so are the engravings. Those in the September number are "Redeeming Pawns"—redulent with childish glee, and "The Preble Medal," an exquisite piece of engraving. Those in the October number are "The Rustic Toilet," graphic and beautiful, and "The Elopement Prevented," a picture for desperate swains.

"THE CONSPIRATOR; A NOVEL."

AARON BURR is the hero of this work. The scene is the famous seat of Blannerhassett, where it is said BURR hatched his conspiracy. Many interesting scenes are interwoven throughout the work, and not a few of the prominent characters who have flourished in our political history, are mentioned. It will be extensively read, from the fact that every one can purchase it—it having been published in the New World, and is sold for 12½ cents!

"THE LAW REPORTER, for September. $3 per annum."

This work has become almost indispensible to the profession. It is the easiest and cheapest channel through which to obtain the various decisions of the Supreme and other courts. Every lawyer should take the "Reporter."

"THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY, embracing the most popular and fashionable music of the day. Edited by Prof. Jarvis. $3 per annum.

This is a splendid work. It should be found upon the table of every lover of good music.—Each number contains a great variety of the choicest pieces; and during the year, the patrons of the "Library" obtain all the most popular music, at one-tenth the usual cost. The present number contains thirteen pieces, six of which are original. "The Poor Bird," is a sweet piece, and the "Widow Malone" is Charles O'Malley all over. "The Market Chorus" and "Molly Bawn," are admirable. Indeed, the entire of the present number is rich.

All the above works can be had at MOORE'S News Room, Arcade Hall.

"CIVILIZED" WARFARE.—The London Sun, in giving an account of the last battle between the English and Chinese, says: "The troops contrived to surround the Chinese, and quite bewildered them. The carnage was dreadful, being more of a butchery than a battle. Ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, the poor creatures knew not how to surrender, and were massacred. Not less than a thousand of them, including a great number of Mandarins, were killed, while only three of the British troops were slain."

☞ It is mentioned, as a curious fact, that at a recent Temperance meeting in Germantown, there were twenty signatures obtained to the pledge, and of this number, six were named *Call* and one CHOSEN. This is an illustration of the Scripture, that "many are *Call*-ed but few are *chosen*."

☞ The Pittsburgh Chronicle is very angry at a fellow who married two wives, and in his wrath he exclaims:—

"Is there no chosen curse,
No hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the wretch,
Who, for his pleasure, seals a maiden's ruin?"

We will inquire, and let you know.

☞ A stone weighing half a ton, and composed of flint and basalt, recently fell at Harrowgate, Eng. It was warm when it first reached the earth. Where did it come from?

☞ A gentleman in Philadelphia advertises a child which he wishes some respectable person to adopt! This is a new mode of shuffling off "*responsibilities*."

☞ A thief stole a minister's license to preach in Boston the other day! Wonder whether he will use it?

The Queen caught a severe cold in her journey to Scotland.—*Satirist.*

Was it not the "*Scotch fiddle?*"

The Leeds Times tells a long story about a Miss Brook, the daughter of a wealthy American merchant, who had recently settled at Mirfield in Yorkshire. She fell in love, the Times says, with a menial servant in her father's house, a young fellow named Benjamin Hall, and having avowed her passion, induced him to elope with her, and they were married. Pursuit was made, but the pursuers were about half an hour too late—the knot was tied. Then follows a long account of tears, remonstrances, expostulations, threats, &c., but all to no purpose; the young lady clung to her husband. Finally, however, her friends contrived to carry her off, and Mr. Hall's efforts to discover her place of concealment were fruitless. He had employed an eminent solicitor to take up the matter, but it was supposed that his wife had been shipped to America. She is said to have fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in her own right.

LUNACY IN FLEAS.—A descendant and namesake of the great philosophical author of the inductive system, recently puzzled a modern man of science, by asking him if he had read Dr. Von Sheinmaehe's treaties on the cause of lunacy in fleas?

"No," replied the hoaxee; "but is is a very interesting subject, and it must be curious to trace the disease among the lower insect tribes. But (added he, after a solemn pause,) how has it been ascertained that fleas are liable to insanity?"

"Oh, very easily," replied B——, "since so many of them died *cracked*."

"My dear madam," said the doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you, you had but six hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did, but I did'at take the dose you left."

Poetry.

Frm the New Orleans Picayune.

September.

September's come!
The sober Autumn, with a face serene,
Smiles blind adieu to Summer, like a queen
Dismissing a gay favorite; the hum
Of bird and bee is still upon the breeze,
And, tho' no leaves are fallen from the trees,
September's come!

By the sea side
Sit now, when morn is mellow, and the shells,
All white beneath your feet, seem tinkling bells,
Full of the drowsy murmur of the tide
While sweeping of the winds, all sad and low,
Chords in the mournful harmony, as tho'
Some spirit sigh'd.

Ay! summer things!
Well may you tune together all your notes,
To pour a song of mourning from your throats,
For briefer even than the reign of kings,
Is your swift dooming; cease your busy hum—
Droop, summer insects—for September's come
To close your wings!

Now hours and days
Go rolling by, and weeks away recede
So noiselessly, that we may scarcely read
The calm, slow change of nature, as we gaze;
Until the speeding season yellows o'er,
And we look round for what was green before,
With fond amaze.

Still, need we sigh!
That a bright season passes on its way.
Since newness only springs from old decay,
Why mourn we over what has fallen—why?
While the old lesson chases us from youth,
Unheeded till we bow before its truth,
That all must die?

Yet there are some
Bright hues of summer left to gild the scene;
And long shall linger yet the summer green,
While in the sunny land the drowsy drum
Of insect voices, mournfully in night,
Sings faiuter, fower to their old delight,
September's come!

PHAZMA.

Our best Monitors.

BY J. H. BAYLEY.

The last remaining broken stone
Of temple, pile, or dome unknown;
The old bell in the abbey tower,
Without a tongue to tell the hour;
The wind-worn battlements, long been
As sharp as shingles, and as keen;
The archless cells and naked walls
Of castle holds and palace halls—
Are silent monitors that give
Us able lessons how to live!

The broad, green valley, deep and still,
Where flows the shallow bubbling rill;
The laughing meads and waving woods,
Where rush the bright and shelving floods;
The fenny moor and marshy sod,
Where thriving rush and bulrush nod;
The thorny brake and woodland flower—
But whisper as they fade and bloom,
"How short our passage to the tomb!"

But, oh! to find warm hearts of old
Wax undevoted and grow cold;
To know earth holds no feeling breast
On which our humble name's impressed;
To learn there breathes no kindred tone
In this harsh world to cheer our own;
To feel ourselves of all bereft,
And we the lost and lone ones left—
Doth teach us ablor lessons far,
How vain we've been—how frail we are!

He came too late.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt
That all his power was o'er!
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay,
No spell had memory.

He came too late!—The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy words,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when with word and smile he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurn'd his fickle love.

From Graham's Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine.

The Return of Youth.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

My friend, thou sorrowest for the golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight:
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light;
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadows o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep.
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth's a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, but folds her wings and bides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour:
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bird and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight there,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle murmur of the morning gales,
That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore,
And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bear,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

From Graham's Magazine for October.

Silent Love.

Oh! call it by some other name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all it sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.
Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they.

MOORE.

Marriages.

On the 28d inst., by the Rev. V. R. Hotchkiss, Mr. John DeLong, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Elizabeth F. Willard, of Rochester.

In Rochester, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. J. C. Minor, printer, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Col. A. Newton, of this city.

In this city, on the 23th inst., by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. William Anderson, to Miss Esther Ann, only daughter of Wm. Stebbins, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the 27th inst., by V. R. Hotchkiss, Henry Martin, of Sweden, to Miss Hephzibah B. Warrant, of Brighton.

At Oakfield, Genesee county, on Thursday evening, Sept. 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Chandler, Mr. IRA A. HAIGHT, of Brighton, to Miss CATHARINE A. HAIGHT, of the former place.

At Henrietta, on the 8th instant, by Rev. S. H. Ashmun, Milo Robinson, Esq., to Miss Olive Harris, both of Brighton.

At Canandaigua, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. A. P. Prevost, Philip H. Ruckel, Esq., of Geneva, to Caroline M., daughter of Colonel William Blossom, of Canandaigua.

At York, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. Edward Ingersol, Mr. Lyman Turner, Merchant, of Geneseo, to Miss Martha E., daughter of Samuel Lewis, Esq., of the former place.

In Springwater Valley, on the 14th inst., by S. G. Grover, Esq., Mr. David Henry, to Miss Mary Ann Totten. On the 15th inst., by the Rev. John White, Mr. Horace Hall, to Miss Julia Ann Totten, all of Springwater.

In Arcadia, on the 23d instant, by Elder Barker, Mr. Robert Purchase, of Phelps, to Miss Elize Waterman, of the former place.

At New Lebanon, on the 20th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Elisha Mather, Attorney at Law, of Rochester, to Miss Catharine C. Barker, of the former place, and for several years past teacher in the Seward Seminary.

In Le Roy, on the 6th inst., by A. P. Hascall, Esq., Mr. Charles Long to Miss Abigail Petit, both of York.

In Batavia, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. S. A. Estee, Mr. W. G. Armstrong to Miss Grace Glass.

In Bethany, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Oscar Camp, of Batavia, to Miss Rhoda Judd, of Bethany. On the 11th inst., by the Rev. Amasa Buck, Mr. Henry Nott to Miss Mary M. Ashley, both of Bethany.

At Pavillion, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. W. Hutchinson, Mr. Wm. McFarland, of York, to Miss Janet McGregor, of the former place.

In Shelby, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Geo. P. Prudden, Mr. John G. Freeman, of Cambray, to Miss Sarah Thombs, of Shelby.

In Geneva, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. G. Abeel, Mr. Thomas Sliney to Miss Sarah Hint March. On the 8th inst., Mr. John Robinson to Miss Sarah Ann Ferris, all of that village.

At Eagle Harbor, on the 11th inst. by G. N. Clark, Esq., Mr. Ira Gilbert to Miss A. Clark, all of Shelby.

In Holley, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. S. A. Estee, Mr. Enoch Eastman, of Holley, to Miss Sophia Curtis, of Webster's Mills. By the same, on the 7th inst., Mr. Hosea Bronson to Miss Sarah C. Blodget, both of Murray. By the same, on the 7th inst., Mr. Noah F. Newman to Miss Martha W. St. John, both of Hulberton.

At Mendon, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Burlingame, Capt. P. T. Chamberlain to Miss Mary D., daughter of Nathaniel Tuttle.

In Lyons, on the 7th inst., by Charles O. Hoffman, Esq., Mr. Edward D. Fitch, of Buffalo, to Miss Betsey Jane Grawbadger, of Savannah.

In Angelica, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. ———, Dr. Charles Ackley, of Burns, to Miss Lucy Ann Whiting, of Angelica.

In Lima, on the 11th inst., by D. Whiting, Esq., Mr. Joseph Barnhart, of Livonia, to Miss Maria Whitfield, of the former place.

In Avon, on the 12th inst., by Eld. Hail Whiting, Mr. Nathaniel Wood to Miss Aurelia Gray, both of the former place.

In Penn Yan, on the 13th inst., by Rev. B. W Stone, George P. Monell, of Carbondale, Pa., to Miss Henrietta J., youngest daughter of Abraham Wagener, Esq., of the former place.

In Batavia, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Duffield, Mr. Theodore Hinchman, of Detroit, to Miss Louisa Chapin, daughter of the late Dr. Chapin, of Detroit.

In Penfield, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Woodward, Mr. NATHAN H. BLOSSOM, of Rochester, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of the late Reuben Marlett, of the former place.

In Clarkson, on the 7th instant, Mr. Salmon Hunt, to Miss Elizabeth Duell.

On the 28th of July last, at Erie, Penn., by the Rev. Henry Zuttidge, Wm. Brown, Esq., to Miss Helen A. Ewing, formerly of this city.

In Barre, on the 11th inst., by Ralph H. Jackson, Esq., Mr, Wm. C. Gardner to Miss Ruhma Spoor, all of that town.

In Ridgeway, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Parkinton, Wm. H. Watson, of Penn Yan, Yates co., to Miss Mary L. Bottom, of the former place.

In Attica, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bunker, Mr. Nathaniel Fulford, of Marshall, Oneida co. to Miss Mary Cooley, of the former place.

In Warsaw, on the 12th inst. by Wm. K. Crooks, Esq., Mr. Ransom Hodge, to Miss Mary Ann Rickaby.

In Albion, on the 6th inst. by Ralph H. Jackson, Esq., Mr. Wm. H. Sanderson to Miss Mary M. Van Buren, all of Barre.

In Lockport, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Selmser, Mr. William Cooney to Miss Ann Tomlinson, both of that village. On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Isaac Oaks, Mr. William Janes, of Rock co., Wisconsin, to Miss Sophronia Eastman, of Cambria, N. Y.

In Buffalo, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Lord, Dr. Geo. Bartholick to Miss Julia C. Wheeler, all of that city.

At Jamesville, Onondaga co., on the 13th inst by the Rev. Clement Lewis, Mr. Noah C. Frary, to Miss Sarah W., daughter of Mr. G. W. Holbrook, all of Jamesville.

In Marcellus, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. T. J. Ruger, Mr. William C. Bassett to Miss Elisa M. Way, all of Marcellus.

In Macedon, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, Mr. Charles L. West, of this city, to Miss Hannah F. Jones, of the former place.

At Macedon Docks, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Philo Forbes, Mr. Luther A. Hathaway, to Miss Clarissa Ripley, all of the above place.

By the same, at the same place, on the 31st ult., Mr. Adoniram J. Rice, of Newport, Herkimer county, to Miss Ann S. Ripley, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, on the 6th instant, by Elder Raines, James Riley Van Orman, of Wisconsin, to Miss Elizabeth Arabella Adams, of that place.

In Auburn, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Mr. William B. Graves, to Miss Julia A. M. Ward, youngest daughter of Col. Joshua Ward, all of that village. At St. Peter's Church, on the 6th instant, by Rev. Wm. Croswell, James A. Curtis, to Miss Lydia Rowley, both of Moravia.

At Honeoye Falls, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Elder Badger, Mr. Andrew Bateman, to Miss Jane McIntyre, both of Geneseo.

In Wyoming, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Phinney Twitchell, Mr. Alexander Smith, to Miss Margaret F. Palmer, all of Wyoming.

In Newark, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Day K. Lee, Mr. Philo Phelps, of Manchester, to Miss Emeline Dewey, second daughter of Col. E. B. Dewey, of the same place.

In Bowling Green Prairie, Charlton county, August 4th, 1842, by the Rev. W. H. Porter, Dr. John H. Blue, to Martha M., daughter of Col. John M. Bell, all of Charlton county, Missouri.

"Thus hand and hand through life we'll go,
Its cheker'd paths of joy and wo,
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead."

ELECTION NOTICE—SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Monroe County, ss.—Rochester, 14th September, 1842.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
sep16 of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office. } To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe—Sir,—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State; a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Henry Hawkins, on the last day of December next; a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States, is to be elected for the 28th Congressional District, consisting of the county of Monroe.—Also, the following county officers, to wit: three Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,
S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

August 31, 1842.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Strong & Dawson, Publishers.

One Dollar per annum, in advance.

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Popular Tales.

From the Ladies' Companion for October.

THE GAITER BOOTS.

BY AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "QUADROONE." &C.

"Jealousy, with just cause, is virtue,
Groundless, it hath no evil equal to 't!"

Two years passed away, two years of uninterrupted connubial happiness, and each of our lovely brides has become mothers! Never was a man so delighted at becoming a parent, as Harry Lee, and of a bright, healthy boy, too, on which he could brag over his friend Lionel, whose beautiful wife presented him with a little girl; but as it was the perfect miniature of his loved Caroline, he was as well satisfied as Harry, though Harry's boy was the picture of his "papa."

"This is better than being a bachelor, hey, Linton?" said Harry, one day, when they had dined together at Lionel's house, and the ladies had left the table to look after their treasures in the nursery. "What a delightful creature my wife is! I advise every man to choose his wife for her pretty feet!"

"Pshaw, Harry," said Lionel, filling his wine-glass with ruby Port. "Caroline has rather a larger foot, perhaps, than I should like myself, but she makes as good a wife as if she had the feet of a Chinese beauty. I wouldn't change her for any lady that wears number ones that I have ever seen."

"Not for Ellen? My heavens, Linton, you must have a gross taste, not to admire Ellen's sweet little feet. My boy has got small feet, too—devilish small! But then it don't signify so much in a boy!"

"Here's a bumper to him, Harry! and may he get a wife as lovely as his father has obtained."

"And with as small feet," added Harry, with a cheek flushed with wine, drinking off the bumper.

"Confound your small feet, Harry! Why, what kind of extremities will your grand-children have, in such case?"

"If they are girls, angelic ones!" replied Harry, with animation. "But, by-the-by, Lionel, have you and your pretty wife had any matrimonial scenes together, since you have been married?"

"How do you mean?" asked Linton, slightly coloring, and looking in his wine glass, as if watching the reflection of his face.

"Any little misunderstandings, squabbles, you know, eh?" repeated Harry, with a merry twinkle in his mellow eyes.

"Why, no, not particularly, I believe," answered Linton, embarrassed in his manner. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, between you and me, Lionel, I think she speaks a little sharper to you on occasions than a sweet tempered wife should do."

"Indeed," said Linton, laughing and blushing, "how did you discover that?"

"Oh, by accident, several times! But you didn't seem to observe it—at least, very wisely paid no attention to her, and so it passed. And I said to myself, I'll bet two to one, Linton hasn't so sweet tempered a wife as I have. She has, to tell you the truth, a little too large a foot to be perfectly sweet tempered. From more harmony and symmetry of person, would have followed perfect harmony and symmetry of disposition."

"But hold, Harry! has your wife never shown any temper? Have you never had any of those matrimonial scenes you speak of, eh, boy! Now out with the truth, for"—and Lionel glanced at the door, and lowered his voice—"we are alone."

"Never, 'pon my honor, Linton! She is invariably the same happy, cheerful creature, with a most delightful disposition! She loves me to devotion, and I repay her love with adoration."

"Do you adore her, or her foot, Harry?"

"Her foot is the shrine of the temple in which my love worships! I kneel to that, but my adoration is to the spirit that fills the fair temple."

"You are poetical, Harry! I believe you speak truly of Ellen! She is, indeed lovely in her disposition."

"Will you be as frank now about Caroline?" said Harry, laughing and casting a mischievous glance at his friend.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Harry," he said in a subdued tone, with his eye upon the door thro' which the two wives had passed to the nursery, Caroline has but one fault! She is, naturally, the best tempered, generous, noble-minded creature in the world, but she is—is—"

"Out with it—jealous of Ellen's pretty feet."

"No—but jealous of *me*."

"Of you! of you, most chaste and noble Joseph!" cried Harry, laughing; "ha, ha, ha!—And who is the fair lady whose charms are so dangerous to her peace?"

"Your wife, Harry!" said Linton, with a quiet smile.

"*My* wife," cried Harry, looking all at once very grave; "what the devil—what can she think you have to do with my wife?"

"I can't tell," replied Linton, amused at Harry's sudden flash of incipient jealousy.

"Look here, Linton, *have* you been flirting with Ellen, now?" seriously asked Harry, with a most melancholy expression to his usually cheerful features. "Tell me the truth, and I'll—I'll forgive you—I will, upon my soul!"

"As I am a gentlemen, and a man of honor, no, my dear boy," replied Linton, with sincerity, yet scarcely refraining from laughter at his friend's very serious visage.

"I knew it, my dear boy, Linton, I *knew* it could not be so," said Harry, giving a long breath; "you don't know how devilishly bad I felt. Ellen loves me with all her soul—but then these women are women, and there is no knowing how to take them! The best way is to keep a sharp eye on them, heh, heh, heh, Linton?"

"Yes, if you want them to run away when you go to sleep! A husband's frank and open confidence in his wife, is the safest security to his marital honor."

"I believe you, Linton! If wives are false, it is the husbands that teach them the first lessons. I have ever had the most unlimited confidence in Ellen! I regret that I should, for an instant, have believed she would flirt even with you—for flirtation in a wife, is the first rehearsal of inconstancy."

"You utter a severe truth, Harry."

"Truth is always severe," answered Harry, with a dignity that became the tone of his thoughts at that moment. "But how is it that Caroline has become jealous of you? and of Ellen, too! It *must* have been of her feet!"

"I can hardly conceive. She first manifested it one day about four months ago, when your Ellen, nurse and boy, were at my house, and we were comparing babies."

"I recollect the time, perfectly," said Harry, cracking an almond, yet listening with deep interest.

"I then remarked, for you have talked so much about small feet being essential to beauty in women, I had, in part imbibed your foolish notions, taking up my little Ellen's foot, and glancing at your wife, that I wished her foot, when she grew up, would be as small and pretty as her's."

"Yes, yes, I remember, and Caroline spoke up rather sharply, rather more so, at least, than became a loving wife of two years, and said, while her cheek brightened its hue,

"'I wish you had married Ellen, then, if you think a small foot so very desirable.' Yes, I recollect that perfectly, and it is one of the occasions I alluded to. She is jealous, as I told you, not of you, but of my wife's feet! I exonerate you fully."

"It amounts to the same thing which she is jealous of. She plainly envies Ellen! But it is my fault, as well as yours, too, Harry; for we have put the idea into her head! I shouldn't be surprised if it should be productive of much misery to her."

"Indeed, I trust not so serious a result," said Harry, with a look of solicitude. "But then women have made themselves wretched, and their husbands, too, for more trifling matters. But this occurred four months ago. She has forgotten it now."

"No—but it grows worse. Ellen never comes to see us, that after she leaves, she does not have a fit of those delightful little pouting pantomimes, the *sulks*, the whole day."

"The deuce she does! And how does she treat Ellen?"

"Latterly, with increasing coldness. Have you not observed it?"

"By Heaven, I have! I heard her at dinner, as I was uncorking a bottle of Port, reply to something Ellen said about her going down to Lane's with her, after dinner, and get some pairs of shoes, as I thought, in a very ill-humored way, as I judged, by the tone; but looking up, and seeing Ellen looking as smiling as ever—what a delightful wife I've got, Linton!—I concluded I had imagined the ill-humor. But then Ellen is so sweet tempered, nothing Caroline could say to her would move her."

"One would think you lauded Ellen so profusely, Harry, to show Caroline in darker shades! But I hope she will, by-and-by, have good sense enough to get over it."

"And I increased the flame to-day, too! Don't you remember I was thoughtlessly enough, I see now, talking about a pretty woman I had met down town, who was faultless, save her feet, which I said were not only large, but that she used them as if a young lady's feet were absolutely given her merely to *walk with*, as wheels are put under a locomotive, that it may go somehow over the ground, instead of being, as Heaven designed them, the loveliest features of beauty, given her as wings are given angels, to transfer her person from place to place, revealing, in the act, the harmony and dignity that dwells in motion."

"I remember laughing at you, Harry."

"But your wife didn't laugh!"

"No."

"No. She looked as grave as a prude."

"I should have been pleased if she had only looked grave. She looked very angry, in my opinion."

"Well, I said *grave*, out of respect for your feelings, Lionel. She did look mad! And I was struck at the reflection, how ill anger sits on a pretty face! Evil passions are all ugly, and the contrast is so great when they display themselves in a beautiful countenance, like Mrs. Linton's, for instance, the effect is singularly unpleasing. On harsh, homely faces, there is less contrast, and the effect is less striking. I recollect a beautiful girl of eighteen, I once saw very angry. She reminded me of an angel fallen! But I am very sorry I have said any thing to make Caroline envious of Ellen. Two such friends! What a sad affair it would be, if this should dissever their friendship!"

"I fear it will!" said Linton, gravely; "it were indeed to be regretted. Confound your mania for pretty feet, Harry!"

"I will say 'amen,' if it is to be the cause of mingling alloy in your cup of connubial happiness. Caroline is such a lovely and generous minded woman, too!"

"Yes, there is only this to mar our felicity.—In all else, she is an incomparable creature, Harry."

"I will make Ellen wear No. 3's!" said his friend, warmly.

"No, no! let it work its own cure."

"But it won't. Let woman that loves her husband, once get the idea into her head that he admires another woman for some point of character in person she does not possess, or possessing less perfection, she will soon believe that his admiration extends to the whole woman, and that he loves her better than herself. So ripe jealousy comes of it: as Dow, Jr. would say in his very excellent Patent Sermons, 'her thoughts would sit brooding in the nest of suspicion, upon the eggs of envy, 'till they hatch the little chickens of jealousy.' These chickens must be plucked ere they get full feathered."

"How can it be done, Harry?" asked Lionel, with an interest that called forth his friend's sympathy.

"Caroline's person and figure are faultless, and though she wears No. 3's, if she had a foot for No. 2's, it would be a deformity. She is full three sizes in person larger than Ellen, and her foot is not a hair's breadth too large for her."

"This I have always said, Harry."

"And so have I. I said that would not marry a woman who wore a number higher than a French one. I say so now! I married such a woman! But I did not say a woman's foot could not be perfectly beautiful even with number *fives!* She may be tall enough, and majestic enough to require such a foot! How would Mrs. Siddons have looked with a foot like Ellen's? absurd and deformed!"

"You are changing your tactics, Harry," said Linton, laughing.

"Not a shadow! I have always spoken as I do. I only have always said I liked not a woman with a large foot; and a woman with *too* large a foot, which is very common, I cannot endure."

"What are you coming to, Harry?"

"To this point. Caroline's notions must be reversed, or, rather, she must have her ideas on this subject corrected. As I have been mainly instrumental in giving her such notions, in which both she and you have misunderstood me, I must do my best to make matters right again."

"I wish to mercy you would, Harry, if possible; for to tell you the truth, it is ringing in my ears from morning till night."

"What, does she box them?" asked Harry, refilling very deliberately his champaign glass, and looking up with a smile.

"Not quite—but it is almost as bad. The other morning I happened to knock one of her shoes aside with my foot, in crossing the chamber, and she instantly cried, 'You wouldn't have kicked Ellen Lee's shoe in that way! It is just because I wear a larger one than she does, you treat me so;' and so she burst into tears, got into bed again, and got up at eleven o'clock, with swollen eyes, and as silent as a mule."

"Well, upon my soul, Linton, I'm sorry. But I have a plan to appeal to her good sense."

"What is it? name it, for Heaven's sake."

"I was in Launitz's statuary gallery last week, and saw there, as I entered the door, a statue of Dian, in casque, quiver, and sandal shoon! I stood still without advancing nearer, and gazed a long time on the figure, admiring its just proportions and faultless symmetry; particularly I was fascinated with the foot, which was as beautiful as Ellen's."

"'How is it,' said I, after surveying it a-while, and turning round to the sculptor, 'how is it, Launitz, that every statue of the mythological beauties is just the size of the Medicean Venus?'"

"'This is not,' he said, pointing to the statue of the divine huntress. 'The Venus personifies Love, and is, therefore, small in stature, for grace and love are more appropriately and delicately illustrated by lessening the real. Dian personifies woodland sports; she is the genius of the chase! She is therefore some inches taller than the genius of love, that she may be fleet of foot, and light, that she may pursue with swiftness! You observe her feet are slender and larger, and more slender than those of the Medici, which is to your left; and they should be so, to preserve the poetical truth of her character.'"

"'You do not mean to say this statue of Dian is taller than the Venus de Medici,' I exclaimed with surprise, approaching it.

"Three inches!" he said, smiling; "its perfect symmetry has deceived you."

"'Indeed it has,' said I, as I went close up to it, when I saw that he had spoken the truth. Yet the symmetry of person was so well maintained, that a few steps off, I could have sworn it was not taller than Ellen, or the foot larger than her's—"

"And yet—"

"And yet it was, for I measured it, just the height of your wife, and the foot a half inch longer than her's!"

"Excellent. And that has conceited you to the belief that in symmetry may lie the true principles of beauty, and not in the foot."

"No, not exactly, but that a foot may be large, and yet be faultless."

"Good, my dear Harry, very good! Now you are getting reasonable."

"Not a jot more so than I have been; for I yield nothing, concede nothing of what I have advocated. I have only learned something additional."

"Well, and how are you going to make this knowledge avail me in the matter of Caroline's growing envy?"

"By taking her in to-morrow, as if by accident, in passing by, to see this statue, and with Launitz's explanation of the true principles of beauty as they exist in one and the other, Dian and Venus, and with a little tact on my part, and address on your own, we will make her in perfect good humor with herself. Nay, I will wager she would afterwards turn up her pretty nose at such a little foot as Ellen's. I will call by at your house, for you, as I came down from Bond street."

"You are a clever dog, Harry," cried Linton, grasping his hand with a brightning eye. "It shall be as you say—Caroline shall go to-morrow. I hope this attempt to reconvert her, will succeed!"

"Never doubt it, Lionel! Come, let us take a bumper to your lovely Diana!"

"And I will toast your Venus, Harry."

"Capital—our wives are both goddesses, and Dian shall reign in the empire of her own chaste beauty, as well as Venus in that of love. Come, Linton, another glass."

"No, Harry."

"Well, I will finish this bottle alone, then; you keep good wine! By-the-by, a friend sent me a present of a dozen of that fine old Paulding's Pale we used to drink so much of, when we were at the hotel. Do you sigh for those days, Linton."

"No, Harry, not if I could get Caroline over this fit of jealousy."

"Envy, not jealousy, my boy. Don't fear but all will come out straight. She has been sighing to be a Venus—we must convince her she is a goddess, dear! You must come down and help me to drink up that sherry. By-the-by, that nice fellow, Sinclair, wrote me a note he had just received a private importation of 'London Particular,' and wants me to call at his house to prove it. I had like to have forgot it. I must quit you, Harry, for I would not miss Sinclair's wine, for nothing. Your port is capital! peh, peh! It has a rich warm flavor like Burgundy. Come to-morrow, at eleven. Make my excu-cuse to the la-ladies, and tell Ellen I'll—that is *you'll* go home with her. There she is now, l-loo-looking l-like—l-like a p-p-p-pr-pretty foo-f-f-f-t."

"Why, Harry, you're tipsy," said Ellen, coming in at that moment! "Lionel, how could you let Harry help himself to so much wine, when you know——"

"Y-yes—Lionel k-knows, Ellen—Lionel knows—" articulated, or rather stuttered the very mellow Harry Lee, as he attempted to cross from the table to the door.

"Where are you going, Harry?" said Ellen, laughing, as he "vibrated" like an inverted pendulum, as he tried to walk particularly upright, and deluded himself with the idea that he did so.

"I'm going home—no—yes, I'm going *home!*"

"To go to bed, I dare say. Harry, why will you take so much wine, when a very little affects you so easily?"

"G-t-t get used to it, Ellen—I never'll get used t-t-t-to it, if I don't, don't, don't get used to it.—Did you know *that?*"

"I know you sha'n't go home, but you shall lie down here and I take a short nap, and I will bathe your forehead with Cologne."

'Oh, wo-woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, c-co coy and hard to please,
B-bu-t when misfortune clouds the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!'

Yes, that's dear woman, and *them's* my sentiments."

And thus speaking in an amusingly drunken manner, Harry Lee suffered his wife to lead him to the sofa, where he soon fell asleep. Lionel drew his chair near Ellen, as she fanned Harry's heated brow, and began to chat with her on the ordinary topics of the day, when Caroline came in, and seeing them so near together, though a chair's space separated them, she cast an angry glance at her husband, a revengeful one at Ellen, and immediately retired, giving the door a *bang to* behind her.

"What is the matter with Caroline to-day?" anxiously inquired Ellen, unsuspecting her innocent agency in causing her ill-humor.

"I can't tell you—you must ask Harry, when he wakes up from his nap," said Lionel, with a sad smile, as he rose to follow his wife to soothe her; though he ought to have known ere this, that an angry woman is best let alone. Persuasion irritates; anger makes her worse; humble yourself, and she despises you; condemn yourself falsely, and she treats you as if you were really in the fault. If she loves you she will soon be sorry and seek for reconciliation; if she does not care for you, she will get pleased lest she spoil her beauty; for every pretty woman knows nothing is so poisonous to the complexion as anger; nothing destroys beauty so quickly as frowns!—These judicious sayings are taken from an "Old Booke," entitled "Sweete Advisement to Husband and Wyfes to ye furthurance of theer Hymeneal amicability."

Mrs. Linton had retreated to her chamber, and locked the door! Lionel tried the knob once or twice, and then spoke in a low tone, with his mouth to the key-hole.

"Caroline."

No reply.

"Dear Caroline," a little louder.

No reply.

"Sweetest Caroline, won't you answer?"

No reply.

"Caro, dear, let me in." A pause.

No reply.

Lionel listened a moment, and then sighing heavily, and wishing all feet, little and big, to —, he turned to go down stairs. But Mrs. Linton did not intend to let him go back to Ellen's society; she had quit the room to make him leave her, as she knew him well enough to know he would follow her, if he saw her go out angry. So, as Lionel reached the head of the stairs he heard her door open. He looked back, but she was not visible, but the door was wide spread. He returned, and softly entered. Caroline was seated in a rocking chair, with her back towards him, rocking very resolutely. He closed the door and approached her. She did not turn her head, but kept on rocking and biting her thumb nail. He knelt on one knee beside her, and took the hand that lay on the arm of the chair, but she pulled it away with a jerk. He sighed heavily, and after a few seconds' silence, attempted to take the other, on which she was leaning her cheek. She snatched it away from him and kicked the cricket over.

"Caroline, my sweet wife, how have I offended you?"

The "sweet wife" bit her nail the harder, and kept her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Are you angry because I was talking with Ellen?"

"*No!*" she replied in a tone so angry that it started him; and swinging her chair smartly round, she left him at her back.

"What *are* you put out about, then?" he asked, now almost angry himself.

"Nothing."

"You are short and sweet. If I have unintentionally given you offence, I ask your forgiveness, Caroline," he said calmly, but firmly; "I can't remain here to see you conduct yourself in this manner."

"I suppose not, while Ellen Lee is down stairs."

"What is Ellen Lee to me, that I should desire her society to my dear Caroline's?" he said, taking her hand, which she instantly withdrew from him.

Mrs. Linton remained silent, but still rocking very perseveringly, and then, at length, replied in that cross and querulous tone, so difficult to reply to safely. "You like her because she has a small foot."

"Upon my honor, Caroline, you wrong me! I have no thought of any one but you!"

"I *know* you love her! I know what you think about a wife's foot! You ought to have looked at my feet before you married me!"

"I wish to gracious I had," was Lionel's tho't, but he did not speak it aloud. "I see Harry was a more sensible man than I took him for! Well, Caro, what is to be done? Are you to be angry all the evening, and expose yourself to Ellen?"

"Ellen, again! Ellen—it's all Ellen!" repeated the lady, with sneering mockery, giving offence to her beautiful features. "I expect it is with her, 'Lionel, dear Lionel,' nothing but 'Lionel,' all the time!"

"What has possessed you, Caroline?"

"Nothing more than usual," she answered, suddenly changing her manner, ceasing to rock, and taking up a book, began to read it. She looked as calm and placid as a summer's morn! He gazed at her with surprise and perplexity. He had been married, however but two years, and this was but a brief apprenticeship to a pretty and especially a jealous wife's whims. He did not know that this was but another phase of her displeasure; but believing she had become pleasant, he put his arm about her to kiss her, when he received a slap with the book on the cheek, that created quite a revolution in his ideas. Without a word he patiently bore it, and stood gazing upon her with surprise. If he had lived all his life a bachelor, he felt it would not have taught him so much about woman as he had learned in the last ten minutes. He was silent and enduring, for he remembered that she was the "weaker vessel," and that he had pledged himself to love and cherish her. He was now practising a hard lesson in love: for it is a very *hard* one to love any body that slaps us angrily in the face with a book, while the pain is still felt. Her generosity of spirit should have instantly done homage to his forbearance; but she was angry, and that is a great cover for every thing angered persons do, that is unjust, to be wrapped up in!

Caroline, however, seemed a little ashamed, but shame wouldn't heal her envy and jealousy.

"Mrs. Linton, you are certainly a very strange wife!" at length said Lionel, in as mild a tone as he could assume.

"And you are a very strange husband, Mr. Linton."

"What have I done?"

"How innocent, all at once!" and she curled her lip.

"I *am* innocent of wronging you, Caroline, in any way."

"How mild, Sir, all at once. How I like to see a husband mild!"

"What a vexatious person you are! You curl your lip with such bitterness and scorn that either you must be a very bad woman or I a very bad man."

"*There*, you've just hit it!"

"Good Heaven! what *has* got into you? You make yourself the most disagreeable, hateful woman I ever saw."

"Yes, yes—I am not quite so charming, I know, as Ellen Lee."

"Confound Ellen Lee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Linton, nervously rocking back in her chair.

"You are determined to madden me—make me beside myself!"

"Ellen will then restore you to your senses! I dare say you call and have a *tete-a-tete* with her every day you go out to walk."

"Never, Caroline!"

"You have been seen twice walking in Broadway with her, and did not tell *me* of it."

"And who has been trying to make mischief? And what harm to walk with her? Each time I had met her with Harry, who turned her over to me, pleading engagements down town."

"Yes, oh yes!" she said with scornful incredulity, tossing her pretty head. "And you didn't go in and stay an hour, and no one else at home!—Oh, ho!"

"Upon my soul, I think you can manage for so lovely a woman, to make yourself excessively disagreeable. Once for all, Mrs. Linton, are you jealous of my acqurintance with Harry's wife? If you are, I will speak to her no more from this hour."

"Jealous! Ha, ha! *I* jealous of you! No, no! If I was jealous, I have beauty enough to make you sick of flirting with other women."

"Do you mean that you will seek the attentions of men of gallantry?" he demanded with astonment and pain.

"I don't say what I mean or do not mean. I am not jealous! Jealous! Ha, ha, ha!" and she rocked away harder than before, and nearly bit through her fingers' ends to the blood.

"Will you then be pleasant? You know I love you," he said tenderly.

"Not quite so well as Ellen Lee."

"If you mention that name again, I will run away from you," said Lionel, impatiently. "You are jealous of me, envious of Ellen, and try to render yourself and me miserable, all without a shadow of cause."

Caroline became pale at her husband's stern reproof, and it was plain a little firmness on his part would have subdued her quite.

"Do you not dislike me because I have a foot longer than Ellen's, Mr. Linton?" she asked with something less of anger.

"No."

"Do you not love Ellen for her pretty foot?"

"No."

"I know you do now, and I know Ellen tries to contrast herself with me to my disadvantage!—She always has her foot out on an ottoman or cricket! It is always to be seen!"

"Because Harry's vanity makes her wear her dresses shorter than ordinary, and she—"

"Oh, yes, she'll find a defender and champion in you, Lionel," she said with inimitable scorn.

"I think I had best hold my tongue," he said, pettishly.

"I think you had," she repeated with a bitter laugh.

We think if he had altogether held his tongue, it would have been altogether best; for up to this point matters stood as they were when he came into the chamber—if any thing, rather worse.—At this instant Harry's voice was heard below stairs, and Lionel, whose natural goodness of heart, and love for his wife would not let him retain revenge against her, hastily kissed her angry cheek, and kindly asking her if she wouldn't soon come down, left the chamber.

Harry's short nap had restored him to a degree of sobriety, and he was ready to leave to go to his friend Sinclair's wine-proving. Ellen quickly perceived that something unpleasant had occurred between Lionel and Caroline, and she ordered her carriage, saying it would be too late for the baby to be out if she did not go then. Lionel saw her and Harry off, and then returned to the dining room, hoping Caroline would come down. But he saw her no more that night, for when he went to retire, she sent him word that the nurse was in her room with her for the night, and that he might go down and sleep on a sofa in his library, if he chose to. He sighed, and for the first time since his marriage, tried a bachelor's bed again in the small front room adjoining the parlor, which he had made a sort of library and smoking room, having luxuriously furnished it with lounges, and pillows, and ottomans. Here he took up his quarters ror the night.

"Who wouldn't remain a bachelor if he knew what it was to be a married man?" sighed he, as he threw himself upon his solitary couch. "Yet if Caroline wasn't jealous, I wouldn't change my state to what it was, for, with all my trouble, I have enjoyed more real pure happiness the two years I have been married, than in all my bachelor life! Well, he who would have the rose must have the thorn!"

With this patient reflection, the bed-banished husband turned himself over and went to sleep.

In the meanwhile, Harry and his wife had reached home, the carriage drove round to the stables, and taking leave of Ellen on the steps of his door, he was departing on his wine engagement with his friend Sinclair, when she called him:

"You will go by Lane's Harry—wait and take my gaiter-boots and leave them there. You can put them in your pocket, you know."

"Yes, in my vest pocket. What is to be done to them?"

"The silk is split across the instep, and I want you to ask him if he can close it up again neatly—if not, to cover them with new fawn-colored silk."

"But get a new pair, Ellen."

"No—I have not worn these three times, and they are such a pretty shape."

"So they are! I will take them down, Ellen, if you will give them to me."

His wife, after a moment's absence, returned and placed in his hands a pair of the most exquisitely shaped French fawn-colored boots. Harry looked at them almost adoringly, and then examining the rent carefully, placed them in his coat pocket.

"Now don't lose them out, Harry," she said, as he walked off in the direction of Broadway, with the toes of the little boots peeping out of his pocket.

"Oh, no—I shall keep them safely, Ellen."

"Now come home early—and don't try too much of Captain Sinclair's 'London Particular,' because you know, Harry—"

"Yes, I know—I'll be prudent, you may depend upon me."

"Call in at Caroline's when you come up, as you pass right by the house, and see if they have got over their little affair."

"Yes, perhaps I will. Adieu my fair!" Harry kissed his hand, and waived his lovely wife a gallant adieu.

The evening at Capt. Sinclair's passed off pleasantly, and about half past nine, Harry left most particularly mellow, to proceed home on foot—for he loved walking in preference to the omnibus-creeping, dot-and-go-one pace. As he passed the head of Murray street, he recollected that he had forgotten to leave Ellen's boots in coming down, and immediately turned and went into Lane's fashionable ladies' shoe mart.

"Ah, eh! Lane, good evening," he said tipsily and pleasantly; "here's a pair of Mrs. Lee's gaiter boots—split out, you see—Ellen wants to have them sewed." And Harry taking them from his pocket gave them to him.

"Yes, I see, Sir," said Lane, examining the rent and shaking his head; "but I fear it can't be done."

"It must be done—must, must be, be d-done, Lane," said Harry, keeping himself steady with his hand on the back of a chair.

"It will cost quite as much as a new pair of boots, to repair it—the whole silk must be taken off—the welts made new—it will be quite as much work as to make a new boot, Mr. Lee. In fact, I would rather make a new pair."

"Devilish bad, Lane! Ellen's favorite boots! Mine too! Small foot my wife has, eh, Lane?"

"The prettiest boots I ever made, Sir," said Lane, admiring them. "I would know her shoe or boot if I saw it any where."

"So you would—so any body would. Lane, you're a man of sentiment—of talk, I mean. But you can't mend 'em, eh?"

"I am sorry to say no, Sir."

"Well, I'll take them along with me, and try some other shoe store—perhaps some on 'em may find a way of fixing 'em."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Lee; but I advise you to have a new pair—they are quite useless to you."

"Are they, Lane?—then I'll take them and give 'em to some little poor child in the street.—'Tis a pity to lose 'em;—such, such a p-pr-pretty *foot!*" and Harry recovering himself from a slight "vibration," held up the boots to his own admiring eyes.

He then put them in his pocket, and walked as erect as a grenadier, from the shoe store—tipsy gentlemen always walk particularly erect, *if they can!*

Notwithstanding Lane's judgment passed upon the boots, Harry took them into Whittington's and one or two other places, where he found condemnation passed upon them equally strong as at Lane's. He therefore became a little irritated, and was half of a mind to throw them into the street. While in this mood of temper, and holding them yet in his hand, he came opposite Linton's house. He remembered Ellen's request for him to call; but looking up at the house and seeing no lights, he concluded not to do so, and was about passing on, when he saw that the window of Lionel's library, where he was sleeping on his ottoman, was let down at the top, for the night was warm and close. Thereupon a thought struck him, and turning back a step, he tossed Ellen's hapless boots through into the room, and went on his way whistling, with an occasional hiccup for a second,

"Who'll be king but Charlie, oh,
Who'll be king but Charlie?"

. . .

The ensuing morning, Mrs. Caroline Linton awoke, and lay reflecting upon all her conduct to Lionel. Her conscience convicted her of injustice towards him, and she resolved she would make him unhappy no longer by her jealousy.—A night's sleep and the subsequent morning's reflections, often produce great changes in the minds both of men and women. Caroline felt she had been wrong, and herein her good sense had the ascendancy.

"I will go down to the library, and while he is asleep kiss him, wake him, and ask his forgiveness for my folly, and I will be jealous and envious no longer—for I know he loves me with all his noble and manly heart."

With this sensible and very praiseworthy resolution, she rose, threw on her snowy robe *de chambre*, and stole softly down stairs. All was still in the halls, and she timidly approached the door of the library. It was partly open, and she entered. Her husband lay asleep on the ottoman, in his dressing gown. She bent over him, and then lightly kissed his forehead! The touch, slight as it was, awaked him, and looking up he

smiled upon her with a calm joy that he could not give utterance to, and folded her to his heart.

"You have slept badly here, I fear, Lionel," she said, after a few moments' silence between them, during which he held her hand affectingly and happily in his. "Pretty well, wife—I have, however, been a long while unfamiliar with a bachelor's lodgings," he said smiling.

"Forgive me, Lionel! I have acted very foolishly. Won't you forgive me?"

"With all my heart."

"If you will, I will never mention Ellen to you again."

"Nor doubt my love for you?"

"No, never again, husband. I know you don't think of Ellen, except as my friend and as Harry's wife."

"You do me but justice, dear Caroline," he said tenderly.

"And I promise you I will never be jealous of you and Ellen a——" here she checked herself, uttered a shriek, and springing forward, caught up one of Ellen's boots which lay at the end of the sofa. Oh, what mischief Harry set on foot!

"Good God! what is all this!" cried Lionel, seizing his wife by the arm, not seeing the cause of her shriek.

"What is it, Mr. Innocence? Look at this! whose boot is this, Sir?" and she held up the hapless gaiter-boot to Lionel's astonished eyes.

"It looks like Ellen's," he said with surprise.

"*Looks* like Ellen's! You know it is her's; and now tell me how it came here?"

"Upon my soul, I am ignorant as the babe unborn."

"You *do* know. A lady's boot in your sleeping-room, and you innocent of all knowledge of it!"

"It may have been thrown into the library door, yesterday, by her nurse. If there were a pair of them found, your suspicions might have some foundation!" pleaded Lionel in the most unlucky sentence a man ever uttered.

"Then," she shrieked, her searching and jealous eyes having discovered the toe of the other peeping from beneath the sofa, "then you have condemned yourself out of your own mouth, Sir! Look at this. too!" and she held up the mate to the eyes of the astonished husband. Lionel gazed upon it as if it had been a basalisk.

"Well, Sir!" demanded the infuriated wife, her eyes flashing, her cheek pale, and her whole form heaving with anger, wounded pride, and violent jealousy.

"By mine honor, Caroline, I know nothing about it."

"You do—you *do*, Mr. Linton! Where is she—where is the wicked thing concealed?" And Mrs. Linton flew to the window curtains, and examined their folds—lifted the drapery before a book case, got down on the floor and looked under the sofas and ottomans, peeped behind the door, and then taking breath, came and thrust the fatal boots once more in poor Lionel's face.

"Oh, you villian!" she cried nervously, and with terrific emotion shaking her whole frame; "you will be the death of me! You will, you will!" and overcome by the intensity and excess of her feeling, she shrieked, and fell fainting in the arms of her grieved, wondering, alarmed and puzzled husband.

Mrs. Linton was conveyed to her chamber, a servant despatched for a physician, and another for Harry and his wife. These parties all arrived about the same time, and Lionel taking Harry aside, privately communicated the whole matter to him. He was listened to very gravely by his friend, who, when he had concluded, gave himself freely up to the merriest fit of laughter, he had ever indulged in. When, at length, Lionel could make him speak, he explained to him how the boots came in his room.

"Come, for Heaven's sake, to Caroline's room with me," cried Lionel, dragging him by the arm; "she is calmer now! You have almost been my ruin; you shall now save me."

Harry went into the chamber where Caroline lay, with her arm bound up, for she had just been bled for a determination of blood to the brain.—She had fiercely forbidden Ellen to come near her, and when Lionel entered, she shrieked, and called him her murderer.

Harry, however, succeeded in calming her sufficiently to listen to him, when he explained in his humorous and happy way, the adventure of the boots. Caroline listened at first with incredulity; but as Harry concluded, she felt convinced of the truth of his account, especially when she called to mind that he had as much cause for jealousy about the introduction of the boots into Lionel's sleeping room, as herself. After a few minutes' reflection, with her hands covering her face, she looked up with a sweet smile, and silently extended one hand to Lionel, the other to Ellen—the one pressed her to his grateful heart, the other affectionately kissed her cheek, and a full and perfect reconciliation was ratified and sealed.

"I will never be jealous again, Lionel, be circumstances ever so strong against you; I feel I have been very silly, and made you and Ellen very unhappy. I hope you will both forgive me."

"And am I to be forgiven?" asked Harry, taking her hand, "for making so much mischief?"

"Freely, since you have so well repaired the mischief you have done," she said gaily; "but I hope you will be careful never to throw a lady's boots, particularly your wife's, into a gentleman's window again!"

It will be well to mention that the visit to the statue of Diana at Launitz's studio, was made, and that the result was most happy on the mind of the beautiful and Diana-like Mrs. Linton; who, from that moment, was no more jealous of Ellen's small foot, being perfectly satisfied that a lady may wear number three's, and yet have as beautiful and symmetrical feet as one who wears number one French gaiter boots. J. H. I.

Western Sketches.

From Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.

BEN BLOWER'S STORY:

OR HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Are you sure that's THE FLAME over by the shore?"

"Cer*ting*, manny! I could tell her pipes acrost the Mazoura."*

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, Strannger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar bar'l I hove in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off The Flame from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room, I've chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder barrel!"

"Not so bad as if you were in it!" coolly observed Ben, as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Cer*ting!* Don't folks sometimes go into bilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't; but wait till we get through this brush with the old Flame and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it—as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

. . . . .

"You have seen the Flame then afore, Strannger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a real out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the 'Goliar.' You've heern, mayhap, of the blow-up by which we lost it? They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler-plate or two, and let out a thin spirting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the 'Goliar' took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenter's work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do any thing more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airly, and we'd all come out *new*. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's advetures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up every thing, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion, had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole,' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler,) through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it, the moment I recovered from this stunning effect and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler resolved to pass the rest of the night there.—The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer, I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farther end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, Stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church, if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather—much worse. Men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to any thing, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them any where so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world! and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *curankterankterous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you or I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life, if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd 'a *swounded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white-man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep—Yes I slept, I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke. There is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open—and, what seems curious rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening be-

* The name "Missouri" is thus generally pronounced upon the western waters.

fore, that they now reached the whole length of the boiler and extended through the opening.

"At first, (in my dreaming reflections,) it was a comfortable thought that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I laid upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored, at last, my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth. I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint when I first discovered how I was entombed, gave way to a livelier, though less overpowering, emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber.—The previous discovery of the closed aperture, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place. Yes, looked for it, and felt for it—though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed, a second time brought home to be, which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have ten-fold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—imploringly—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at while they deadened my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I *could* meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not—nor does it matter if I could compute it. There *was* a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Good God! was I resigned to it in the shape in which it next came to appal? Stranger, I felt the water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet but mid-leg deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder. It *was* hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses, in that horrid agony of fear? No!—though my brain swam, and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed to stagnate there forever, still *I knew!* I was too hoarse—too hopeless, from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who *must* hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope—hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did—but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities, made more noise within the steaming caldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro. Lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something—it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had, but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death—Yes! when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this—I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gurgled through the aperture. Would they see it? No, the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view—it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole, to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished—so hot had become that which remained. Should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet?

. . . . . .

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire? Why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger! it can never regain its natural size—but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. *Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant,* unless *I had jammed my finger through!*

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought me a julep to my bed-side afterwards, AND *that julep!*—"

"Cooling! was it?"

"STRANNGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could do no more.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.

The fair object of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dumblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her "teens," a slight dimple-cheeked, happy lassie, her hair yellow-colored and luxuriant; her eyes large and full, ever flowing with the voluptuous languor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and, as in all things was enthusiastical, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, and panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourante "to con songs to his mistress' eyebrows," while she recklessly rambled among the flowery meads of Dumblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying *nonchalance.*

This was a twofold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet withal, so encased in insensibility, as apparently neither to be conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover. 'Twas too much: to mark all this, and feel it with the feeling of a poet, was the acme of misery. But the "Flower of Dumblane" was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention, or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love—almighty love—must be free, else it ceases to be love.

Tannahill was plain in his person and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontent at the cruel disappointment which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed—as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and woman trode proudly amidst the lovely creation an angel venerated and adored.

To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances, was to her mind, the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real love of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him. Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their deductions, though at variance, gave color to their minds, and accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment, and, as all womankind ever did, and do, she scorned a cooling lover. The bard was driven to despair, and, summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations.

Soon after this period the song of Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane, together with the music, was published; it became a public favorite; it was sung every where, in theatres and at parties; a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored object of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favored one. From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her; her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last poor Jessie became really enamored. A rakish spark from Midlothians, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted to his unhallowed professions. The ardor of first love overcame her better judgment, and, abandoning herself to her love passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh. The song of the neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while it brought her into notice, and enchanted her beauty, it laid the foundation of her final destruction. Popularity is ever a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince; temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. "Who would be eminent," said a distinguished child of popularity, "if they knew the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?"

When the poet heard the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropped in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that, in a fit of disgust he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment. Ere three years had revolved their circuit after Jessie had left her father's home, she was a changed woman. Her paramour had deserted her. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and the face and person presented the picture of an unhappy but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lively girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant!

THE DOG SMUGGLERS.—The contraband trade carried on by dogs on the frontier of France, next to Belgium, says the *Constitutionnel*, continues to increase in strength and activity. The number of dogs thus employed is estimated at 80,000. A premium is given for the destruction of each of the quadruped smugglers, and immense numbers have fallen victims to the douaniers, but they are immediately replaced by others. Their homes are in France, where they are well fed and kindly treated, and their education consists in sending them from time to time into Belgium, where they are nearly starved, and severely flogged by men dressed as French customhouse officers, so that they have the uniform in horror, and in their course homeward carefully avoid it, taking a circuitous route as soon as they catch sight of it. When they are let loose to return home, laden with a burden of from five to six kilogrammes of merchandise, they proceed with rapidity and they are sure of good treatment on their arrival.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.—In Poland every individual is supposed to be born subject to some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person desires to present the object of his affections with an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, glittering with the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a lady is born in January—her ring must therefore be Jacynth or garnet, for these stones belong to that pecular month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity."

Here is a list for every month, which we faithfully transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers.

January—Jacynth or garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst. This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—Blood stone. Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire and Diamond. Repentance and innocence.

May—Emerald. Success in love.

June—Agate. Long life and health.

July—Cornelian or Ruby. The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx. Conjugal Felicity.

September—Chrysolite. Preserves from or cures Folly.

October—Aqua-marine or Opal. Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz. Fidelity and Friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malakite. The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying, that "he who possesses a Turquoise will always be sure of friends."

THE MONKEY NOT ADMITTED TO THE SHOW.—"Do-akeepaw," said a Dandy, all soap-locks, scent and moustache, to the keeper of a menagerie—"do-akeepaw, let me in; I want to take a glance at the animals—to obsewe the white be-aw—see the lions; d'ye unde-stand me 'aw?"

"O yes, very well," gruffly answered the menagerie man; "but, look'ee, Mr. it would'nt do—spoil trade:" and affecting the drawl of the dandy, he added, "d'yeun-de-stan' me aw?—The fact is," he continued with an air of assumed frankness, "the fact is, we aint so green as to let the ladies and gemmen inside know that there's more wonderful hanimals to be seen for nothin' than the Bengal tiger and white pruire bear wot we've got inside: besides, 'spose I was to let you in, wouldn't you attract the 'tention of the whole audience—wouldn't the monkey *out* of the cage be a greater wonder than the monkey in the cage? It would never do! so I vishes you a wery good mornin', as the voman said to her 'usband ven he was goin' to take his bitters: yous a wery nice man, but you can't come in."

The dandy immediately withdrew, with the simple remark, that the menagerie man was a "most insuffwably impewtenant fellaw."

EDUCATION.—"Come here Sally, my love—now tell me what belt means."

"Don'no mam."

"What—eh?—la! what ignorant children.—Take your finger out of your mouth—there—put your hands down, well, now Sally, what is put round your waist every day? Come, now, look at me—speak out—pshaw! what are you looking so sheepish for? Tell me, now."

"O!—Mrs. Boozle, I didn't think you knowed it."

"La! what are you talking about child. Come, 'tother schollars are waiting. Answer me directly. What is put round your waist every day?"

"A—a—a—I—n—hem!—it's Joe Slob's arm, mam—but he haint kissed me—only jest once."

"Pizen and pickles!—O! I shall faint!"

A FORTUNATE BOTANIST.—Mr. Nutall, the botanist, whose name has become identified with American plants, has lately come in possession of a large and splendid fortune, estimated at £100,000 sterling, and upward, by the decease of some of his ancestors in England.

PRETTY GOOD.—On a recent occasion, says an exchange, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise, a large number of *ladies* immediately rose.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"TECUMSEH, or THE WEST THIRTY YEARS SINCE. A Poem. By GEORGE H. COLTON. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1842"

This is an American poem, of 212 pages, by an American writer; and, what is better, it is a most creditable addition to American literature. The theme is one of the most sublime and poetic which the history of our country or the world furnishes, and we are right glad that it has been taken up by one so fully competent to do it justice. It would be untrue to say that the work is perfect, or that the critic can find no defects in its composition, because it *does* bear many marks of a *first* labored production. But it is nevertheless superior to very many poems which have received the favorable verdict of the poetic world. Indeed, good judges have pronounced warm encomiums upon it, and placed its author in the front rank of American poets—where he deserves to be placed. It has been well remarked by a cotemporary, that "an English production, with only a tithe of its merits, would be lauded to the seventh heavens." Let not Americans, therefore, prove unmindful of the productions of their own countrymen. There is such a thing as American literature It is for Americans to encourage it. This work will reflect honor upon the country. Shall we not let the author feel that we appreciate his labors? The most efficient way to do this, is to purchase his work.

SAGE & BROTHER are the agents for its sale in this city.

The following is the Lament of OMEENA, over the dead body of TECUMSEH:—

The Lament.

"Thus art thou fallen, my father!
Thou wilt not dwell by Huron's shore!
Thou shalt unto the strife of men
Go forth no more!
Alas! no more shalt thou, returning home,
Make glad thy daughter's heart to see thee come!

"Our home will be the stranger's!
Pale feet shall pass by its blue wave,
Pale feet shall tread, in heedless mood,
My mother's grave!—
I cannot tell—but wherefore should we stay,
When the Great Spirit gives our land away!

"But thee, most glorious chieftain!
How shall my sorrow speak to thee,
Great man! avenger of thy race!
Their destiny!
Thou wast the bright and solitary star:
Omeena loved to look on thee afar!

"And now, O matchless warrior!
Ah! where is now thy arm of might?
Thy voice, the terrible in war?
Thine eye of light?—
And yet I knew thou couldst not choose but die!
I knew thou wouldst not from the battle fly!

"It was not well, my father!
To add thy stroke to hostile blows:
'Tis sad when two, who love their land,
Are mortal foes!
Lo! now our sun is set, our day is o'er:
Ah! be ye friends upon the Spirit Shore!

"How cold Tecumseh sleepeth!
He cannot hear my mourning call,
Yet, say, O heart! hath he not fallen,
As brave men fall?—
Daughter of Pontiac! wherefore lingerest long?
Thus, thus I end my sorrow and my song!"

She ceased, and, ceasing, struck the blade,
Wherewith her sire's revenge was paid,
To her own heart: then, drooping, pressed
The bare earth by each chieftain's breast,
Thrust back the hands would staunch the tide,
And, fondly each embracing—died!

"ANIMAL CHEMISTRY; or Organic Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Gressen. Edited from the author's manuscript, by Wm. GREGORY, M. D., Professor in the Aberdeen University. New World edition."

Than this, there has not, during the year, been a more useful scientific work issued from the press. It is profound and practical—casting light upon one of the most interesting subjects which has yet been brought under the investigation of man.—The discoveries of the author in Animal Chemistry, have opened a broad field to the chemical student, and developed facts which may yet lead to the demonstration of a still more curious principle in a kindred department. That there is an affinity between Chemistry and Physiology—points of intersection—no one can doubt,—for the fact has long been conceded; but where those points begin, or where the sciences become involved, has not been known. That discovery was left for Mr. LIEBERGH;—it was left for him to combine the two, and to lay the foundation for a more rational pathology.

The low price at which this work is furnished in the octavo edition of the New World, will place it in the hands of the great mass of the people.—It can be had at MOORE'S Agency office, Arcade Hall.

"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By BULWER. N. York. Harper & Brothers."

This is No. 6, of the HARPER'S Library of select novels. The reading world have not yet to learn the character of this great effort of a great genius; but many *have* yet to learn that the most popular novels of the past and present, are being issued from the press, in a very convenient form, for the small sum of 25 cents. FISHER, Exchange street, is one of the agents for the sale of these works as they are issued.

"PERCIVAL KEENE—by Capt. MARYATT."

This is Maryatt's last. It will be very extensively read; but it is too licentious to be commended. That, however, will not, we regret to say, affect its popularity. The more loose the morals of modern novels, the more acceptable to the great mass of novel readers.

The publishers of the New World have issued the work. MOORE, in the Arcade Hall, is the agent.

"THE CZARINA, an Historical Romance, of the Court of Russia. By Mrs. HOFLAND.

This work constitutes No. 7 of the Select Library. Mrs. H. is deservedly celebrated for the force and beauty of her composition. "The Czarina" is facinating, and worthy of the fame of its author. It imparts a good moral, and will answer admirably to while away a long evening. Price 25 cents. To be had at FISHER'S.

"THE LADIES' COMPANION, for October."

Rich as usual. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Professor Ingraham, E. A. Poe, G. P. Morris, L. F. Tasistro, are among the original contributors. The two steel engravings are very fine, and the Fashions are tolerable. MOORE is agent.

"THE BOSTON MISCELLANY."

This is one of the best magazines in the country, and very seldom dogged by poor contributions. The October No. is among the best which have been issued. "The Disguise" is a fine engraving. MOORE is the agent.

"ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM."

This is one of the magazines for children. It is edited by Peter Parley. That is enough to commend it. It can be had of MOORE, Arcade Hall.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK."—The October No. of this beautiful and excellent work is before us. It is filled with rich material, from gifted pens. Every article breaths the spirit of true morality, and is filled with sound instruction.—There is no better work issued—none which a parent could more profitably place in the hands of his children. The present number contains eleven beautiful Engravings—one, "The Pet Lamb," on steel. The work is furnished to subscribers at $1,50 per annum. MOORE is agent.

THE LAW REPORTER.—This work, so essential to the profession, is issued regularly, upon the first of every month. The striking features of the October No., are the articles giving the "Recent American Decisions," and "a subject of American laeses." It also contains a list of the bank

rupts in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York. MOORE is Agent.

"NEW YORK LANCET."—We suppose the Profession would find a good deal of interesting matter in this work. It seems to be thrown together with care and judgment. A number of interesting operations are reported—interesting to the general reader as well as the professional man.—MOORE is agent for the work.

RIFLE SHOOTING—THE YANKEES NOT TO BE EXCELLED.—The great rifle match between Switzerland and the United States, came off in July last. Frederick Jeannet and Pierre Henry Montandon represented Switzeland, and Capt. S. Lloyd the United States. The parties fired 30 shots each, aggregate measurement, off hand, distance 545 feet, or 181 yards 2 feet, the only distance recognized by the Swiss Government. Capt. Lloyd beat the best Swiss target 18 11-12 inches. Jeannet and Montandon fired in the town of Locle, Switzerland, and Capt. Lloyd at Hoboken, N. J. This is the first time that Switzerland has been beaten by any nation. Jeannet has been the champion of Switzerland for the last 15 years; he won the last government prize of 5000 francs.

GOETHE.—A correspondent of the Paris Journal de Debats states, that the Governments of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wirtemberg have concerted to purchase at public expense, the house that Goethe possessed at Weimar, and the rich scientific collections and works of taste that he brought together, for the purpose of forming a national and public Museum, the direction of which should be confined to the German Diet. The heirs of Goethe, in consideration of the noble use that the five Governments propose to make of the house, and of the collections, have offered to give them up at the moderate price of 600,000 florins, (1,500,000 francs,) which is only two-thirds of their estimated value.

AN INTERESTING SCENE.—The Washingtonians had a mass convention at Medina, Ohio, last week. During its progress, Judge SMITH, who had, about a year previous, been divorced from his wife, for his intemperate habits, and brutal neglect and abuse of his family, made a speech, at the close of which, *he was re-united to his wife*—the minister exclaiming, "What God had re-joined, let neither *man* nor *alcohol* sever!" Who will say that temperance is not of God?

☞ Mr. HAM, the conductor on the Norwich train, who was accidentally knocked from the car, is fast recovering, and will not, probably, suffer much inconvenience from the accident. All who have witnessed his gentlemanly deportment, will be pleased to learn that Mr. *Ham* has saved his *bacon*.

Taking things as they go, and receiving things as they come, may be set down as a very right philosophy.—*Boston Bee.*

To "receive things as they come," is well enough; but to declare it right to "*take things*," either while they are "going" or standing still, is what we did not expect to hear from an editor living in a moral city like Boston.

Some rogues lately stole nine boxes of old type from a rail road depot in New Orleans, supposing it to be specie.

They are not the first rogues whose hopes have been knocked into *pi*.

☞ All parties in Pittsburgh are disposed to honor the craft. There have been no less than four printers *set up* for office. They should all be *run in*.

☞ Jefferson said, "Experience has taught us, that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort."

LETTER FROM SARATOGA,

Correspondence of the Gem and Amulet.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Oct. 11, 1842.

Mr. Editor—A letter from Saratoga at this season of the year, may certainly be regarded as an oddity; so odd, indeed, that "Dick's Hatband," which has heretofore been considered as the grand climacteric, and employed as the only poetical illustrative of oddities, is for the moment rivalled, if not wholly eclipsed. But October as it is—forsaken and forlorn as the Springs now are—and despite too, of the little interest which the place possesses, and the consequent scantiness of material out of which to make a letter, I shall venture one just for the sake of oddity. Certain it is, however, that the usual topics are no utterly unavailable. Nothing can be said of "the arrivals," for they have diminished from the 100 to 200 per day as in July and August, to a scarcity unworthy of enumeration: nor of the "number of visitants;" for instead of the 4,000 thought to be here at one time in August, there are comparatively none at all: nor of the quantity of Congress water estimated by pails full, daily drank by each visitor; for all the *fashionable* drinkers are gone.

One distinguished personage has indeed arrived within the last few days—Mr. Jack Frost, from Greenland, of whom I must not fail to speak. I met him here about this time, last season; and notwithstanding his *hoary* appearance, the unceremonious manner, and *cool* effrontery with which he introduces himself, I consider him a most inspiriting companion. He meets me at the door every morning, insinuates himself into my company with matchless grace—now tickling my nose, or mischievously, making my fingers tingle by his mysterious influence, and on one or two occasions has actually set my teeth to chattering. I have indulged him in all this, as he is often my only companion at Congress Spring. I do not allow myself to feel flattered by these attentions, for I have been more than once assured, that he is equally affable to all. The smallest leaf, the lowest shrub, is not forgotten; but Congress water defies him. It is an interesting fact, that the coldest winters have been unable to affect the mineral water of these springs. The tempearture is 50° summer or winter. From this it is evident, that the quality of the water is ever uniform.—Why it is then, that while these sparkling waters "pass current" the year round, so few "draughts" are made upon their healthful treasures, except in the reign of Fashion; and I am led to believe that this enticing goddess is the sole cause of many visits here. The first of September has the effect of a panic, and the halo of beauty and animation, which before rested o'er the place, is gradually dissipated till real solemnity succeeds. I am confident that with proper precaution against the cool air of the morning, these unrivalled waters may be drank up to this, and even a later day, with beneficial effect. I know this experimentely—and many invalids who hurry away as soon as the cool mornings come, would be wise in remaining longer.

The Autumn in Saratoga is productive of a most peculiar effect upon the mind of one, who, given to reflection, has witnessed the animating scene presented here in summer. Notwithstanding the surpassing richness, the varied beauty, the delightful weather at this season of the year, the contemplative mind is ever, and in any place, most deeply influenced, and often times to moody yet profitable sadness, by its misterious charm.—But here, under the circumstances I have stated, these feelings are aroused in their fullest force.—Could any of the many thousands who were here when Saratoga was "all the rage"—to quote an expression which will be well understood,—could they see the deserted springs, the hotels closed, the quiet, and at times, solemn aspect of the streets, could they peep into the churches then crowded to overflowing, but now comparatively thinly attended; could they behold this, and at the same time they feel the chill and hear the moan of the autumnal winds, and see the faded leaf, perhaps the naked tree, then indeed would they know the emotions which the scene is capable of producing.

If, in its contemplation, fanciful imagination, invigorated and sharpened

— "By the secret powers
Of Mineral Springs, in Nature's inmost cell,"

is left to take its flight, Athens! Rome!! Carthage!!! Babylon!!!! could not (at least, while in the distance,) arouse such deep-toned and eloquent feeling. The annual history of Saratoga is of itself, a miniature of the "rise and fall" of an Empire. Having during this year been one of its earliest settlers—assisting to found and build up the little city—rejoicing in its prosperity—proud of its magnificence and splendor,—and having seen its gradual decline, and at last its utter desolation, I can contemplate it with even such emotions as "classic ground" inspires! O Saratoga of 1842! Thou wert great indeed, and thy fame will be cherished by all who were the witnesses of thy greatness. But now thou art fallen. I hear thy knell in the morning winds and in the rustling of the dry and deadened leaves; and now with one long draught of thy delectable waters, I leave thee. Another year, and like a phœnix, thou shalt arise from thine own ruins, and it may be that Saratoga in '43, will be of surpassing splendor—offering health to the sick—joy to the sad, and fun to the frolicsome.

Yours, &c., G. S. R.

☞ A Miss *Serrie* was married in Missouri a short time ago. Whereupon a wag says that this is an illustration of the old adage that "*Miss-Serrie* loves company."

SCEPTICISM.—Talking on the subject of scepticism, he said, "The eyes of the mind are like the eyes of the body; they can see only at such a distance; but because we cannot see beyond this point, is there nothing beyond it?"

Dr. JOHNSON said that—the burly, metaphyical Dr. JOHNSON.

TAX ON DOLLS.—The Washington Correspondent of the North American tells the following:

While the Tariff was under discussion on Friday, Mr. Gamble, of Georgia, rose, and with great pleasantness of manner said, that at the suggestion of some of his bachelor friends, he would move to strike out the duty on dolls, casting a furtive glance at some of the most incorrigible of that *Solus cum solo* genus. The motion did not prevail. The talented and witty Mrs. ———, who was present in the gallery, whispered to her young friend, the beautiful Miss ———, "I hope, my dear, the duty will not be removed, for the prettiest and most animated dolls in the world are made in the West. We must protect this species of home manufacture." Miss ——— laughingly replied that they had better impose an ad valorem duty of 50 per cent. on the whole antiquated, anti-Cupid tribe of bachelors. "Ah, my dear," said Mrs.———, "if it were to be an ad volorem duty there would be no revenue, for bachelors are of no use to us or the country. I confess that I would give my vote for a tax of $100 *per capul*." How long this dialogue was kept up by the fair speakers, I know not, having been obliged to leave the gallery.

A MODEST MAN.—A bachelor says that all he should ask for a wife, would be a good temper, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, fine figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversation, talents, modesty, virtue and money.

About a thousand gallons of whiskey were once emptied into the river by the temperance men. A wag remarked that this was enough to make it *high tide*.

Poetry.

From the Lady's Book.

The Maiden's Toilet.

BY M. M. BAND.

'Twas the Sabbath morn, and the fairest dress
That e'er in this world of loveliness
Had wrapt in its beauty that lovely glen,
Seemed resting upon its bosom then.

The silvery notes of the Sabbath bell
Were floating sweetly across the dell,
And gathering groups were hastening on,
In the pure, fresh air of that hallowed morn.

But one, 'twould seem, was still wanting there,
Mid the quiet group of the young and fair;
For glances from many a sparkling eye
Were bent on a cottage door hard by.

What will that opening door reveal?
What pearl does that humble roof conceal,
That draws all hearts to its lowly shrine,
Like the jewel yet hidden within the mine?

But now on the hill-side fair and green,
Another, a manly form is seen—
The pride of youth is on his brow,
And health in his cheek's impetuous glow.

Swiftly, yet gently, he passes o'er
The rose-decked path to the cottage door,
And there, as a smile lights up his eye,
He lists to the maid's soliloquy.

Fair, fair, was she as a poet's dream,
With her sunny curls and her eyes' soft beam—
From her parted lips low words were stealing,
The innocent thoughts of her heart revealing.

"Oh! bright is the bonnie blue sky to-day,
And I must deck me and hie away;
The bells are ringing so joyously
It seems as though they were calling me.

"And Willie, dear Willie, he will be there,
With his happy face and his manly air;
The flowers he loves to-day I'll wear,
And wreath their buds in my golden hair.

"The rose bud, twined with the snowy bell
Of his favorite lilly of the vale,
He will read in them what I dare not tell,
For they speak a language he knows full well."

"Aline!"—she turns with a stifled shriek,
And a mantling blush is upon her cheek,
While the frowning glance of her first surprise
Is lost in the laugh of her merry eyes.

"Willie, it was not kind to steal
Thus on my lonely hours and hear
Thoughts that you know I would conceal
From every eye and from every ear.

"But stay—on this day of peace and love,
When Heaven seems smiling from above,
I must forgive, and these flowers shall be
A token of peace from you to me."

"And I was wrong, for I might have known
You would not leave me to go alone;
The flowers you promised me long ago,
You have brought them, Willie, to-day, I know.

"Forget-me-not—ah! how sweet a name—
What other so happy a one may claim?
But what more fitting a flower like this,
The emblem of hope and faithfulness?

"Will I forgive you? Yes, Willie, yes,
I would not cause you one hour's distress;
And something within me seems to say
I *must* not chide on the Sabbath day."

From Graham's Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine.

The Haunted Heart.

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

'Tis true he ever lingers at her side,
But mark the wandering glances of his eye;
A lover near a fond and plighted bride,
With less of love than sorrow in his sigh;
And well it is for her, that gentle maid,
Who loves too well, too fervently for fears,
She deems not her devotion is repaid
With deep repinings o'er life's early years.

For oft another's image fills his breast,
E'en when he breathes to her love's tender vow;
While her soft hand within his own is pressed,
And timid blushes mantle her young brow,
Fond memory whispers of the dreamy past,
Its hopes and joys, its agonies and tears;
In vain from out his soul he strives to cast
One shadowy form—the love of early years.

Ne'er from his heart the vision fades away;
Amid the crowd, in silence and alone,
The stars by night, the clear blue sky by day,
Bring to his mind the happiness that's flown;
A tone of song, the warbling of the birds,
The simplest thing that memory endears,
Can still recal the form, the voice, the words
Of her, the best beloved of early years.

He dares not seek the spot where first they met,
Too dangerous for his only hope of rest,
His strong, but fruitless effort to forget
Those scenes that wake deep sorrow in his breast;
And yet the quiet beauty of the grove
All plainly to his restless mind appears,
Where, as the sun declined, he loved to rove
With her, the first fond dream of early years.

He sees the stream, beside whose brink they strayed,
Engross'd in converse sweet of coming hours,
And watch'd the rippling currents as they play'd,
In ebb and flow, upon the banks of flowers:
And the old willow, 'neath whose spreading shade
She own'd her love—again her voice he hears,
He starts—alas! the vision only fades
To leave regretful pangs for early years.

It was his idle vanity that changed
The pure, deep feeling of her trusting heart,
Whose faithful love, not even in thought had ranged,
But worship'd him, from all the world apart;
Now cold and altered is her beaming eye,
And no fond hope his aching bosom cheers,
That she will shed one tear or breathe one sigh
For him she lov'd so well in early years.

He feels she scorns him with a bitter scorn,
He questions not the justice of his fate,
For long had she his selfish caprice borne,
And wounded pride first taught her how to hate.
Oh! ye who cast away a heart's deep love,
Remember, ere affection disappears,
That keen reproachful throbs your soul may move,
Like his who lives to mourn life's early years.

The Widow's Reply.

Oh! let me wear the sable dress,
The widow's coif and veil:
No orange wreath my heart can bless—
No lover's tender tale.

Then ask me not again to wed,
Another name to wear:
The one I borrowed from the dead
I evermore would wear.

I do not doubt your worth, your truth,
I do not doubt your love:
But I gave my heart to *him* in youth,
And he bore that heart above.

'Tis true that sorrow hath passed by—
Nor left to view a trace:
She hath not dimmed my hazel eye,
Nor channel'd o'er my face.

Dark o'er my path she lov'd to roam,
With her pale sister, Care.
Within my heart she made her home,
And left her foot-prints there.

'Tis true my home is lonely now—
Hushed is the voice of mirth;
And speaking eye and cheerful brow
Meet not around the hearth.

But from the wall looks down a face
That fondly seems to smile—
His features there I fondly trace,
And deem him here the while.

Then leave me in my loneliness,
Nor ask my fate to share—
The past alone my heart can bless;
I love to linger here.

Go seek a bride whose heart is free,
Nor longer woo in vain;
For she who once has loved like me,
Will never love again.

Then ask me not again to wed—
Another name to bear;
For that I borrowed from the dead
I evermore would wear.

S. E. C.

From the New York Albion.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

BY ALLAN GRANT.

I wish my Meg were home again,
For wow but she's been lang awa,
An' I am dowie down here my lone
Wi' nane to cheer me noo, ava.

I'll belt my plaid an' grip my rung
An' to the bent wi' a' my birr
Yestreen I lay alane—the night
I'll lay my lugs I'll lie by her.

The gate is lang an' mirk's the lift
An' many a brae an' burn between,
But what is time or toil when gaun
To clasp the waist we love at e'en?

An' she will tak' me in her arms
An' ca' me a' the's kind and dear,
An' kiss me ower an' ower, an' wet
My cheek with fond affection's tear.

An' she will tell me a' her love,
Doubts, dreams and thinkings, joys and waes,
As meek an' artless as the lamb
That 'mang the muirland heather plays.

Oh sirs, but love's a lonely thing,
The human bosom's blessed sun,
An' oh may mine shine cloudless on
Until the thread o' life be spun.

From the New York Tribune.

Our Country.

BY B. F. ROMAINE.

I.

Our Country—'tis a noble name,
Our glory and our pride,
Our watchword to immortal fame,
Amid life's ocean tide;
And when upon the stormy wave
Our bark was tempest-driven,
There was an arm to shield the brave
Who put their trust in Heaven.

II.

Our Country—in my childhood's days
That name was dear to me,
When on the plain, sweet freedom's lays
Came swelling wild and free—
And told of bloody, deadly strife
For priceless liberty,
When breast to breast, each gave his life
To die, or else be free.

III.

Our Country—in thy darkest hour,
When every light had fled,
And we were sinking 'neath the power
That laid us with the dead,
A light appear'd, which shone from far,
As if in mercy given,
To cheer us on—it was the star
Of hope—bright hope from Heaven.

IV.

Our Country—may thy flag long wave
In beauty o'er each head—
A clear memento of the brave
Who're lying with the dead;
And may those stars of glory, set
Amid its blended dies,
Shine on our hills and vallies yet,
As gems that stud the skies.

Poughkeepsie, 1842.

Marriages.

On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Eigenbrodt, Mr. S. JONES MUMFORD, of New York, to Miss ELIZA H., daughter of E. B. Strong, Esq., of this city.

In this city, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. W. Mack, Mr. Charles O. Messenger, of this city, to Miss Maria Abbott, of Lowel, Mass.

On Monday, October 3d, at the Blossom House in this city, by the Rev. William Mack, of Knoxville, Tenn., Mr. ISRAEL H. OVERTON, of Dansville, to Miss MARY E., daughter of Charles McGinley of Groveland, Livingston county.

In this city, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Sam'l Luckey, Mr. W. P. Wilson, to Miss Lucinda M. Bonnell, all of this city.

In Irondequoit, on Tuesday, Sept. 20th, by the Rev. Samuel Luckey, Mr. HENRY B. McGONEGAL, to Miss LYDIA ANN LOVELESS, all of that place.

In Batavia, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Horace M. Warren, to Miss Susan M. Brittain, all of that place. On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. A. Hollis, Mr. Nathaniel Pitkin, merchant of Chicago, to Miss Nancy Jane Ellicott, eldest daughter of John B. Ellicott, Esq., of Batavia.

ELECTION NOTICE—SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Monroe County, ss.—Rochester, 14th September, 1842.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
sep16 of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } To the Sheriff of the
Secretary's Office. } county of Monroe—Sir,
—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State; a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Henry Hawkins, on the last day of December next; a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States, is to be elected for the 28th Congressional District, consisting of the county of Monroe.—Also, the following county officers, to wit: three Members of Assembly. Yours respectfully,
S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

August 31, 1842.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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Popular Tales.

From the Gift for 1843.

The Pit and The Pendulum.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed in one dreamy intermediate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*,—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more.—Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words,—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly location. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment.—And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table; at first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then they stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came, at length, properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensation appeared swallowed up in that mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all *is not* lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterwards, (*so* frail may that web have been,) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage are not at will, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower; is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the intense meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavor to remember; amid earnest struggles to re-gather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of what men term unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence, down—down—still down,—till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this, I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness*,—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound;—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch,—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to realize my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move.—And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the tall candles, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts then, were confirmed. The blackness of the eternal Night encompassed me. I gasped for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close.

I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence. But where, and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fes*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This, I at once saw, could not be.—Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floor, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and, for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in big cold beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew, at length, intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors at Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterrene world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall,—seemingly of stone masonry,—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge.—I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe, and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for perhaps half an hour, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf, and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterwards, I resumed my tour around the prison, and, with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty eight more when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope,—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I pro-

ceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly; endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending the fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterwards, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this. My chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose in my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment.—Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For nearly a minute I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I now saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. A step farther before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of tyranny there was a choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb I groped my way back to the wall; resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged; for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistably drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death.—How long it lasted I, of course know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed! for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimension of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enlosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon our arousing from lethargy or sleep!—The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or nitches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depressions. The entire surface of this metalic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks had given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort; for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher was absent; to my horror; for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate; for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a sythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum such as we see on antique clocks.—There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own) I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes; somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, all lured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge, evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—the *pit* whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—*the pit*, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents. I knew that surprise, or *entrapment* into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing vibrations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils.—I prayed—I wearied heaven with prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was an interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it *might* have been long; for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid all the agonies of that period, the human nature *craved food*. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half formed thought—man has many such which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to realize—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operation—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more) and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of the serge of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the *sound* of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces in the nerves. I pondered upon all its frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it *crept*. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek and the plunge of a damned spirit; to my heart with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently, furiously, to free my left arm.—This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief oh! how unspeakable! I still quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking or slipping of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening ax upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was hope—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition!

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of *despair*. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—*I thought*. It now at once occurred to me that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was *unique*. I was tied by no separate cords. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band, would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The

result of the slightest struggle how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom *in the track* of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back in its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the *unformed half* of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised *food* to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low frame work upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous; their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity.—Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; a disgust for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a deadly clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still.*

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free.* The surcingle hung in ribands from my body.—But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath.—Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the sweep of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, *I was free.*

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the walls of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illuminated the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were, completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I rose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my diseased imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I gazed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormenters—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare of the enkindled roof illuminated its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak!—oh! horror!—oh! any horror but this! With a shriek I rushed from the margin and buried my face in my hands,—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up shuddering as with a fit of the ague.—There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form.* As before, it was in vain that I, at first, endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death!" I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or, if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell fainting into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle! The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies! The French army had entered Toledo!

A romantic young lady fell the other day into the river and was near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her.

"Impossible," said her papa.

"What, is he already married?"

"No."

"Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"

"Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

NAPOLEON'S MERCY.

A SCENE AT FONTAINBLEAU.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of the officers entered, and announced a young woman from Lyons. "What is her business with me?" "Some petition," answered De Merville, the officer.

"Show her into our presence," said he.

The officer soon reappeared with a lady leaning upon his arm, whose face, as much as could be scanned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

"Mademoiselle," whispered her guide, kindly pressing her hand, "take courage, but answer promptly whatever question the emperor proposes. He detests hesitation." Then ushering her into the spacious apartment he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity; she thought only of *another.*—Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, "Mercy! Sire, I sue for mercy and pardon." She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and approaching the ground, contributed more by her sympathizing words of encouragement to restore the courage of the young petitioner, than even the emperor, by the graciousness of his manner as he bade her arise.

"Your petition, Mademoiselle?" said he.

Henriette Armand, (for that was her name,) looked imploringly at the emperor, and exclaimed, "Ah, Sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delamarre, who is condemned to be shot on to-morrow! Oh! grant him your royal pardon!"

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon, as he interrupted her with—"A deserter, Mademoiselle, he has twice deserted. No, he must be made an example for the remainder of the regiment."

"But, the cause of his desertion?" cried Henriette, in agony; "he was compelled to join the army against his will."

"What were the causes of his desertion?" interrupted Napoleon.

"Two weeks since," answered Henriette, "he received news that an only remaining parent, a mother, sire, was on her death bed, and longed, day and night, to behold her son again. Louis knew that relief or release from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought, that she might close her eyes forever, ere they rested on a son she loved so fondly."

"Did she die?" asked the empress with interest.

"No madame," replied Henriette, "she at last recovered. But hardly had Louis received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice, and dragged hither. Oh! must he die? Mercy, sire, I beseech you."

"Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, apparently softened, "this was the second offence—name the first—you omitted that."

"It was," said Henriette, hesitating, and coloring—"it was—that he heard that I was to marry Conrad Ferant, whom I detest as much as he does," answered Henriette, with *naivete.*

"Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?" asked the emperor.

"Oh, no sire," said Henriette, her lovely cheek assuming still deeper the hue of the rose, "I am only his cousin."

"Ah! only his cousin," repeated Napoleon, glancing at Josephine, with a half suppressed smile.

"Oh! sire," cried Henriette, "recollect the anguish of his widowed mother, when she recollects that the affection of her son for her is the cause of his death. What," she continued, "can I do to save him?" and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. The kind hearted Josephine glanced at the emperor with eyes expressive of pity and sympathy. She noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once it was very uncertain whether Louis Delamarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl. She hastily looked up, and dried her tears. "Mademoiselle," said he, "would you give your life for his? would you die could Louis Delamarre be restored to life, liberty, and his mother?"

Henriette started back, deadly pale, looked fixedly at the emperor for a moment, then turning away, she buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some moments, Henriette looked up, an

air of fixed determination rested upon her face; "I am willing," she said, in a low voice.

Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal. "I will see you again," said he, "in the meantime accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct."

As soon as the door closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning, and said—"I see how it is; Louis Delamarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release."

"How strong must be this love she bears for him," said the empress.

"Ah!" returned he, "I have a mind to subject this same love to a severe test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see."

"Sire," cried Josephine, "you are not serious. Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette."

Napoleon drew her nearer the window, and conversed in a low tone.

. . . . .

Henriette stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie. A small folded paper was tightly grasped in one small hand. On it were traced these words: "A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Louis Delamarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere day dawns he may be on his way to join his mother, whom he so much loves."

"Ah!" murmured Henriette, "do not I love him, too?" Pressing her hands upon her heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. The door opened, and Chevalier de Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated "Mademoiselle."

"I am ready," replied Henriette. "My decision is made."

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed on her beautiful brow. "Follow me, Mademoiselle," said he. They traversed long corridors, and numerous suites of superb apartments, and descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard house. Entering this, Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she soon was left to herself.

On a chair was flung a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On a table lay a large plumed cap. Henriette compreheded all in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in the uniform she stood before the mirror, and gathering up her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, placed the cap upon her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. She knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn. The bullet which would have struck Louis to the heart, would pierce her heart, but she shrunk not back. Louis triumphed over the timid woman's nature. Louis's mother will bless me to her heart, she whispered. Louis himself will never forget me! Ah! often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things beside. Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom, she pressed it to her lips, then breathed a prayer to heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footsteps aroused Henriette. She started up, grasped the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened, and two soldiers entered, repeating the name of Louis Delamarre; they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers whose bullets were intended to pierce the heart of Louis, had taken their stand, and only awaited the word of command from the emperor, who was stationed at the window commanding a view of the whole scene.

"Oh!" cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below, "Oh, sire, I can endure it no longer; it seems too much like a dreadful reality.—Mark the devoted girl. No shrinking back. See, she seems calmly waiting the fatal moment."

"Stop," cried the emperor from the window, "Louis Delamarre is pardoned. I revoke his sentence."

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade. The next moment, ere they could press around to congratulate the supposed Louis, De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd, back to the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before. "Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle," hurriedly whispered he. "Lose no time. The emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon."

Henriette was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawnings of happiness break upon her heart.—Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville re-appeared, and once again she trod the audience room of the emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis! An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as regardless of the presence of others, they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward: "Louis Delamarre!" said he, "you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?"

"I could die for her," answered Louis proudly.

"Well, well," cried the emperor, "this severe test of the love of one will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You, Lieutenant Louis Delamarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley, with Henriette as your bride."

"Here," said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, "here are one hundred louis d'ors, as the marriage dowry of Henriette!"

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl, as she received the purse from the hand of the empress.

"Long live Napoleon," exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Dr. LARDNER is at present lecturing in Philadelphia on the French Revolution. From a report of the lecture published in the Evening Journal, we take the following sketch:

Danton and Robespierre determined to establish a system of espionage—in other words, to send their myrmidons as spies into the houses of all suspected persons. Toward the end of August, this atrocious measure was carried into execution, and thousands were daily arrested, until the prisons were literally filled to overflowing.

On the 2d of September, a band of three hundred hired assassins arrived in Paris, who were exhorted by Danton and his associates to massacre all in prison, and being promised a louis d'or per day for their services, proceeded to the execution of their bloody engagement. It so happened that at the Hotel de Ville, there were 24 arrested persons, who had not yet been committed to prison. Among these, was the Abbe Sicard. These twenty-four persons, lest they should escape, were first conducted to prison. Their conductors were not content to wait until their arrival at the prison, but as they passed along, the most approbrious language was used toward them. On their arrival, as they descended from the carriages, they were all massacred, with the exception of the Abbe!

These three hundred assassins were then joined by Malard, who had led the women at the insurrection of the Tennis Court, and proceeded to their work with cool-blooded deliberation. Malard led them into the hall of the prison, where the prisoners were to undergo a mock trial. He sat down at a table as judge, and called on the jailer to produce a register of the names of his prisoners, and the offences with which each was charged.

The prisoners were then separately bro't forth, and it was arranged that when Mallard, after the mock trial, should say, "Set the prisoner free!" he should be conducted out, apparently to be set at liberty, and massacred by the assassins, who were arranged in files at the door, awaiting his appearance.

These proceedings were conducted with the most heartless and unnatural cruelty, and yet there occurred singularly inconsistent instances of mercy. At one time, as a daughter clung around the neck of her father, the uplifted hand of the executioner was stayed, and they were suffered to escape! Those who manifested fear were sure to be massacred; while on the contrary, even aristocrats, who exhibited great courage, were sometimes escorted home by a deputation of these assassins, who, without consenting to receive any thing, then returned to their bloody work!

On one occasion, a daughter was asked if, to save the life of her father, she would drink the blood of an aristocrat? A cup of blood was brought, which in desperation she drained. The deed excited their applause, and the life of her father was spared!

At a window of the prison, overlooking the place of these horrible butcheries, were collected those who awaited a similar fate. And they actually debated among themselves how they could pass through the files in such a manner as to be killed most speedily. They observed that those who held up their hands were not despatched as soon as those who made no effort to avert their fate—that these were not generally killed until they had arrived near the end of the line, while those who made no resistance were almost instantly despatched. They, therefore, determined that they would not hold up their hands. The result of this determination was that those nearest the door of the prison, had more murders to accomplish than those more distant, and the latter complained that they had not a fair chance! It was finally arranged that all should take a turn about in the bloody business!

Besides the 300 hired murderers, there were also present a large body of spectators, and, strange as it may seem, many of these were women. As these proceedings were continued at night, the spectators complained that they could not see, and petitioned for a light over the door, which was granted. They also complained that part of the area which they occupied was too low, and stands were erected for each of the sexes, and labelled, "For the Ladies"—"For the gentlemen."

In one of the prisons there were confined three hundred ecclesiastics, who would not take the oath. Some of these succeeded in effecting their escape; but as the greater number were not equally successful, those who escaped could not consent to avail themselves of an advantage which would not be shared by their brethren, and returned to die with them!

At another prison was confined the Princess Lamballe. She was asleep when the messengers of death called to take her before the mock tribunal. When before that tribunal, she was asked various questions—among others, whether she would swear eternal enmity to the Royal family. This she indignantly refused. She was then ordered to be set at liberty! and conducted to the door. The first cut she received was on the back of the head—then a stab—then a thousand wounds. Her body was literally cut to pieces—her head severed from her body, and carried to the Temple, where the Royal family were confined. One held it up, and called on the king to observe; but another, more humane, took means to prevent this outrage on his feelings. The King was subsequently asked if he recollected the name of the author of the outrage, and with characteristic good feeling pretended that he did not; but he very readily remembered the name of the person who had performed towards him the act of kindness!

After the work of these hired assassins had been accomplished, they presented themselves to receive the reward of their horrible labor. The municipality, at this time, was nearly destitute of funds; but the claims were paid, as far as possible. Some dissatisfaction, however, prevailed, and one cried out, "Do I not deserve to be paid? I have killed 40 with my own hands!" The claims were all subsequently paid as far as they could be ascertained, and an entry was finally made in the book, that "the *balance* had been paid them, *for work done!*" One of the entries on this book, it is said, was *written in blood!*"

A NATURAL BUSTLE.—A correspondent informs us that a female child was born about three weeks since in the town of Corinth, in this county, with a fleshy protuberance on its back shaped very much like a cucumber; and that a physician in that vicinity informed him it was the second case within his observation. These freaks of Nature are accounted for in the prevalent custom among ladies of wearing "bustles." We communicate this information to our readers in furtherance of the hope of our correspondent and ourself, that it will prove a salutary warning to the votaries of *Fashion.—Saratoga Whig.*

"Paddy, my jewel, why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" "And yours," replied Paddy, "are too short for an ass."

The Hindoo and the Microscope.

Bentley's Miscellany, for September, contains among other things the following:

Anecdotal reminiscence of an English missionary named Clarke, who went out to convert the natives of India to Christianity, but, failing in his efforts, returned in despair to Calcutta. We give the rest of the anecdote in the writer's own words:

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and at the time appointed the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several inconsequental queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him,

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?" "I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?"—"Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?" "Impossible."

"Will you swear to it?" "Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?" "Daily."

"Bring me some of the fruit then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His order was complied with; and the pomegranates were brought.

"Choose one." The Brahmin then did so.—"Cut it in two." With this direction he complied. "Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope. "Now look at it."

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright.—The fruit was perfectly alive with animalculæ.—The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,) looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered, "*Bus such hi.*" ("Enough—it is true")

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That every thing being filled with animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?"—"No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?"—"I have a favor to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and, being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it.—But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length consented (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value,) and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir Christian," replied the Hindoo in a cold, grave tone, "it means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable."

With these words the unfortunate Brahim quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

Touching that woman who was so large that her husband, being unable to hug her all at once, was compelled to *hug and chalk*, a correspondent suggests the propriety of making a State work of her—being too gigantic to be compassed by individual enterprise.—*Portland Bul.*

Lesson in Quarrelling.

If unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the question.

A few years since, I happened to be traveling in a stage coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat and dog feeling between them; for if one opened his lips the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do mean?" said the latter. "I means dat a sheap has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep han't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man that eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounsier, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression. "I say de sheap has no tail, not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and I cannot say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a *sheap?*

"Vat do I mean by *sheap?* vy I means one big larsh thing with sails and rudder, that goes upon de sea."

"Oh, ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a ship."

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply. "I mean von sheap that has de captain and de sailors and vat goes on de vater."

"Very well, sir," said the Englishman, "I meant a *sheep*, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheap* vit de wool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur; de sheep vit de vool has de tail. Oui, oui."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they ever get into controversy let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a *ship* and the other a *sheep*.

"Genius is displayed, not in grandeur and magnificence alone; it is seen in the cotton-gin, as well as the Principia of Newton; it is in the Iliad of Homer, as well as the lever of Archimedes: it was in the song of Miriam; in the plan of Washington for the surprise of Cornwallis at Trenton: it was in the daring of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi; it constructs edifices, fills up valleys, bridges the Atlantic and hangs the railway upon the verge of the mountain cliffs. It was the genius of benevolence that sent Howard forth on his tour of philanthropy; taught Wesley to lay down principles whose excellence was to be felt through long vistas of coming generations; and urged Matthew, the apostle of temperance, to the vast labor he has undergone, in removing a plague-spot from the escutcheon of that land whose genius has filled the world with admiration, or her sons have emblazoned her name upon the scroll of honor with a pen of fire!

"Genius was in Cæsars' 'Veni, vidi, vici;' it was in the words of Nelson at Trafalgar—'England expects every man this day to do his duty;' in the language of Franklin, 'Where liberty dwells, there is my country;' in the last speech of Robert Emmet, 'Until Ireland is free, let not my epitaph be written.' It was in that appropriate thought which adorned the grave of the dead with the weeping willow, that drooping emblem of perpetual sorrow. Earth, ocean, thoughts of eternity and coming resurrection, were all full of genius."—*Maffit.*

A Grave Joke.—Some wags took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin, with the lid left so that he could easily raise it, placed him in a grave yard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time, the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he burst off the lid, sat bolt upright, and after looking around exclaimed "well I'm the first that's rizt or else I'm d——bly belated."

THE STUFFED CAT.

An old chiffonier (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant to a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had long been attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the marriage must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman at once lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret, where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice, not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered.

"So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he. "I am come to offer you one for life. "Will you marry me?"

"I, sir! You are joking."

"No, faith; I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better."

"But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"Oh! if that's your only objection we shall soon get over it. Come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you."

Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle. It was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he was determined that even death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed her on the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took down the puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand Louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

Burning Glass.—A concave or convex glass commonly spherical, which collects the rays of the sun towards a common point, called the focus. Those burning glasses which consist of refracting convex lenses appear to have been but little known to the ancients, but the burning mirrors which consists of concave reflecting surfaces must have been brought to great perfection, if what is related by some historians be true; for we are informed that Archimides set fire to the fleet of Marcellus when he was besieging Syracuse; and that Proclus in the same way destroyed the navy of Vitellius at the siege of Byzantium. Among the moderns, Lord Napier was one of the first who conceived the idea of making such burning glasses, which have since been constructed of a prodigious size. The burning glass of M. de Villette was three feet eleven inches in diameter; by it were melted a silver sixpence in seven minutes and a half, a King George's half penny in sixteen minutes, which ran in thirty-four minutes; a diamond weighing four grains lost seven eights of its weight. That of Buffon was a polyhedron, six feet broad, and as many high, consisting of one hundred and sixty eight small mirrors, or flat pieces of looking glass, each six inches square, by means of which, with the faint rays of the sun in the month of March, he set on fire boards of beech wood, at one hundred and fifty feet distance.

Prudent Stipulation.—An elderly maiden lady, with a pride above being dependent on wealthier relations, retired daily to her chamber to pray for a "comfortable competency," which she explained in these words, with a more elevated voice: "And lest, O Lord, thou shouldst not understand what I mean, I mean four hundred a year, paid quarterly."

A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a church-yard, when he was threatened by a clergyman with condign punishment for his daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his head said, "I did not know but the wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

A New England Story.

We have often been diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short, to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young persons became smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The woman's father was rich—the young man poor, but respectable. The father could stand no such union, absolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey—that is, she dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She really was in love—a state of "sighs and tears," which women oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose in Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however; but, when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower and loved his child dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way before the importunities of a daughter.—Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by speaking out, "Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry, as soon as thee chooses, and who thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking, for knocking was not fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress in the widower's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly to him, and took both hands in hers.—"John," said she, "father says that I may have thee."

Could she have told him the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?

A Bold Preacher.—The boldness of Samuel Davies (a qualification so important, that even St. Paul requested the Christians to pray that it might be given him) will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When President of Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. The King (George II) had a curiosity to hear a preacher from "The wilds of America." He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house in such terms as these: "He is a wonderful man!" "Why he beats my bishops!"

Davies, observing that the King was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke:—"When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forests tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The king instantly shrunk back in his seat, like a school boy that had been rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers, "He is an honest man; an honest man." Not one of his silken bishops would have dared to give him such a reproof.

Not Much Left.—"I say Jim," said one loafer to another, whose garments were in a more tattered condition, "how do you get your living?"

"Well! I reckon I gets it sometimes one way and sometimes another. Mostly I don't get it at all."

"Be them clothes your'n, or do you hire 'em, 'lowing the landlord to distrain?"

"What business is that of your'n?"

"O, none in the world, but I was thinking that if you was merely a *tenant* of them things, and the owner should *distrain*, there wouldn't be much remaining after deducting the *rent*. Good morning Jim!"

A True Test.—Nothing, says a late writer, sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and noble soul as the reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a bigot.

Excitement in Paris in 1787.—In the spring of the year 1787, there was a terrible excitement in France, and particularly in Paris, in consequence of rumors or predictions of the destruction of the globe and its inhabitants by an earthquake or a comet, which event was expected to take place in the course of the ensuing summer. To quiet the minds of the people, the celebrated astronomer, M. De Lalande, was compelled to publish in the Paris Journal an address on the subject of the dreaded appearance of a comet. He admitted that his investigation and remarks on those wandering fiery bodies that might chance to approach the earth, published in 1773, might have been the cause of general alarm, and the popular apprehension was greatly increased on account of the uncommon mildness of the previous winter.—But he assured the public, on the word of an astronomer, that the dreaded comet which appeared in 1661, was by no means *the* comet which would approach the atmosphere of the earth, and that it would not even make its appearance in 1787, but perhaps in the following year.

This address of M. Lalande to the frightened inhabitants of the kingdom, was hardly sufficient to restore the usual tranquility; for, what with the apprehensions of an earthquake, and the view of a bright planet that seemed, about that time, to be almost closely joined to the moon, many, and especially of the fair sex, refused to be comforted, and neglected all worldly employments, passing their days and nights in prayer. Indeed, the risk of being swallowed up caused many to pay attention to religious subjects—and the coachmen ornamented the necks of their horses with olive branches, blessed by the holy hands of priests and monks!

Time passed away—neither the comet nor the earthquake appeared, and the people, looking back on the past, wondered at their fears, and forgot the good resolutions which they formed while under the influence of terror.—*Bost. Jour.*

A German journal gives the following account of what it designates as one of those wonders in which electrical chemistry is so fertile:

A pupil of Berzelius, who was occupying himself in Sweden with galvanic gilding, having used in his apparatus the skin of a sheep, on which there was some of the wool remaining, perceived that they became partially covered with the gold. Struck with the incident, he followed up the idea it suggested, and in time produced an entire golden fleece, preserving the wool in its original state as to texture and flexibility. Living in a village, the young *savamt* showed the wonderful production to his neighbors; but the fanatical and ignorant peasants, regarding him as a practiser of the black art, attacked his laboratory, broke all his utensils to pieces, and compelled him to fly with his fleece to Upsal, where he was received with kindness and consideration by the members of the University, who, by a subscription, not only supplied him with the means of subsistence, but established a new laboratory for him, and aided him in applying his new discovery to the manufacture of woollen cloth. We may, therefore, expect to have shortly cloths of gold, silver, and platina, which will entirely supersede our present gold lace and embroidery.

A Dialogue.—"Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?"

Adam somebody. "His father wasn't nobody, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of women and the pressrue of the times."

"Why were our first parents driven out of paradise?"

"Because they got too big for their breeches and wouldn't do nothing no how."

"How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Governor Dorr."

"Why was he obliged to flee thither?"

"Because he got up the King's ebenezer, and Providence wouldn't protect him."—*Sunday Mer.*

Eternity.—A clergyman in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers, "Eternity! why you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity *is*. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

Woman and Music.—A queer fellow in Charleston, who calls himself "Musagelus," has been inventing comparisons between women and the different keys in music. He divides the sex into twelve major and twelve minor modes, thus:

C major, phisiognomies; faces without sharp, open, friendly, harmless.

C minor, with 3 flats,; melancholy, afflicting apprehensive.

C sharp major, with 5 flats; effervescing, ardent.

C sharp minor, with 4 sharps; fanciful fantastical.

D major, with 2 sharps; gay, unrestrained, petulant.

D minor, with 1 flat; unsatisfied longing.

E major, with 4 sharps; imposing, imperious.

E minor, with 1 sharp; ghastly, showery.

E flat, major, with 3 flats; serious, grave.

E flat minor, with 9 flats; desperate love.

F major, with 1 flat; soft and mild.

F minor, with four flats; mournful and gloomp.

F sharp major, with 6 sharps; slouching.

F sharp minor, with 3 sharps; deploring, dejected.

G major, with 1 sharp, naturally roguish.

G minor, with 2 flats; noble extolling.

A major, with 3 sharps; light, luxurious.

A minor, without sharps; enthusiastic, anamoured.

A flat major, with 4 flats; loving, but for a moment.

A flat, or G sharp minor, with 5 sharps, profound feeling.

B flat minor, with 5 flats; proud, demure.

B major, with 5 sharps; sensitive and boisterous.

B minor, with 2 sharps; lamenting.

"Musagelus" says that if ever he gets married, he shall select a lady either in C major or A minor—as, in that case, he would get neither flats nor sharps with her; whereas, were he to marry a woman in F sharp major, he would be bothered with not only one but six sharps. This fellow is pretty *sharp*, and his concluding observations show that he is not A flat. He says:

"Woman is like a great opera—her countenance is the *overture*; her eyes an *introduction*; her look a *recitative*; her mien an *air*; her tongue a *choir*; her arm a *rondo*; her hand a *marcia*; and can the *finale* be aught else than her *heart*? Let the being who is skilled in music and in woman, interpret."

Ben Blower's story of his adventures in the boiler of a steamboat has found a counterpart, in part at least, in a case on board the James M. White, on Sunday. A German was employed in cleaning the boiler of the sediment which is always found after a run in the Mississippi. He had to operate in the interior of the boiler, of course. While there he managed to get his foot in the crevice of the flue, and, do what he would, he could not get it out. He struggled for an hour or two; the foot was so confined as to swell rapidly, from the stagnation of the blood. No other alternative seemed to present itself than cutting away the part of the boiler which confined the luckless limb, and this could only be done by a most tedious process. Before it was commenced, however, it was suggested that he might be relieved from his unpleasant situation, by pumping cold water into the boiler so as to cover the foot. It was done, the swelling abated, and in a brief time the man was released from his uncomfortable position. —*St. Louis New Era.*

Very intellectual woman, a correct writer remarks, are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly the forehead, is generally masculine. Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardoe, Miss Leslie, and the celebrated Anna Maria and Jane Porter, are the contrary. One of the Miss Porter's has a forehead as high as an intellectual man. I never knew a very talented man who was admired for his beauty. Pope was awful ugly, Dr. Johnson was no better, and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently praise men for sterling qualities of the mind, than men do women. Dr. Johnson choose a woman for a wife who had scarcely an idea above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existance, if we judge by the inscription he left on her tomb.

A man in Georgia was married on the 8th inst. to a Miss Fox—her christian name is Charity.—The next day, the 9th, Charity is advertised as a runaway by her husband. Miss Fox says, "the grapes were sour"—and if she was a *Fox* he could not *trap* her. Charity hopes to find a better man.

Natural History.

SWALLOWS.

FROM THE PEN OF MRS. CHILD.

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is handed down among animals from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn swallows came into our woodshed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than "penny wise" people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely arranged drawer of baby-clothes than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the out-porings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He went over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond conjuctry on both sides that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the bird had formed correct opinions on "the women question," for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twittering, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that its heart was kind, and his principles correct concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres. Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest and flying up again. Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while. Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with interesting activity. It was obviously an infant flying school.

But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length, the parents grew impatient and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows.—They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones! then clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived and wheeled and balanced and floated in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered and shook their feathers and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, "Its pretty sport, but we can't do it."

Three times the neighbors came, and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh! such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handles and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging in most graceful style on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often, but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart like the glad voices of little children. The beautiful family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time the little ones came home regularly to their nests at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art from these little creatures, perched so gracefully on the edgd of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung a gown on a nail I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

THE BALL OF THE BEARS.—As Stanislaus Augustus, the late king of Poland, was a tool of Russia, and did not enjoy any consideration, the Polish grandees playing him many tricks. Prince Radziwill came to court in a carriage drawn by six wild bears; the horses of course were extremely frightened; in consequence of which some accidents happened. The king pointed out to the prince the impropriety of his conduct. Radziwill added, that the bears were not so cross as whip, gold and patience can put in order every thing.—He added also, that sometimes the ace beats the king at cards, and paid liberally the damages.—After some time, he gave a splendid party, to which he invited all the ambassadors and all the leading personages in Poland, and displayed extraordinary luxury. The dance was kept up in several drawing rooms.

After the supper, he conducted a select party to a separate apartment, where, to their astonishment they found four girls of uncommon beauty, richly dressed, in company not with four gentlemen, but with four enormous bears! which, after the first outbreak of the music, began to dance with the girls all the figures of French quadrilles, with the utmost accuracy and with as much ease as if they were highly educated gentlemen. At first the guests were alarmed, but seeing the extraordinary tameness of the beasts, struck with amazement, they seemed to have been pleased with this extraordinary sight. After the dance was over, their bearships conducted themselves with the utmost propriety, and at a sign from the keeper, each of them made a bow to his lady, and withdrew to another room. For some time, nothing was talked of at Warsaw but that singular ball.—*Count Henry Krasinsh's sketch of the Polish Aristocracy.*

SWIVELLERISM.—The reporter of the Aurora tells the following story of a quarrelsome man and wife. Dick White and his wife led a dence of a life; from their always a fighting, and scratching and biting, and kicking up shindies, and breaking the windies; and getting their fill, of hauls off to the mill. And last night, Dicky White, and his lady so bright, got blue, and of course, had a beautiful fight; for with fists and with feet, and with broomsticks so neat, each other almost into mummies they beat. But ere they were *kilt*, or much blood had been split, apprised by the din, a watchman came in, and soon to that battle so grim put a stop, by marching the combatants off to the shop. But this morning Dicky White, and his rib were all right, for they kissed and made up in the magistrate's sight, and vowed that together no longer they'd fight. And therefore the court gave them orders to trot. So Dick and his rib toddled off like a shot.

"It takes me for a *slave*," as the drunken tenor singer said when he kicked in his landlady's pannels.

"And me for a *catch*," as the judge remarked to the offender.

"Is your business so very *press*-ing?" exclaimed a fair damsel to a wooing printer, as he embraced her.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LAST OF THE BULLWINKLES—A NOVEL.

The publishers of the Brother Jonathan have issued in the eleventh number of their double sheet extra, a work, with this title, from the pen of the author of "The Percy Family," &c. &c. &c. It is exceedingly amusing, and is written with a great deal of force and cleverness. It will answer very well to oil the wheels of time these long evenings. It can be had at MOORE'S, Arcade Hall.

"LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, OF A GENERAL NATURE, PASSED AT THE 65TH SESSION, 1842."—This is an excellent compilation, which every one should have who wishes to understand the more general laws of the State. Among the list, we observe the new election Law. The work is from the press of D. HOYT. Price 50 cents.—To be had at the bookstores generally.

"THE WESTERN CAPTIVE."—This is the title of the last of the New World's Edition of popular works. It is written by Mrs. SEBA SMITH, whose contributions to American literature, are well known. The wars in which Tecumseh figured, constitute the burthen of this work—which will be read with deep interest. It may be had at MOORE'S Agency office, Arcade Hall. Price 18 cents.

WHIMSICAL CALCULATIONS.—What a noisy creature man would be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as powerful as the grasshopper's, which may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The kolibri weighs about an ounce, so that a man of ordinary size weighs about as much as 4000 kolibris. One kolibri must weigh at least as much as four grasshoppers. Assuming then, that a man weighs as much as 16,000 grasshoppers, and that the voice of one of these may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile, that of a man, were it in proportion to his weight, would be audible at the distance of 1000 miles, and when he sneezed he would run the risk of bringing the house about his ears, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets. Assuming further, that a flea weighs a grain (which is something above its real weight,) and that it is able to clear one inch and a half at a spring, a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight would, by the same rule, be able to make a spring over a space of 12,800 miles, and consequently leap with ease from New York to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps!

A WORD FOR BOOK-BORROWERS.—Those who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of an answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them." I would just observe here, that nothing can be more mean and unkind than to borrow books of persons, and to lose them, as is too frequently the case. If my friend gratifies my request in lending—if, by so doing, he saves me the expense of purchasing—or if, also, by the loan, I gain considerable information or intellectual profit—it is base and ungrateful either to suffer the book to be injured or not to return it. I give this as a hint to some who are more in the habit of borrowing than returning books.—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh! a poet are you?" said the magistrate, "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

THE LAST DEFINITION OF "BUSTLE."—One of the *stern* realities of life.

Poetry.

The Three Children.

BY MOULTREE.

I.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould:
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is wise and grave of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his grave and serious air,
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
And loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions he doth ask me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sport—dotes not on bat and ball,
But looks on manhoods ways and works, and aptly mimics all,
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext,
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, are the words which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I pray that he may be;
And while I look into his eyes, and stroke his youthful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

II.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his has ever been.
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folks who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy—he looks so mild and sweet.
A play-fellow he is to all, and yet with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home, the earth—
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth,
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove,
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love,
And if beside his grave, the tears our aching hearts must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

III.

I have a son, a third sweet son—*his age I cannot tell*—
For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss that he doth feel
Are numbered with the secret things that God will not reveal.
But I know—*for God hath told me this*—that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be—on his Savior's loving breast.
Whate'er befalls his brothers twain—*his* bliss can never cease,
Their lot may here be grief and pain, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever,
But if our poor faith fail not, *he* will be ours forever!
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on *that world's* blessedness, and *this world's* misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we would rather lose the other two, than have him here again!

☞ Our friend Saunders, having perfected his "machine," has ground us the following pathetic little scrap, entitled

The Husband to his Wife.

I ask thee not to yield thy love,
For that e'en now is mine—
I ask thee not thy faith to prove,
Thy heart is truth's pure shrine.
Thou can'st not paint the lily fair,
Nor gild the mine's pure gold—
Nature has limned a richness there,
Which art can ne'er unfold.

But oh! I have one poor request,
Sanctioned by gods and men—
Thy power can give to love a zest;
Say, will ye grant it then?
She smiled assent—"what is it—life?
The favor now disclose."
Said he—"my own, my dearest wife,
Go WIPE THE BABY'S NOSE."

The Oysterman.

There was a tall young Oysterman,
Liv'd by the river side,
His house was just upon the brink,
His boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a Fisherman,
That was so tall and slim.
Liv'd over on the other bank,
Just opposite to him.

It was this pensive Oysterman,
That saw the lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening,
A sitting in the shade.
He saw her wave her handkerchief,
As much as if to say,
"I'm up to snuff, young Oysterman,
And dad has gone away."

Then up arose this Oysterman,
And to himself said he—
"I think I'll leave my skiff at home,
For fear the folks may see.
I've read it in the story book
That for to see his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,
And I will swim this here."

Now he has leaped into the main,
And he has crossed the stream,
And now he clambers up the bank,
All in the midnight gleam.
O! then were kisses soft as dew,
And words as soft as rain;
But he had heard her father's steps,
And in he popped again.

Outspake the ancient fisherman,
"O! what is that, my daughter!"
"'Tis nothing but a brick bat, sir,
I splashed into the water."
"But what is that there funny thing,
That's paddling off so fast?"
"'Tis nothing but a porpoise, sir,
"That's just been swimming past."

Outspake the ancient fisherman,
"Now bring me my harpoon;
I'll step into my fishing skiff,
And fix the fellow soon."
Down falls the lovely damsel,
As falls the slaughtered lamb;
Her hair hung down her palid cheek,
Like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas! for these two loving ones,
She woke not from her swound,
And [illegible] taken [illegible] the [illegible]
And [illegible] drown[illegible]
But fate [illegible] metam[illegible]phosed [illegible]
In pity [illegible] their wo;
And now they keep an oyster sho[illegible]
For mermaids down below.

The Cottage Home.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Thy cottage home, my dearest,
With its waving linden tree,
With its flowers and its foliage,
And its bounding rill I see—
Thy father in his old arm chair,
With his watch dog at his feet,
Is listening to the wood-bird wild
That trills his carrols sweet.

Thy gentle sister! hand in hand,
She trod with thee the green,
Or sported with thy brothers gay,
Blithe as a May-day queen.
Ah! swiftly when she sang to us
The happy hours flew past,
Or wore the flowrets that she twined,
To crown the gay repast.

Our bridal eve! my dearest!
Ah! can we e'er forget?
With tears of joy and grief our eyes,
That holy hour were wet.
They're gone—our old companions—
Thy mother and thy sire!
They sleep beside the village church,
In the shadow of its spire.

The early violets blossom,
Above thy sister's grave;
But o'er thy gallant brothers,
Deep rolls the ocean wave.
The melody of other days,
Their memory recalls—
Tho' silent waves the linden tree
Above the cottage walls.

The cottage home! my dearest!
With its waving linden tree;
With its warm, true hearted inmates—
In memory's glass we see:
And, hand in hand, we'll tread the path,
And con the lesson given,
And guard the faith that bids us hope,
To re-unite in heaven.

At Dead of Night.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At dead of night I went not always willing,
A small, small boy, across the church-yard there,
To the good father's kindly, quiet dwelling;
Star upon star shone o'er me all too fair,
At dead of night.

When, older grown, I nightly would be wending
To that dear one, whose pleasure was my will—
The stars and northern lights were sweetly blending;
I, going, coming, drank of bliss my fill,
At dead of night.

Until, at last, the full moon smiled so brightly—
Smiles meant for me, amid the gloom around;
O, then my thought, how willingly, how lightly,
It round the Past as well as future wound,
At dead of night.

Rochester Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

Prospectus for Vol. 15, commencing in Jan., 1843.

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☞ MARK, that subscriptions will not be received for less than a year, and every subscription must commence at the beginning of the volume. Complete sets of back numbers will be furnished at any time within the year.

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NO CREDIT to Agents.

Publishers wishing the Gem, will please copy the prospectus. STRONG & DAWSON.

Rochester, October, 1842.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Lucky, Mr. O. H. ETHERIDGE to Miss MARY L. STOCKING, all of this city,

In this city, on the 20th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. JEREMIAH M. BEADLE, of Honeoye Falls, and Miss HARRIET A. WILLIAMS, of this city.

On the 12th inst., by T. Clark, Esq. Mr. Simeon Ashley to Miss M. Braman, all of this city.

On the evening of the 4th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, at the House of Daniel Johns, Warren L. Burtis, of Rochester, New York, to Miss Josephine T. Johns, of the city of Philadelphia.

In Perry, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Mr. Tillottson, Mr. Daniel Ball, of Perry Centre, to Miss Jane E. Higgins, of Perry village.

In Gainesville, on the 22d ult., by Rev. John Trobridge, Mr. George S. Warren, of Hermitage, to Miss Laurinda N. Fuller, of Gainesville.

In Medina, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. G. P. Prudden, Mr. H. Smith Hulburd, Merchant of Rochester, Wisconsin Territory, to Miss H. Jenuette Northrop, daughter of the late Doctor B. Northrop, of Medina. On the 6th inst., by the Rev. R. K. Bellamy, Mr. Webster Herrick, to Miss Harriet G. Whitney, of Medina.

In Lockport, on the 29th ult., by Rev. M[illegible]sevelt, Mr. Harrison Newhall, to Miss Caroline N. Goodrich, both of that town,

In LeRoy, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. J. T. Minor, of LeRoy. to Miss Martha N. Hayes, of Bethany. On the 29th ult., by Rev. Wm. Hutchinson, Mr. William Hedden, to Miss Maria Wood, all of Strafford.

In Ludlow, Vt., on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Burrows, Mr. Wm. N. Rice, of this city, to Miss Mary Jane Ordway, of the former place.

In Seneca, Ontario county, by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, Mr. SHAFTO LOWRY, to Miss MARY ARMSTRONG, of the former place.

In Murray, on the 13th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Locke, Mr. John Duff, of Niagara co. to Miss Laura, daughter of Morris Sprague, of the former place.

At Scottsville, on the 12th inst., Mr. L. Jackson Lacy to Miss Sarah F., daughter of Joseph Cox, Esq., all of that place.

In Hopewell, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. George C. Hyde, Mr. Smith Stedman, of Seneca, to Miss Jennet, daughter of John Freshour, of the former place.

On the 6th inst., in Jerusalem, Yates co., by the Rev. F. G. Hibbard, Mr. John G. Miller, of Branchport, to Miss Mary Davis, of the former place.

In Milo, Yates Co., on the 6th inst., by the Rev. O. Montague, Mr. Archibald Millspaugh to Miss Sarah Drew, all of Milo.

ELECTION NOTICE—SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Monroe County, ss.—Rochester, 14th September, 1842.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

sep16

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office. } To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe—Sir,—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State; a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Henry Hawkins, on the last day of December next; a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States, is to be elected for the 28th Congressional District, consisting of the county of Monroe.—Also, the following county officers, to wit: three Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

August 31, 1842.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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One Dollar per annum, in advance.

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FATHER MATHEW.

A VISIT TO FATHER MATHEW.

The Christian Advocate has published several interesting letters from President Durbin, of Carlisle College, now in Europe. From the last number of that paper we copy the following interesting account of a visit to Father Mathew:

LONDON, Sept. 27.

Among all the attractions at Cork, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance in Ireland, was to me the most attractive; and I had the good fortune to find him at his own house, just returned from Limerick. In reply to my letter which I sent him, he despatched a messenger to our hotel, saying he would be pleased t see me at any hour. Upon entering the narrow hall of his plain but commodious house, I found the room on the ground floor full of very plain people, all standing around a secretary, who was making a most vehement speech to them on the benefits of temperance. He was showing how it increased the vigor and power of enduring fatigue, and illustrated it by a boat race which had just taken place between three crews; one, whiskey drinkers, one, ale or beer drinkers, and one, cold water drinkers. As he advanced in his animated declamation he raised his huge fist aloft, saying, the tee-totalers came out first, the ale-drinkers next, and the nasty, dirty rum and whiskey drinkers last, which declaration he confirmed by bringing down his lion's paw with tremendous weight upon the huge record book containing the four millions of names of those who have taken the pledge from Father Mathew. It really was a novel and interesting scene.

I soon learned that the secretary was entertaining the crowd until father Mathew could come down from his tea and administer the pledge to them. In a few minutes he came down, and having spoken to us with much kindness and affection, he turned to the motely group, and asked if they wished to take the pledge. They came forward *en masse*, and kneeled down before him.—He said, "It is for your good; many now are decent, well clad, and comfortable, who, before they took the pledge, were naked, hungry and wretched; say after me, I promise, by divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and, by my example and advice, to endeavor to prevail on others to do the same." He then added, "May God give you grace to keep your promise; may God grant you all temporal and spiritual blessings." Then putting his hand on the head of each, he said, "God bless you." They rose from their knees, and he directed their names to be inscribed in the great book.

We witnessed the same scene next morning at ten o'clock in the same room. It is always full when he is in town, and a secretary is in waiting to record the names. The general impression is, that it is more sacred and binding to take the pledge from Father Mathew then from any other. Hence but few take it of others, and always take it again of Father Mathew, whenever he comes within from ten to thirty miles of them. There were persons present when we were in the room who had come thirty miles to take the pledge.—He informed us that he had seen thirty thousand people kneeling before him at once in the open fields, and their repeating the pledge was like thunder—like the sound of many waters.

The pledge is understood to be *perpetual*, and the party may not dissolve the obligation at pleasure. He may disregard and violate it, as some do, but he cannot, as we express it, withdraw.—There is evidently a religious obligation attached to the pledge, founded, to some extent, in the au-

thority and sanctity of the party administering it, as well as in the consent of the party taking it. This impression on the mind of the taker of the pledge is strengthened by the fact that Father Mathew has no pastoral charge, and is not subject to any bishop or eclesiastical authority in Ireland; but is, by special letter from the Pope, commissary apostolic for Ireland; that he may prosecute his great work without let or hindrance from any Church dignitary.

Thus the sanction of the Pope is indirectly obtained to the cause of temperance in Ireland. I learned these facts at the table of Father Mathew from his brother who sat next me, and from himself also. Yet, so judicious is this truly benevolent man, that he will not enter the diocese of any Catholic bishop without his consent. I inquired of him why he was thus forbearing, when the people clamored for his presence; and his answer was, the success of the cause depended very much upon the countenance of the clergy, and he was anxious to avoid producing discord in the Church. Upon particular inquiry, I learned from him that the Catholic clergy were not generally favorable, as it seemed to reflect on the insufficiency of their influence and preaching to suppose a pledge was farther necessary to bind their flocks to temperate living; and farther, many of them said that Father Mathew knew that administering the pledge to the people would lead them to condemn the practices of the priests.

The Protestant clergy are not favorable, but they are not opposed. They take no part, but make little opposition, perhaps none, as the movement is almost exclusively confined to Catholics, in the pledge form. Yet some dignitaries of the established Church have been requested to give their sanction; and Archbishop Whateley, of Dublin, declined, saying the Gospel was sufficient without a pledge. I presume it might be, if his honor, and all others, would preach it as did the Master and his apostles, and denounce, in such terms as are suitable, all intemperance and vice. But until they do this they ought not to impede the good others would do.

I had as yet seen Father Mathew only by candlelight, when Mr. Cortlan and myself took a cup of coffee with him, and, as he said, a company of tee-tollars—ladies and gentlemen. After the party broke up he walked with us to our hotel, taking each of us by the arm, and invited all of us to come and take breakfast with him next morning at nine o'clock. Of course we accepted, and, as it was Friday, we had a meatless breakfast; but every thing else,—eggs, butter, honey, toast, bread, hot cakes, tea, coffee, chocolate, and nobody to interrupt our conversation. It was here I learned much of what I have already stated, and now I had an opportunity of measuring this remarkable man. He is little above the ordinary size, well built, square, and firm; aquiline nose, fresh color, and a countenance very expressive of benevolence and decision; very agreeable, and even bland in his manners; if any thing, overkind, and neatly dressed in citizen's dress, of a fine black cloth frock coat, &c. He would have been distinguished in some way, if not in the most exalted of all ways, in benefitting the miserable population of his country by suppressing intemperance.

He showed us many little ballads, addresses, songs, &c., which had been published by various persons and societies, and gave us all a copy of each. He also presented each of us with a silver medal about the size of a dollar, beautifully executed—on one side a company kneeling around him, taking the pledge, while he holds out his right hand toward them, and says, "May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promise." On the reverse, a cross, with rays of light, under which are, "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," Acts, chapter 24, verse 25, surrounded with a wreath, open a little at the top, where is the cross, and on the left of the wreath, "The apostle"—at the junction of the stems, "of," and on the right, "Temperance"—referring to Father Mathew himself. I prize it highly, and shall bequeath it as a legacy to my children.

There are inferior medals struck, which are sold for a shilling each, and these produce money enough to pay all his expenses, and probably to defray the expense of building a very magnificent marble church, now in course of erection in Cork. He took us to see it; he calls it his church.

I have said the Protestant clergy do not generally take any part in his temperance movements. But there are exceptions. He showed us a letter from a young Scotch nobleman who had kneeled to him and taken the pledge when he was in Glasgow, some weeks since, where he had administered it to thirty thousand in two days. From what we saw when we were there since, thirty thousand more ought to take it. But to the clergyman's letter, it was beautiful, and truly catholic.

Just before we parted he said, "I should like to administer the pledge to *you* all." But our American feelings of voluntary and personal obligation, unaided by others, had the mastery, and we made no reply. Yet I am satisfied the pledge, in the form of religious obligation and priestly sanction, is necessary to Ireland—perhaps to Catholics every where.

No man, who does not choose to be blind, can pass through Ireland without seeing the effects of temperance among the great mass of the people. I saw only a few persons drunk, or even disguised. The falling off in the excise duty shows a reduction in the consumption of whiskey from eleven to six millions of gallons last year; a circumstance noticed by Lord Chancellor of England, while he said the loss of revenue was a matter of moral congratulation. So said the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, whose property in Edgeworthtown had ceased to yield its accustomed rents, owing to the progress of temperance; for many of the houses had been rented for grogshops. I have this from Father Mathew himself.

The gentry of Ireland are not opposed, though they do not assist; they see its benefits to the poor people, hence they are glad of it. But they themselves still hold on to their whiskey punch and sherry wine. It is something not to oppose. But the most violent opposition comes from the distillers, who often send the neighboring priests a cask or so, and who generally have all the grog houses under their control, by paying the rent, and putting a tenant in to sell their fire waters. Mr. Mathew mentioned a single distilling establishment in Cork which paid £6,000 per annum, or nearly $30,000, rents for the thousands of wretched grog shops through the country where their liquors were retailed. But the cause is onward, and it is hoped will triumph. No one, I believe, attaches any sinister motive to Father Mathew. But Mr. O'Connell ought to take the pledge himself, and keep it; but it would be fiendish to subsidize this movement to political purposes.

J. P. DURBIN.

Popular Tales.

From Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.

SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold:
And love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;

And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all it sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain or clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they. MOORE.

"Many are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and still more truly might it be said, "Many are lovers who have never breathed their adoration."

If there be much "unwritten poetry" in the world, there is much *unuttered love*, much that should have been spoken to hearts where it would have found a response, much that would have contributed to honor or happiness, much that has existed in secrecy and silence, glimmering like the lamp in an ancient sepulchre, only over the ashes of departed hopes.

Mr. Allison was one of those persons who are usually considered "lucky men," though his luck lay in his industry, perseverance and economy, while the talisman which secured his success, was most probably inscribed with the word *"Patience."* He had grown rich suddenly, not from the sudden influx of speculative wealth, but by the graual accumulation of toilsome years, and his progress from poverty to riches had been marked by no startling transitions. Upright in all his dealings, and justly conscious of his own native respectability, he sought no devious ways to fortune, and, when her favors were gained, he aimed at no ostentatious display of them. He lived in plain but handsome style, spared no expense in the education of his family. Gratified them with every luxury that was consistent with his ideas of propriety, and, contrary to the practice of most American merchants, indulged himself with sufficient leisure, even amid the cares of business, to enjoy the society of his wife, his children and his friends. Remembering his own early struggles, he was always ready to extend a helping hand to the young and unfriended, so that many a poor boy, who now enjoys the blessings of competence has looked back with joy to the day which brought him within the notice of the benevolent merchant.

Among those whom Mr. Allison had most efficiently aided was a youth, named Ernest Melvyn, who, when scarcely fourteen years of age, had been so fortunate as to secure a situation in his warehouse. In little more than two years after he entered Mr. Allison's employ, the boy had the misfortune to lose his father, and thus the maintenance of a sick mother and an almost infant sister, devolved upon him. Mr. Allison, with that promptness which always doubles the value of a generous act, immediately promoted Ernest to a more responsible station, and increased his salary, while he appropriated to the use of the widow comfortable apartments in one of his own houses. But his kindness did not stop here. Finding that the family of the young clerk were highly respectable, though now reduced to great indigence, and that the boy's early education had been suited rather to his former station than to his present fortune, Mr. Allison determined to give him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. He invited Ernest to his house, gave him the use of his library, directed him to the most instructive books, and, in short, left nothing undone which could contribute to his future welfare.

Deeply grateful to his benefactor for all his kindness, and fully sensible of the importance of such advantages, Ernest showed his thankfulness both by his close attention to his duties, and his ready acceptance of Mr. Allison's offers. He became a regular resident in the family; a timid, quiet, unobtrusive haunter of that pleasant fireside, where he always had found a kind welcome, cheerful companions and excellent books. Every body liked him, from the merchant, who was pleased with his fidelity to business, and Mrs. Allison, who found him very useful in the execution of those thousand little commissions of which husbands are so provokingly forgetful, down to the smiling servant maid who opened the door at the knock of the pale and pleasant-faced clerk. His quiet cheerfulness and unruffled good temper, made him a great favorite with Allison's daughters, but his most especial friend in the family was the "youngling of the flock," the petted and lovely little Mary. Though scarcely four years old when Ernest became an associate with them, Mary attached herself to him with all the warmth of childish affection. Ernest loved her for her resemblance to his own little sister, who had been the idol of his boyhood, and who had early followed his father to the grave. He seemed to have transferred to Mary Allison, the love which had once been lavished upon his lost darling, and fondly did the child respond to his tenderness. She was in truth one of the loveliest of creatures, with large, soft blue eyes, a profusion of golden curls, and lips like the berries of the cornet-tree, while her frank and joyous temper, her sunny cheerfulness, and the overflowing affection which seemed ever rushing up from the depths of her innocent heart, added new charms to her infantile beauty. She was the idol of her parents, the delight of her elder sisters, the plaything of the servants, and above all the cherished pet of Ernest Melvyn. Hour after hour would he sit with Mary on his knee, while he displayed to her wondering gaze the beautiful engravings in her father's costly volumes, or traced on her little slate many a rough but spirited sketch of castle, to be effaced and renewed with every childish whim. He carved fair baskets of cherry pits, fashioned clay models of Indian figures, and practised for the gratification of his favorite, those thousand little devices which can be accomplished by a skilful hand, good taste and patience. When infancy gave place to childhood, with its increasing cares, it was Ernest Melvyn who became the confident of all little Mary's anxieties and pleasures. It was he who wrought out that tedious sum, and explained the wonderfully obstruse rules of that hated grammar, and aided in remembering those troublesome chronological tables, and, in short, removed every stumbling-block, while he lightened every burden of her school-life.

In the mean time, Mr. Allison's eldest daughters were growing up to womanhood, as beautiful as they were gentle and good. Their personal attractions, their gracefully feminine characters, and the known wealth of their father, all contributed to draw around them a crowd of admirers,

whose motives were as various as their minds.—Amid such persons Ernest never mingled. Retiring in his manners, and humble in his feelings, he never obtruded himself into the gay circle which gradually formed itself around the young ladies. His visits were as frequent as ever, but his evenings were usually passed in the library, aiding Mary in her lessons, giving her such primary instructions in drawing, as his fine but uncultivated taste would permit, or reading some useful book, which, if rather above the child's comprehension, was yet listened to with pleasure, because Ernest was the reader. Mr. Allison beheld with pleasure the innocent attachment which existed between them. He believed it to be an advantage to both, since it gave Mary a new impulse and aid to mental cultivation, while it preserved Ernest from many of the temptations which assail the youth of a large city; and even the prudence of age could see nothing to fear from the affection which had thus been awakened in the days of infancy. But the love which had thus sprung up between the child of four summers, and the boy of sixteen, had lost none of its tenderness when Mary could count her twelfth birth day. "How I love," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "how I love a little girl of twelve;" and those who have made children a study will heartily agree with him. It is the sweetest of all ages, the loveliest of all periods in woman's life; because it is perhaps the only season when the developing mind and expanding heart display their beautiful feminine traits without one shadow from the coming cloud of passion, when the flowers of affection give out their richest perfume, unmingled with the envenomed sweets with which future years will imbue them.

Ernest Melvyn had grown up tall and handsome, but with the pale cheek and thoughtful brow of the habitual thinker. His eyes were usually veiled beneath their full and drooping lids, but they were full of intelligence and sweetness, while his form was as graceful and his step as free as if he had never trod other soil than that of the green hills where his sunny hours of childhood had been passed. His application to business had given him a degree of gravity beyond his years, and his love of reading had made him a quiet observer of society rather than an actor in its busy scenes. His time was divided between his duties in the warehouse, his duties to his infirm mother, and his visits to Mr. Allison's family; the first tended to create stability of character, the second to cultivate the domestic affections, and quicken his delicate sense of duty, while the last gave him the inestimable advantage of polished and virtuous female society. Could he have overcome his reserve, and learned to think less humbly of himself, Ernest Melvyn might have shone in the gayest circles, for even in a place where wealth too often determines a man's social position, the protege of the rich Mr. Allison would have found little difficulty in winning his way. Had Ernest understood the "*art of pushing*," an art, by the way, which deserves to be made the subject of a course of lectures, he could easily have become a general favorite in society, and might in all probability, by some fortunate marriage, have compassed what the world pleasantly calls "*Independence*," in other words, a lifelong subsistence upon the almony of a wife. But Ernest was too modest, too single-minded, to think of such things. The liberal stipend which he received from Mr. Allison, more than sufficed for all his mother's necessities, and his own wants were very few. A small sum was annually left in his benefactor's hands, to form a fund for his mother's future support in case of his death, and with this provision he was perfectly content. As his tastes developed, his gradually increasing means enabled him to gratify them without encroaching upon this consecrated hoard. Books purchased chiefly at auction, and remarkable rather for their solid worth, than their exterior decorations, had accumulated around him, a few choice paintings which he had found among the rubbish of a deceased picture dealer, now adorned the walls of his neat apartment, a collection of minerals, made with no other expense than that of healthful fatigue, a small but very complete cabinet of shells, miniature casts from the antique, moulded by himself in moments of leisure, and a portfolio of exquisite pencil-drawings, by his own hand, all attested the elegance of his tastes, and the innocence of his pursuits.

To Mr. Allison's daughters, Ernest Melvyn appeared in the light of a valued relative, a sort of "Cousin Tom," useful on all occasions and obtrusive on none, universally liked, and allowed to come and go with all the freedom of a family friend, less noticed when present than missed when absent. But to the little golden-haired Mary he was an object of far more importance; and even when the flush of womanhood began to brighten the cheek of the little maiden, and her innocent bosom thrilled with those "impulses of soul and sense," which mark the first step beyond the limit of girlish gayety, Ernest was still the friend, the confidant of all her joys and sorrows. Exceedingly sensitive in character, with feelings keenly alive to every emotion, full of affection and gentleness, and quick to receive impressions, Mary Allison was a creature of impulse rather than judgment. The circle which had long surrounded her sisters now opened to admit her also. Two of Mr. Allison's daughters were on the verge of matrimony, while two still remained free to win new lovers to their feet, when Mary made her entrance into society. Conscious that she possessed no small share of the beauty which had made her sisters so attractive, vague dreams of future triumphs and successes began to mingle with her gentler feelings. The spirit which often leads a beautiful woman into the mazes of coquetry, was striving in the heart of the fair girl, and but for the quiet councils of Ernest, who was now her mentor in the perilous days of womanhood, even as he had been her play-fellow in the sunny hours of childhood, she might have become a vain and frivolous votary of fashion. But there was something in the calm reproach of Ernest's thoughtful eye, which restrained the wayward follies of the flattered belle, and Mary felt, long ere she acknowledged even to herself the truth, that whatever might be the charms of adulation, the approval of one noble heart was worth them all. When lovers came around her, Ernest gently withdrew from all apparent competition, content to watch from afar, lest danger or deception should touch the object of his hallowed interest. Keeping always aloof from the throng of admirers who now found their way habitually to a house where such varied attractions were ever to be met, Ernest seemed abstracted and indifferent. The incense offered by the professed danglers, the attentions of beaux, the heavy *bon mots* of would-be witlings, fell on his ear unheeded; but when one of lofty mind and noble character, a man worthy of respect and affection, when such an one offered his homage at the shrine of youthful beauty, Ernest was all eye, all ear, aye, and all heart.

Was Ernest in love with Mary Allison? Who can tell? Surely, he was too unpresuming, too calm, too free from jealousy, to be in love. Yet what meant his eager watchfulness over her every look and word, his keen perception of her every impulse, his deep devotion to her every wish? It was most strange, and yet might not a warm fraternal affection for one who had taken the place of his dead sister in his heart, account for all his feelings? Such was Ernest's belief, and if he deceived himself, his was the punishment as well as the error.

One after another, the beautiful daughters of Mr. Allison were wedded, until only Mary, the lovely Mary, whose very changefulness of temper formed one of her brightest charms, alone was left. From her sixteenth year Mary had received the homage of flattery and affection. Some had wooed her for her fortune, some for her gayety, some for her warm-heartedness, but all had alike been unsuccessful. When questioned as to her motives for this indiscriminate coldness, she would only laugh, and toss back her golden locks with a look of mischievous mirth that seemed the index of a light and unfettered heart. Utterly free from the coquetry which can deliberately win hearts but to wound them, she yet loved admiration, and could seldom resist the temptation of making herself agreeable. Indeed, she could scarcely avoid making conquests, for her usual sweetness of manner was sufficient in itself to attract all who came within its influence. As Miss Edgeworth has beautifully expressed it, "even from the benevolence of her own disposition she derived the means of giving pain, as the bee is said to derive the venom of its sting from its own honey." Too sensitive for frivolous coquetry, Mary was in far more danger from those sentimental flirtations which are so fascinating to the romantic and the imaginitive, and often so fatal to the peace of those who indulge in them. Few women—I mean warm-hearted, high-souled women—have escaped the influence of these "opium dreams of too much youth and reading," as they are contemptuously called by the worldly and the cold. Few but have, at the early dawn of womanhood, cherished a pure and passionless affection, which the world may have sneered at as "Platonic," and the prudent may have censured as indiscreet, but which was a source of infinite happiness while it endured, and which, perhaps, by the very anguish of its dissolution, afforded the best of all discipline for the future trials of the heart. Yet, like all other exquisite pleasures in this changing world, such joy is only to be bought at the price of future pain. Rarely does such an attachment terminate without suffering—rarely does that passionless dream fade into the splendors of a brighter reality—rarely does the heart awake from its trance of sublimated feeling to find loftier and sweeter impulses in actual life and perfect love.

From such perils, to which her romantic temper would probably have exposed her, Mary Allison was preserved by the watchfulness of Ernest. Indeed, their mutual regard seemed to possess much of the character of such an affection as has been described, but without its dangers. He was her friend, her counsellor, the guide of her wayward feelings; but there was none of that high-wrought sensibility, that fervent language which would be impassioned were it not so pure, that order of feeling which gives to such a friendship the semblance of love *wingless*, and with bow unbent. Ernest never ventured to be other than the friend, the honored, trusted and humble friend. Not that he was servile, mean-spirited contemner of himself because of his poverty—for he was in truth as high-souled, lofty-minded, and proud-hearted a being as ever wrestled with fortune—but gratitude had quickened his perception of duty, and, in the echoes of his own heart, he learned the nature of his own humility.

Mary had attained her twenty-second year, when she received another offer of marriage from a gentleman whose character and standing in society made him a most eligible match. He was refused, but so kindly and gently, that he resolved not to be repulsed. He persevered in a course of delicate attentions which even Mary's fastidiousness could not reject, and he demanded the consideration due to friendship till he could make good his claims to a warmer interest. He was certainly not distasteful to Mary, and had she been called to choose one from among her professed lovers, Charles Walton would probably have been the object of her choice. But she was conscious that she was capable of a much stronger emotion than he had inspired, and a very slight examination into her heart showed her one sealed recess which she dared not to venture to unlock. Within that holy of holies which every mortal shrouds within his bosom, she knew that an image was enshrined on which maiden pride forbade her to look, and the fair girl turned away dismayed from her self-imposed task. But her love was patient and persevering, and, after months of assiduous wooing, he sought her father's aid. Mr. Allison had never interfered to control the inclinations of his children. If the suitor was only a man of integrity and honor, mere pecuniary disparity was never allowed to influence his opinions, but, in this case, he certainly was disposed to wish that Mary might decide in Mr. Walton's favor. He wished to retire from business, and Walton was very competent to supply his place in a concern which still might be conducted for the benefit of the family, if Mary would become the wife of the new partner. Actuated by these motives, he promised his influence to the ardent lover; but the more he reflected upon his task, the more reluctant he felt to perform it. He could not bear to influence the affections of his favorite child, and yet he earnestly wished her to think as he did. Like most men in a similar predicament, he adopted a middle course, and quieted his scruples by committing the trust to another.

One evening, just at twilight, Mary was in a small apartment communicating with the drawing room, when her father approached in close conversation with Ernest Melvyn. They took a seat in the parlor, and as the door was ajar Mary could not avoid hearing her own name several times repeated. She was about entering the room when she heard her father say, "I wish, Ernest, you would use your influence with Mary. I am sure she prefers Mr. Walton, and it is only a woman's whim which prevents her acceptance of him."

"Are you sure she is attached to Mr. Walton?" asked Ernest, in a low, hurried tone.

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken about it: she likes him better than any lover she has ever had, for she confessed as much to me yesterday. It is full time she came to some decision, and I wish she would accept him. He is exactly the kind of person I should have selected for her, and I am sure he will make her happy. She is greatly influenced by your opinion, Ernest, and I really wish you would advise her to marry Walton."

Mary listened breathlessly for Ernest's answer. After a long pause, she heard him say, "Certainly, sir, if you wisn it, I will do so." Mary staid for no more. Hurrying to her room, she flung herself on the floor in an agony of excited feeling. The secret of her heart was now revealed to her, and the anguish which overwhelmed her, proved how fondly she had cherished the delusion. She now knew what before she more than suspected; she no longer doubted that her heart and happiness had long been in the keeping of the modest and gentle Ernest. But with this knowledge came the startling fact that Ernest loved her not.

"He could coldly promise his influence to give me to another—me, whom he has cherished from childhood—me, who have loved him from my very infancy! Yes, his is but a brother's love, and never shall my nature be disgraced by the disclosure of an unrequited passion. It shall be plucked away even if entwined with the very fibres of my heart."

Such were the reflections of the unhappy girl, as the violence of her emotions subsided. Could she have seen the bitter struggle in the breast of Ernest—could she have divined the hidden agony of his spirit when he controlled his voice to utter those cold words—could she have known the sudden wretchedness of that moment which first revealed to him the depth and breadth of his own absorbing passion, she would have decided differently. One word then would have secured the happiness of both; but the word was *unspoken*, and the destiny of both was sealed.

That very night Charles Walton renewed suit to Mary, and *was accepted*. The next morning, Mr. Allison informed Ernest that his influence was no longer necessary in the matter. The next week preparations for the marriage were commenced.

For several days, Ernest absented himself from Mr. Allison's house, but just as every body was beginning to wonder what could ail him, he came and took his accustomed seat, as quiet, and perhaps rather more silent than was his wont. He looked pale and care-worn, but his mother's renewed paroxysm of illness was sufficient to account for his appearance, and though his lip quivered and his hand trembled as he offered his congratulations to Mary, yet no one could have dreamed that beneath his calm seeming he concealed an immolated heart. Mary's pride rose to her aid when she beheld Ernest's undisturbed demeanor. She almost despised herself for the weakness which made her shudder as with an ague, when he offered his wishes for her future happiness; and resolutely closing her bosom against all such emotions, she determined to perform the duties she had undertaken with a firm and unyielding spirit.

The increasing illness of the invalid, Mrs. Melvyn, soon confined Ernest so closely to his home, during his leisure hours, that he thus escaped the torture of witnessing the arrangements for Mary's marriage. It was perhaps fortunate for both, since the tie between them was now to be severed, that it should be done thus gradually, and from a sense of duty to others, rather than from selfish feelings. At times, Mary half suspected that Ernest loved her, but the stern, self-sacrificing devotion of him who believed that she had chosen wisely and well, destroyed the fancy ere it became a hope. "She has fulfilled the wishes of her father—she has found love and happiness," said Ernest to himself, "and not one shadow from the cloud which impends over my fate shall ever darken her path." And with a courage far more exalted than that which binds the martyr to the faggot and the stake, did this noble hearted being crush his own heart within him, lest he should mar the hopes of her he loved better than life.

Ernest did not see Mary wedded. On the very night of her bridal his mother died, and in the awful stillness of the death chamber, the voice of passion was hushed into silence. It was not until his only companion was laid in her humble grave, and the quiet of exhaustion had gradually stolen over the tortured feelings of the bereaved and heart-sick Ernest, that he ventured to approach the dwelling of Mr. Allison. Amid their festivities, the family had not been regardless of his sorrow, and many an act of unobtrusive kindness had shown him he was affectionately remembered among them. But he learned some sad and solemn truths as he watched beside his dying mother. The nothingness of human cares, the vanity of human hopes, the fruitlessness of human affections, had been deeply impressed upon his heart. His mother's last lesson, imparted in the peacefulness of her dying hour, came with thrilling power to his bosom, and in the loneliness of his deep grief he learned life's hardest lesson—"*to suffer and be still.*"

One more trial yet awaited him. Not long after his mother's death, Mr. Allison took him aside and offered him a partnership in his lucrative business.

"I am old," said the merchant, "and wish to be released from toil. Charles Walton is to be the principal in our firm, and we wish to secure your future services, as well as to reward a fidelity which has never once failed in twenty years of duty. Indeed, Mary insisted that her husband should accept no proposition which did not include you. I require no capital from you, the profits arising from your yearly deposite in my hands have swelled your little fund to some ten thousand dollars, which I am ready to pay over to you before commencing our new arrangement."

"You are kind—very kind, my dear sir," was Ernest's reply, while tears filled his eyes, and his emotions choked his utterance; "believe me, I am not ungrateful, and while life and health remain, I shall ever be devoted to your service.—But I cannot accept your noble offer—let me still be your clerk—your servant, if you will—I am no longer fitted for the responsibilities of a partner."

"My dear fellow, you are as healthy, active and industrious as ever you were; you are in the very prime of life, and must not talk of want of fitness."

"The spring of life is gone," said Ernest, mournfully; "I have no motive now for exertion."

"You are dispirited, Ernest,—the loss of your mother has saddened and depressed you. Think over my proposition in a calm and dispassionate manner, and I am convinced you will not refuse it."

Ernest did think long and deeply on the subject, but his decision was unalterable.

"It comes too late; my life is now an aimless one, and riches might only tend to make it a useless one also; there are none to share my fortune, and why should a solitary and isolated man heap up riches when he knows not who shall gather them? It comes too late!"

Alas! how often has that thought paralised the energies and stricken the heart of the patient sufferer. Even he who, in the flush of manhood, can proudly exclaim, "*I bide my time*," as if in defiance of fortune's frown, is often heard, when all was gained, to sigh mournfully, in after life, over the chilling reflection, "*It comes too late!*"—too late for the fulfilment of hope—too late for the attainment of happiness.

Ernest Melvyn never rose above the station of confidential clerk, but the respect and esteem of his employers testified his integrity and usefulness. Mr. Walton learned to regard him with as much friendship as Mr. Allison, and it was not long before he was as welcome a guest in Mary's new home as he had ever been in the scenes of her joyous childhood. Whatever might have been her feelings toward Ernest, her perfect self-possession and calm demeanor, by convincing her that he had never loved her, aided her in the subjugation of her own rebellious heart. Her husband was kind, affectionate and good. She had always respected his talents and esteemed his virtues, and now, as time wove the new and strong ties of parental affection between them, the quiet happiness of domestic life gradually effaced the brightest tints of her youth's romance. It may be that a shadow rested long on her path—it may be that the spectre of blighted love sometimes stood beside the shrine of her household gods—but Time, the exorciser of all such ghosts, wrought his work of kindness slowly but surely, and Mary became a cheerful, useful and happy woman.

Ernest experienced the usual changes which come upon a solitary man. He lived alone among his books and pictures and shells, until they actually became objects of tender interest to him. Regularly, every afternoon, he visited Mr. Allison, and read the newspapers for his benefactor, whose failing sight rendered the perusal of his favorite journals a task of some difficulty. This done, Ernest returned to his home and passed the remainder of the evening in study—aimless, it is true, but still pleasing—or in a dreaming and vague reverie so enticing to a reserved and imaginative man. But on one certain evening in each week, he always took his seat at Mrs. Walton's tea-table, and as regularly esconced himself in the chimney-corner as soon as tea was over. To the insolated man this weekly visit, and these claspings of the hand with which he was always greeted, was as dear as the "memorable kiss" with which the "apostle passion" fed his wild idolatry; aye, full as precious, and far more pure, was the joy thus imparted, than any refinement of infidel philosophy and illicit love. Mary's children climbed his knee, even as Mary had done in her own glad infancy, and loved him with all the fervent affection which had once characterised her feelings. Like all old bachelors, he became somewhat of a humorist, and, at last, was voted by the dandies of the rising generation to be decidedly eccentric. But his kindness of heart, his firm integrity, and his purity and delicacy of feeling never forsook him.

To the day of his death he never disclosed the secret of his early love. When the frosts of three score winters had whitened his locks, the solitary old man withdrew to his lonely room, and there, amid those inanimate objects which had been his solace through so many weary years, he yielded up his gentle spirit to the God who gave it. He was found one morning lying in the quiet sleep of death—his arms crossed upon his breast, his Bible on the table at the bed-side, and his features settled in such sweet repose that none looked upon them without feeling that Death had indeed dealt mercifully with the righteous.

His will was found in his cabinet, and Mary Walton was made the sole heiress of his little fortune; although no reason was assigned for this exclusive preference. Perhaps the little casket which was discovered in a secret recess of the same cabinet disclosed somewhat of the truth to her conscious heart. It contained a lock of golden hair, marked, "*Given me by Mary on her twelfth birthday*," together with a withered bouquet, which, from the silken band around it, Mary remembered to have given him the night preceding her betrothal, and a penciled sketch in which she had no difficulty to recognise her own girlish beauty.

Reader, does not my tale seem tame and trite? It is the history of a blighted heart; and if the secrets of that strange world of mystery, were more frequently revealed, many such a tale of simple pathos would enlist the sympathies of the glad and gay. The picture of that self-forgetting being, subduing his love, at first, from the very humility of true affection, and, afterward, crushing it within his heart lest its living presence should mar the happiness of his beloved, is to me one of ineffable tenderness. That he was mistaken in his views of her happiness does not destroy the beauty of his self-devotion; and what shall we say of the moral courage which could relinquish all claims to *posthumous* sympathy, by bearing his secret to the grave, lest a shadow from the past should fall upon her present peacefulness?

The Old World.

From Kohl's Russia and the Russians.

With the fondness of the Russians for change, it is no wonder that there should be a great deal of building and altering in Petersburg. Scarcely ever is a house finished before there is some improvement or alteration to be made. A single entertainment, or a ball, often brings along with it no inconsiderable alterations in the interior of a house. If the suite of rooms is thought to be too small, a wall is broken through, the next apartment is added, and doors are put up for the evening. Pillars and balustrade are erected for decoration and for the musicians; conservatories, buffets, are arranged; rooms are temporarily hung with tapestry; carpets are laid down; and, to gain more space, an additional room of wood is built over the balcony and attached to the ball-room, as a handsomely furnished cabinet, or a station for the musicians. It is a fact, that not a house belonging to a Russian remains in the same state for fourteen years together; neither will *ennui*, restlessness of disposition, and caprice, suffer persons of distinction to sleep in the same chamber for fourteen successive nights. Nomadic habits are so deeply engrafted in the nature of the Russians, that in the course of a year they not only wander from one extremity of the empire to the other, but during the same period migrate at least from floor to floor in their houses. The police also interferes most inconsistently with architectural details. Sometimes it forbids windows of this or that form, at others it enjoins them; all doors must be made of oak; sometimes it allows the erection of projecting buildings, at others, it suddenly orders them all to be taken down.

The Perspective, the Foreigners' street, seems to enjoy an exemption from censorship, and to print and post upon its houses whatever it pleases.—When the prodigious mass of advertisements in the periodical publications of other cities is considered, those of Petersburg, in proportion to its population, appear quite insignificant. Petersburg has no readers who care for such announcements. Recommendations are given privately, from mouth to mouth; and on the other hand, Petersburg has a numerous public which pays no regard to such things, because it does not understand the language of the letters. This may account for the frequent paintings before shops and houses conveying the intended information in the shortest and simplest manner.

The optician of Petersburg has all the glasses and instruments made by him painted on his shop window; the butcher has at his door a picture, often executed by no inexpert painter, representing a number of oxen, cows and sheeps, and himself presenting a large piece of meat to a lady who is passing. The streets, which otherwise are rather monotonous, are thereby rendered in a high degree entertaining. You see bakers' shops, where, outside the doors, above, between, and below the windows, are painted representations of all the different forms of bread customary in Petersburg. The lamp-maker, instead of entering into a long description of the lamps which he manufactures, and of their different sizes and dimensions, submits them all in one view to the choice of the passenger on one large board. Nay, the pianoforte maker, the confectioner, and others who have no occasion to address themselves to the common man, have adopted this custom, and you frequently see boards with pictures of violins, flutes, pianos, tarts, confectionery, sausages, pastries, hams, and wearing apparel, hung out from the first and second story. A Petersburg barber—indeed every barber in Russia—makes known his profession by the following picture. A lady leans back fainting in a chair; before her, with a lancet, stands a surgeon, who is bleeding her; and from her white arm spirts a stream of blood, which a boy is catching in a basin. A man is sitting near and getting shaved; and the whole picture is surrounded by an arabesque of tooth-drawing instruments, cupping-glasses and leeches. The pictorial advertisement of the midwife is this—a bed provided with curtains we may easily infer to be destined for the lying-in-woman; and in the fore-ground is a cradle containing the new-born squaller, about whom the midwife herself is seen busily engaged. These paintings in general are pretty; and on those of the French *marchand de modes*, all the caps and fine laces are often beautifully executed.

One would suppose that a single figure would be sufficient to denote all the articles in which a tradesman deals, but this is not the case; not only must every sort of braces and of stockings that a man has for sale be represented on his board, but likewise a complete dress for ladies and gentlemen. The coffee-house keeper exhibits a whole company sipping coffee and smoking cigars at their ease; and the goldsmith displays not only rings and stars, but whole length generals and ministers, whose breasts and ten fingers glisten with diamonds, gold crosses of orders and pearls. Many handicraftsmen, whose productions can scarcely be represented—for instance, the cloth-dresser—give at least, in the minutest detail, the whole of the implements which they use. The Russians are proud of these signs, and much might be said concerning them, with reference to their character. You may frequently see at old ruinous *kabake*, where beer and spirits are sold, large gilt signs with pompous paintings.

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Of the 500,000 inhabitants of Petersburg, 60,000 belong to the army—every ninth man, therefore, that you meet in the streets is a soldier—and as neither officers nor privates ever divest themselves of their epaulettes or arms, and they are obliged when they walk out to appear buttoned up to the teeth, and tight-braced as for the parade, no sight is more common in these promenades than the plumes and glistening equipments of these gentry. Those of them who particularly excite the interest of the stranger are the wild Caucasians, the Tschorkesses, who, clad in silver cuirass and steel network, chat and jest with the civilized Russian officers, while their brethren in the Caucasus give no quarter to the comrades of the latter. But it is better, even at Petersburg, to keep out of the way of these people. Their daggers are kept continually whetted, and they carry their firearms ready charged. They never appear even at balls without their weapons, and dance the polonaise with the Russian ladies with loaded pistols.

Some years ago, one of them, a Prince Ali, who was forgiven many indiscretions on account of his extraordinary personal beauty and amiable manners, was frequently seen firing his pistol in the streets of Petersburg out of sheer wantonness, either at the sun or some other object. If the police attempted to seize him, he would leap upon his horse, which followed at his heels like a dog, and was gone like lightning. In general he fired only at the sun, the lamps and lampposts, but sometimes at persons. This happened once to a Russian officer, who had affronted him by using in conversation some disrespectful expression concerning his mother in the Caucasus. Luckily he missed him, not, however, because he had taken bad aim, but because another Russian officer gave a different direction to the pistol by a violent blow. Wild nature is as inherent in the blood of these people, as in the cat; so that the Russians find it very difficult to humanize them, though they are taken when little boys into the corps of cadets, and many years are devoted to their education.—It is not saying too much to assert that half Petersburg appears in uniform. For, besides the 60,000 military, there is about the like number who wear civil and private uniform—the civil officers, the police servants, &c.; so that nearly half the entire public goes about bestarred, belaced, and betagged. It is nevertheless false that, as some travelers allege, the simple frock, the black surtout, are treated here with contempt.—Bonvenience seems to be with mankind in general a still more considerable substratum of egotism than vanity itself; and every one who can and dare, slips on the ordinary dark-colored surtout, which is therefore almost as frequently seen in the promenades as the gaudy uniform.

There are still in Petersburg wealthy private persons enough, foreigners and natives, who uphold the credit of the frock and the surtout, and know how to procure respect for them. The whole numerous mercantile class, the English factory, all the German barons from the provinces on the Baltic, many young men of no profession, *petit-maitres* and *galanthommes*, many rich Russian landed proprietors, princes, and gentlemen, most foreigners, especially the numerous private teachers, all the older and most respectable part of the population, appear in the frock, which in consequence feels itself not a little honored, but must, it is true, give way to the uniform worn by all military and civic officers, likewise by the teachers in the public schools, the professors of the universities, and in many cases even by youth, the pupils in the gymnasiums, in the circular schools, and the scholars in all the public institutions, who, as embryo civilians, are buttoned up in uniforms, striped, dotted, and garnished like butterflies or birds of paradise. No city has tailors so expert at making uniforms and liveries as Petersburg.—The high estimation in which the civil dress is held may be inferred from the circumstance that each individual portion of it has a great number of professional virtuosos who particularly excel in making that article. Here, as in other cities, there are coxcombs who hold conferences every morning with a dozen tailors,—with one about their waistcoats, with another about their trousers, and with a third about their surtouts, &c.—As in nature, different weather brings out different animals; as moths fly about in the evening mist, butterflies in the noon-tide sun; as in the winter white hares and gray squirrels and in summer gray hares and tawny squirrels, make their appearance,—so, in regard to men, other weather brings other persons into the streets.

Now as the weather of Petersburg is amazingly fickle, the aspect of the Petersburg street public varies very often. In winter you see thick pelises; in summer thin gauzes and silks; in the day time all light and airy, in the evening all cloaked and hooded; in sunshine flashy elegants and ladies of fashion, in rain all that is elegant gone, and none but "black people" left; to-day, nothing but sledges and traineaux upon the snow, to-morrow nothing but wheel-carriages rattling over the stones. The difference of religion changes the aspect of the public still more than the weather. On Friday, the Sabbath of the Mahomedans, turbans, the black beards of the Persians, and the shorn heads of the Tartars make their appearance in the streets. On Saturday you see the black silk taftans of the Jews; and on Sunday the streets are thronged with joyous Christians. Then again the diversity of the Christian sects. To-day the Lutherans are summoned to a penitential service; and you see the German citizens, father, mother, and children, with black gilt edged hymn books under their arms, wending their way to the church. To-morrow the Catholics are called to a festival in honor of the immaculate Virgin; and Poles, Lithunians, French and Austrian subjects betake themselves to the temples. The day after peal the thousand bells of the Greek kolokolniks (belfries); and now there is a buzz in all the streets from the swarms of grass green, blood red, brimstone yellow, violet blue daughters and wives of the Russian tradesmen. But on great political and state festivals, on "imperial days," *zarskije dni*, as they are called, then all costumes, all colors, all fashions current between Paris and Pekin, make their appearance.

It is as though Noah's ark had stranded in the Newa, and was discharging its multifarious freight—people who suffer the hair to grow not only on the head, but over the whole face and throat, others who, on the contrary, shave the whole skull, and clear away every thing, like mowers in a meadow, excepting the eyebrows and a neat moustache on the upper lip; others to whom this practice is forbidden even by law, and who again make amends by the luxuriance of their locks; some who imitate the goats, and have a tuft of hair hanging from beneath their chin; others—but who can reckon up all the Polish, Molorussians, Russian, Hungarian, French, Jewish, Tartar, Chinese fashion of wearing beard and hair?—men in kaftans and talares, in sheepkin caps, feather and felt hats, tschakos, turbans and schapkis; in boots, slippers, bast shoes; woman *a la Russ*, *a la Polanaise*, with hats, with caps, with kakoschniks, or mere cloths thrown over the head; in Paresian dresses and old Russian sarasans, armed and unarmed, lions and sheep, hares and oxen, mice and elephants, storks and doves, kites and owls, each after his kind. There are then in the streets as many different publics as there are different costumes and nationalities; as in nature, so in this case, like seeks to associate with like. That beautiful, elegantly shaped lady in black, who enraptures the officers of the guards, makes no impression on the Gostinnoi, Dwor shopkeeper, who lets her pass unnoticed. He is looking out for his red sarafan, which he understands, which understands him.

The Russian girl wreathes her hair and garnishes her plaits with enticing ribbons, not for rakes of French blood, who flutter past her unacaptivated; but they catch the eyes of a young coachman, which settle on them like linnets on a lime twig. Your German shopman, with a chain of false gold about his neck, and long *parricides* peeping forth from under his cravat, tight braced, and his hat stuck on one side, let the officers of the guard laugh at him as they will, knows that somewhere or other a mate is waiting for him who will not fail to be pleased with his assumed consequence and bragging speeches. It has frequently been remarked that it is rare to meet with so many handsome men in one city as in Petersburg. This phenomenon is partly owing to the skill of the tailors, who are truly clever, and, by means of judicious stuffing and other expedients, contrive to make something elegant out of any figure whatsoever; partly the effect of the many uniforms which one sees worn for parade, and which give people more consequence than the dull dark frocks—and partly a consequence of the circumstance, that all the handsomest men in the provinces flock to the capital, where they find themselves best appreciated at court, in the regiments of guards, &c.; and lastly a result of the agreeable forms which the Russians every where affect. In no city will you see fewer cripples and deformed persons than in Petersburg—partly because they find little toleration here, and partly, too, because no race of mankind produces fewer cripples than the Russian. I scarcely recollect having seen any of those dwarfish and stunted figures among the Russians. On the other hand, you may meet at every step men whom one might envy their personal appearance, especially if there existed as much opportunity to please handsome women. But the other sex wears a brilliant aspect.

Petersburg is a city of men. It contains 100,000 fewer women than men, so that the choice is proportionably not great. Besides, the climate of Petersburg seems to be unfavorable to the development of the charms of these delicate flowers; for their bloom is soon over: and it *is* universally admitted that, upon the whole, the women in Russia are less handsome than the men. Lastly, the less numerous they are, the faster they are worn out in the societies and amusements for which they are indispensable. You rarely see a young female with a fine blooming complexion; they are generally pale, and plainly show how much grace and loveliness the capital consumes. The Ger-

man ladies are an exception; and with these Petersburg is incessantly recruited from the Baltic provinces, where they have grown up in the country, in gardens and in the woods. Finland, Livonia, Esthonia and Courtland supply the city with many beauties, and almost all those who are particularly distinguished in society come from those provinces. Hence the Russians have such a high conception of German beauty, that they scarcely ever refuse a Njemka (a German woman) the epithet of *krassiwaja* (fair.) The ladies in Petersburg feel in various ways the ill effects of the disproportionate number of men. Thus, they must not appear out of doors unattended by one of the other sex; nay, a Petersburg lady would not dare to walk in broad day in the Perspective without the escort of a gentleman or her footman.

Extracts from Late Publications.

DICKENS' WORK.

The Great Western brings out Dickens's new work on America. The book refers to the copyright question in particular, and to all questions more or less. He has a good word to say of his friends, and a bad word for all who are not. The London Times says that while he renders to his "generous friends" there a certain portion of lip-homage, no one who reads his book can fail to perceive that he is thoroughly sick of his "hospitable entertainers."

Mr. Dickens' testifies that the Americans are a suspicious, impertinent, dishonest race of men—a race of men who deem the success of knavery the sufficing excuse of knavery. Their Press he describes as degraded beyond the lowest level of degradation, to which the basest portion of the press of Europe has ever descended. Hear what he says of it:

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

"Among the herd of journals in the States, there are some, the reader need scarcely be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accumplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class, I have derived both pleasure and profit; but the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the moral poison of the bad. Among the gentry of America—amongst the well-informed and moderate—in the learned professions—at the bar and on the bench, there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visiter would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstances tends directly to the opposite conclusion. When any man of any grade, of desert, in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity—when any private excellence is safe from its attacks—when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honor is held in the least regard—when any man in that free country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for it rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart—when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach its casts upon the nation and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon it and crush it openly in the sight of all men then will I believe its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while the press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman—while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the republic.—To those who are accustomed to the leading English journals, or to the respectable journals of the continet of Europe—to those who are accustomed to anything else in print and paper, it would be impossible, without an amount of extract for which I have neither space nor inclination, to convey an adequate idea of this frightful engine in America. But if any man desire confirmation of my statement on this head, let him repair to any place in the city of London, where scattered numbers of these publications are to be found, and there let him form his own opinion."

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The Americans are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably as to them; never can again make, in half a year, so many friends, for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life. These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass, and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration, is a truth that ought to be told."

Mr. Dickens enumerates among those influences a spirit of distrust, a love of "smart" dealing, which gilds over "many a swindle aud gross breach of trust," and an inordinate love of traffic. "These three characteristics," he adds, "are strongly presented at every turn, full in the stranger's view. But the foul growth of America has a more tangled root than ihis; and it strikes its fibers deep in its licentious press."

A NATIVE CHIEFTAIN.

"There chanced to be on board of this boat, in addition to the usual dreary crowd of passengers, one Pitchlyn, a chief of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to me, and with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation.

"He spoke English perfectly well, though he had not begun to learn the language, he told me, until he was a young man grown. He had read many books, and Scott's poetry appeared to have left a strong impression on his mind, especially the opening of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and the great battle scene in 'Marmion,' in which, no doubt, from the congeniality of the subjects to his own pursuits and tastes, he had great interest and delight. He appeared to understand correctly all he had read, and whatever fiction had enlisted his sympathy in its belief, had done so keenly and earnestly, I might almost say fiercely. He was dressed in our every day costume, which hung about his fine figure loosely, and with indifferent grace. On my telling him that I regretted not to see him in his own attire, he threw up his right arm for a moment, as though he was brandishing some heavy weapon, and answered, as he let it fall again, that his race were losing many things beside the dress, and would soon be seen upon the earth no more; but he wore it at home, he added, proudly.

"He told me that he had been away from his home, West of the Mississippi, seventeen months; and was now returning. He had been chiefly at Washington on some negotiations pending between his tribe and the Government; which were not settled yet (he said in a melancholy way) and he feared never would be; for what could a few poor Indians do against such well skilled men of business as the whites?

"He had no love for Washington; tired of towns and cities very soon; and longed for the forest and the prairie.

"I asked him what he thought of Congress. He answered, with a smile, that it wanted dignity in an Indian's eyes.

"He would very much like, he said, to see England before he died; and spoke with much interest about the great things to be seen there. When I told him of that chamber in the British Museum wherein are preserved household memorials of a race that ceased to be, thousands of years ago, he was very attentive, and it was not hard to see that he had a refereuce in his mind to the gradual fading away of his own people.

"This led us to speak of Mr. Catlin's gallery, which he praised highly, observing, that his own portrait was among the collection, and that all the likenesses were 'elegant.' Mr. Cooper, he said, had painted the red man well; and so would I, he know, if I would go home and hunt buffaloes, which he was quite auxious I should do. When I told him that supposing I went I should not be very likely to damage the buffaloes much, he took it as a great joke and laughed heartily.

"He was a remarkably handsome man; some years past forty, I should judge, with long black hair, an aquiline nose, broad cheek bones, a sunburnt complexion, and a very bright, keen, dark and piercing eye. There were but twenty thousand of the Choctaws left, he said, and their number was decreasing every day. A few of his brother chiefs had been obliged to become civilized, and to make themselves acquainted with what the whites knew, for it was their only chance of existence. But they were not many; and the rest were as they alwnys had been. He dwelt on this, and said several times that unless they tried to assimilate themselves to their conquerors, they must be swept away before the strides of civilized society.

"When we shook hands at parting, I told him he must come to England, as he longed to see the land so much; that I should hope to see him there, one day, and that I could promise him he would be well received and kindly treated. He was evidently pleased by this assurance, though he rejoined, with a good humored smile and an arch shake of his head, that the English used to be very fond of the red men when they wanted their help, but had not cared much for them since.

"He took his leave, as stately and complete a gentleman of nature's making as ever I beheld; and moved among the people in the boat, another kind of being."

NEW YORK—SAM VELLER GLANCE.

Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open windows as though its rays were concentrated through a burning glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway? The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry hot kilns: and the roofs of those omnibusses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half quenched fires. No stint of omnibusses here!—Half a dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large wheeled tilburies, and private carriages—rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement.—Negro coachmen and white; in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, nankeen, striped jean and linen; and there, in that one instance, (look while it passes, or it will be too late,) in suits of livery. Some southern republican that, who put his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with a well clipped pair of greys has stopped—standing at their heads now—is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top boots, which he may traverse the city a year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies how they dress! We have seen more colors in these ten minutes than we should have seen elsewhere in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribands and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt callars, and cultivating their whispers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort.

"Byrons of the desk and counter pass on, and let us see what is behind ye; those two laborers in holiday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crimpled scrap of paper from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it on all the doors and windows."

NEW YORK AT NIGHT.

"But how quiet the streets are? Are there no itenerant bands; no wind or stringed instruments? No, not one. By day, are there no Punches, fantoccinis, dancing dogs, jugglers, conjurors, orchesterians, or even barrel-organs? No not one. Yes, I remember one. One barrel-organ and a dancing monkey—sportive by nature, but fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey, of the utilitarian school. Beyond that, nothing lively, no, not so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage."

PLATONIC LOVE.—"What," said a lady, "do you think of platonic love?"

"Madam," said the gentleman, very solemnly, "I think, like all other *tonics*, it is very exciting."—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."—Rich as usual. There are articles in the present number from the best pens in the country. The engravings are beautiful. "The Pet Rabbit", and "The Reprimand," are alone worth the price of the work.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK"—is our favorite. It is brim full of instruction and good morals. Every parent should place a copy of this work in the hands of his children. The frontispiece, "Home," is exquisite. The other engravings are good. So is the typography.

"LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY."—This splendid work maintains its good name. The November number contains thirteen new and favorite pieces—either one of which is worth the price of the whole of them. It should be found upon evey Music Table in the city.

LIEBIG'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY, a scientific work of great value to the farmer, has just been published in an extra of the New World. Price 25 cents. The books from the office of the World are issued in a more convenient shape than formerly, and we are glad to perceive that the publisher sends out valuable and standard works, as well as novels and light literature. His enterprise should be sustained. We will give a more full notice of this work hereafter.

"PHIDEAS QUIDDY" is an Extra from the Brother Jonathan office. It abounds in genuine humor—as does every thing from the pen of its distinguished author. Phiddy is a sworn foe to *ennui*.

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."—No work in the Union is more deservedly popular than this. In the present number there are articles from the pens of WILLIS, Mrs. EMBURY, ARTHUR, and other distinguished writers. The engravings are even richer than usual. The "*Fancy Sketch*" is of angelic sweetness, while the "*Returning from Market*" is just the very prettiest picture of the work.

"THE BOSTON MISCELLANY."—Fresh and beautiful as usual. Every article is interesting—barring a little tediousness in one or two. The paper and typography and engravings are rich. No periodical is better got up. Everett, Ingraham, Hewitt, Poe and Mrs. Clamers, are among the contributors.

"ARTHUR'S NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TALES."—No. one of this work has been received. It is entitled the "Ruined Family," and is forcibly and touchingly written. Would that it could be placed in the hands of every poor victim of intemperance in our city. The Washingtonions should secure a copy of each of the series as they appear. Price 6¼ cents.

"THE LADY'S COMPANION."—This is an old favorite. It goes on, steadily sustaining its good name, and making new friends. The two engravings in the November number are exceedingly pretty. We find in the present number contributions from the pens of Willis, Ingraham, Poe, Darvers, Mrs. Embury, Lt. Patten, and others.

"THE ARTIST."—This is the most exquisitely beautiful magazine in the country. It is got up in magnificent style. The engravings are richly colored, by some new process which gives all the freshness and more than the beauty of life. The October No., which is before us, is really splendid. Those who have not seen the Artist, can have no conception of its beauty. Its contributions are equal to its paintings and general typography.

"PAULINE."—This is the New World's last novel. We have not read it, but those who have, speak of it as very fine. Cheap edition.

"ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM."—This is Peter Parley's Magazine. It is always full of useful matter—just such as will be eagerly read by children and remembered. Parents should take the Museum for their children.

All the above publications may be had at the Agency Office, in the Arcade Hall, of MOORE & JONES.

"THE MAGNET."—The recent revival of the long-slumbering Science of Animal Magnetism, has induced an enthusiastict believer in all its mysteries, to give a periodical whose pages are to be devoted entirely to the subject. La Roy SUNDERLAND has devoted many manths to the investigation of the Magnetic influence, and he gives the result of those investigations to the world through the medium of "*The Magnet.*" Mr. S's mind is peculiarly adapted to the investigation of subjects of this kind; and from his persevering industry and unflinching ultraism, we have no doubt that the curious will find in "The Magnet" much that is really instructive and attractive.—Mr. S. does not confine his work to what is usually denominated animal magnetism. He treats, learnedly, upon every subject latterly and collaterly connected with it. He thus makes the work a desirable object for the student of general mental Science and Philosophy. This is the age of philosophical exploration, and one may well afford to spend a little time in running through doubtful, to get hold of real, truths.

We most cheerfully, therefore, commend "*The Magnet*" as worthy of a liberal support. R. L. ADAMS, who may be found in the Counting Room of this office, is the agent. The terms of the Magnet are $2 a year in advance; or 18¾ per single copy.

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.—A Paris paper gives an account of a singular freak of a young man who made a lottery of himself. The following has been the *denouement* of this ingenious speculation, for the truth of which a provincial journal refers us to the civil registry of Lyons. The drawing took place in the fairest possible manner, in the presence of a notary and of several witnesses.—Mdle. Euphraise B., a young lady of fortune at Lyons, won the young man. A singular incident occurred after the drawing had been decided. The young lady was still unaware of her good fortune, when one morning a lady waited upon her in a state of most painful excitement. "Save my life, Madamoiselle!" "How?" "Cede your ticket to me." "What ticket?" "The lottery ticket, the ticket for the young man." "Oh, I have quite forgotten it." "Then know, Madamoiselle, that I love him—I adore him. I had taken thirty tickets; it was as much as my means would allow of my doing. My tickets were all blanks. Yours is the only prize. Cede it to me or you will cause my death." "Madam," replied Mdle. Euphraise, "there is a written clause on the tickets; that if the young man should not please me, or I should not please the young man, we are to divide the 200,000 francs, and not marry one another. This chance remains for you; as for my ticket, I shall keep it." An hour afterwards, the *prize* young man presented himself to Euphraise; they were mutually satisfied, and lost no time in binding the conjugal knot. The lady who had been so anxious to obtain the transfer of Euphraise's ticket, was a widow of Barcossome, and is said to have destroyed herself. The young couple united by lottery are spending their honey-moon at Nabonne.

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.—It is said that when General Sir William Pepperell sailed from Boston in command of the expedition against Cape Breton, which resulted in the capture of Louisburg, there were many doubts entertained as to the probability of his success. Benjamin Franklin, who happened to hear some of these doubts expressed, said that he was sure that General Pepperell would succeed—and gave as a reason for this belief, that *all the praying people of the country were on his side!*

"Resolve not to be poor," said Dr. Johnson; "whateve you have, spend less." A cotemporary asks, "Suppose a fellow has nothing, how can he spend less?" We think that would have been rather a poser for the Dr., had he lived to hear it.

Variety.

EXCESSIVE COURTESY.—The following dialogue is related as having occurred between an English bishop and a nobleman, both remarkable for their formal courtesy:

"Good morning to your lordship."

"I salute your reverence; yours to the shoe tie, my lord bishop."

"Yours to the bottom of your feet, my lord."

"Yours to the centre of the earth, bishop," exclaimed his lordship, a little quickly.

"Your servant, my lord, even to the antipodes."

"Yours to the bottom of hell!" blustered out the excited nobleman, rather uncourteously.

"There I leave you, my lord," remarked the bishop, mildly, as he passed on.

A jocose sailor, who didn't care much about any sort of treatment, recently asked a fellow crony how he was steering?

The other, who stuttered, said he was going on a-a-a-a-tack."

"Who are you going to *attack?*" returned the questioner.

"Uh-u-ho-h-u-who!" said the stutterer.

"Yes, ho-ho-wh-u-who!" returned the other.

"Why, ah-wh-o-ho-huh *you!*" said the stammerer, and he knocked the man who mocked him, into a "cocked hot."—*N. O. Pic.*

A NICE YOUNG LADY.—A young lady in Memphis, Tenn., criticising gentlemen's modes of dress and fashions, says: "Moustaches are never worn by men of ordinary sense. Foppish fellows alone carry canes. Rings, chains and breastpins of gold never yet captivated a woman of common intellected a woman of common intellect. Gentlemen who exhibit on their hair evidence of great labor at the toilet, are not held in high estimation by the reflecting portion of the female sex." That's a sensible girl.

FEMALE INGENUITY.—Miss Jane Craighead, a young lady of this borough, has recently completed a quilt, which, for beauty and ingenuity, exceeds any thing of the kind we have ever seen. It is composed of 6,521 pieces all of the same size and shape, but each one of different pattern. Any one can judge of the work there is on it, from the fact that it was commenced sixteen years ago, and has occupied the most of her leisure moments ever since.—*Harrisburgh Chron.*

They tell some hard stories of the western hunters. One of them firing at a squirrel, sent a rifle ball through a bee-tree; he didn't wish to partake of the honey, which was issuing pretty fast from the bullet hole, until he returned from the squirrel hunt. But how to stop it was the question. Taking a bit of pine, he made a plug of the proper size, put it into the muzzle of his rifle, and *shot it into the hole*, thus preventing any further waste! A hard story that!

Some of the New Hampshire editors complain bitterly of the Governor of that State for putting off Thanksgiving to so late a day that the pumpkins will be all gone, and the squash crop is so short that there is not half a squash apiece the State through. We think his excellency should be impeached forthwith—or what is worse, made to keep Thanksgiving on a bare pudding made of acorn and dried huckleberries.

NEW CHAIR.—A fellow in New York advertises what he calls the "Bustle" Chair; being a chair with a cavity in the back, sufficient to contain a lady's bustle of the ordinary size; he thinks this preferable to extending the seat; one or the other he thinks must be done. "Sitting" on the edge of the chair he reckons to be unladylike.

"TAKING THE ADVANTAGE."—"What a capital fellow you'd make to pick cherries!" said a wag to a man whose probosis was shaped something like a parrot's bill. "Why so?" said the other. "Because you could hook your nose on a limb, and pick with both hands!"

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but who was an able and brave man, when one of his countrymen had in a brilliant speech promised great things, got up and said: "Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do."

An Englishman, who had been to this country was asked on his return home, what he thought of the Falls of Niagara. He said "they were rather prettyish, but not so great a *natural* curiosity as a horse race at Newmarket!"

Poetry.

Adam's Fall, or the First Marriage.

Adam was first created,
A happy BACHELOR—
Nor sought he to be mated,
Or thought of "she" or "her,"
Woman had not
Been then invented
And all contented
Was Adam's lot.

Joyous and free from sin
He pass'd his early life—
And thus he still had been,
Had he not known a wife.
Had he not slept,
He ne'er had been,
Thus taken in—
But single kept.

He did not want or need
A thing so false and frail,
More than a toad, indeed,
Requires or wants a tail.
Daily had he
The Cherubim
And Seraphim
For company.

But meddling angels soon,
To spoil his peaceful life,
Set all their wits to work
To "pick him out a wife."
As with us here
Our "angels" do
Whene'er they view
A Bachelor.

When Mrs. Adam came,
She hinted, with a smile,
That they had better live,
A little more in style.
"My dear, we're able,
Better to dress,
And keep, I guess,
A better table."

That day she made a feast
Of rare and costly fruit—
The next day both appeared
Dressed in a bran new suit:
And every day
Did female pride
Decoy them wide
From wisdom's way.

What was, d'ye think, the end
Of this new course of life?
Adam was bankrupt made
By his ambitious wife;
The tipstaffs came
And make a rout,
And turn them out
Of house and home.

Adam, now forced to work,
To digging went, and hoeing—
And lady Eve, so proud,
Was glad to take in sewing.
Then as a mother,
The brats she had
Turned out so bad
One killed his brother.

Had he not, while he slept,
Been saddled with a mate,
Would Adam not have kept
Think ye, his first estate?
Without a mother,
Could wicked Cain,
Think ye, have slain
His pious brother?

This mischief all arose,
And more than I have stated,
From Adam's first faux pas,
Submitting to be mated.
Then let us all
His folly see—
And thus shall we
Escape his fall.

"Let Me."

E'er on that lip for a moment have gazed,
But a thousand temptations beset me:
And I've thought that the little rubies you raised,
How delightful 'twould be if you'd—*let me.*

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought you could not but—*let me.*

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
O think how bewitching it met me;
And plain, if the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seemed to say you would—*let me.*

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For, in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;
Then, oh, let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish, if you—*let me.*

"I'll Let You."

If a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lips,
That a thousand soft wishes beset you,
I vow by the nectar that Jupiter sips,
On certain conditions—*I'll let you.*

If you swear by my charms that you'll ever be true,
And that no other damsel shall get you;
By the stars that roll round you summit of blue,
Perhaps, sir, perhaps, sir—*I'll let you.*

If not urged by a passion as fleeting as wild,
That makes all the virtues forget you,
But affection unsullied, soft, fervent and mild,
You ask for a kiss, then—*I'll let you.*

The Confession.

There's something on my breast—Mary,
A something heavy there;
Shall I tell you what it is—Mary?
Oh, I think 'twill ease my care.

I cannot take my rest—Mary,
And sleep is sweet you know;
Say, can you nothing do—Mary,
To help me—oh dear! oh!

I am not in love—Mary,
It was pleasant for a day,
When I called you duck and dove—Mary,
But the fever went away.

It is not that I doubt you—Mary,
I never can do that;
And though you did deceive me—Mary,
I gave you tit for tat.

I am not deep in debt—Mary,
Nor owe a single fip,
And my health is very good—Mary,
Why should I get the hip?

I'll tell you what it is—Mary,
That makes me feel so queer:
It's those cursed apple dumplings—Mary,
A sticking just in here!

A Child's Impression of a Star.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to the child
In its first fresh impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father! dear father! God has made a star!"—*Willis*

From the Knickerbocker.

Remembrances.

"There's not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A glance thine eye hath given,"
Which lingers not around my heart,
Like sun-set hues in heaven.

And as the glory of its light
Departs not with the day,
But lingering round the steps of night,
Steals half its gloom away,

So when afar from love and thee
Reluctant I depart,
Thy seraph voice still sweetly wakes
The echoes of my heart.

Like dew-drop on the thirsting flower,
Like moon-beam on the sea,
So, dearest! falls thy tender glance;
Thy look of love, on me!

Marriages.

In this city, on the 27th instant, by Rev. Samuel Luckey, Mr. LUKE HOMAN, to Miss SARAH H. MANLEY, all of this city.

In this city, on the morning of the 18th instant, by the Rev. James B. Shaw, Mr. RICHARD B. HARRISON, of Buffalo, to Miss MALINDA MORGAN, of this city.

In this city, on the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. H. D. WADE, to Miss LUCY C. H. PRATT, daughter of Harry Pratt, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. John F. Atchinson, of Parma, to Miss Louisa M. Perigo, of this city.

In this city, on the 20th by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Doct. Elihu Ely, of Binghamton, to Mrs. Caroline Harrison Orcutt, of Rochester.

In this city, on the morning of the 16th instant, by the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Mr. PETER BURROUGH to Miss ELLEN SULLIVAN, both of this city.

In this city, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Dr. Lucky, Mr. John Gordon, of Mexico, N. Y, to Miss Mary Ann Madden, of the former place.

In Scottsvile, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. Truman S. Phelps, to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, all of Mumfordville. On the 2d, by the same, Mr. Daniel Hart, to Miss Ann M. Dietrich, all of Rush.

On Tuesday eveniug, the 25th ult., at Caledonia, by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. Alexander McFarland of Caledonia, to Miss Margaret Ann Simpson, of the same place.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cheeseman, Mr. Ebenezer Smith to Miss Sarah Sweatman, both of Scottsville.

In Penn Yan, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Bartlett Nye, merchant, to Miss Laura M. Moore, daughter of N. Moore, Esq., all of Champlain, Clinton co.

At Benton Centre, on the 9th ult., by Levi Patchen, Esq., Mr. Herman Cole, merchant, to Miss Emeline, daughter of the late Col. John Johnson of Ithaca, Tompkins co.

In Genesco, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. C. Morgan, Mr. Erastus Pardee to Miss Sophia Carter, all of that village.

In Victor, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Furman, Mr. Orrin Kellogg Rice, Attorney, of Clarksburg, Ky., to Miss Mary Augustie Wheeler, of Victor, formerly of Salisbury, Conn.

At Riga, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Donald C. McLauren, Maj. Alexander Blue, of Redford, Michigan, to Miss Catharine Blue, daughter of John Blue, of Riga.

In Mendon, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. E. Wheeler, Mr. Anson L. Angle, of Henrietta, to Miss Elizabeth Dann, of the former place.

In Webster, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. J. Davis, Mr. C. W. Carr, to Miss Julia A. Mason, all of that town.

On the 20th instant, by Hon. A. P. Hascall, Mr. Isaac Libbey, of Attica, to Miss Hannah H. Butler, of Orangeville, Wyoming county.

On the 21st instant, in East Bethany, by the Rev. Wm. Hart, Mr. Geo. W. Drake, merchant of Battle Creek, Michigan, to Miss Sarah Willis, of the former place.

In Millville, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Charles Hamlin, of Yates, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Samuel Wyman, Esq., of the former place.

In Gaines, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. A. Jackson, of Albion, Mr. A. H. Paine, of Barre, to Miss Jane Hutchinson, of the former place.

On the 20th instant, by Rev. P. E. Brown, Mr. Joseph W. Doty, to Miss Emily Wildman, both of Lockport.

In Hartland, on the 20th inst., by James H. Mancester, Esq., Mr. Cornelius Terpening, of that place, to Miss Eliza Ann Henry, of New Fane.

In Albion, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Olney Gould, of Batavia, to Miss Fanny C. Parmelee, of Albion. At the same time by the same, Mr. Frederick E. Parmelee, to Miss Lozetta Warner, all of Albion.

On Wednesday morning last, 23d inst., by the Rev. J. A. Bolles, Mr. Walter Sutherland, to Miss Rozilla Murch, both of Batavia.

In Geneva, on Monday last, 21st inst., Morris M. Williams, Esq., of Detroit, to Miss Sophia McKay, of Geneva.

In Penfield, on the 20th inst., by Rev. H. N. Seaver, Mr. Egbert Loake, to Miss Aurelia R. Ross, all of Penfield.

In Ogden, on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., by the Rev. A. B. Cracker, Mr. Wm. K. Gridley, to Miss Wolthy Ann Van Buskirk, daughter of Eliphalet Day, Esq., all of Ogden.

By the Rev. E. D. Allen, on the 19th instant, Mr. David Hale, to Miss Jane Elizabeth Vance. By the same, on the 22d instant, Mr. John Courtney, to Miss Mary Leith, all of Albany.

In Palmyra, on the 24th instant, by Rev. M. Cook, of Lyons, J. P. H. Deming, M. D., to Mrs. Mary Roberts, both of Palmyra.

In Perinton, on the 2d inst., by Rev. Z. J. Buck, Mr. Wm. B. Rose, of Victor, to Miss Lucy Uretta Spurbeck, of Alden.

In Greece, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Seth P. Payne to Miss Rachel S. Bull.

In Greece, by the same, Sept. 27, Mr. Delos Lewis to Miss Ann Tennison.

In Palmyra, on the 13th inst, by the Rev. N. W. Fisher, Mr. John L. Clark to Miss Martha A. Flower, all of that place.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Jacob Hart, Mr. John Minor, of Le Roy, to Miss Martha Hayes, eldest daughter of deacon Jonathan Hayes, of Bethany.

In Cambria, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. Selmser Mr. Ellis A. Owen, to Miss Mary A. Brumley.

In Cambria, on the 12th instant, by William Molyneux, Esq., Mr. Newell Farnum, of New Fane, to Miss Hannah Hoag. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Milton Albright, of Few Fane, to Miss Marinda Mead, of Somerset.

In Lockport, on the 19th instant, by Rev. P. E. Brown, Mr. John Stanley, to Miss Rebecca Widbeck, both of Lockport. By the same, on the same evening, Mr. Philo L. Scoville, to Miss Margaret E. Statts, all of that village.

In Albion, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Frederick E. Parmlee, to Miss Lucetta Warren, all that place. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Olney Gould, of Batavia, and Miss Fanny Parmelee, of Albion.

In Lima, on the 16th instant, by Rev. Ephraim Strong, Mr. Hiram Plimpton, of West Bloomfield, to Miss Eliza Gillett, the adopted daughter of Moses Rowell, of the former place.

In Murray, on the 10th instant, by A. Clark, Esq., Mr. Lorenzo Eggleston, to Miss Janette Butler, all of Carlton.

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Popular Tales.

FIRST LOVE.

To the Editor of the Boston Morning Post:

Sir—In the works of Joanna Schopenhauer, a popular German Novelist, there is a beautiful story intended to illustrate the passion of Love, as it manifests itself in the three grand epochs, the Spring, Summer and Autumn of life. The following is a translation of that division of the story which traces the developement of first, or as the authoress calls it, Spring Love. Although its simplicity may by some be considered insipidity, yet its fidelity to nature cannot but commend it to the minds and hearts of many of your readers. H. & Co.

My father was the clergyman of a fair and lovely village, situated on the banks of a crystal lake, in a broad but secluded valley. The vale was surrounded by rough and romantic mountains, whence innumerable rivulets gaily leaped down to the little lake below, whose blue surface was relieved by many a green isle. Our dwelling was light, spacious and inviting. It stood in the centre of an extensive garden, surrounded by flowers, shrubbary and lofty trees whose tops seemed to me to reach the sky. Paths, shaded by every variety of creeping vines, wound around it in all directions. Hyacinths, auriculas, anemones, and a whole army of brilliant tulips, adorned, in the vernal season, the beds contiguous to the piazza of the house,—while the woodbine and honey suckle luxuriently twined about the pillars by which its humble roof was supported. When these early flowers withered and died, under the two ardent rays of the summer sun, their place was supplied by the flaunting rose and the blooming orange-tree, and the delicate beauty of Spring's messengers was forgotten.

We were independent in our pecuniary circumstances, residing in a house erected and owned by my father, to which was attached a very respectable landed property. The parsonage had been given up by him upon his first entrance upon his parochial duties, to the widow of his predecessor and the schoolmaster of the parish. A strange and sad event, from which had arisen an irresistible desire for a retired but not useless life, had moved him in the summer of his days to choose the situation of a country clergyman, and to apply for the place which he now filled, far from the land of his birth.

My fair and pious mother had apparently had some influence in inducing her husband to take this important step. My dear, dear mother! Her name was Angelica; I had the misfortune to lose both her and my father, in my fifteenth year; but no time can efface her mild lineaments from the tablets of my memory. Never had she left our quiet village, which was the place of her nativity; all that she had seen of the great world, was comprised in a circle of two hours ride from her peaceful home; for what she possessed of a higher intellectual culture, she was alone indebted to her truest friend, my father, who took, with her hand, the resolution to remain forever in that lovely village.

My father was a tall, serious man, of noble and commanding presence. Much older than my mother, he yet lived only for her, and his affection would never allow him to disturb the even tenor of her happy life, by the least change of place or condition.

The mutual and heartfelt affection of my parents, the unusual tenderness of manner that characterized their daily intercourse, gave a most favorable and even exalted idea, not only of the marriage relation, but of the whole existence of man upon the earth,—which was, undoubtedly, the foundation of much happiness to me in after life. I grew up in an altogether ideal existence, without becoming in the least aware of the real world around me, or of its small and narrowing maxims and conventionalisms. My parents had little intercourse with either the clergymen or landowners in the neighborhood, and moreover the isolated situation of our little village separated us, by miles, from all. To us, came none but the unfortunate, who sought and received assistance, and the simple cottagers whose children were my playmates.

Who does not willingly recall the days of his youth, and dwell with a melancholy pleasure upon the remembrance of his childhood? Mine was a pure foretaste of heaven, much too rich for a prelude to the more ordinary routine of human life. It stands in memory complete in itself, wholly apart from the succeeding years, a beautiful leading star, towards which I still look with hopeless longing. To give a more definite idea of those vernal years, I will narrate an occurrence that holds the most prominent place in my memory.

My fourteenth birth-day had dawned, and, that I might fully enjoy this interesting anniversary in my own way, I had sought and obtained permission to devote the whole of it to a voyage of discovery. It was thus I named the rambles I had often taken, without a plan, without a companion, without any definite object, among the neighboring mountains. My father willingly allowed me this pleasure, because, as he said, it was well for boys early to exercise the powers and faculties that God had given them. My good mother, indeed, would send after me many an anxious look, when she saw me take my departure thus alone, with my knapsack on my back. But after seeing me often return safe, sound and delighted, she finally acquiesced in the indulgence of my humor, —not, however, without many warnings to avoid all possible dangers, which I received and answered with caresses and assurances that were usually forgotten by the time I was fairly out of the house.

As these my little pedestrian tours had always been solitary from choice, even the most beloved of my playmates begged in vain to be taken with me. A secret anticipation of something strange and wonderful, exciting the latent poetry of a youthful heart, almost unconsciously to myself drove me forth, far over vale and mountain. Ah, how inexpressibly splendid and inviting was all on that morning, the recollection of which even now fills me with rapture,—how bright and beautiful was the sun, and how clear and bright welled the springs of life within me! The indescribable, but too evanescent charm of fresh youthful spirits, presented to me a blooming, joy-inspiring paradise, on every side.

Having determined to execute, on this my birth-day, a long since formed and deeply pondered plan, I had started much earlier than usual. A singularly formed rock on the further side of the mountain in which our quiet valley lay imbedded, which I had never had an opportunity to approach, had long excited in me a desire to master its rough and precipitous ascent, that from its top I might get a view of the great world lying beneath and beyond it. To lessen the distance, I rowed myself, in my little skiff, across the still, glassy lake, which glistened in the morning glow like a sea of melted rubies. Arriving at the opposite side, and making my skiff fast to the bank, I began the ascent by an almost untrodden path.

It was not long before I had reached the summit of the rock which I had so long desired to surmount; it gave me an enchanting view of the lake, and its richly cultivated banks, which, however, I had often seen from other points. But it did not afford what I had particularly desired, an onward glance into the valley beyond the mountain. To attain this end, I recommenced my rambles, crossing ravines and clambering over heights innumerable, without taking thought either of time or distance. At length I became conscious that I had entered upon a broader and more even path, and that I had been some time gradually descending. Pressing through a hedge that stood in my way, I suddenly found myself upon the artificially levelled surface of a large rock; near me was a colossal flower-pot, in which a variety of plants were shooting up with great luxuriance. There was also a commodious garden seat, surrounded by a rank growth of flowering shrubs, which seemed to have sprung spontaneously from the clefts of the rock. A convenient path, descending from this platform, led to a lovely and almost concealed arbor. The hand of art had every where improved the wild beauties of the place. Noble trees shaded a beautiful marble basin, from whose centre a crystal jet of purest water reflected all the varying hues of the rainbow. Thousands of gold and silver fishes danced gaily amid the miniature waves, to the plashing of the falling drops and the low murmur of the bending trees. The fragrance of the orange trees and roses, which blossomed much earlier here than in our garden, came up to me where I stood with an almost overpowering intenseness; and besides these there were, around the basin and among the rocks, countless foreign and to me unknown flowering shrubs, blooming as luxuriantly and fragrantly as if they had never been removed from their own more genial climes.

I was completely intoxicated by the scene, infinitely more beautiful than any I had ever yet beheld, which now unexpectedly met my gaze. With a joyful shout I leaped from the rock on which I stood, unhesitatingly plucked a plenteous supply of gorgeous flowers, and, in the happiest possible mood, threw myself down in the tall grass to twine a magnificent garland. It was soon completed, carelessly pressed upon my thick curling locks, and I was again upon my feet, gazing about me with a strange mixture of boldness and timidity. In the exuberance of my secret and hitherto unfelt blessedness, I knew not what to do with myself. It seemed as if something wholly unheard of, something that had never yet come within my experience, and which was to influence the whole course of my newly opening life, was now about to occur. I wept without knowing why, and was even the happier for my tears. My feelings, my whole being, seemed ready to [illegible] in a pleasing sadness mingled with a thr[illegible] of indefinite desires.

A voice in my immediate vicinity called me back to reality. A girl, young and fair as the flowers by which she was surrounded, came hastily tripping over the rocks, looking as happy as I at that moment felt.

The lovely child was apparently somewhat younger than myself; she had neglected the commodious path to the marble fountain, and chosen, instead, a rude set of steps composed of rough rocks irregularly deposited along the ascent.—When she had almost reached the fountain, an accidental misstep placed her in some danger, and she uttered a sudden cry. I saw the delicate creature anxiously balancing herself, scarcely able to keep upright, and with outspread arms I sprang to save her from falling. In her fright she had closed her eyes; but now, feeling herself sustained in safety by my arm, she opened them again; her lovely face was hardly a span from my own, and as she raised the lids of her dark sparkling eyes, it seemed as if a whole heaven filled with angels was opening before me. She spoke to me in the sweetest tones that ever fell upon my ear, but I could not understand a syllable of what she said. The melodious sounds of her unknown language were to me wholly without meaning.—She observed, with apparent admiration, the garland upon my head, timidly extending her hand, as if desiring, yet hardly daring, to touch it. This movement awoke a new instinct within me, and with a true knightly gallantry, of the existence of which in myself I was before unconscious, I took the wreath from my locks and laid it at her feet,

The charming creature, evidently pleased with the act, thanked me with an approving smile.—Impelled by a sudden and irresistible impulse, I fell upon my knees beside the wreath:—she, however, stretched forth her little hands as if deprecating the movement, and stood thus almost bending over me covered with blushes.....

Mais Angeline, mais chere Princesse, ou etes vous donc! squeaked a sharp voice, and immediately a large, tawdrily dressed lady with a very red face, was seen waddling down the path toward us with the most anxious circumspection. I was very much frightened, and even my lovely fairy turned pale, and seemed much confused.

Thus rudely awakened from my heavenly vision, all my poetical raptures instantly evaporated. I again became, what I was by nature, a timid, awkward, bashful youth,—and, as such, made a hasty retreat by a route different from that by which I came, and was soon out of sight.

When I reached home in the evening, I was like one in a dream; and my parents, supposing that I was overfatigued by my excursion, sent me early to bed. Angelina, I said to myself, Angelina, and went to sleep repeating her dear name.

The first object my eyes sought the next morning, was the mountain beyond which lay my newly found paradise. I could not proceed thither again so soon, nor, indeed, did the desire to do so once enter my head. I connected no definite idea with the remembrance of Angelina,—I only rejoiced that I had seen her, that she was really of this world, and not an imaginary being, such as I had often created in my day dreams. The idea of her rank did not occur to me, although I well understood the French words that had been addressed to her, and moreover had heard my parents mention a young princess who had recently taken up her residence at the castle of Belrepos, in the mountain. What a castle was, I did not exactly know. I had never seen, and scarcely ever thought of one,—and when I did, it presented to my imagination only a confused notion of walls, draw-bridges, towers, and all the paraphernalia of a siege.—But Angelina stood alone in my mind, a simple conception of all that was lovely and fair;—what further she might be, I neither knew nor cared.

According to the best of my knowledge, many days had now passed, in secret but boundless blessedness, since my accidental meeting with Angelina. For, at that age, we have no definite measure for time; a whole week then seemed to me but an innumerable and almost interminable collection of hours and days.

In due time the roses and oranges began to blossom in our garden, and the sweet perfume of these my favorite flowers, quickening my memory, awoke in me an irresistible desire to see Angelina again. But a long time elapsed, and many an inward struggle was endured, before I acquired courage to attempt the accomplishment of this darling wish.

At length I arose early one Sunday morning, plucked and bound a nosegay of fairest flowers in our garden, and, thus provided, set out in pursuit of her.

Passing the lake in my little boat, I proceeded to clamber over the rocks and thread my way thro' the labyrinths of the forest, now with eager haste and anon with trembling apprehensiveness. And when I reached the goal, I could, ah how willingly! have turned about and fled, had I not been deterred by secret shame. At last, summoning resolution, I ventured to take a peep at the fountain, through a rift in the rocks:—she was not there. I slipped down to the esplanade,—all was vacant and still. I examined the whole garden,—not a human soul was to be found. The court-yard, also, and the castle itself, seemed to be entirely deserted. Crossing the court, I made my egress through a spacious gateway on the opposite side, and walked on until I came to a village.

There was a very pretty, although somewhat over-embellished church in the village, which then happened to be open for the performance of divine service. I entered it without hesitation, and it was not long before I discovered the object of my search. She was sitting in a highly decorated gallery opposite the altar, with her eyes devoutly bent upon a prayer book held in her hand. My family being protestants, I was now in a catholic church for the first time; yet I knelt down with the multitude, and never did my prayers ascend to the mercy seat with more sincere and glowing devotion; had it been a Turkish mosque or an Indian pagoda, I should have done the same.—The service was a solemn high mass by some eminent ecclesiastic, a bishop, I believe. The multitude of blazing candles, the brilliant gold and silver vessels upon the altars, the beautiful paintings over them, the curling smoke of the incense, the intoxicating effect of the music, which, though bad enough in itself, seemed celestial to me,—all these together took irresistible possession of my young fancy, and raised me above myself.

I did not, certainly, experience the pious feelings to which I was accustomed when kneeling, at my mother's side, in our own unadorned little church; but I was carried away, inspired with a sort of ecstacy, of exultation, as never before.—This was, really, a rather ordinary village church; but to my unpractised eye, it appeared most brilliantly splendid; it reminded me of those old Grecian and Roman temples of which I had heard so much, but of which I had never been able to form any definite idea. I thought of the ancient heroes who had been consecrated, in those temples, to the achievement of great deeds,—I tried to recollect some hero of my own age, and thought of young Hannibal, who, at the altar vowed eternal enmity to Rome. I lamented that I had no enemy with whom to contend. My heart was full to bursting—it sought relief,—so I knelt upon the steps of the altar, and, amid the low murmured devotion of the multitude, inwardly but proudly uttered the vow to strive after all that was noble and virtuous, and to hate all that was base and degrading, for Angelica's sake. It was to her alone that I intended to consecrate myself by this vow. She was my goddess, of whose presence, enthroned indeed high above me, I had the most thrilling consciousness,—but to whom I had not sufficient courage to raise my enraptured eyes.

The mass was ended, and the last note of the "Gloria in excelsis" had died away. Lost in revery, hardly conscious of existence, I passively yielded to the pressure of the retiring crowd, and soon found myself at the door. A splendid coach with six horses was drawn up in front of the church, and the same fat red-faced lady whom I had formerly seen near the marble fountain, was just entering it with the assistance of two gold-lace-bedizzened servants. Angelina, however, was standing on the church steps, waiting her turn to be handed into the carriage. She turned to greet the villagers who remained standing in groups about the church, and the slight, silver-toned cry that I had once before heard, convinced me that I had been observed. I was instantly at her side, and, unseen by the stout lady, presented to her my nosegay. To my unspeakable joy she received it without hesitation, and with a nod and smile sprang into the carriage. "Thanks, thanks," she cried from the coach window, holding the nosegay up to view, as the coachman gave the rein to his impatient steeds.

As if borne on heavenly wings, scarcely touching the earth in the delirium of my joy, I reached my home. On the following day, I collected all my playthings, my marbles, lances, flags and shields, and distributed them among the children of the neighborhood. Deeming myself no longer a child, I could have no further occasion for them. I studied and labored this day with inordinate zeal, accomplishing double the amount assigned me. During the whole day, I hung about my mother with more than usual tenderness,—kissed her hands, caressed her—and, in imitation of my father, called her Angelica. The dear woman smiled at eccentricity for which she was totally unable to account, and I gave myself no trouble about the construction that might be given to my deportment. Angelica sounded very much like Angelina, and they might perhaps both be the same name.

On Sundays I dared not absent myself from divine service in our own church; but I began most zealously to study the calendar, that I might learn to designate all those holydays that had been expunged by the protestants, but which were still retained by the catholic church. With that secret delight did I often listen to catch the welcome sounds that a favorable breeze would occasionally waft over lake and mountain, perhaps to my ear alone, of the evening bell that announced the morrow's festival. Then, with the early dawn would I steal out of the house, that I might stand in her presence during the morning service in the church. On these occasions she never failed to greet me with evident kindness, but that was all I gained; the watchfulness of her governess was too effectual to allow of my approaching her.

At length I had the good fortune to meet her alone at the marble fountain. How long had I panted for such an incident! How often had I realized it in my dreams! It had now occurred,—and there I stood, a silent, embarrassed boy, too timid to speak, although I well understood the French, a language in which she was in the habit of conversing with her governess. Angelina was as silent as myself; she smiled, nodded graciously, and finally, plucking a branch from a blooming myrtle standing near her, threw it towards me.

Angelina was some months, perhaps a year, younger than myself; but she was a girl, and in some respects far in advance of me. The instinct of her sex taught her, what was yet an enigma to me, the nature of our relative position, and caused her to blush deeply for what she had done. As soon as she saw me take up the myrtle twig, she covered her suffused face and sparkling eyes with both her hands; then partially withdrawing them from one eye, slyly peeped at me through her fingers, and motioned me away. But obedience was not in my power; speak, indeed, I could not,—but I devoutly crossed my hands over my breast, and then, with an imploring expression, stretched them towards her.

Angelina could not refrain from a hearty laugh at this pantomime,—but the next moment, obeying the impulse of her heart, she advanced and took my hand. And thus we stood, hand in hand, our eyes beaming with the blessedness of unsullied joy,—a joy too new, too strange, and too deep for utterance.

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter broke upon our astonished ears,—a circle of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen had approached unobserved, and now completely surrounded us. Angelina was torn from my side by her chiding French governess,—and I?—I knew not, for a time, what happened to me.

It was not until I stood upon the banks of the lake, with the mountain between us, that I recovered my consciousness. My whole frame thrilled with delight, with unspeakable blessedness, and yet I knew not the particular cause or nature of my emotions. I was conscious only of the form of Angelina, ever present, floating before my eyes,—I still felt her delicate hand in mine,—I had an internal conviction that our feelings were mutual. I could not think of going home,—I must be alone,—must uninterruptedly luxuriate upon the recollection of all that had occurred,—and so I passed the shortest and fairest night of all the year in the open air, with the blue sky for a canopy and the silent stars for companions.

My mother had already risen when I reached home in the morning; perhaps, in consequence of her maternal anxiety, she had not been in bed during the night. She received me with an expression in which a desire to appear angry, and joy for my safe return, seemed to be struggling for mastery. But my filial caresses stifled her anger, her anxiety, and her questions.

With my father, it was very different; I found him on an eminence near the garden wall, from which he could overlook that part of the vale traversed by the great high road. He quietly but seriously required me to explain where I had passed the night, and what had prevented my coming home as usual.

I named and described to him the place, on the borders of the lake, where I had really slept under a tree; and the singular beauty and mildness of the night, I gave as an excuse for remaining out.

For the first time in my life I was wanting in frankness towards my father; but I cannot say that it was premeditated. It happened I hardly know how,—most certainly I did not desire it.—How willingly would I have told him all, had not an unaccountable embarrassment, a secret, painful timidity, which I had never felt before, rendered it utterly impossible for me to mention to him the name of Angelina. With the greatest efforts I sought to conceal the dear secret in my own bosom, although the deception caused me great distress. My heart throbbed with shame and anguish, while my father questioned me so kindly and received my answers so undoubtingly,—and yet I could not have been more frank, even had my life been at stake.

The rattle of approaching carriages, a somewhat unusual sound in our quiet village, aroused me from the dreamy moodiness into which I had fallen. Looking down upon the road, I soon saw a well packed traveling carriage rapidly pass on towards a little inn which lay some two or three miles distant.

Carried away by the childish vivacity natural to a half-grown boy, I left my father in the middle of a sentence, leaped over the garden hedge, ran down the hill and after the carriage. My father smiled at what he probably deemed a pardonable outbreak of youthful spirits. Ah, he had not, like me, seen Angelina's cherub head in the coach.

By taking a foot path across the fields, I reached the inn almost as soon as the travelers. They had alighted to await the harnessing of the relay

horses; a fair and stately lady, surrounded by several gentlemen, was viewing the little lake and its romantic environs. Angelina's governess remained reclining in one corner of the carriage, with her eyes closed, and seeming to be ill. Angelina was nowhere to be seen.

Having vainly sought her through the whole house, in which I was well acquainted, I finally proceeded to the garden. While cautiously protruding my head through the foliage surrounding a shaded arbor, to ascertain if the object of my search was there, two small white hands crossed over my breast and suddenly turned me to the right about. Angelina's dear eyes encountered mine—she was weeping bitterly, and I wept with her. We continued thus for several minutes. *Addio, addio Carissimo*, sobbed she at length, and throwing her arms around my neck, her head, like a drooping flower, sank upon my bosom. For one blessed moment, I held her pressed to my heart,—the next, she had withdrawn from my embrace, and flown like a butterfly from the garden.

In a few minutes the carriage rattled away from the court-yard; and I felt for the first time the bitter destiny of mortals, whom passion and their own folly banished from a paradise where the misery of parting would have been forever unknown. My grief was vehement and uncontrolable. Overwhelmed by its weight, I threw myself down among the tall grass, and wept as if I would have poured out my life in a torrent of tears.

"Ferdinand, Ferdinand! awake, Ferdinand, your father is waiting for you," at length cried a not unknown voice. I sprang from the ground, and beheld before me the well known face of the inn-keeper's daughter. She directed my attention to my father, who was standing on a neighboring hill, from whence he could overlook the whole of the little garden. He motioned me to him, and I collected myself as well as I could, to obey; but I was too deeply afflicted, too heart-broken to think of concealing from him the tears that were rolling down my cheeks from my red, swollen eyes; he did not, however, appear to notice them.

I am now firmly convinced that my father must have observed, from the place where he stood, the parting scene between me and Angelina; and that neither the source of my tears, nor the cause of the deep melancholy which continued for some time afterwards, were unknown to him; yet he left me to my apparent unnoticed sorrow, without any attempt, by question or otherwise, to constrain me to an explanation. He relied upon the happy facility with which early youth loses the memory of past sorrows, when care is taken to divert the mind from a recurrence to the causes of its griefs. He therefore managed me, imperceptibly to myself, like a child which in the midst of its tears can much more easily be made to laugh by the exhibition of some new bauble, than by all the reasonable consolations in the power of man to present.

A thousand apparent accidental diversions, short pedestrian excursians in his company, little attentions of every sort, and a more marked tenderness in his manner, could not otherwise than withdraw my mind from brooding over my loss, without the least suspicion on my part of the object he had in view. A nearer acquaintance with ancient and modern art and poetry, and a more diligent employment in matters of greater importance, occupied the hours which had before been devoted to childish amusements, and left little time for a recurrence to past events. But the most salutary influence upon my wounded heart, was produced by a more familiar intercourse with nature, into whose wonder-world my good father took every opportunity to lead me. We often spent hours together, now admiring the midnight splendor of the starry heavens, now penetrating with the geologists to the very centre of our earth, and anon buried in the contemplation of the almost imperceptible mosses on the surface of the rocks.

No man better understood how to promote the happiness of all around him than my father; never was a spirit more finely attuned for the enjoyment of pure and tasteful pleasures, than my mother's. And I, lost, absorbed in youth's first delirious dream, stood between them both, felt with them both, and was the sole object of their ever watchful and constantly growing love,—the crowning blessing of their peaceful lives.

On all sides so surrounded by parental love and the soothing influence of a serene yet busy life, it was not possible that I should long remain the prey of moody melancholy. My grief gradually subsided; yet Angelina's image continued my ever present companion. In all my walks did that image shine forth from every forest flower,—it glided over the wavelets beside my little skiff,—and when the sounds of the evening bell were wafted across the lake, announcing a festival foreign to my faith but dear to my heart, then would I often think I heard the silver tones of her sweet voice, her *addio, addio Carissimo!* then would a shower of sadly sweet tears relieve my laboring breast, and soothe the indefinite longings of my throbbing heart.

The Old World.

From Bentley's Miscellany for October.

THE VISION OF CHARLES TWELFTH.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the singular apparitions or visions that have ever been set down, the vision of Charles XII. is perhaps one of the most curious, and certainly the best authenticated relation of the kind on record,—depending not upon the testimony of an individual, who, from nervous excitement or other mental morbidness, might have fancied the whole scene, and afterwards transcribed his waking dream in the glowing terms of a fanciful imagination, but upon the concurrent authority of one of the most learned and grave characters in Sweden, supported in many of his assertions by the *concierge* of the palace. The original document is still in existence, and open to the inspection of every traveler who desires to see it. The whole is clearly and concisely written, and signed by the King, his physician, Dr. Baumgartden, and the State porter. A note is attached in his Majesty's own hand-writing, stating his thorough conviction that so thorough a vision must have been vouchsafed to him as a prophetic warning, and also his desire that the said document should be preserved among the State archives, in order to see whether the prediction would ever be accomplished. This note bears date some time before Charles was killed—as well as I can recollect, about 1716. The complete fulfilment of the vision came to pass in 1792, above eighty-six years after its appearance. As I unfortunately did not take an exact copy of the MS. when on the spot, I can only relate it as nearly as I can remember; changing however the style of the narrative from the first to the third person.

It was a dark and gloomy night. The clock had struck ten. The ill-lighted room cast an additional gloom on the figure of Charles the Twelfth as he sat in front of a huge fire in his favorite saloon in the palace of Stockholm. Immediately in front of him, over the fireplace, was suspended the picture of his Queen, with whom, to tell the truth, he had just been disputing, and now sat in silent discontent, mentally comparing the charming form which hung before him with the now less beautiful figure of her Majesty, breaking his sullen silence occasionally by muttering some curse on her altered temper.

When the King was in these moods, he was always closely attended by his physician Baumgartden. The reaction in a mind so buoyant as that of Charles, being proportionably dangerous, it was often feared he might commit suicide; so the doctor always remained near to him, seeking for a convenient opportunity to draw his mind back to livelier themes, to arouse him from the dreadful mental prostration to which he was subject.

On the evening in question, Baumgartden sat patiently for about an hour, alternately watching his Majesty and the storm which was raging outside. But neither the view of the sullen monarch, nor the opposite wing of the palace, which formed the grand hall where the State trials and similar events took place, could afford much amusement to the tired son of Æsculapius, who, finding his patience begin to wear out, suddenly started up and began pacing the room up and down, in the same manner that mariners pace the quarterdeck of a vessel at sea, occasionally stopping in front of the window to look out upon the black and gloomy pile of building I have mentioned. Suddenly he started back.

"Great heaveas, sire!"

"Silence!" growled the King.

The doctor took two more turns across the chamber. At length he could contain himself no longer.

"What is this extraordinary appearance?—Please your Majesty, some strange event is taking place in the hall of justice."

"Hold your tongue, sir, or I shall command you to quit the room!" replied the monarch, who felt much annoyed at these interruptions to his reverie, and which he believed arose from a mere desire to arouse him from his meditations.

The doctor paused—but after a while curiosity got the upper hand of his better judgment, and walking up to the King, he touched him on the shoulder, and pointed to the window.

Charles looked up, and as he did so, beheld to his great amazement the window of the opposite wing brilliantly illuminated. In an instant all his gloom and apathy vanished. He rushed to look out. The lights streamed through the small panes, illuminating all the intermediate court-yard. The shadows of persons moving to and fro were clearly discernible.

The King looked inquisitively at the doctor. At first he suspected it to be a trick to entrap him from his indulgence in moodiness. He read, however, fear too legibly written in the countenance of the physician to persevere in the notion.

The King and the doctor exchanged glances of strange and portentous meaning. Charles, however, first recovered self-possession, and affecting to feel no awe, turned to Baumgartden.

"Who has dared to cause the grand hall to be lighted up?" he exclaimed; "and who are they that, without my permission, have entered it?"

The trembling physician pleaded his utter ignorance.

"Go instantly and call the State-porter hither!"

Baumgartden obeyed, and returned with the terrified menial, to whom, however, he had not communicated the reason for his being sent for; but who, nevertheless, was sadly alarmed at being summoned before his royal master at this unusual hour.

"Where is the key of the eastern wing?" demanded the King, in a voice of unsuppressed anger.

"Here, sire," replied the servitor, instantly producing it.

Charles started with surprise, but quickly recovering himself, asked,

"To whom have you afforded the use of this key?"

"To none, your Majesty; it has never left my side."

"Who, then, have you given admission to?"

"To no one, sire. The doors of the eastern wing have not been opened for at least ten days."

"Could any one enter without your knowledge, by a second key or entrance?"

"Impossible, sire. There are three locks to open before admission could be gained. The sentry would allow no one to pass in without my accompanying them. No human being could possibly get in."

"Look there, then; and tell me the meaning of those lights?" rapidly demanded the King, who suddenly withdrew the curtain he had purposely let fall before the entrance of the *concierge*.

The poor man stared for a moment, and gasping for breath, totally heedless of the presence of his Majesty, fell back into a chair which stood near him.

"Arise! arise! I see you have had no hand in this strange affair," added the King, in a milder tone. "Get a lantern, instantly, and accompany us to this building. We will pass round through the centre of the palace. Do not, however, breathe a syllable to any one; but be quick."

In five minutes more, the trio were on their way to the building, which the King desired his trembling servitor to open. He did so—the brilliant light streamed upon the group. The affrighted porter instantly fled, while Charles, followed by Baumgartden, boldly stepped into the room, tho' his blood ran cold as he perceived it filled with a large assemblage of knights and nobles, whose faces, though he saw, neither he nor Baumgartden could distinctly catch. They were all seated, as if a State-trial was going on. The high officers sat in gloomy silence, as one or two inferior officers moved noiselessly about. Presently, the word "GUILTY" seemed to breathe through the room. A short, a solemn pause ensued, and a door behind a temporary scaffold opened, and three men appeared, men apparently of rank, bound and prepared for execution. They were followed by the headsmen, and others bearing a block, &c. Not a word was uttered,—not a movement shook the assembled judges. The principal criminal laid down his head on the block, and the next instant it rolled from the scaffold, and actually struck the foot of Charles the Twelfth.

At this juncture every light disappeared. The King called loudly for assistance to secure the persons who had thus assembled and committed violence beneath the royal roof. Before he had

time to do so twice, the frightened porter rushed in, attended by several officers of the household, and servants bearing torches. Not a vestige of the vision remained. Every thing was in its proper place. The very dust, which had been allowed to accumulate, rested on the furniture. Every door was well fastened; scaffold, block, criminal and judges, all were gone.

One only token remained to bear out the actual scene which had taken place; a large drop of blood had stained the stocking of the King, exactly on the spot against which the traitor's head had rolled!

The next day the record was drawn up from which this sketch is taken.

In 1792, Ankerstrom and his two principal accomplices justly suffered death for the murder of their sovereign, Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden.

From late English papers.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

THE OLD MAN AND THE GOAT.—A short time ago an aged inhabitant of the commune of Saint Agnes, in the beautiful valley of Gresivaudan, shut in by the snow-topped Alps, went out at an early hour of the morning to gather some wild fruits, and at the same time led his goat and her kid to pasture. Seeing a large stone detach itself from a rock above his head, and come rolling down upon him, he, to avoid being crushed by it, stepped back; but happening to put his foot on a sandy hollow spot, he lost his balance and fell over a precipice to a depth of two hundred feet. Although severely cut and bruised, unable to raise himself up, or even to move, he remained the whole day under the distressing torments of pain and hunger, aggravated by the swarms of insects which came to attack his wounds. As the night came on the poor sufferer was surprised by seeing his goat come down the steep, and on her reaching him voluntarily offer her dugs to his parched lips. In this manner the affectionate animal supported her master for four successive days, repeatedly bleating with all her force. By this exertion of her instinct, we might almost say of her sagacity, the animal at length attracted the attention of a goatherd, who, with great intrepidity, got down the dangerous descent, and reached the old man thus miraculously preserved. It was, however, only for a short time; for, being brought home by the collected exertions of many of his fellow villagers, he expired on the following day, in the arms of the cure of the parish, who eagerly purchased the faithful goat which had preserved her master so long.

A BASE HUSBAND.—The Handelsblad of Amsterdam relates the following lamentable occurrence on board the steamer Beurs van Amsterdam, during her last passage back from Hamburg. Among the passengers was a lady, a native of Coblentz, with a [illegible] about ten yeas old, and a much younger child. Her husband, a German, had emigrated to America, and two years ago invited her to join him. She went, but was so ill treated by him, that she returned to Hamburg, and was on her way back to her country on the Rhine. Her misfortunes created a depression of mind which was apparent to all who saw her. This affliction degenerated into lunacy, and while in this state, she threw her younger child from the vessel into the sea, and was in the act of springing after it, when she was caught and secured. The poor infant perished, and the distressed mother ever since remained completely deranged. Every care was taken of her and her boy until the arrival of the steamer at Amsterdam, whence they will be sent to their family.

THE FATE OF THE FALSE WIFE.—A lady, still in the prime of life, and retaining considerable beauty, though she had been married ten years, in 1838 deserted her husband, who is a merchant at Nantes, and came to live at Paris with a clerk in a commission warehouse, with whom she became intimate when visiting Nantes on business. After a union of four years the lover felt, or pretended to feel, a qualm of conscience, and announced a few mouths ago to his mistress, that they must part, as he had determined to form a legitimate alliance with another lady. After some violent struggles, the repudiated woman appeared to be resigned. but a few days ago wrote a letter to her seducer, urging him to pay her a final visit, as she had communications to make of importance to their mutual interests. He went to her apartment, where she renewed her earnest entreaties for a re-establishment of their relations; but, finding him inexorable, she produced a knife, which she, in their halcyon days had given him as a present, but resumed on their parting, and plunged it several times into her breast. The astounded young man called aloud for help, and the neighbors rushed in. To them the jealous woman declared that it was he who had done the deed, pointing to the bloody knife on the floor. The commissary of police was called in, received from the exasperated woman, who appeared to be dying, a calm and deliberate repetition of the charge; upon which the supposed murderer was taken into custody and sent to prison. When, however, on a subsequent day, the officers of the law came to take her examination in the presence of the young clerk, she relented, confessed that it was her own attempt upon her life, and completely exculpated the prisoner, who was thereupon set at liberty. The infatuated woman was taken to the Hospital of St. Louis, where she has since expired.

PARISIAN GULLIBILITY.—A few days since, a lady dressed in the first style of fashion, and followed by a nurse bearing a young infant, entered a fashionable shawl depot, and requested to be shown some of their most expensive Cashmeres. After some time she fixed on two, amounting together to about 3,000f, and, putting her hand in her reticule for the amount, expressed well feigned surprise at not finding her pocket-book. With great *sang froid* however, she drew out the key of her secretaire, and, handing it to the servant, told her to return home and bring her pocket-book, directing her in what part of the secretaire, it would be found, she, in the meantime, would take charge of a child. At the request of the lady the servant was allowed to take the shawls with her. After some time had elapsed the lady affected to become impatient, and saying that the stupid girl surely could not open the secretaire, requested one of the young shopmen to hold the infant while she went to see what had become of her. It will be scarcely credited that this was also allowed.—It need not be told that she never returned. The child was afterwards found to have been stolen a few hours before from the gargen of the Tuileries doubtless, expressly for the purpose.

Sunday Reading.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. B. STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appearance, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor would take up and exclaim, "what a beautiful edition! what superb binding!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature, an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression of it—but, on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on the drawing-room table.

So much for one picture, now for another—

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth.—But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold—cold even with these few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep that shawl close about you, you are cold I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not very," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother; "it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too. I must go myself after this.

"Oh! mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother? there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on, and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I havn't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and in lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother. Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessaries and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, friendless and alone, in the heart of a busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resources of her needle, she has gone rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's patient artifices cannot keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already portioned out in her mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet that woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much worn book.

Hearken now while she says to her children, "Listen to me my dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. 'Let not your hearts be troubled, in my father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room.—Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there, all day?" says the little boy earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother; "listen to what the Bible says: 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says, 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind, for your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our

Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our dear Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh! mother, what should we do without the Bible," says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life blood in her heart? How does she know there is such a thing as air and sunshine?

She does not *believe* these things, she *knows* them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Savior, and is still.

Go, when the child is lying in its mother's arms, and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal idenity, until you can make him think that it is not his mother. Your reasonings may be conclusive—your arguments unanswerable—but after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief on the subject, is precisely of the same kind which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Savior, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in his word.

THE DEATH BED OF NAPOLEON.—Persons fully entitled to credit, who attended Napoleon's dying bed, have declared that he assiduously read the Holy Scriptures, and that in the pangs of his severe malady, he often, with strong emotion, uttered the great name of Jesus. It may even be said that he "confessed Christ before men." In a familiar but solemn conversation, he exclaimed, with the expressive accent and emphatic brevity, which had an electric effect, "I know men; and I tell you that Jesus was not a man. His religion is a self-existent mystery; and it proceeded from a mind not human. There is in it a deep peculiarity of character [*individualite*] which has produced a succession of doctrines and maxims till then unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from human knowledge. Only in himself are found, completely the example of the imitation of his life. Neither was he a philosopher; for his proofs were miracles, and his disciples from the very first adored him. In fact, science and philosophy are powerless to salvation; and the sole object of Jesus in coming into the world was to unveil the mysteries of heaven and the laws of mind. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded empires; but on what have we rested the creations of our genius? Upon force. Only Jesus has founded an empire upon love; and, at this moment, millions of men would die for him. It was not a day nor a battle that won the victory over the world for the Christian religion. No; it was a long war, a fight of three centuries; begun by the apostles, and continued by their successors and the flow of Christian generations that followed. In that war, all the kings and powers of the earth were on one side; on the other side I see no army, but a mysterious force, and a few men scattered here and there through all parts of the world, and who had no rallying point but their faith in the mysteries of the cross. I die before my time, and my body will be put into the ground to become the food of worms. Such is the fate of the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ's eternal kingdom, proclaimed, loved, adored, and spreading through the world! Was that dying? Was it not rather to live? The death of Christ was the death of God." With these words Napoleon ceased; but General Bertrand making no reply, he added, "If you do not understand that Jesus Christ is God, I have been wrong in calling you General."—*Archives du Christianisme.*

Extracts from Late Publications.

Dickens' Work—Further Extracts.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE AMERICANS.

One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is universal distrust. Yet, the American citizen plumes himself upon the spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

"You carry," says the stranger, "this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their very act, disgrace your institutions and your people's choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so given to change, that your inconstancy has passed into a proverb, for you no sooner set up an idol firmly, than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments; and this, because directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he *is* rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments, or he remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downwards, may date his downfall from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villian pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed."

Another prominent feature is the love of "smart" dealings, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust, many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation, for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century.

The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," but are considered with reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated Cairo on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment; but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made, and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad, in a very short time, and speculated again, as freely as ever. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: "Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?"—"Yes, sir." "A convicted liar?" "Yes, sir." "He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?"—"Yes, sir." "And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?" "Yes, sir." "In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?" "Well, sir, he is a smart man."

In like manner, all kinds of deficient and impolitic usages are referred to the national love of trade; though oddly enough it would be a weighty charge against a foreigner, that he regarded the Americans as a trading people. The love of trade is assigned as a reason for that comfortless custom, so very prevalent in country towns, of married persons living in hotels, having no fireside of their own, and seldom meeting from early morning until late at night, but at the hasty public meals.

It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people as a whole, if they loved the Real less and the Ideal somewhat more. It would be well if there were greater encouragement to lightness of heart and gaiety, and a wider cultivation of what is beautiful, without being eminently and directly useful. But here; I think the general remonstrance, "we are a new country," which is so often advanced as an excuse for defects which are quite unjustifiable, as being, of right, only the slow growth of an old one, may be very reasonably urged; and I yet hope to hear of their being some other national amusement in the United States, besides newspaper politics.

They certainly are not a humorous people, and their temperament always impressed me as being of a dull and gloomy character. In shrewdness of remark, and a certain cast iron quaintness, the Yankees, or people of New England, unquestionably take the lead; as they do in most other evidences of Intelligence. But in traveling about, out of large cities—as I have remarked in former parts of these volumes—I was quite oppressed by the prevailing seriousness and melancholy air of business, which was so general and unvarying, that at every new town I came to, I seemed to meet the very same people whom I left behind me at the last. Such defects as are perceptible in the national manners, seem to me to be referable, in a great degree, to this cause, which has generated a dull, sullen persistance in coarse usages, and rejected the graces of life as undeserving attention. There is no doubt that Washington, who was always most scrupulous and exact on points of ceremony, perceived the tendency towards this mistake, even in his time, and did his utmost to correct it.

I cannot hold with other writers on these subjects that the prevalence of various forms of dissent in America, is in any way attributable to the non-existence there of an established church; indeed, I think the temper of the people, if it admitted of such an institution being founded among them, would lead them to desert it, as a matter of course, merely because it was established. But, supposing it to exist, I doubt its probable efficacy in summoning the wandering sheep to one great fold, simply because of the immense amount of dissent which prevails at home; and because I do not find in America any form of religion with which we in Europe, or even in England, are unacquainted. Dissenters resort thither in great numbers, as other people do, simply because it is a land of resort; and great settlements of them are founded, because ground can be purchased, and towns and villages reared, where there were none of the human creation before. But even the Shakers emigrated from England: our country is not unknown to Mr. Joseph Smith, the apostle of Mormonism, or to his benighted disciples: I have beheld religious scenes myself in some of our populous towns which can hardly be surpassed by an American camp meeting; and I am not aware that any instance of superstitious imposture on the one hand, and superstitious incredulity on the other, has had its origin in the United States, which we cannot more than parallel by the precedents of Mrs. Southcote, Mary Tofts, the rabbit breeder, or even Mr. Thom, of Canterbury; which latter case arose some time after the dark ages had passed away.

I have now arrived at the close of this book.—I have little reason to believe, from certain warnings I have had, since I returned to England, that it will be tenderly or favorably received by the American people; and as I have written the truth in relation to the mass of those who form their judgments and express their opinions, it will be seen that I have no desire to conciliate, by any adventitious means, the popular applause.

It is enough for me to know, that what I have set down in these pages, cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic, who is, in anything, deserving of the name. For the rest, I put my trust, implicitly, in the spirit in which they have been conceived and penned; and I can bide my time.

I have made no reference to my reception, nor have I suffered it to influence me in what I have written; for in either case, I should have offered but a sorry acknowledgment, compared with that I bear within my breast, toward those partial readers of my former books, across the water, who met me with an open hand, and not with one that closed upon an iron muzzle.

"The disinclination of the people throughout Ireland," says the Mayo Constitution, "to pay the poor-rate, is on the increase. We have heard that a number of men have traversed a part of the barony of Barrishoule, a few nights since, blowing a horn, and warning the peasantry not to pay a farthing for this tax at their peril."

"Don't you think my eyes look quite killing this morning?" said a country dandy to a smart girl; and he twisted his leaden visionaries in the most cruel and facinating manner. "They remind me," replied the damsel, "of a codfish dying of the toothache."

"Mr. Swiper, I've just kicked your William out of my store.

"Well, Swingle, it's the first Bill you've footed this many a day."

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

On the return of De Soto's first expedition from the continent of America to the Old World, a volume of Indian Traditions was published under the editorial supervision of the accomplished but unfortunate Madame Pampadour, then in exile at the court of his Catholic Majesty. The book is now obsolete, but some notice of it is to be found ni Mademoiselle Polignac's History of the Discovery and Settlement of the New World. One of the traditions is exceedingly interesting, from its supposed connection with the "mysterious music" at East Pascagoula, and runs thus:

On the eastern bank of a small river, at its confluence with the gu f, little less than thirty leagues from the noble bay where the small fleet had been moored, they found a community of savages, of better appearance and softer manners than had yet been seen among the native Indians. They were cleanly and intelligent, cultivated the social virtues, and in their habitations were remarkable for that decorous allotment of different apartments to particular uses, the observance of which is so essential to ease and comfort. Near the river was a favorable edifice, originally constructed of large pieces of rough red cedar, now greatly dilapidated and overgrown with moss, the sombre color of which was in keeping with the melancholy tradition with which it was associated. It had been the habitation of a powerful young chief and his two young and beautiful wives.

To this spot large numbers from the adjacent friendly tribes were in the habit of making annual visits, to regale themselves with the luxuries so easily obtained on the margin of the mighty deep. The wives of the young chief had enjoyed their condition as such about three years only, and the younger of the two had a child, a boy about six months old. The other had never been in the way that "ladies wish to be in who love their lords." At this time the number of visitors to the coast amounted to many hundreds, and the green corn dance was the time fixed upon for a general departure homewards for their respective tribes.

The morning after the dance the horde from the interior had left, and the little coast community would have been in repose, but for the boisterous astonishment of the chief at the disappearance of one of his wives, and the woful lamentations of the other wife at the loss of her only child.

Year after year melted away, and no tidings of the child. Winter after winter had passed—the tribes from the north made their accustomed visit—yet nothing was ever heard of the child. All the power and influence of the chief were exerted for his recovery—the most tempting rewards and inducements offered and held out, but all to no purpose. The [illegible] had a mark on his left thigh—a bunch of [illegible] berries. This was described, but all in vain. [illegible] parents were sad and gloomy, but gradually [illegible] regained a partial cheerfulness. At length, in six years more, they had a daughter. She grew up no less the idol of her parents than of the tribe over which her father governed, and the admiration of the winter sojourners. Her beauty, her grace, the sweetness of her temper and manners, the generosity of her disposition, and the charity and benevolence of her nature, were national themes, and brought around her crowds of worshipful admirers, none of whom ever left her presence without chastened and improved hearts. Such is the power of the virtues, when harmoniously blended in lovely woman.

Her fame was wide as the winds and pure. Another year, and this bright damsel might be seen in the shade of a lofty oak that bordered the waters, listening to the outpourings of a heart pure and disinterested as her own. It was that of a stranger—a youth of slight but commanding stature, who, owned by none as a relative, was regarded by all the sojourners, with whom he had made this his first visit to the coast, with affection and respect. He had never signalized himself in battle, but was always foremost for peace. He shudered at cruelty, and employed every means of preventing it. He was generous, just, wise, and good—the umpire in all misunderstandings and quarrels, and never failed to settle them on a satisfactory basis. He was marked for promotion, but the uncertainty of his birth and parentage were barriers to any lofty distinction. He knew that the highways to power were deep in human gore, and he could not wade therein. He was unhappy. He opened his whole heart to *Kai-ee*, (for that was the damsel's name) and they loved each other. The parents of the girl saw and approved it. A little while and the young couple were married.

The morning after the nuptials, as the bridegroom walked slowly towards the water's edge, *Kai-ee* stood at the door of her father's wigwam, with her arm thrown gently round her mother's waist.

"Mother," said she, "is he not handsome?—How like a chief he moves—what grace—what majesty! How strange! I saw but now, as he folded his ample shroud about his free limbs, a curious mark—a bunch of unripe berries on his left thigh!"

"Great Spirit!" said the mother, and darted like lightning towords the river. She had overtaken him and ascertained that he was her long lost son, before the daughter came up alarmed and breathless. "See!" said she, pointing to the mark, "you are brother and sister!"

The youth held each alternately in his arms, and uttering the sentence—"Hip-ce-foggony-humbug-ee-cha!" sprang into the river and instantly sunk!

The mother watched the place for a moment, and turning to her daughter, saw her a maniac!—and from that moment she never uttered any other words than those that compose that sentence. Gradually she wasted away, continually uttering them, until they seemed the soft tones of the Æolian's strings. She died with the sounds on her lips—but the melting cadences of "Hip-ce-foggony-hum-bug-ee-cha!" are yet to be heard on the surface of the mourning waters!

Polly Peablossom's Wedding.—Under this title the "Georgia Family Companion" relates a story which has by this time caused the loss of several "buttons." It is too long for our paper, but we give the closing scene. The Justice of the Peace called to marry the parties, was long on his way—got ,lost—stalled, and what not, and was so taken up after he arrived, in relating his impediments, that he *forgot the marriage ceremony* as prescribed by the church.

He thought over every thing he had ever learned by heart, even

> Thirty days hath September,
> April, June and November,

but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room, admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in agony of desperation he began:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I"—here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing a deed to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"In the name of God, Amen!"—he began a second time, only to hear a voice in a loud whisper say, "He's making his will now; I thought he couldn't live long, He looks so *powerful* bad."

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord"——

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He's not dead, but sleepeth."

"O yes! O yes!" continued the squire.

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying.—His next effort was—

"To all and singular, the sher"—— 'Let's run! He's going to *level* on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once with self satisfaction, and in a grave and dignified manner said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George Washington obeyed and held up his hand. "Miss Polly, hold up yours." Polly in her confusion held up her left hand. "The other hand, Miss Peablosom."—And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them.

"You, and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform all and singular, the functions of a husband or wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!"

"Good as wheat," said Capt. Peablossom.—"Polly, my gal, come kiss your old father, I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out for home to see your mother."

There is a man in this city who has so *high* an opinion of himself that he fancies himself a steeple; and yet he is held in such *low* estimation that he is without a *belle*. The N. O. Picayune said that. It's a *tall* joke to *wring* out of twisted words.

Job Dodge, or the Stormy Day.—It was a half-drizzling, half-stormy day in the middle of Novembes,—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humor with themselves and every body e'se. Job Dodge was brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front door latch to-day?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you mend the handle of the water pail?"

"No."

"Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?"

"No."

"Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes, in your chamber?"

"No."

"Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?"

"No, no, no," answered the husband sharply. He then took his hat and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet-day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "You're going to the tavern: with your leave, I will go with you." The husband stared. "Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go with you: if you go and waste the day at the tavern, why shall I not do the same?"

Job felt the reproof. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; did all his wife had requested, and sat down by the fire at night, a better and happier man.

Cool Impudence.—We were told yesterday of the coolest piece of impudence and audacious nonsense, that ever was played off since the days when Tom King worried poor old Monsieur Tonson. A chap sadly in want of amusement, as he strolled out of the St. Charles bar-room at midnight during last week, was suddenly moved by a brilliant conception. He walked up to the first door he came across, and taking hold of the knocker, pounded away with a vigor and fury that alarmed the whole neighborhood. Up went the second story window—a head was popped out and in again—and down instantly to the floor came a man in his night gear, shivering between fright and the chilly evening. The man was speechless when he opened the door to so alarming a summons and stared in mute inquiry upon our hero. There they stood for some seconds, when the audacious disturber of the night coolly inquired of the man in the night-cap—

"Well now, my friend, *what the d——l do you want?*"

Any body about there at that time may have heard a street door slam to, and have seen a chap walk off whistling

> "Oft in the stilly night," &c.

N. O. Picayune.

Done for.—A wag a few years since procured some eye wash of a quack occulist in this city, to be applied to a glass eye which he wore. The occulist, not being very sharp sighted, discovered there was some defect in the eye, but thought it so trifling that he warranted a cure or no pay.—The wag took the wash and departed. In a week or so after he returned with the empty vial, and in great distress.

'Oh, doctor! doctor!' said he, your d—d stuff has wholly destroyed my eye,' at the same time opening the lids of the empty socket with his finger, to the horror of the gaping and starting occulist.

'Is it possible! can it be possible!' exclaimed the eye tinker. 'I never knew my medicine to operate so before. Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than return your money.'

'But you must do more sir. *What* is five dollars compared with the loss of an eye?' replied the wag. 'If you will give me two hundred dollars, I will sign a pledge never to expose you; but if you do not I will prosecute you forthwith, and you are a ruined man.'

The quack forked over a check for the amount and the covey cut stick, perhaps for Texas.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Our devil says that a temperance man has no business with a wife.—*Balt. Whig.*

Because he can't sup.porter, we suppose. Eh?—*Times.*

Wherever I find a great deal of *gratitude* in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much *generosity* if he were a rich man.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are indebted to Messrs. MOORE & JONES, Agents, Arcade Hall, for the following new publications:

"THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW."—This periodical has become a deserved favorite with the loco foco party. It is conducted with great ability, and with quite as much fairness as the discipline of the party will allow. It has had a desirable accession to its editorial department. The famous ultraist, BROWNSON, wields a powerful pen. He is at home on the billows of loco focoism.—The literary articles of the Review are unusually interesting.

"ATHENS TEMPERANCE TALES."—Nos. 2 and 3 of the new series are before us. We have read them with interest. They are just what was required. No one can read them without being confirmed in his opinion, that tee-totalism is the most blessed of all human causes. "The Ruined Family," and "Jim Braddock's Pledge," make up these two numbers.

"DICKENS' NOTES ON AMERICA."—This work meets with a ready sale. More than 300 have been disposed of in this city alone, and 4 or 500 more will go. We have made numerous extracts from the work; and, although we cannot approve of the tone of the work generally, we are free to say that it contains a great deal of truth. It is, however, generally, too flippant, but it is interesting nevertheless. Price 12½ cents.

"THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE."—This Magazine is edited by an association of Clergymen, and is devoted to the discussion and enenforcement of moral and religious truths and principles. Each number contains from 48 to 52 pages of choice matter, together with two engravings and a piece of music. The two numbers before us are exceedingly rich. From their tone, we doubt not that those which follow, will be equally excellent. Terms $1 per annum in advance. MOORE, agent, Arcade Hall.

"ADDRESS AND DISCOURSE AFTER THE DEATH OF REV. W. E. CHANNING; BY E. A. GANNETT, BOSTON."—These Discourses—two in number—are able and eloquent—full of beauty—and marked by deep piety and tenderness. They give graphic delineations of the character of their great subject, and are accompanied by interesting Biographical notes. They are worthy of a perusal by every admire of the distinguished man to whose memory they are dedicated. For sale by SAGE & BROTHER.

SCOTCH AMERICAN HEROES.—The St. Andrews Society of the city of New York have in progress a work designed to furnish brief biographies of some of the distinguished Scotchmen who fought and labored in the Revolution. In the list we observe the names of Paul Jones, the Rev. and patriotic Witherspoon, Dr. Willson, Gens. Stirling, McIntosh, McDougal, Mercer and St. Clair, and Cols. McPherson, McLane, Lenox, &c. &c. The work is a deserved tribute to the memory of these noble countrymen of Wallace, Bruce and Burns.

We hope that this movement will be followed by a Biography of the many brave Irishmen who fought for freedom during the Revolution. Such a work would be full of deep interest. Many of the most gallant exploits of that trying period were performed by Irishmen, while their native cheerfulness, wit and good humor were as conspicuous as their bravery.

☞ Civilization humanizes governments, but it does not modify individual atrocity. Nero's was a court of mercy compared with the savage tribunal of Judge Lynch.

A CRAMPER.—A Mormon was holding forth in a neighboring village, a few evenings since, when a Highlandman saluted him with—

"Hae ye the gift o' tongues, maun?"

"Certainly, as have all the prophets of the Lord."

"Weel," says the Highlandman, "I hae a question to ask ye." Whereupon he propounded his query in his native tongue. But the Mormon hadn't studied Gaelic, and objected to the question on the ground that it was not fair to press "the prophets of the Lord!' so closely.

But the ruse of the Highlandman took, and "the prophets of the Lord" were obliged to make tracks. They won't go back there again, till they learn Gaelic.

FIRST NATIVE CITIZEN.—The first white child born in the United States was christened after the State in which she was born. She was granddaughter of the royal governor. This was in August, 1537. The child's name was Virginia Dare.

A pastry cook should make a good editor—he would be so capital at *puffs*.—*Aurora*.

But a better exscissorizer, he is so handy with *paste*.—*Tattler*.

A still better printer, for he is used to *reading*.

BADGERING AN IRISH VOTER.—You're a Roman Catholic?

Am I! said the fellow.

Are you not? demanded the agent.

You say I am, was the answer.

Come, sir, answer—what's your religion?

The true religion.

What religion is that?

My religion.

And what's your religion?

My mother's religion.

And what was your mother's religion?

She tuk whiskey in her tay.

Come, now, I'll find you out as cunning as you are, said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wits with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. You bless yourself, don't you?

When I'm done with you I think I ought.

What place of worship do you go to?

The most convaynient.

But of what persuasion are you?

My persuasion is that you won't find it out.

What is your belief?

My belief is that you are puzzled.

Do you confess?

Not to you.

Come! now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?

Doctor Growling.

Not for the priest?

I must first get a messenger.

Confound your quibbling! tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions I mean?

They are the same as my landlord's.

And what are your landlord's opinions?

Faix, his opinions is, that I wont pay him the last half year's rint; and I'm of the same opinion myself. A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumb-founded the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner that he must have a direct reply.

I insist, sir, on your answering at once, are you a Roman Catholic?

I am, said the fellow,

And could you not say so at once? repeated the officer.

You niver axed me, returned the other.

SHORT.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

"Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That is none of my business."

"But he speaks very ill of you."

"That is none of *your business*."

Capt. Parrot was telling Mrs. Fink of his escape from the alligator. "Wasn't he a dreadful looking creature?" inquired the lady with much appearance of sympathy, at the same time wishing the captain in his jaws. "Wny ma'am, I can't say his feeters was regularly beautiful, but there was so much openness when he smiled!"

Variety.

YANKEE AND WOLVERINE.—Said a Wolverine to a Yankee, on board of a Mississippi steamboat—'Stranger, will you play a game of brag.'

'I do not understand the game,' was the reply.

'Will you play Sprague's?'

'I am ignorant of that, also.'

'A game of all fours?'

'I must acknowledge to you that I am not familiar with any game at cards.'

"Well, stranger, will you take a drink?'

'Certainly, with pleasure.'

The couple accordingly repaired to the bar and after touching glasses, the Wolverine eyed the Yankee closely from head to foot, said to him—'Stranger, you are a clever fellow; but you *know* but devilish little.'

BONAPARTE'S BROTHER A TRUE PROPHET.—Of all Napoleon's relations, says Rapp's memoirs, his brother Lucien proved himself the most opposed to his views and plans. One day while they were disputing warmly on some subject, Lucien drew out his watch, and dashing it violently on the ground, addressed to his brother these remarkable words:—"You will destroy yourself as I have destroyed that watch; and the time will come when your family will not know where to shelter their heads."

A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle meeting one day, after the usual salutations, one said to the other—"Well, Patrick, poor Horton's dead," (alluding to one of their acquaintances who had died suddenly.) "O yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died this year that never died before!"

A physician remonstrating with a drunkard, asked him why "he did not limit himself to a certain quantity per diem—set down a stake that thus far and no further will I go." "I do," said the drunkard, "but I set the stake so far off that I invariably get drunk before I reach it."

In a Western paper we observe the marriage announcement of Mr. Isaac Roberts to Miss Mary Ann *Goose*. A verification of the words of the old song:—

"There lives no goose so gay but soon or late,
Will find some silly gander for her mate."

Three young men of Petersburg, Perry county, Pa., recently went to serenade a newly married pair in that town, when they were fired upon from the house of the bridegroom, and all three wounded. The affair is about to undergo a judicial investigation.

The following article is from a Calais (Me.) paper:

"Take notice, that I, Ma[redacted] Warnock, forbid the bonds of marriage [redacted]y Ralph Scott and Hannah Siemit, as [redacted]ot a claim on him."

The death of a printer is thus chronicled in an English paper:—"George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all; and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life is without a ‖."

THE SON.—Charles Francis Adams, son of the ex-President, is elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, in Boston. He has illustrious examples in his progenitors. May he leave the like to his posterity.

Who hooked our penknife.—*Rich. Star.*

Was it "hooked?" or did it not voluntarily abscond. It's so natural for a penknife—particularly a Yankee one—to "cut stick."—*Times.*

Parson Miller has succeeded in frightening an old lady, in Maine, terribly. "Oh! heavings!" cried she, the other day, "if the world does come to an end, what *shall* I do for snuff?"

"TIME IS MONEY."—So Franklin observed. It is very true, and some people take plenty of it to pay their debts.—*N. O. Pic.*

"That motion is out of order," as the [redacted] of a political meeting said when a ro[redacted] his arm to throw an egg.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this [redacted] the fly said when the boy stuck him on [redacted] a pin.

A VEGETABLE WAISTCOAT—is one made of *cabbage*.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Death of an Infant.

Sweet little one, I see thee now,
So innocent and fair,
Ere Death's cold hand had touched thy brow,
And left his signet there.

The parents smiled with joy to see
So fair an infant given;
And dreamed not that so soon 'twould be
Their little one in heaven.

Short was thy stay—yet thou had'st won
A tide of earthly love;
A life on earth but just begun—
And now a life above.

But, cherub, 'twas thy Maker's will,
This transient stay below;
He had some purpose to fulfil.
Which he alone may know.

Perchance to turn a parent's heart
From earthly joys away;
That God might perfect joy impart,
And lead to endless day.

The transient drop of morning dew
In love to us is given;
And earth's ephemera we may view
As messengers from heaven.

So thou sweet infant dist appear—
Bloom transiently and die:
As some angelic one, to bear
A message from on high.

Oh may we hear this gentle voice,
And raise the heart above;
Then shall we evermore rejoice,
And God's blest will approve. A. C. J.

The Blind Beggar.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are blue and cold,
The life of the beggar is almost spent:
His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
And he answereth low and with meek content
The sneers of the rude and bold.

All day by the road hath the beggar sat,
Weary and faint and dry,
In silence patiently holding his hat,
And turning his sightless eye,
As with cruel jest and greeting prim,
At his hollow cheek and eye balls dim,
The traveler tosses a cent at him,
And passes hastily by.

To himself the blind old man doth hum
A song of boyhood's day,
And his [illegible]ite fingers idly drum
On his [illegible]bare knee where they lay;
And oft when [illegible]y bob-link is heard,
And the song [illegible]yous th-hearted yellow bird,
The jar of [illegible] the traveler's word,
And the shout of children's play—

He starts and he grasps with hurried hand
The top of his smooth-worn cane,
And strikes it sturdily into the sand,
Then layeth it down again!
While his little black spaniel, beautiful "Spring,"
That he keeps at his button-hole with a string,
Leaps up and his bell goes ting a ling! ling!
As he yelps with impatient pain.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are blue and cold,
But he murmureth never, day nor night,
But seeing the world by his inner sight,
He patiently waits with a heart all light,
Till the sum of his life shall be told.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "the better" is for ever the word on the tongue.

[illegible]threshold of life Hope leads us in—
[illegible]plays round the mirthful boy;
[illegible]he best of its charms may with youth begin,
[illegible]age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, Man planteth—Hope!

[illegible]it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
[illegible]a fool for its dull begetter;
[illegible]voice at the heart that proclaims aloud,
[illegible]ve born to possess the Better!"
[illegible]oice of the Heart, O ye may believe,
[illegible]the hope of the soul deceive!

From the Commercial Advertiser.

The Withered Leaf.

A sere-leaf hung on an oak-tree high—
It fluttered and bent as the breeze flew by—
And it shook with a sad and a quivering tone,
As the wild wind passed with a mournful moan.

It hung not long, for there came at last
And swept by in anger a sharp, cold blast;
It struck the leaf with its chilly breath,
And, withered, it lay on the fading heath.

I passed as it smitten and dying lay,
And hurried along on my careless way;
But I seemed to hear, in a tone of grief,
The voice of the blasted and withered leaf.

Away! away!
The spring has departed, the summer has gone,
The autumn winds sigh, and the winter comes on,
And I pass away.

On the bright day,
I have slept on the bough of the oak-tree high,
Fanned by the soft zephyrs which murmured by,
As they passed away.

To the sweet lay
Of the gay forest bird have I listened long,
To the melody pure of his wild night song:
But he passed away.

In sportive play
Have I danced to the sound of the summer breeze,
When it stirred the tops of the forest trees;
Then it passed away.

In bright array
Of emerald garb have I loftily hung,
And through the free air have I merrily swung,
The live-long day.

Alas! away,
The summer has passed with her robe of flowers,
And her sun-lit glee, and her joyful hours;
She has passed away.

The dreary day
Of autumn said, with its poisoned breath,
Has come in the changing hues of death,
To bear us away.

Stay! mortal, stay!
Thou art basking perchance in the sun-beams now,
But the light shall be clouded on pleasure's brow;
It shall pass away.

Be wise to-day;
Thou too shalt fade as the autumn leaf;
Thy days shall be counted as few and brief;
Thou shalt pass away.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 18, 1842. ARIEL.

XIMENA.

The rose that blushes bright to-day,
May wither on the morrow;
The bird that tunes its merry lay,
May change its notes to sorrow.
The beaming eye which smiles in light,
May cease the cheek adorning;
The heart that dearly loves to night,
May falter in the morning,
Ah! no—ah! no,
The heart can alter never;
Its ceaseless flame still burns the same,
For ever and for ever.

ZARA.

The sweetest flowers but bloom to die,
The loftiest rose must wither;
The lark forget its summer sky,
The bee forsake the heather,
The truest friends that ever met,
Met only to be parted;
The happiest love that glows, may yet
Be crossed and broken hearted.
Ah! yes—ah! yes,
The brightest eye may languish;
The gentlest breast find only rest,
Beyond a world of anguish.

XIMENA.

The peacock with his plumage bright,
From rainbow bowers must sever;
The pheasant with her spots of light,
Must fall and die for ever,
The love within a broken heart
It strove in vain to cherish,
Must also from its form depart,
But not like these to perish,
Ah! no—ah! no,
A dearer hope is given,
That all our grief shall find relief
In love, in bliss, in Heaven!

From the Southern Literary Messenger for November.

Dirge for a Young Girl.

Underneath the sod, now lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining,
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears, are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

Marriages.

In this city, on the 10th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. WILLIAM E. HASSAN, to Miss DELIA BEARDSLEE, all of this city.

In this city, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. V. R. Hotchkin, Mr. Ephraim L. Burton, to Miss Achsah S. Lovell, all of this city.

At Brookegrove, Livingston county, on the the 17th inst., by the Rev Mr. Atwater, THEODORE F. HALL, of Rochester, to CLARISSA, daughter of Gen. Micah Brooks.

In Syracuse, on Wednesday, the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. William Kellick, to Miss Cornelia Buckland, both of this city.

In Greece, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Ralph Clapp, Mr. Edward Walker, to Miss Mary Ann Hale, all of the above place.

In Darien, on the 15th instant, by T. Riddle, Esq., Mr. Daniel P. Stedman, to Miss Juliet Fuller, both of Bennington.

In Attica, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. B. Preston, Mr. Russel O. Benson, of Hume, to Miss Percis, daughter of Elisha Smith, Esq, of the former place.

In Pembroke, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Silas C. Brown, Mr. Horatio G. L. Wright, to Miss Sarah M. Campbell On the same day, by the same, Mr. Robert Durham, Jr., to Miss Martha Brown.

In Gaten, on the 19th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Corson, John A. Rhodes, Esq., of Pulaski, Oswego county, to Augusta A., daughter of Dr. S. Houghtaling, of the former place.

At Number Nine, by Rev. John Robinson, Mr. Philander Stiles, to Miss Lucinda Beeman, both of Canandaigua.

At Manchester, on the 10th instant, by Judge Mitchell, Mr. Lyman Osgood, to Miss Cynthia L. Howland, daughter of Job Howland.

In Kirkland, Oneida county, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. B. G. Paddock, of Clinton, Mr. George G. Babcock, of Wheatland, Monroe county, to Mrs. Jane Babcock, of the former place.

At Stockbridge, Mass., on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hulbert, Rev. P. O. Powers, Missionary to Broosa, to Miss Sarah L. Perry, daughter of Frederick Perry, of the former place.

Re married, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. H. P. Arms, Mr. Asa H. Burchard to Mrs. Emily Burchard.

In this reunion of ruptured ties is seen one of the triumphs of temperance. A family for years distracted, dismembered, and rendered wretched by the demon of strong drink, is by the magic charm of the Washingtonian pledge restored to "the walks of virtuous life." Peace and happiness have returned to their desolate dwelling, and hope beams upon their future prospects.—[Norwich (Ct.) Cour.

In Batavia, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Allen Steele, at the residence of John Lowber, Esq., Dr. William Cummins, of Smyrna, Delaware, to Miss Ellen N. Lowber, of that place.

In Byron, on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Eli Hannibal, Mr. Alva N. Seymour, of Batavia, to Miss Mary Ann Manley, of Manfield.

In Warsaw, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Moses Pickett, Mr. Silas Norton, formerly of Michigan, to Miss Sally Maria Scribner, of the former place.

On the 1st inst., in Trinity Church, Watertown, Jefferson co., N. Y., by Rev. J. Fish, Mr. Frederick M. Smith, of Palmyra, Wayne co., to Miss Delia F. McKnight, daughter of Judge McKnight, of the former place.

On the 10th inst., by the Rev. L. Cheeseman, Mr. John P. Brown, of Scottsville, to Miss Laura Wiley, of Chili.

In Riga, Monroe co., on the 30th ult by the Rev. B. B. Bunker, Mr. Addison Orcutt, of Oxford, Michigan, to Miss Eliza Bingham, of Riga.

In LeRoy, on the 2d instant, by H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Mr. George W. Graham, to Miss Sarah Bennett, both of Batavia. Also, on the 3d instant, by H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Mr. George Sheldon, of Darien, to Miss Harriet Sarton, of Avon.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Strong & Dawson, Publishers.

One Dollar per annum, in advance.

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Popular Tales.

From the Boston Miscellany for November.

THE TWO BELLES OF THE VILLAGE.

"And so you have found out nothing about him," said Miss Patty, on one afternoon, when the gossips of the village had assembled to tea at Mrs. Jackson's.

"Nothing more than we have heard before, that he is a young man of property, and has taken the white house on the hill."

"Well, that we might have seen without spectacles—but his name?"

And here Mrs. Ostrand, who had found it impossible to conceal it any longer, poured forth the budget of news, that her acquaintance with the sexton's wife, and her residence opposite the tavern, had enabled her to collect. The astonished gossips laid down their cups of tea, and all turned their inquiring eyes upon Mrs. O., who had only been waiting for a fitting moment to open her tale.

"He's no more nor less than son of old John Moore, or young John Moore, as they used to call him in my day. And you, Patty Saunders, may call him so still. He sat in the front pew of the broad aisle, and used to turn round and look at the singing loft."

"What, is that John Moore? Well, he has altered amazingly," said Miss Saunders.

"He is John Moore's oldest son," screamed Mrs., "and they say his father has made quite a fortune, and is coming back to live here, and Roderick Moore is come on to take the house," and here Mrs. O. breathed.

"I recollect," said Miss Patty, "I was quite a child when John Moore used to come up the aisle with a gold-headed cane."

"Well, he'll be a fine match for some of the young ladies. Miss Morgan and Anna Elliott will have to try for him," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Well," said Miss Patty, I should like to have a good long talk with him about old times."

"You were quite a child!" cried Mrs. O.

But here the interesting debate was interrupted by the report that the subject of discussion was passing the window.

"He's got his father's nose," said Miss Patty. At this moment was brought in a fresh plate of bread, which reminded Miss Patty of how miserably the baker looked, and led her to wonder what would become of Mrs. Paine and all the children if he should die.

"Why, they are related to the Boothbys," said Mrs. Ostrand, "the Boothbys will never see them want."

"Well," said Miss Patty, "I don't see how you make that out? Tim Boothby married a Gozborough."

But Miss Patty found her match in Mrs. Ostrand, who had the geneology of the whole village at her finger's ends, and the discussion was kept up till late in the evening, when Mrs. Jackson skilfully turned the conversation to the Elliotts, as being persons against whom nothing could be said.

"Well," said Miss Patty, "they've never got up from their downfall. I guess Mr. Elliott rues the day he ever came from New York with so much money about him."

"Do tell us all about it," said Mrs. Jackson, who though she had heard the tale with all its embellishments forty times, was willing to calm the tempest by listeniug to it the forty-first time. So Mrs. Ostrand drew nearer the light with her knitting, and Mrs. Pettibone, to prevent any interruptions, picked up her ball of yarn, which was forming the evening's amusement of Mrs. Jackson's yellow cat in the corner of the room, closed her eyes, and with her needles kept time to Miss Patty's tongue.

"Well, they say that Mr. Elliott, having been remarkably fortunate in business in New York, where he had been for up'ards of four years, packed up his valuables, and sent his family on to his father's old house on the river. He followed himself the next week, and, very imprudently, *I* think, though to tell the truth, I should not blame him for not trusting to the banks in these days, packed up his saving money in a red morocco trunk."

"It was nothing but a common black portmanteau," interrupted Mrs. Ostrand. "Mrs. Turner says it was just like Mr. O.'s, only it was not white leather, and the padlock was not lost!"

"I always heard it was a red morocco trunk with brass nails, and Sally Jones says that none of the family would bear the sight of one since."

"But what became of it?" asked Mrs. Jackson, anxiously.

"There is the mystery," said Miss Patty. "Mr. Elliott says he never let go of it but one moment, on board the boat, and when he returned for it, the trunk was gone!"

"Mr. Ostrand told *me*," said Mrs. O., "that he had very foolishly entrusted it to a suspicious-looking man with one eye, and that when he got to the hotel at Providence, neither the portmanteau nor the one-eyed man could be seen. But there is Mr. Ostrand's step—good evening, Mrs. Jackson—good evening, Miss Saunders!" And the little party broke up. Poor widow Pettibone, who had to leave Miss Saunders at the corner of her dark lane, fancied she detected the form of the one-eyed man, and trembled and ran home.

It was not long before the handsome Roderick Moore found his way into the little society of the village, and his heart pretty equally divided between the charms of Ellen Morgan and Anna Elliott. Anna's mild beauty might have very soon won him, if he had not to contend with the art and coquetry of Ellen Morgan. There was no necessity for decision at present, however, and he made himself happy in the smiles of each, as chance favored him, till at last, the report was spread through the village that Anna Elliott was going away. An old aunt in the city had sent to request her to make her abode with her, and her offers were so kind and liberal, that Mr. Elliott felt as though he could not refuse them; the little Elliotts were now growing large Elliotts, and the little house to which they had been obliged to retire, at their hour of misfortune, would become larger, larger, though the space would be purchased by the absence of so dear an inmate as Anna. To spend so many years of her life with old Aunt Kittredge, in her dull house shut up in the city, when the pretty village was left behind her, with its sunny fields fanned by the free breeze, and her dear home with its walls covered by the climbing vines, and the happy ones, joyous and laughing within, was not to be thought of without tears. But they were mostly concealed, and she answered her aunt's letter in a grateful tone, and her mother's look of sorrow with one of gayety.

Ellen Morgan was one of the first to call upon Anna after the news of her intended departure, and the family reasons for it, had been spread abroad through the village with the usual celerity with which such reports travel.

"Ah, how I envy you, Anna Elliott," she cried, as she entered the little parlor. "You are actually going to the city; what a gay, happy life you will lead, while we stay moped up in this dull place forever!"

"I shall be very sorry to leave," said Anna.

"But in bright, happy New York, you will forget us all; you'll be the belle of the city, while I, alas"—

"I am afraid I shall not meet with much gayety, my aunt does not see much company."

"And oh! I shall have Roderick Moore to myself." And she turned suddenly to Anna. Anna did not reply. Ellen rattled on, retailing a long letter she had received from Mary Clare, a New York friend, and then left the house.

Widow Pettibone met Anna in the street, and told her how sorry she should be to lose the sweet smile she gave her as she passed the house, and would have said more, but that Roderick Moore's great dog frightened her half out of her wits as he rushed towards the place where Anna stood, knowing well his master would soon follow him. Miss Patty Saunders called in with a letter she wished Miss Anna would carry to her correspondent, Miss Aster, "and she'll be glad enough to see you if you will carry it yourself. She is daughter of old General Aster, and lives in a grand house, from all I hear; not that she will think of looking down upon any of my friends." And then she whispered Anna, she had best sew her purse in her pocket. Anna blushed and followed her to the door with her usual smile. She was met by Mrs. Ostrand. "I could not help coming in to bid you good-bye, dear. So you are really going. Well, I was making up such a nice little story out of you, and such a fine match.—For do you know that Mr. Ostrand says he counted the number of times Roderick Moore looked round at your pew on Sunday, and it was fifteen times before sermon, till finally Roderick moved his seat to the cross seat at the end of the pew. You needn't blush, little one. I brought you some slips of rosemary for you to put in a pot to carry to the city. They say they don't have much green there, and likely they'll be in want of herbs."

"Mrs. Ostrand little knows," said Anna to her mother, as her kind-hearted neighbor left the house, "how sentimental a present she has given me. She might have said, 'that's for remembrance—I pray you, love, remember.'"

So the preparations were going on fast for Anna's departure, and the day was drawing near. Poor Anna had been obliged to receive and return many visits that were made her, some kindly, some officiously, and the night would come, and find her very tired. One night her father received a letter, which he opened, and examined its contents with surprise. The enclosure appeared to excite as much wonder as [illegible] it contained, though that was a check on a New York bank! Mr. Elliott at last read the letter aloud.

"Fifteen years ago, a poor and destitute man, I accompanied you in the steamer Condor, from New York. I watched you, and saw that you took a great deal of care of a small, well-guarded box, that you scarcely let go of during the whole passage. I easily imagined that it contained money, and I overheard a gentleman remarking upon the value of the box. I was then sorely tempted. I followed you round, as you walked up and down the boat, I watched you carefully. At last the boat drew near the shore; I stood near as you disembarked; you kindly beckoned me with your hand, and asked me to carry your baggage to the hotel, and at the same time you heedlessly entrusted me with the valuable box. Your eye was turned from me that moment; that moment I seized; the temptation was too great, and loaded with the stolen box and the remorse of my conscience, I reached the place of safety. I succeeded in breaking open the box, and examined the contents, which were less valuable to me than I had hoped. The papers, which it would be dangerous for me to keep, I destroyed with [illegible] and found myself possessed [illegible] reach one of our N[illegible] gained at last a litt[illegible] by a happy family [illegible] have injured, perh[illegible] have placed in the [illegible] amount of money e[illegible] with interest. It wi[illegible] find me out, and painfu[illegible]

I can give you nothing that can repay you for the anxiety my crime has cost you, but it will be something of a relief to fancy that none of my present earnings are stolen property. I would not have the crime of the father blacken the face of the children, as, should my name ever become public, would be the case. May I trust to your generosity? Let me assure you that no punishment could be devised for my guilt, more horrible than I have suffered for the last fifteen years, while perhaps from your mind has passed the remembrance of

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN SHADE."

This singular letter was examined by every one of the family—but whatever wonder was felt, it was evident that Mr. Elliott was richer by this check than an hour before. Deep were the consultations that night, and Mr. Elliott determined to go to New York himself, without Anna, visit the bank, and if he found the money were really his, to tell Mrs. Kittredge, that, under the present circumstances, he could not possibly let his daughter leave his home. "For," said Mrs. E., we can at least, with our newly gained money, build out a room into the garden, for some of the children."

The matter was soon settled; Mr. Elliott found the promised money awaiting him in New York, and made the fearful visit upon Mrs. Kittredge. She lived in a dark house, in a dark street; and as he entered the formal parlor, and felt himself grow chilly at the want of cordiality with which he was greeted, Mr. Elliott breathed a sigh of delight, to think he had not brought his daughter with him, to immure herself in this prison. Mrs. Kittredge expressed perfect indifference to whatever arrangement Mr. Elliott chose to make, and spoke of the number of neices she could choose among, who would be happy to be her companion, and showed to how much gratitude she was entitled for giving Anna the first chance. Mr. Elliott breathed freer, as he turned homeward, and found his family still united.

But great was the mystery in the village. The whole affair leaked out, and the Elliotts' house was pointed out to every stranger as the spot where so singular a circumstance had taken place.

Roderick Moore's visits to the Elliott cottage, for a year, grew more and more frequent, when a circumstance took place that altered affairs. Ellen Morgan had not not been able to bear with composure the victory that Anna's beauty was evidently making over Roderick Moore. In vain did she start early for church on Sunday, and pass directly by Moore's avenue, with her prettiest bonnet on, and her brilliant face adorned with the brightest smiles—walk slow or fast, that provoking Anna Elliott always appeared with Roderick Moore by her side in the turning of the lane that led from her house to the church. She almost thought he must get up the night before, and wait at Anne's door for her appearance, so regularly was he present to escort her on her way.

When midsummer had come, great sensation was created in the village by the appearance of an Indian woman who, among the pine woods, a little below the village, had built up a tent, and pretended to tell fortunes. In the day time Ellen had laughed at such superstitions, but one moonless night, when she had been sitting up late, thinking of her vain attempts at conquest, the idea of obtaining an Indian charm did not appear to be so ridiculous. It was almost midnight, then, that she ventured forth in the woods, and fearlessly went on for some time. At last the trees shut in close around her, and as she went on with noiseless step, she could almost feel the darkness press upon her. She knew the path well, for she had heard the spot of the Indian's tent exactly described to her; but in the woods, among the gloom,—she suddenly felt herself lost—without a guide. She walked on, unable to know where she was going, till she heard, directly at her side, the murmur of the little river on which the forest stood, and near which the tent must be, and she was about to turn away from it when she saw in the direction she was about to follow, a light.—

[redacted] her on, and she saw, dimly, half built of [redacted] of canvass, the Indian [redacted] resently she heard voi- [redacted] She turned her head [redacted] hey came, and saw [redacted] ould not doubt it— [redacted] ow conquered the [redacted] vering her, and she

[redacted] you want of me now, I [redacted] nough," said *his* voice. [redacted] telling," said the Indian woman; not in the Aboriginal, but with a perfectly American accent—"I know very well *you* wrote the letter, and I know Miss Anna would have too much pride to speak to any one who had given her money. You can give the Elliotts heaps of money, and you can't afford to give me a few dollars." "But you will never be silent! Why did you not remain where you were, instead of dogging me here? What have you done for me that I have not repaid? But—stay—now you have called me out this dark night, I must pay you for the favor." And after giving her his purse, Roderick Moore turned away, and following the woman's direction, left the wood. "Well, I don't know but I have got as much out of him as I can expect."

Ellen, meanwhile, had kept close under a tree, that she might not be discovered. She came forward now. "Sally Jones! is that you?"

"Miss Morgan, as I live!"

"Hush! and show me the way out of the wood, and tell me all about this." Sally, who now anticipated more addition to her stock of gains than she had before expected, joyfully accompanied Miss Ellen, and with many interjections and episodes, told a story, from which Ellen discovered the substance of the following:

Roderick Moore, in passing through the town where they lived, had sought and found Sally Jones, in hopes of finding out some particulars concerning Mr. Elliott's loss of some years ago. The facts, at that time, had been widely circulated, but these had been forgotten, and it was with difficulty that he could find any thing in detail enough for his purpose. At last, he had recourse to Sally Jones, who had been a pensioner in the Elliott family at the time; fancying, in his ignorance, he could easily keep her silent. At first he could get nothing from her at all to the point, till she had found an old newspaper that she had preserved for a long time, because it contained a full account of the matter. Here Roderick found an advertisement that Mr. Elliott had caused to be published, offering a reward for the detection of the thief, or the recovery of the papers; and in this Roderick discovered all he wanted. But unfortunately, he had also discovered his intention to the old woman, who had ever since persecuted him.

Imagine now the instrument in Ellen's hand. She hardly knew how to handle it. She did not know whether it would not be of any use to employ it at all. Would not Anna Elliott marry Roderick Moore out of mere gratitude? That something must be done, she knew,—and the next morning she proceeded to Anna's house. She poured forth to her all the gossip of the village, and at last repeated a most garbled account of the cause of Anna's remaining, and the mysterious letter. This Anna contradicted. "Well," said Ellen, "there are so many stories, do you think I heard last night there was a report that Roderick Moore, wishing to pay a delicate attention, was the author of that strange note, the contents of which no one had been able to pierce; don't blush—don't look indignant—I always had my suspicions it was an offer of marriage. But I see my talk is too much for you."

"Stay, Ellen, how did you hear this?"

"Oh, don't think of it; I am ashamed to tell the source of my information. It was altogether too low. Good-by, I shall see you at church tomorrow."

"What does she mean," thought Anna. "It is very evident she knows nothing about the affair—and yet"—a new light darted upon her—she rushed to her father's secretary, and took from it the anonymous letter, and then, from her own desk, from her secret place of treasures, she took out a note that Roderick Moore had sent her, with a number of Master Humphrey's Clock, he had lent her the last week. She compared the two, and breathed again; the handwritings were very different. She looked again—the *Ms* had the same flourish after them in each. She followed all the words, and as they swam before her eyes, they seemed to grow more and more alike. Just then the door opened, and Roderick entered. She stood confused. He saw what she had. He could not stand before her inquiring glance.

"It would all be yours, at some time,—Forgive me, Anna, forgive my deceit—I could not then offer you my hand—if we parted we might never have met—let it be forgotten."

Anna turned red and pale—she drew away her hand hastily—she almost laughed and said, "You think you have a right to demand what you have been feigning to woo. No, this debt, this deep and heavy debt, I could never repay—not even with my hand and my life."

"Anna Elliott in anger!"

"Angry at deceit, I avoided you for a long time. You were above me, and poured your attentions upon me condescendingly. And then I thought your manner changed; but it is all open to me now—it was a sudden light—but it reveals all."

"You need say no more," interrupted Roderick, "I find my suit rejected, before I had quite had the trouble to offer it." But Anna had left the room, and Roderick left it too, with a clouded blow and flushed cheek.

The village was again in commotion; Anna had gone to Boston; was giving music lessons, with great success too, as, after a few months, it was reported. She was giving to it all her energy—her fine talents—her remarkable voice; she exerted all to the utmost. Every particle of her earnings were preserved for *one* purpose. As far as possible she would save her father and brothers from *that* debt. She lived in the most rigid economy—yet still she was the beautiful Anna Elliott. The exertion of her powers, the cultivation of her energies had given another beauty to "gentle Anna Elliott." And when she returned home successful, her cheek was bright with health, and her eye sparkling with animation. And it was well she still had strength of mind; at least so the neighbors thought, when they knew that the first news that would greet her on her arrival would be that of Ellen's intended marriage, to take place the next week, to Roderick Moore!

A few days before his marriage, Roderick Moore received a wedding present; it was *the check*, and interest added for two years. Anna attended the wedding ceremony, and did not appear particularly affected. Ellen Morgan was splendidly dressed, and made a splendid appearance. She bade a smiling good-by to Anna as she got into the carriage that was to take the bride and bridegroom on their bridal tour. But Miss Saunders and Mrs. Pettibone, and some others, agreed that Anna Elliott, left on the church steps, with her simple dress on, was the prettiest of the two. And so did the young minister who performed the ceremony.

The Mantilla.

The last gleam of day was silvering the waters of the Guadalquiver, at the mouth of which stands the ancient city of Valencia. Above the other buildings rose the tower of Miquillet, with its bell sending its solemn tones far and near, calling the inhabitants to prayers. Far as the eye could reach extended the fertile valley of Huerta de Valencia, studded with thriving villages, vineyards and cottages, bounded by the sea in the distance, and surrounded by the lofty mountains of Catalonia. The stars were slowly gemming the fields of azure, and the crescent moon ascending the vault of heaven; it was indeed a night of beauty—a scene to attune the mind to happiness and peace.

The service had ceased, and the congregation was slowly departing from the cathedral of Saint Cecilius. Among the last of the worshippers was a young female, closely shrouded in a mantilla, yet of so thin a texture was it, that her face and figure were almost perceptible. In her hand she carried a fan of the most exquisite workmanship, but seemingly more for ornament than use; behind her hobbled an old Duenna, who with difficulty kept pace with the tripping feet of Donna Isabella, for such was the name of the maiden. Close by her side walked a young and noble looking cavalier, whose deep dark eye was riveted upon her, while ever and anon, glances of recognition were exchanged between them, till at length the suspicion of the old lady was aroused, who shouldered aside the youth, and seizing the arm of her young charge, quitted her not till they reached a noble mansion in the neighborhood of the ever verdant Glorietta.

But the young cavalier was not to be thwarted in his design, which was, to convey to his lady love a billet of appointment, nor was Donna Isabella deficient of invention in favoring the wishes of her lover, for just as she was on the eve of ascending the stair leading to her mansion she dropped her fan as if by accident. The opportunity was immediately seized by the cavalier, who lifting it, unseen by the Duenna, slipped within its folds a billet, and kneeling, presented it to the blushing girl.

"You are too forward," muttered the ancient lady. "It is well her brother is not at hand, else he would chastise thy insolence."

"He durst not," replied the cavalier, "my blood is as noble as that which flows within the veins of any of the race of the Velasquez."

"Hoity toity, we shall see that, said the old crone, and raising her voice she called for assistance.

"Leave me, leave me, for the sake of the Virgin mother," imploringly spoke Donna Isabella.

"You will meet me then, as specified within the billet," said the youth.

"I will, I will, God willing, and opportunity occurs. Now leave me!"

The youth hastily snatched her hand, and pressed it to his lips. The next moment he was lost among the mazes of the Glorietta.

The noise of the Duenna had alarmed the inmates of the mansion, who hastened to her assistance, but the calm demeanor of Isabella converted their alarm into laughter, especially when she informed them that the old dame's cries arose solely from the polite attention of a passing cavalier in tendering her her fan which she had accidentally dropped.

That night, when the bell of Miquillet told the midnight hour, Isabella stood in her balcony which overhung the garden. A slight movement was soon heard among the orange foliage, and a tall manly figure shrouded in a flowing mantle, advanced and stood beneath the balcony.

"Are you ready?" asked the mask.

"I am!" answered the maiden, in a breath scarcely audible from terror.

"Secure then this ladder to the rails and descend." And throwing a ladder of silken cords, it was caught by Isabella, who having fastened it as desired, the next moment she was in the arms of her lover.

"Now then, for the chapel of the Lady Mother—ere morning you will be forever mine."

"That morning you will never see," cried Don Henriquez, brother of Isabella, advancing from an umbrageous shrubbery close by—"traitor! villain! would you seek to dishonor the noble blood of Velasquez? Draw, coward, and defend thyself!"

With the speed of lightning were the rapiers of the opponents crossed, and with the speed of lightning was that of Henriquez buried in the heart of the mask—who falling, exclaimed: "Henriquez, you have killed your Prince!"

The alarm speedily brought the domestics to the scene of slaughter—the mask was removed from the face of the departed, and too surely were the gallant features of the noble Pedro, Prince of Castile and Arragon, revealed to the horror stricken gaze of Henriquez.

With difficulty did the domestics entwine the arms of Isabella from the body of her lover—sense had forsaken her, and when she awoke to consciousness, it was only to murmur the name of Pedro with her dying breath.

Mournful, yet grand was the funeral of the ill-fated Prince, and in pity to his love, was the sweet corpse of Isabella consigned to the royal tomb, to rest in death with her lover, while weary of his life—

"Henriquez fled to Venice, and, embarking
Flung it away in battle with the Turk."

In the cathedral of Saint Cecilius, may yet be seen the tomb of the unfortunate lovers. It stands in the east nave, containing the brief and simple inscription:

"The Tomb of Affection!"

The Old World.

From Blackwood for November.

A Passage in the Life of a Maitre D'Armes.

"In the year 1824, I arrived at St. Petersburg, with the intention of establishing myself as a fencing master in that capital. Introductions from distinguished individuals in Paris, enabled me to make a friend of Count Alexis W.; and that young nobleman was good enough to interest himself warmly in my success. Not content with procuring me several pupils, himself included, he urged me to petition the Emperor for the appointment of fencing-master to a regiment, and offered to give me a letter of recommendation to an aid-de-camp of the Czarewitsch Constantine, who was then at the castle of Strelna, near St. Petersburg.

"'If his imperial highness,' added the Count, 'will write a line in your favor, at the end of the petition, you will have an excellent chance of obtaining what you desire. Present yourself boldly, flatter his military pride, and try to gain his good word by the frank and soldierly deportment which has done more for you, with myself and others, than any letters of recommendation.'

"The morning after receiving this advice I hired a *droschki* and set out for Strelna, taking with me a letter to General Rodna, aid-de-camp, of the Czarewitsch; also my petition to the Emperor, which had been drawn up in due form. After driving a couple of hours along a good road, bordered on the left by country mansions and parks, and on the right by plains extending to the Gulf of Finland, I reached the Convent of St. Sergius, the saint most venerated in Russia, after St. Alexander Nieuski. Ten minutes afterwards I arrived at the castle, and, after some parley with the sentry, obtained admittance, Some officers, who were lounging about, informed me that the General was occupied with the Czarewitsch. One of them, however, took in my letter, and desired me to wait in a saloon which looked out on a magnificent garden. The same officer speedily ushered me into the apartments of the Emperor's brother. In one of these I discovered a man standing with his back to a large fire, and distinguished by the most uncouth and forbidding countenance I ever beheld. Between a pair of prominent cheek bones that would have graced a Calmuck Tartar, appeared what, in France, we term a nose *ecrase*, with a pair of upturned nostrils—the combined effect of which gave the owner a strong resemblance to a large monkey, nor am I sure whether, in such a comparison, the disadvantage would not have been on the side of the animal. The eyes of the Grand Duke (for he it was) were remarkable for their restlessness. They were small, deep set, and of a color which it would be difficult to define. His complexion was a deep, unvarying red. The frogs and loops which fastened his dark green frock across his breast, nearly disappeared beneath a profusion of crosses, decorations, and ribands of every color of the rainbow. He was tapping his boot with his riding-whip, and the undried splashes of mud on his pantaloons indicated that he had but recently returned from a ride or a review. At a table near him was seated General Rodna, pen in hand, and apparently writing under his master's dictation.

"Not expecting so prompt an introduction, I stopped short on entering the room. The door was scarcely closed when the Czarewitsch, projecting his head without moving his body, and fixing me with his piercing eyes, abruptly inquired

"'What countryman?'

"'French, your highness.'

"'Age?'

"'Six-and-twenty."

"'Name?'

"'G———.'

"'You want to be fencing-master of a regiment?'

"'May it please your highness, such is the object of my ambition."

"'Are you a first-rate swordsman?'

"'I have fenced in public since my arrival in St. Petersburg, and your highness can easily ascertain the opinion of those who were present.'

"'I heard of you; but you had only second-rate fencers to contend with.'

"'Which gave them a just claim upon my forbearance, your highness.'

"'*Forbearance?*' he repeated, with flashing eyes, and a somewhat scornful curve of the lip; 'but if less considerate, what then?'

"'I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice they touched me, your highness.'

"'Ha! and could you do that with me?'

"'That might depend on how your imperia highness might wish to be treated. If as a prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times, and be touched twice. But if your highness wished to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would probably be achieved by me, and the two by your highness.'

"'Lubenski!' cried the Czasewitsch, rubbing his hands; 'Lubenski! bring the foils! We shall see, Sir Braggart!'

"'Is it possible your highness would condescend——'

"'My highness orders you to touch me ten times if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now, take this foil and mask.—Guard!'

"'Is it your highness' absolute command?'

"'Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!'

"'I am ready.'

"'Ten times!' repeated the Czarewitsch, as he attacked me; 'ten times! mind you! less won't do. Ha! ha!'

"Notwithstanding all this encouragement, I kept on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts without returning them.

"'Now, then!' cried he, somewhat angrily, 'what are you about? You are not doing your best. Why don't you thrust?'

"'Your highness! the respect'——

"'Curse your respect, sir! Thrust! thrust!'

"Observing, through his mask, that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bloodshot, I took advantage of the permission grante[redacted]uch evident sincerity, and touched him [redacted]running.

"'Bravo!' cried he. 'My tu[redacted]w. Ha! a hit! a hit!' He had touched m[redacted]en touched him four times in rapid succ[redacted]nd was touched once.

"'Hurrah!' cried he, quite [redacted]d, and stamping with his foot. Rodna! did [redacted]ee that! Twice to his seven.'

"'Twice to ten, your highness,' replied I, pressing him hard. 'Eight—nine—ten! Now we are quits.'

"'Good! good!' cried the Czarewitsch, approvingly. 'Very good! but that's not all. Thy small sword—not enough—no use to the cavalre—Want the sabre. Now could you defend yourself, on foot, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance thrust? Eh?'

"'I think I could, your highness.'

"'Think so—not sure—eh?'

"'Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it.'

"'Lubenski! Lubenski!' again shouted the Czarewitsch. The officer appeared—

"'A lance and a horse! a horse! a lance!—Sacre! Quick! quick!'

"'But your highnes'—I interposed.

"'*Ha! vous avez peur!*'

"'I am not afraid; but, with your highness, I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished.'

"'All nonsense and flattery! First trial was capital. Now for the second!'

"At this moment the officer appeared beneath the windows, leading a horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"'Now, then!' exclaimed Constantine, as he darted out of the room, and made a sign to follow him. 'Give him a good sabre, Lubenski; and now, Sir Fencing-Master, mind yourself, or you'll be spitted like one of the lads in my summer-house. The last lived three days, Rodna, with a nail through his belly.'

"So saying, Constantine sprang upon his horse, which was of the true Tartar breed, with a tail that swept the ground, and a mane like a hurricane. With remarkable skill, he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"'All ready!' cried the Czarewitsch, coming up to me.

"'Ready, your highness,' I replied to him; and he, setting spurs to his horse, gallopped off to the further end of the avenue.

"'Surely, all this is a joke?' said I to General Rodna.

"'By no means!' was the reply. 'You will either lose your life or gain your appointment.—Defend yourself as if you were on the battle-field.'

"I now saw that matters were taking a more serious turn than I had altogether bargained for. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my chance without uneasiness; but feeling myself bound to control, as well as to use, a keen-edged sabre, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless antagonist, the chances of this imperial diversion were rather against me. It was too late, however, to draw back. I summoned in aid all the coolness and address I possessed, and prepared to face the Czarewitsch, who had already reached the end of the avenue, and turned his horse about. In spite of what General Rodna had told me, I had not relinquished all hope that Constantine was only jesting; but when I saw him bring his lance to the guard, and push his steed into a gallop, I became convinced that I had to defend my life. The horse advanced at full speed, and the Czarewitsch was crouched down upon his neck, in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane. I could only see the top of his head appearing between the charger's ears. When he reached me, he made a point at my breast; but I parried his thrust, and bounding on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their own impetuosity, passed by without doing me any injury. When he saw that he had missed his aim, the Czarewitsch pulled his horse up short with admirable dexterity.

"'[redacted] very good!' said he, [redacted]in.' An[redacted]for o[redacted]er, [redacted]rned [redacted]e first ti[redacted] as his, [redacted]one of [redacted]e [redacted]ent [redacted]pring[redacted]ght,

made his [illegible]s harmless as the preceding one.

"At th[illegible]ond failure, the Szarewitsch uttered a h[illegible]sappointment. He had entered into the spi[illegible]our tilting-match as ardently as if it had be[illegible]real combat, and had moreover made up his [illegible] that it should terminate in his favor; but when I saw him retracing his ground for a third assault, I determined that it should be the last.

"Again he approached me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, instead of contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the pole of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and the Czarewitsch found himself disarmed. Then, quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of the sabre on the breast of the rider. General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Grand Duke. Constantine, doubtless, had the same impression, for the color left his cheeks for an instant. Stepping a pace backward, and bowing to the Czarewitsch, I said—

"'Your highness has now seen what I am able to teach the Russian soldiers, and is able to judge whether I am worthy to become their professor.'

"'Yes, by my soul, you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it for you. Lead Pulk to the stable, Lubenski,' added he, throwing himself off his horse. 'Now, Sir Frenchman.' Then leading the way to his apartments, he took up a pen and wrote at the foot of my petition—

"'I humbly recommend the petitioner to your Imperial Majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favor he solicits.'

"'Take this paper,' said he, 'and give it into the Emperor's own hands. Put you in prison, perhaps, but, *ma foi!* he who risks nothing, can gain nothing. Farewell! and if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me.'

"I bowed and took my leave, delighted with my success, and no little elated at having passed so well through the ordeal imposed upon me by this eccentric and formidable personage.

"At ten o'clock the following morning I started for the Emperor's present abode, the palace of Tzarsko Selo, determined to walk in the garden until I met him, and to risk the penalty of imprisonment incurred by all who ventured to present a petition to his Imperial Majesty. My stock of patience, however, was very nearly exhausted, when I had waited and wandered more than four hours in the palace gardens, which contain in their vast enclosure slopes, levels, lakes and forests; grottoes, pyramids and statues. All these I had visited, without perceiving any one but the sentries and a few loungers; and I was beginning to despair of meeting him whom I came to seek, when the avenue I had just entered was crossed by an officer in undress uniform, who saluted me, and continued his promenade. I asked a gardener's boy at work near me who that very polite officer was.

"'The Emperor,' answered he.

"I immediately darted down an alley which I calculated would traverse the path Alexander was following. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards before I found myself so near his Majesty that I paused in some alarm. The Emperor halted for an instant, then, seeing that respect prevented me from approaching him, he advanced towards me, and I awaited his coming, standing uncovered on the side of the footpath. The Emperor limped slightly, owing to the re-opening of an accidental wound in the leg, received in one of his journeyings on the banks of the Don. As he slowly advanced, I had leisure to observe the great change which had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him in Paris. His countenance formerly so open and cheerful, had now a sickly and mournful expression, and he was evidently a prey to the deepest melancholy. Notwithstanding this, his looks were so benevolent that I felt re-assured, and as he passed near me, I ventured to address him.

"'Sire!'

"'Put on your hat, sir,' replied he. 'It is too cold to remain here bareheaded.'

"[illegible] that I hesitated fro[illegible]o obey [illegible]eized [illegible]head, [illegible]arm [illegible]g it [illegible]Whe[illegible] re[illegible], he sa[illegible]

"'W[illegible], sir, w[illegible]

"'Sire—this [illegible] titl[illegible] my p[illegible] na[illegible]

"'Are you aware, sir,' said he, 'you who pursue me even here, that I absent myself from St. Petersburg to avoid petitions and petitioners?'

"'I know it, sire; but my petition has, perhaps, more than others, a claim on your Majesty's gracious consideration. It is countersigned by your Majesty's august brother—by his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine.'

"'Ah, ha!' exclaimed the Emperor, holding out his hand, but immediately withdrawing it.

"'So that I ventured to hope,' I continued, 'that your Majesty would, in this instance, deign to deviate from the rule established.'

"'No, sir,' replied the Emperor quickly. 'No, sir, I will not take it, because if I did, I should to-morrow be pestered with a thousand such papers; and I should be obliged to abandon these gardens, where at present I find solitude and quiet. But,' added he, observing my disappointment at his refusal, and extending his hand in the direction of the city, 'put your petition in the post office. I shall receive it to-night, and the day after to-morrow you will have my answer.'

"'Sire, I know not how to express my gratitude.'

"'Prove it, then,' he replied, 'by telling no one that you have presented a petition and escaped punishment. Good-day to you, sir.'

"With these words, and a gracious melancholy smile, the Emperor pursued his walk. I did not fail to follow his advice, and put my letter in the post. The Emperor was true to his promise, and two days afterward I received his reply.

"It was a commission as fencing-master to the imperial corps of engineers, with the rank of captain."

Rencontre Extraordinary.—The following anecdote was frequently related in the Court Circle of the late Emperor Alexander of Russia, and the zest with which his Majesty enjoyed the joke never lessened by repetition:—In 1814, when the allies were masters of Paris, the Autocrat was established in the hotel of M. Talleyrand, and was accustomed to take an early morning walk as far as the garden of the Palais Royal, in the strictest incognito. On one occasion, his Majesty of Russia met there two other august personages, and the three returned, arm in arm, to breakfast in the Rue Florentin. On their road they were accosted by a gentleman from the south of France, a stranger to Paris, who had lost his way, and asked of them the direction of the Thuilleries. "This way," replied Alexander, "we shall pass it, and you had better follow us." Our provincialist overflowed with acknowledgments, and with all the ease of a Frenchman soon commenced a conversation. However, the point where the party would have to separate was soon reached, and the stranger was directed to turn to the left, whilst the others took the right. "*Parbleu!*" suddenly exclaimed the gentleman, "I should be delighted to know the names of persons to whom I am indebted for so much civility." "My name you may perhaps have heard before," said the first, "I am the Emperor Alexander." "Good—good—thank you," smiled the Gascon. "And yours?" said he to the second. "You have probably heard of my name also. I am the King of Prussia." "Very good—excellent. And your name?" turning to the third. "I am the Emperor of Austria." "Upon my word—capital!" roared the querist, holding his sides in extasy. "And you, sir," said Alexander in his turn, "perhaps you will oblige us with your name?" "Oh, certainly," said the gentleman from the country, springing across the street, still laughing heartily, "I am the—Emperor of China!"

Whimsical Horse.—There is a very fine horse in the possession of Sir Henry Meux & Co., the eminent brewers, which is used as a dray horse, but is so tractable, that he is left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable according to his fancy. In the yard there are also a few pigs of a peculiar breed, which are fed on grains and corn, and to these pigs the horse has evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact: There is a deep trough in the yard holding water for the horses, to which this horse goes alone with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his supply. When he reaches the trough he lets the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approach to eat it, (for the old ones keep aloof, he suddenly seizes one of them by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the men to his assistance, who know from experience what is the matter, whilst the horse indulges in all sorts of antics, by way of horse-laugh, and then returns quietly to the stable.—*London Paper.*

The Royal Doves.—A French paper relates this very probable story:

M——, a famous shot, being on a sporting excursion near the sea-shore, and crossing a river in a boat, saw two doves flying within shot, one of which he brought down, and it fell in the river. As he was about to pick it up, the other dove plunged into the water beside its dead companion. The sportsman having picked up his bird, was about to shoot the other, when it came down, lighted on his shoulder, and suffered itself to be taken. On examining the birds, each was found to have round the neck a gold ring, ornamented with precious stones, and bearing these initials, ALE. VIC. & AL. 1840. There was also a heart pierced by two darts.

Whence came this pair of doves? Do not the initials signify Alexandrine Victoria, and Albert, and did the birds not belong to the Queen of England? Of this we are ignorant, but we hear that a jeweler of Caen offered 12,000 francs ($2200) for the diamonds on the rings!

Sketches of History.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Rambles in Yucatan; or, Notes of Trave through the Peninsula, including a visit to the remarkable ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zayi, and Uxmal, with numerous illustrations. By B. M. Norman. New York. J. &H. G. Langley.

A few winters since an eminent clergyman of this city, who had paid considerable attention to the subject of American antiquities, started the project of a scientific expedition to explore the ruins of Mexico and Central America. A gentleman of some wealth, desirous of sharing in the *eclat* of such an enterprise, offered, as it was understood, to join a party for that purpose, and to contribute several thousand dollars toward the outfit and other expenses that might be incurred. For reasons with which we are unacquainted, the plan was never carried into effect, although likely, if undertaken, to be attended with the most brilliant results.

Soon after the proposed expedition had ceased to be a topic of conversation, Mr. Stephens returned from his Eastern travels, and gave his countrymen the first of his captivating works, which at once placed him in an elevated rank among modern tourists. His splendid success in the line of authorship induced him to turn his attention to new scenes of adventure, if not of discovery, and a rich field of exploration was presented to his mind among the ruins of ancient cities in Central America, of which but a very imperfect knowledge existed among the people of the United States.

The death of Mr. Leggett, who had been appointed special agent to Central America by the general government, and the offer of the vacant situation, afforded Mr. Stephens the best possible opportunity of embarking upon that enterprise.—He accordingly left this city for Central America in October, 1839, accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, and after having spent about eight months in that country and a part of Mexico, reached home in the following July. The results of his explorations were given to the public about a year after his return, and from the novelty of the facts communicated, and its exceedingly spirited and happy descriptive talents, his work met with a degree of success unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of American literature.

The principal ruins examined and described by Mr. Stephens were those of Copan, Palenque and Uxmal, concerning which there was already a good degree of information in our larger libraries, though not before the generality of the reading public. In regard to the former, minute descriptions were communicated in 1831, and subsequently, to some learned societies in Europe, by Colonel Galindo, a distinguished citizen of Central America, although a native of Europe, who visited England as well as this country in a diplomatic capacity. These communications were published at that time by the societies to which they were addressed; and in the year 1836 the Antiquarian Society established in Massachusetts printed in their Transactions an interesting account of the same ruins (of Copan,) written by Colonel Galindo, and forwarded to the society during the previous year, when he was on a diplomatic mission to our Government from Central America.

Colonel Galindo likewise published several papers in London, in which he went quite fully into

particulars; and the communication to the American Antiquarian Society, just referred to, although not of great length, was nevertheless a valuable and interesting paper.

In regard to the ruins of Palenque, their discovery is tracted back to 1750; they were faithfully explored by Captain Del Rio, pursuant to orders from the Spanish Government, in 1786, whose report, translated into English, with numerous engravings, was published at London in 1822.—Moreover, another exploration was ordered by the same government in the early part of the present century, which was conducted by a party under Captain Dupaix; the results of whose labors were published at Paris nearly ten years ago, in four splendid folio volumes, and were also contained in Lord Kingsborough's great work on Mexican antiquities, a few copies of which were printed at London about the same time.

The ruins of Uxmal had also been the subject of a folio volume by Mr. Waldeck, published at Paris—a work well known to the community of antiquaries, and to it the author of the beautiful volume before us specially acknowledges his indebtedness. Mr. Norman, the author, though now a resident of New Orleans, is a native of Hudson, in this state—a son of the late William E. Norman, for a long series of years a booksellers and publisher in that city. Mr. N. went to Yucatan last winter for relaxation and health, but meeting in his rambles with stupendous remains of ancient cities, of which no account had then been published, he has been induced to submit a brief description of them to the public. The volume is beautifully printed and illustrated with lithographs, and is written in a lively, pleasing style, while its descriptions are clear, simple and effective. It contains forty illustrations, well executed on stone, and is sold at the moderate price of two dollars.

The most remarkable ruins observed by Mr. Norman are those of Chi-chen, near Valladolid, of which he has presented several spirited engravings. Of these the massive walls of an immense temple, and a pyramid with a base of 500 feet, and 100 feet in height, surmounted by a beautiful edifice almost entire, are among the most striking and wonderful remains of antiquity existing in either hemisphere. These views seem hitherto to have escaped the observation of travelers, no account of them having been before published; although a young Austrian, Chevalier Fredericksthal, visited them a year or two since.

We heartily commend Mr. Norman's book as an interesting contribution to the stock of American travels, and worthy of the attention of all who are curious on the subject of American antiquities.

Miscellaneous Selections.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

The following capital story is from the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times:

Every body knows Raymond, the proprietor of the celebrated Menagerie, and every body knows (for every body hereabouts, reads the Times) that Raymond has employed for the last two weeks the large lot of ground at the corner of Thirteenth and Spruce, on which to exhibit his splendid catalogue of lions, elephants, bears, monkeys, &c. to the public.

When Raymond first arrived in this city with his menagerie, he had some difficulty in selecting an eligible vacant lot for its location. As soon as he encountered the one he at present uses, he saw it would suit, and in company with a friend, commenced stepping off its length, and at the same time conversing about the probable rent which for a couple of weeks would be demanded for it.

"Ah," said Raymond, "this lot will just answer. I wonder who owns it?"

As he spoke he reached the pavement, and at the same instant an elegantly dressed lady who was passing by, suddenly stopped. She looked at him, and blushing slightly, observed,

"Excuse my impertinence, Sir, but I think you said something about this lot?"

"I did Madam," replied Raymond, with a polite obeisance, for the lady's manner, tone, language, and whole appearance, bespoke her wealth and associations. "I was wondering who was its owner, as I think of renting it for a fortnight, if I can obtain it on reasonable terms."

"What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed the fair creature with a most fascinating smile. "I am the owner of it, and you will naturally perceive why your first remark in relation to it induced me to pause and address a stranger."

"Certainly, certainly, madam," stammered Raymond.

Here the process of bargaining commenced.—The lady was close and shrewd. She asked fifty dollars for the two weeks' rent. Raymond coaxed for less. An abundance of argument was used on both sides, and a host of calculations as to taxes, damage, alterations, &c. At length, to cut the matter short, Raymond offered her twenty-seven dollars, cash down, which, after refusing and disputing about for some time, the lady reluctantly agreed to accept. The money was extracted from Raymond's wallet, paid, a small receipt written in pencil, which the lady signed as "Mrs. Julia Williams," putting the money in her purse, bidding the gentlemen good day, and promenading down the street.

The next day the lot was arranged, and two days after the beasts were all on the spot, tents erected, doors fitted, lights fixed, and every thing going on in "the full tide of successful experiment."

About a week after this, a tall, stout, good-looking gentleman made his way through the crowd that attended the exhibition, and after looking about him at the animals and the people, inquired for the proprietor. Raymond was pointed out to him.

"This is a judicious arrangement, Mr. Raymond," said he, "capital lot—plenty of room—and an abundance of spectators. You appear to be doing well."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Raymond. "We cannot complain. The lot, as you say, is a good one."

"Yes," responded the gentleman, "it appears to suit; but did it never strike you that before you used it, it would be advisable to see its owner and ascertain the rent?"

"Bless your soul!" rejoined Raymond, with a laugh, "I paid the rent before I entered upon it. I always 'do my business, Sir, in a business-like way.'"

"Ah! humph! that's very strange. Why," says the gentleman, "singularly enough, I have been under the impression for the last 20 years that *I* was the owner of this lot! At least I have paid the taxes on it all this time." And *he* too laughed.

Raymond's countenance fell. A sudden thought struck him. He ran off for a moment—made inquiries—returned—took the gentleman's hand, and begged his pardon. The gentleman was Richard Alsop, Esq., the actual proprietor of the lot, and *Raymond had been hoaxed by a female swindler.* We need say no more. The story was told. All parties laughed; and Mr. Alsop, in consideration of the cruel hoax, generously gave the use of the lot for nothing. He found that Raymond was a first-rate fellow, and could not think of making him pay *twice*, because he had been bamboozled by the smiles of a pretty woman.

A PICAYUNE STORY.—A very good story is told in the Picayune of a woman out west, who had suspected her husband for visiting a neighbor's wife. The absence of the husband one night induced her to suspect where he had gone. She donned shawl and bonnet to reconnoitre; and placing herself at the window, had all her horrible fears realized by seeing, through an imperfect blind, her husband go to her hated rival's dormitory—having placed his clothes on a chair near the window. Her plan of revenge was soon formed. She managed to seize his wardrobe, and pushed for home, bearing gloriously the evidence of his disloyalty. Entering her own bed room, she locked the door, and in a sleepless bed waited her lord's return, who soon approached, and finding the door locked, demanded entrance. No answer was deigned by the wronged and enraged wife.—"D—n it," said he, "my wife is honest, she can't have any body here," and with a kick of his foot, opened a way to his wife's presence. On the appearance of lights, what was her surprise to find him with all his clothes on! What was his to find a man's clothes on a chair in the room, and the window hoisted!

* * * We don't know all that passed, we only hear that the clothes she had carried away, belonged to the husband of her suspected rival; the whole truth of which being brought to light, reconciled man and wife. We say nothing about the wives.

There is a man in this city who has such a hatred to any thing appertaining to monarchy, that he wont wear a *crown* in his hat.

DANGERS OF ELECTIONEERING.—The Picayune rejoices in the possession of a live Yankee, as a correspondent, who having wandered as far south as Louisiana, peddling notions, has settled down some where in the Caddo country, or some other undiscovered region of the State, and there concludes to run for Congress. The following extract from a letter to the editor of the Picayune, describing one of his electioneering tours, is a specimen of the luck he had in the delightful business:—

"Well, I put up with a first rate good natured old feller, that I met with at a billiard room, and when we got to his house 'twas just dusk. We went in, and I was introduced to his wife, a fine fat woman, that locked as if she got it on laffin, her face was so full of fun. Arter a while, arter we'd talked 'bout the garden, and so on, in come three or four children, laffin and skipping along as merry as crickets. There warn't no candle lit, but I could see they was fine lookin' fellers, and I started for the saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the babies as I went along. "Come here," says I, "you little rogue—come along here and tell me what your name is." The oldest came up to me, and says he, "my name's Peter Smith, sir."

"And what's *your* name?" says I to the next.

"Bob Smith, sir."

"The next said his name was "Bill Smith," and the fourth said his name was "Tommy Smith." Well, I got 'em upon my knees, and kissed 'em over and over again, and gin 'em a lot of sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laffed all the time. Master Smith looked on, but didn't say much. 'Why,' says I, 'Miss Smith, I wouldn't take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they're so beatiful and sprightly.'

"'No,' says she, laffin, 'I set a good deal by 'em, but we *spile* 'em tu much.'

"O no," says I, "they're ra'al well behaved children; and by grashus, says I, pretending to be started by a sudden idea, what a striken resemblance between them boys and their father! and I looked at Mr. Smith; 'I never did see nothin equal in it,' says I, 'your eyes, mouth, forrad—a perfect picter on you, sir,' says I, tappin the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would a died laffin at that; her arms fell down by her side, and her head fell back, and she shook the hull house laffin.

"'*Do* you think so, Curnel Jones?' says she, and she looked towards Mr. Smith, and I thought she'd gone off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I du ra'ully now."

"'Ha, ha, haw-w-w!' says Mr. Smith, kinder half laffin, 'you're tu hard on me Curnel, with your jokes.'

"'I aint a jokin at all,' says I, "they're handhandsum children, and they du look wonderfully like you.'

"Jest then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be darn'd if the little brats didn't turn out to be *mulattos* every one on 'em, and their heads as curly as the blackest niggers! Mister and Miss Smith never had no children, and they sort o' petted them little niggers for playthings! I never felt so streaked in all my life as I did when I see how things stood. If I hadn't a kissed the nasty things, I could get over it, but kissen on 'em showed that I was in earnest, (though I was soft soapin on 'em as I thought, all the time,) and how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Miss Smith laffed so hard when she see how confused I looked, that she most suffocated. A little while arterwards there was a full fammerly of relations arrived from the city, and turned the matter off, but the next mornin I could see that Mister Smith didn't like the remembrance on't at all, and I don't believe he'll vote for me when the 'lection comes on. I 'spect Miss Smith will keep the old feller under with that joke a long time."

In a Western paper we observe the marriage announcement of Mr. Isaac Roberts to Miss Mary Ann *Goose*. A verification of the words of the old song:—

> "There lives no [illegible] so gay but soon or late,
> Will find some [illegible]der for her mate."

A physician re[illegible]ing with a drunkard, asked him why "h[illegible] limit himself to a certain quantity per [illegible]et down a stake that thus far and no [illegible] I go." "I do," said the drunkard, [illegible]he stake so far off that I [illegible]fore I reach it."

[illegible] a p[illegible]," said a lady to a gentleman [illegible] you are not taller!" "I should be happy indeed, madam," replied he, "to be *higher in your estimation!*"

A QUEER CUSTOMER.—S[illegible]ng upon a meeting house in the timber[illegible] observed a concourse of people assembled aro[illegible]ently awaiting the hour of worship. [illegible]ses in every direction were tied to the trees, and seated on logs and stumps were many of their riders of both sexes. A party of men, detached from the rest, were amusing themselves by shooting at a mark; while others were playing "seven up," (or "old sledge,") in the bushes. Riding up and inquiring the distance to the next settlement, I was met by a tall, raw-boned man in his shirt sleeves, about fifty; a rifle carelessly thrown over his shoulder, while with the other a fine looking horse was led by the bridle.

"Why," said he, in reply to my inquiry, "it's but a small chance of a distance; but 'light and stay to preachin'; if you do, I tell you, you'll hear a screamer;—that's a smart looking nag of yourn—how'll you trade?"

"I do not wish to trade," said I, "my horse suits me."

"Then buy mine. I'll sell him for one hundred dollars," said he, "though he cost my cousin Ben one hundred and fifty when times was good; buy mine, and yourn will do for a pack animal—or I'll trade even, if you'll gin me ten dollars to boot!"

"No," said I, "we cannot trade to-day, nor do I wish to purchase."

"Now, stranger," said he, looking intently at me, and drawing out his words, "I'll tell you exactly what I'll do with you—I'll give you a fair shake; we'll put both nags up and shoot the best six in eleven who takes both—you've got a monstrous good looking rifle there and I 'spect you'll beat me." "No," said I, "my piece is no target gun—it carries too much lead." "Then," said he, pertinaciously intent upon a *trade* of some kind, "we'll play 'seven up' for them, and if you're a new hand I'll give you a *pint* in the game." Wearied at length with the fellow, and suspecting him to be a practical quiz, I said rather tartly, "my friend, I would'nt have your horse as a gift, and whoever gets mine at present will have to fight for him or steal him!"

"Oh, ho!" said he, "you're that sort of a critter ar you?—a raal fightin' fowl! well, gin us your flipper, I like you the better for it. I tho't you was a granny—and here (taking a bottle from his pocket) let's take something to drink on it!"

MANNERS IN MISSOURI.—A member elect of the lower House of the Legislature of that State was last year persuaded by some wag of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at 10 o'clock on the day of assembling, he could not be sworn in, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted his favorite charger, with hunting shirt, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the State House, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the Hall of the lower House on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on, and smoking cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, sat his rifle against the wall, and bawled out, "Strangers, whars the man that swears me in?" at the the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real principe; and he was sworn without inquiry. When the teller came to count noses, he found that there was one Senator too many present; the mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool who with your corn bread!" he roared, "you can't flunk this child, no how you can fix it. I' elected to this here Legislater, and I'll go agin all eternal improvements; and if there's any of your oratory gentlemen that wants to get skinned, just say the word and I'll light on you like a nigger on a woodchuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to flunk this two legged animal, hop on just as soon as you like, for though I am from the back country, I'm a leetle smarter than any quadruped you can turn out of this drove." After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife bet[illegible]his teeth, and took up his rifle with "com[illegible]e, stand by me!" After some explanati[illegible]ver, the man was persuaded that he be[illegible] the lower House, upon which he sheat[illegible]nife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and[illegible]ofound con[illegible] marked—"Gentlem[illegible]I didn't think that are [illegible]ry, may I be switched!"

The latest musical novel[illegible]n] Mater" Quadrilles! The agony of the [illegible]n Mother at the crucifixion made the theme of music for a ball-room!

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1842.

THE LOST FOUND.

We had frequently observed a heart-broken looking lad pass by with a gallon oil can in his hand. His tattered garments and his melancholy face, were well calculated to excite observation and pity. It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used, not as an oil can, but as a WHISKEY JUG. Having seen him pass twice in one day with his ever-present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so by inquiring his residence.

"I live," said he, "five miles from the city, on the —— road."

"You have been to the city once before to-day, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I came down in the morning; but I couldn't get what I was sent for, and I had to come again."

"What was you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this storm."

"Why, sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr.——'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust any more, so I had to go home without the whiskey; but father sent me back again."

"How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning?"

"Why, sir, I have brought *a pair of shoes which sister sent mother.* Mr. —— will give whiskey for them. *He has got two or three pairs of mother's shoes now.*"

"Do you like to carry whiskey home, my boy?"

"Oh no! sir, for it makes all so unhappy; but I can't help it."

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfil his errand, and returned home with him. The family we found consisted of husband, wife and four children—the oldest (the boy) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months. It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came, roughly and unbidden, through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fire-place, around which were huddled the half naked children, and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard—her eyes sunken—her hair dishevelled—her clothes tattered and unclean. She was seated upon an old broken chair, and was mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned pitifully in its mother's arms. It had been sick from its birth, and it was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world into which it had, but a few months previously, been ushered. There was no tear in the eye of the mother, as she gazed upon the expiring babe. The fountain had been, long before, dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed. Yet she was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus, that her mind was wandering back to the happy past—the days of her own infancy and girlhood, and her early home. Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first steps in intemperance. She had left her home, full of buoyant hopes—hopes never to be realized—to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken-hearted—cast out from the society of her former friends—frowned upon by the "good society" humane—spoken of as the miserable wife of a miserable drunkard—with no hand to help, no heart to pity—she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

By the side of this woe-smitten mother, kneeled a little girl of five or six years, down whose sallow cheeks tears were coursing; and who ever and anon exclaimed, "Poor little Willie, must you die?" "Oh! mother, must Willie die?" and then kissing the clammy sweat from "little Willie's" brow, covered her face with her tattered apron and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the hearth, sat a boy of about seven years, dragging from the half dead embers a potatoe, which he broke open with the remark, "Mother, give this to little Willie. May be he's hungry. I'm hungry, too, and so is sister; but Willie's sick. Give him this potatoe, mother."

"No, poor boy;" said the mother. "Willy will never be hungry again. *He will soon be dead.*"

This remark drew all the children around the mother and the dying child. The father was sitting upon what was intended for a bedstead, without hat, shoes or coat, with his hands thrust into his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his blurred eyes were fastened upon the floor, as if he were afraid to look up at the sorrowing group who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence. Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshhold. The very respiration of the house-hold seemed suspended; when a slight shivering of the limbs of the infant and a shriek from the half-conscious mother, told all that the vital spark had fled.

For the first time the father moved. Slowly advancing to where his wife was seated, with quivering lips, he whispered—"*Is Willy dead?*"

"Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!" was the choking reply of the mother, who still sat, as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without uttering another word, the long brutalised father, left the house, muttering as he left, "*My God, how long?*"

At this moment, a kind-hearted lady came in, who had heard, but a few moments before, of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine; but her angel visit was too late. The gentle spirit of the babe had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did, while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances which had led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

"I know it, sir," said he. "I have long known it. I have not always been what you now see me. Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation."

"Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it."

"Sir, I believe it. I have seen others as far reduced as myself, restored and made happy; but you are the first who has ever spoken to me upon the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself."

"Well, will you not now make the effort?"

"I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now, in the presence of Almighty God, I swear never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined me and made beggars of my family."

Happy enough to hear this manly resolution, we returned to the house with him—in due time we made the fact known to the wife—and producing a pledge, *the whole family signed it upon the table which held the body of their dead child!*

The scene was an affecting one. • • • •

Two years had passed, when the incident was

recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand from a gentleman who was returning west with a stock of dry goods which he had just purchased in New York. IT WAS THE MAN WHO SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE BY THE BODY OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

SHORT AND BITTER.—We heard two honest fellows yesterday deprecating the "hard times." One was a Scotchman and the other an Irishman —each had his saw and buck on his shoulders.

"Weel, James," said the Scotchman, "hae ye had ony wark sine election?"

"I can't jist say that I have, Sandy. There is but little to do, and too many hands to do it wi."

"But didna Mr. B—— tell ye that if Mr. BOUCK was elected Governor, there wuld be planty o'wark?"

"It's the truth that ye spake when ye say that Sandy. But never a haperth more is there to do now than before he was elected. Still it would be fair to wait a bit. Next summer there will be plenty to do on the canal, they tould me."

"And there they leed, James. All their papers say that they mauna gang on wie the public works this mony a year yet."

"Sure they tould me that Mr. Bouck was a friend to the canaul, and would go on wid it immadiately."

"Jist sae they tauld me, but I didna believe them. I kened better than a' that, and voted wi' the Whigs. Ye hae been deceived, maun; and ye will see it to your sorrow, before a twal month passes."

"By mi sowl, Sandy, an' if they have, it will be the last time. If they don't go on with the canaul, I'll never vote with the decaivers agin."

And so think and so say thousands to whom the loco focos have lied in their eagerness to get votes.

A NEW MARK TO STEER BY.—A sleepy looking wag, direct from Mississippi, was amusing a party of friends the other evening, by a recital of his exploits. After detailing various adventures, he said—

"Gentlemen, there is one other fact, more remarkable than any to which I have yet referred, to which I wish to call your attention. You are aware that the Mississippi is a very crooked stream, and even in daylight, difficult to navigate. Well, I was once on board of the Ben Franklin, when the night was dark as Egypt. It was foggy too, and no human being could see twelve inches from his nose; but nevertheless, we moved on rapidly and safely—much to my surprise, until the mystery was explained."

"Well, what was the mystery?"

"Why, you see, when it is dark and foggy, they place a *locomotive light* on the shore, and steer by that—it keeping just ahead of the boat."

"A locomotive light; pray, what is that?"

"Why, gentlemen, it is *a nigger with a piece of chalk in his mouth.*"

☞ "*He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;*" and from the miserly manner in which charity is doled out, we infer that the world is not satisfied with the security.

A tradesman who cheats and gives short measure is a *measureless* scoundrel.—*N. O. Pic.*

Unless he gives short measure in wheat—then he is a rogue in *grain*—*U. S. Gaz.*

Or in whiskey—then he's a rogue in *spirit*.—*Nat. Int.*

Or in love—then he is a rogue at *heart*—*Roch. Dem.*

SOVEREIGNS.—Since the accession of Queen Victoria, 300,000 sovereigns have been coined at the mint.—*Pleb.*

Is "Vic's" first-born included in this enumeration?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY MAGAZINE."—This work seems to fill up the only vacant spot left open for a Monthly Magazine. It is made up, not of original articles merely—which are too often trash, when compared with what might be gleaned—but of the choicest of the choice productions of the periodical literature of England—Reviews, Political and Moral Essays, Tales, &c. &c. The December number contains an excellent Review of Allison's History of Europe, from the pen of MACAULAY. The publisher proposes, also, to give translations of able articles from the French and German. The following are the contents of the December number:—

1. Life of Blucher,—*Quarterly Reveiw.*
2. Encyclopædia of the Chinese Language. *Athenæum.*
3. Popular Poetry in Persia.—*Asiatic Journal.*
4. Summary of London.—*Knight's London.*
5. Allison's History of Europe, by Macaulay. *Edinburgh Review.*
6. The Ancient World.
7. The Anatomy of Sleep.—*London Lit. Gaz.*
8. Animal Chemistry. *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*
9. The Church of Scotland.—*Scotsman.*
10. Biographical Sketch. Sir Francis Chantry.
11. Society in Madrid.—*London Court Journal.*
12. Dickens' American Notes. *London Examiner, &c.*
13. The Shepherd Kings of the East and Egypt. *Asiatic Journal.*
14. Six Hostile Tariffs within Ten Months. *Leeds Mercury.*
15. Abednego, the Money-Lender. *Tait's Magazine.*

In addition to these articles, there is a great deal of miscellaneous matter, under the heads of Poetry, Miscellany, Letters, Science and Arts.—Terms $5 per annum.

COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.—We have a thousand times wished that COOPER had not made a fool of himself in his war upon the innocent critics of the press. It sunk him in the estimation of nine-tenths of his old admirers. A man who can turn out such works as the "Pilot" and "The Last of the Mohecans," degrades himself by trying to muzzle every press which does not see fit to rank him among the gods. And yet, all are obliged to admire his writings, and all continue anxious to read them. He yet retains much of his early vigor, as his last work—"Wing and Wing"—demonstrates. It is a graphic in its delineation of character, and full of stiring incidents. The work has been issued by LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, for 25 cents the vol. It is for sale by DAVID HOYT, to whom we are indebted for a copy.

"THE MISER'S DAUGHTER."—This is Ainsworth's last and best work. It is deeply interesting—full of amusing and exciting incident. It is issued in one of the Brother Jonathan Extras, and can be had of MOORE & JONES, Arcade Hall.

"MY NEIGHBORS," or "LIFE IN SWEDEN," is a translation from the Swedish, by MARY HOWITT. It is a capital work—imparting excellent lessons—conveying important truths—and enforcing unexceptionable morality. It is published in an Extra New World, and can be had of MOORE & JONES, Arcade Hall.

"THE INEBRIATE."—This is a powerfully written novel, just issued in an Extra New World.—It should be read by every friend of temperance. It cannot fail to be of great service to the good cause. A thousand should be sold in Rochester aloae. Pri[illegible]2½ cents, to be had at the Agency, Arcade Hall.

"THE LADY'S PEARL"—published at Lowe[illegible] at $1 per annum, will do. It is [illegible]ell conducte[illegible] and cheap.

"THE CAREER OF PUFFER HOPKINS."—An a[illegible]tive, with this title, was some time [illegible]ed in the periodical called "Arctu[illegible]en republished in the Brother Jonatha[illegible]uthor is Cornelius Mathews, Esq., an[illegible]k abounds with scenes of humor, as w[illegible]passages of great power and eloquence. [illegible]s may be had at the agency, Arcade Hall.

"BRAITHWAITE'S RETROSPECT OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY."—This work has acquired an extensive popularity in England, and is re-printed in this country under the patronage of Drs. MOTT, BECK, ROGERS and others. It is issued in semi-yearly numbers, at 50 cents a number. It must be invaluable to practitioners, and highly useful to any lay member of the human family. Each number will contain about 200 pp. For sale at the Book Agency, Arcade Hall.

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."—The ladies' favorite, for December, is all its best friends could wish it to be;—containing three fine engravings, and "oceans" of excellent matter. Mrs. Hale, Dr. Bird, N. P. Willis, T. S. Arthur and Miss Leslie, have contributed to this number.

"LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION."—Cheap and tasty. No one can begrudge $2 a year for so exquisite a gem as this. Its cuts of the fashions are got up in superior style, while its other engravings are always of the highest order.

"LADIES COMPAION."—The December number of this favorite periodical is unusually rich. The engravings are beautifully executed. The first writers in the country are among its contributors.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."—The patrons of this work will find the closing number of the year, among the best which have been issued.

The above works are for sale at MOORE & JONE'S Agency office, Arcade Hall.

"NEW YORK STATE MECHANIC."—The first No. of the 2d vol. of this excellent periodical is before us. It is beautifully executed, and full of useful matter. Every mechanic in the State should read it, and 20,000 should take it. Its editor and publisher is one of the worthiest of the craft, and deserves the entire confidence and cordial support of his fellow mechanics.

"WESTERN BUSINESS DIRECTORY."—This is a useful work just issued in New York. It contains the names of the business and professional men in the principal cities and villages in this State, together with a map of the three chiefly traveled routes from Boston to the Lakes. Every business man will find it a useful work for reference. L. B. KING, of this city, is agent.

☞ We observe notices headed "I. O. O. F." as far west as Milwaukie. Westward the tide of folly wends its way.

A celebrated dandy was, one evening, in company with a young lady, and observed her kiss her favorite poodle. He advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to a dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog while he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint, and was off instanter.

It is no sin to be ugly, but it is rather inconvenient. Still some men like it. Mirabeau was proud of his extreme ugliness; he valued himself as much on being the ugliest man in France as on being the best orator. He was so ugly that boys used to stop him in the street and ask him if his face didn't hurt him.

Dr. Morrison says, in some provinces in China [illegible] notice is issued by wealthy parents to ob[illegible]sband for their daughters: this is done [illegible]fluent who are unwilling to part with [illegible], and who therefore bring their son[illegible] their own family instead of the usual [illegible] sending their daughter from home.

Poetry.

The Blind Beggar.

BY CHARLES G. EASTM[illegible]

He sits by the great high roa[illegible]
The beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are blue and cold;
The life of the beggar is almost spent,
His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
And he answereth low and with meek content
The sneers of the rude and bold.

All day by the road hath the beggar sat,
Weary and faint and dry,
In silence patiently holding his hat,
And turning his sightless eye,
As with cruel jest and greeting prim,
At his hollow cheek and eye balls dim,
The traveler tosses a cent at him,
And passes hastily by.

To himself, the blind old man doth hum
A song of his boyhood's day,
And his lean white fingers idly drum
On his thread-bare knee where they lay;
And oft when the gay bob-link is heard,
And the song of the youth-hearted yellow bird,
The jar of life and the traveler's word,
And the shout of children's play—

He starts and he grasps with hurried hand
The top of his smooth-worn cane,
And strikes it sturdily into the sand,
Then layeth it down again!
While his little black spaniel, beautiful "Spring,"
That he keeps at his button-hole with a string,
Leaps up and his bell goes ting-a-ling! ling!
As he yelps with impatient pain.

He sits by the great high road all day,
That beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are blue and cold,
But he murmureth never, day nor night,
But seeing the world by his inner sight,
He patiently waits with a heart all light,
Till the sum of his life shall be told.

The Words of Faith.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER—BY HORATIO GATES.

Three things I tell you of weight and might:
Though mouth to mouth may speak them,
Yet spring they not to the wide world's sight!
In the depths of the heart you must seek them.
And map of all that is dear is reft,
When no faith in these three things is left.

First, MAN IS CREATED FREE—and when born,
Though fetters of iron bound him,
He need not be turned by the demagogue's scorn,
Or the clamor of fools around him.
For the sleve, when the day of release is near,
But not for the freemen, let tyrants fear.

And VIRTUE, IT IS NO EMPTY SOUND;—
'Tis the same in sense or letter;
And though man stumble on dangerous ground
He can still press onward to better,
And what seems folly in wisdom's eyes,
Is truth and light to the truly wise.

And THERE IS A GOD—Omnipotent Will,
However mankind may waver,
That weaves over Time and Space, with skill,
A system of thought for ever;
And though the revels of change ne'er cease,
Still reigns in all changes a spirit of peace.

These three things cherish with faith and might,
From mouth to mouth ever speak them,
And though they spring not to every one's sight,
In the depth of the heart you may seek them;
And never is man of all worth bereft,
So long as faith in these words is left. [Dem. Rev.

SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Sung at the Mercantile Library Dinner at Niblo's.

A health to dear Woman!—she bids us untwine,
From the cup it encircles, the fast clinging vine:
But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

A health to sweet Woman!—the days are no more
When she watched for her lord till the revel was o'er,
And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed when he came,
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share:
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,
As their ribbands of silver unwind from the hills;
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream
But the lillies of innocence float on the stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once more!
She brings us a passport that laughs at our door:
It is written in crimson—its letters are pearls—
It is countersigned NATURE!—so room for the girls!

An Obliging Epistle.

Sir:—To avoid all proceedings unplea[illegible]
I beg you will pay me what i[illegible]
If you do you'll OBLIGE me at pr[illegible]
If you don't, then I must OBLI[illegible]

Behave Yoursel' Before Folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me mickle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Behave yourself before folk.
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or ta'en before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gie the tongue of old or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But, losh! I take it sair amiss,
To be sae teased before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane, you may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye have done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At any rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely not before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me your's before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

Song of the Red Indian.

Oh! why should the white man hang on my path!
Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the flush of my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?

He has rivers and seas, where the billow and breeze
Bear riches for him alone;
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
That the white man calls his own.

Then why should he covet the streams where none
But the red skin dare to swim?
Oh! why should he wrong the hunter, one
Who never did harm to him?

The Father above thought fit to give
To the white man corn and wine;
There are golden fields where he may live,
But the forest wilds are mine.

The eagle has its place of rest,
The wild man where to dwell,
And the spirit who gave the bird its nest,
Made me a home as well.

Then back, go back from the red-skin's tract,
For the hunter's eye grows dim,
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.

From the Washington Gazette.

Give me a demijohn of gall,
A pen of cane reed, split with a broad-axe,
A sheet of paper broad as Congress Hall,
And vig'rous nerves as tough as coblers' wax,
Let me be starved and poor and meanly clad,
Encircle me with duns to make me mad;
Coddle my skullpit with the flames of brandy,
Then let me write how much I hate a dandy.

Ye mincing, squinting, smoke-faced pretty things,
With corsets laced as tight as fiddle-strings;
Choak'd as a toad and supple as a cat,
About the waist D sharp, the pate B flat.
Ye cringing, superserviceable slaves,
Ye self-complacent, brainless, heartless knaves;
Ye lizard-looking apes with catfish gills,
Ye scoundrels, go and pay your Tailors' Bills.

PUMPKIN VINE.

Grace after Dinner, at a Miser's Table.

"Thanks to this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness;
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a shin of beef.
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more."

From the Knickerbocker.

Fallen Leaves.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

The leaves are falling! thick upon the ground
Withered to lie, or rustle 'neath the tread,
Giving the ear a melancholy sound,
Like whispered warnings from the mouldering dead.
My hopes like Autumn-leaves, whose hectic red
The painted omen of decay is found,
Have glowed as bright; but now their hues have fled—
Blighted and seared, they strew my pathway round:
All, save that hope whose leaves perennial grow
Upon the Tree of Life! Ah, frosts of wo,
Make greener still, but never blight this leaf!
And who that doth that "tree of healing" know,
Will trust again earth's hopes, though fair as brief,
Which droop and perish at the touch of grief?
Newark, (N. J.,) 1842.

The Maiden's Confession.

'T was in a starry night of June,
And Zephyr sung the leaves among,
A tender and a touching tune
As ever yet Æolian rung—
And there a maiden sighed her love
Forth in a soul-subduing song,
When some one bellow'd from above—
"*O, take your time, Miss Lucy Long!*"—*Pic.*

Marriages.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, the 30th ult., by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Capt. N. P. STONE, to Miss CLARISSA A. SMITH, all of this city.

In this city, on Thursday, Dec. 1st, by the Rev. J. B. Shaw, THOMAS EDDY, Esq., of Greece, to Miss PHEBE LYON, of this city.

In this city, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. John Frey, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson, all of this city. By the same, on the 30th ult., Mr. John Webb, to Miss Alvina Kidney. By the same, on the 30th ult., Mr. James Squares, to Miss Parmela Skutt.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. V. R. Hotchkiss, Dr. Wm. Dockstader, to Miss Juliann Redding, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Fillmore, Geo. P. Lamont, Esq., to Miss Mary Cole, both of Lockport.

In Canandaigua, on the 18th ult., by Rev. J. Raines, Mr. Albert G. Hatch, of Naples, to Miss Alvira Fisher, of the former place.

In Hudson, Lenawee co., (Michigan,) on the 1st Sept., by John M. Bird, of Dover, Mr. Harvey Higley, to Miss Rachel M. Terwilliger, both of the former place. Also by the same, at the same time and place, Mr James Allen, to Miss Hannah M. Terwilliger, both of Hudson.

In Palmyra, on the 24th ult., by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Phineas Moore, of Farmington, to Mrs. Mary Johnson, of Palmyra. On the 20th ult., Mr. A. H. Wentworth, of Manchester, to Miss Mary Hine, of Palmyra. On the 22d ult., Mr. Samuel Wilber, to Miss Sarah Allen, both of Palmyra.

In Leicester, Liv. co., by the Rev. Mr. Stratton, of Moscow, Mr. Edwin A. Buckland, of Perry, Wyoming co., to Miss Nancy M. Drinkwater, of the former place.

In Shrewsbury, Vt., on the 1st inst., by the Rev. ——, D. C. Chamberlin, M. D., of Le Roy, to Miss Mary, daughter of Col. Levi Finney, of the former place.

In Scottsville, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. Truman S. Phelps, to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, all of Mumfordville. On the 2d inst., by the same, Mr. Daniel Hart, to Miss Ann M. Dietrich, all of Rush.

In Batavia, on the 3d inst., by S. Wakeman, Esq., Mr. Cyrus Richmond, to Miss Caroline Willey, all of that place. Also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Myron Putman, to Miss Betsey Lord, all of Bethany.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Strong & Dawson, Publishers. One Dollar per annum, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. XIV. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1842. No. 26.

Extracts from Late Publications.

From "Letters from the Baltic."

A Russian Marriage Ceremony.

Descending as we came, we traversed the reeling bridge in safety, and had given up all thought of further novelties for the day, when passing the interminable Corps des Cadets—the longest façade in the known world, our attention was caught by the most delicious strains of vocal music, and observing the chapel part lighted up, and carriages waiting, Baron S. pronounced a Russian wedding to be going forward. In a moment the check-strings were pulled, the horses' heads turned, and we alighted at the doorway. The chapel itself was on the second story, divided off with glass doors, which we were proceeding to open much to our satisfaction, when, with all the dignity of high integrity, the officials rushed to repulse us—not, however, till we had caught a tantalizing glimpse of a fair girl with a rueful countenance standing before an altar, with a candle in hand, as if about to light her own funeral pile, and a gentleman of no very promising appearance at her side. This was enough to have fired the ardor of a saint, but in our hurry, bethinking ourselves only of a terrestrial remedy, applied that infallible key fitted to all hearts as well as doors in Russia—looks of integrity vanished, smiles of bland acquiescence [illegible] ment, "all the doors flew open." We entered, and mixed among the bridal party, and gradually advancing, found ourselves within a few paces of the bride, and I trust diverted her thoughts pleasantly, for the ceremony was long, and the bridegroom old enough to have been her grandfather.

The ill-sorted pair stood together in the centre of the small chapel before an altar, each holding a taper, an emblem of their good works, and between them and the altar, a stout burly priest, with handsome jovial countenance and fine flowing beard and hair; on either hand a surbordinate. After reading prayers at some length, he gave the bridegroom a golden ring—the shining metal typifying that henceforth he should shine like the sun in his spouse's eyes; and to her one of silver, emblem of the moon, as reminding her to borrow light solely from the favor of her husband's countenance—an admonition which in this instance seemed doubly necessary. These were exchanged amid a profusion of bowings and crossings; the choristers, about twenty in number, dressed in the court uniform, taking up the "Ghosphodi Pomilui," or "Lord have mercy on us," in strains which seemed hardly of this earth. The priest then addressed the pale girl, whom we ascertained to be an orphan, marrying for a home, in an extempore exhortation upon the duties a [illegible] sive, his full [illegible] flowing so harmonious from his lips, that, though not comprehending a word, my attention was riveted and my heart touched. The bridegroom, who stood without any discernible expression whatsoever on his countenance, received the same admonition in his turn; the priest, or *popé*, as they are termed in the Russian church, alternately putting on and off his high mitred cap, which, with his costly robes, gave him the air of a Jewish high priest. This concluded, the sacrament, here taken with the elements mixed, was administered, which, beside the sacred meaning received in all Christian churches, on this occasion further typifies the cup of human joy and sorrow henceforth to be shared by a married couple. Of this each partook alternately three times, and then kissed the book on the altar. The attendants now brought forward two gilt crowns, which were received with reverence and many crossings by the priest, and two gentlemen in plain clothes advancing from the family party in which we had usurped a place, took the crowns and the priest blessing the couple with their respective names of Anna Ivanovna and Peter Nicholaiwitch, placed the one on the man's head, and held the other over that of the girl, whose head-dress did not admit of a nearer approach.—This latter, with her veil flowing from the back of her head, her long white garments, and pensive looks, seemed a fair statue beneath a golden canopy; while the poor man, encumbered with candle in one hand, the perpetual necessity of crossing himself with the other, and his stupendous head gear, looked quite a ridiculous object, and, vainly attempting to bow with his body and keep his head erect, was near losing his crown several times. In this, however, lies the pith of the ceremony—so much so that the Russian word to *marry* is literally to *crown*. This pageantry continued some time, while copious portions of the Scriptures were read, holy water strewed round, and clouds of incense flung about the pair; their saints called upon to protect them; and lastly a solemn invocation addressed to the Almighty to bless these his children like Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph and Mary, &c., to keep them like Noah in the Ark, Jonah in the fish's belly, and the Hebrew captives in the fiery furnace; and, that tradition might not be omitted, to give them joy such as the Empress Helen felt on discovering the true cross. Then, taking a hand of each in his, the priest drew them [illegible] following in slow procession, three times round the altar. Now the crowns were taken off, kissed three times by the bride and bridegroom, the choristers ceased, the altar disappeared, and priests and attendants, retreating backwards to the chancel end, vanished behind the screen, and all was silent in a moment.

Here you will conclude the ceremony terminated, at least so thought we, and so perhaps did the happy couple, who seemed well nigh exhausted; but now the ci-devant crown bearers seized upon the bride, hurried her to the screen which divides off the Holy of Holies in the Russian church, where she prostrated herself in rapid succession before the pictures of two saints, touching the floor at each plunge audibly with her fair forehead, the exertion being so great that, but for the support of her attendants, she must have sunk.—The gentleman was left to prostrate himself unassisted, which done each kissed the picture the requisite three times. And now the bridal party advanced to congratulate—the bride's tears flowed fast—a general kissing commenced, and we sounded a rapid retreat, for in the crowd and confusion it seemed very immaterial on whom this surperabundance of caresses might alight.

It is only just [illegible] that the whole ceremony was highly impressive, so much so as to quite overlay [illegible] of oriental [illegible] marriage in Russia is entirely [illegible]—that no kind of relationship within the fifth degree is permitted; two sisters may not even marry two brothers; that more than three times no one can be united in wedlock, nor even that without previous fast and penance to qualify the sin; and that a priest can never marry a second time, so that a priest's wife is as much cherished as any other good thing which cannot be replaced.

The Beautiful Jewess.

Returning one day from a fruitless search through the streets of Reval, for some shoemaker who should be induced to undertake the mysteries of the right and left principle—this being an adaptation which [illegible] happy form of the German feet renders superfluous—we turned into a court where resided our last chance for these more refined attributes of St. Crispin. In a narrow passage leading to it, stood a light female figure clad in the most jagged garb of beggary; a cluster of rusty saucepans and tin pots hung over her shoulder, and an air of vagabondism, which, added to her dirty rags, made us shrink closer together to avoid contact. This apparently she remarked, and, turning slowly upon us as we passed a face, not vulgar, nor bold, nor coarse, nor degraded, but of such surpassing loveliness, such a living resemblance of that most touching of all delineations of female beauty, the Beatrice Cenci, but more youthful still, and if possible more pathetic, that we gazed in perfect wonder. Nor, though our shoemaking errand was attended with the same barren result, did we pause to add the usual lecture, not on the impolicy of a shoemaker going beyond his last, but on the stupidity of his not acting up to it, which we had most liberally bestowed on his predecessors; but, as if spell-bound, hastened to emerge. There stood that abject figure, with that exquisite *Mater Doloraso* head, like a beautiful picture framed in tatters. Long and riveted were our glances, but that marble face heeded us not; listless and unconscious as a child she turned away, and seemed to have no idea beyond her saucepans. We passed on, and had proceeded about a hundred yards, when,—*c'etait plus fort que nous*—we tacitly and simultaneously turned about and retraced our steps. "She is no Estonian," said the one; "she is an angel," said the other; and these were our only words of mutual intelligence. My dear companion now ad[illegible] the [illegible] language of most of the lower orders, but she shook her head and pointed to her vile saucepans. German was tried, but with like result, when impatiently I stammered out in most barbarous Russian, "Who art thou then?" "*Ya Yevreika*," "I am a Hebrew," was the laconic reply—but it spoke volumes.

Such a prize, which only increased in every nameless grace the longer we viewed it, was not lightly to be relinquished; pointing, therefore, to our home on the rock, we fixed a meeting with our vagrant beauty for the next day, and gently bowing her head, she turned away.

Beauty, as a manifestation of the Infinite, has at all times a subduing influence over the soul; but here this indelible feeling was increased tenfold by the outer wretchedness of the object, and by its lofty avowal of a despised and persecuted race—one, here particularly, treated with all the contumely which an unchristian spirit can devise. It was therefore with feelings of childish impatience that I awaited the reappearance of this pale vision, while some lurking recollections of the besetting sin of younger days—which, by viewing all objects through the medium of a sanguine fancy, had often been of great temporary advantage to others, and of subsequent mortification to myself—made me doubt, whether, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I had not overrated the first impression. Ten o'clock arrived, and the Jewess was ushered in. I looked up almost in apprehension, so reluctant was I to lose the sweet image which my mind had retained. But what would mortals wish for more? It was the Cenci herself—the same open forehead, delicate nose, and full small mouth—the soft hazel eyes alone exchanged for orbs of the deepest violet hue, fringed with long lashes which sunk beneath my gaze, and fell on cheeks of alabaster, slightly flushed with the morning exercise. Her temples were bound with a handkerchief of full blue, which repeated with unstudied art the color of her eyes. Her wretched garments were partially hidden by a decent *Kasavoika*, or half-cloak, which hung negligently from her shoulders, while the open fur collar enclosed the fair throat and head, like the lotus-leaf round the bust of an Isis.

The name of this beautiful being was Rose; she knew no other; and my companion and myself expressed looks of increasing sympathy and interest on learning that the young creature, only

sixteen years of age, who stood before us, had been three years a wife, and was now the mother of a child old enough to run alone. Her manners corresponded with the unconscious graces of her person. She gazed with abstraction and languor at us as we continued our glances of admiration, and while preparations for a sitting, which was to furnish some visible memento for future days of a face never to be forgotten, were going forward, sat down and carelessly examined some trinkets which lay on the table, while Sascha, not partaking of her mistress' poetry, kept a sharp eye upon her. But this she heeded not; and having satisfied a passing curiosity, this young Israelitish woman laid them down with apathy, and, folding her small hands fringed with rags, sat like the statue of Westmacott's "Distressed Mother," the image of uncomplaining poverty and suffering.

Comprehending now the object of her visit, she remonstrated against being taken in the headdress of a Russian, which her plain handkerchief denoted, and earnestly requested the materials for her national turban, which she always wore at the Saturday Synagogue. We left the girl-mother to do as she would, and selected from our stores a large handkerchief of bright colors, and tearing a strip of muslin, which she bound round her temples, and fastened with long ends behind —the identical ancient Hebrew fillet—she proceeded to fold the handkerchief in the requisite shape upon her knee. We watched her with indescribable interest. How many hundred years had elapsed, and these small fingers adjusted the peculiar head-dress of her people in precisely the same form as if Jerusalem were still her home, and the daily sacrifice still offering! And soon this young descendant of the oldest people stood before us, the youthful wo-begone Hagar of the old masters. But yet her physiognomy could scarcely be termed Jewish, as indeed my many and miscellaneous types may have evidenced, unless the tribes included softer and cooler looks than painters assign them, or than their descendants have preserved. She said she was not unhappy; that her husband, a sailor in the Russian navy, was "good enough for her;" and she made no complaint of poverty, but this it was, combined with the inheritance of passive endurance, which was written on her pale brow. Our delicate Rose of Sharon sat gracefully and intelligently, and, when the drawing was completed, took our offerings with courteous thanks, but with more of carelessness and apathy than avidity. To kindred enthusiasts no apology is necessary for the length of this narration. Suffice it to say, that we never lost sight of our "beautiful Pagan," who continued to grow in our good graces, until the removal of the fleet carried her to Cronstadt.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE SCOTCH BONFIRES.—One of the most brilliant features in the reception of Victoria in the "land o' cakes" was the immense fires on the summits of the mountains, arranged on a scale as extensive as that of the loyalty of the Scottish people.

These fires were all preconcerted throughout Scotland, and so judiciously arranged, as to take place simultaneously. The large fires on the hills had a most splendid effect during the night of the Royal squadron's beating up the Firth of Forth, and illuminating the waters during the night, all the fires being visible by the squadron for about fifty miles around. Their effect is stated to have been magnificent, as bonfire after bonfire blazed forth in streams of light to cheer and welcome the Sovereign during the night, and served to lighten up Forth, and pilot the Royal squadron to their moorings near Inchkeith. These large fires therefore served both to welcome her Majesty during the night along her Scottish shores, and illuminated and guided her course up the Firth of Forth, the effect of which was most imposing from the ocean. It may not be known that these beacon fires, in ancient times, were invariably used to raise the Scottish warriors to assemble in arms during the fierce wars that raged between England and Scotland. The beacon fire on the rugged and craggy top of Arthur Seat, which is eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, was sublime, and, from the darkness of the night, shed a flood of light over the sorrounding, romantic and picturesque scenery of Salisbury Crags, and also to a very great distance. Arthur Seat beacon was got up by the Earl of Haddington, as keeper of the King's Park. The noble Earl caused to be prepared the most splendid fire we ever have seen blazed forth on that romantic peak.

This fire was erected on a circular area or base, of which the diameter was 40 feet, and the height of the pile varying from eight to ten feet. It was composed of about 180 tar barrels, besides those of turpentine, 25 tons of coals, about 40 cart loads of wood, besides tarred canvass, yarn ropes, &c., and was seen about fifty miles distant.

Hir lordship's beacon was a signal to the whole mountains in sight, which in their turn telegraphed to mere distant hills, and thus the beacon fires were simultaneously kindled throughout Scotland. From Arthur's Seat and the Calton hill, above fifty beacons were seen lighted up all round, taking up their signals simultaneously from the romantic peak of the Scottish metropolis. To enumerate all these would be impossible, but we may record some on this memorable occasion, while to mention those in the distant counties is impracticable. In Mid Lothian there were Carnethy hill, otherwise called Logan House hill, nearly 1,800 feet high, Capelaw hill, about 1,600 feet high, Caerkelaw Crag, another high summit, all on the Pentland Hills, the Braid, Blackford, Carberry, and Sentra Hills, the latter 1,000 feet high. In Fife, there were Kelly Law, Largo Law, the western and eastern Lomonds, the latter being 1,700 feet above the level of the town of Falkland, which is situated at its base. In Peeblesshire was seen the Black mount of Walston; while in Lanarkshire, Culterfell, one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; and Tintoct, or Tinto, which is the Gaelic, and means "The Hill of Fire, and the Cairn, on the top of which is elevated 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, were even discernible, spreading the tidings over that important country. The above is an imperfect enumeration of the beacons within sight of Arthur's Seat, but to which must be added the small isles in the Firth of Forth, the beacons upon which cast a broad bright glare over the waters. These and many more beacons of loyalty and welcome formed a splendid galaxy, a luminous tract, a combined radiance; the effect of which cannot be described; but we may venture to assert, that an equal number of beacons, and of such size and on such an extended scale, never occurred simultaneously to [illegible] Majesty's Scottish dominions.

PRETTY GOOD.—Who is the author of the following we know not. It was found in an old newspaper that looked as if it were printed when Adam was a boy.

"Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had, by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's large stories.

One day, when the master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner, among other marvellous facts, he related an incident which took place in one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passed through his left hind foot, and though his head just back of his ear!"

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," says the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, "me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lif up de gun to he eye, de buck lif up his hin foot to 'cratch 'im ear, and massas' ball went clear frough 'im foot an' head at de same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without further hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Sambo ventured upon his master's good humor so far as to remonstrate.

"For Gor a 'mighty sake, massa, when you tell a nudder such a big lie, dont put um so fur apart; me hab deblish hard work for get 'um togeder."

At a church erecting in Hanover, N. H., it was necessary to ascertain the number of widows in the parish. After some time had been spent in the premises, an officious in-season-and-out-of-season member from the eastern part of the town jumped up and said, "I think we have embraced them all, have we not, President L——d!"

CAMPBELL'S ESTIMATION OF KNIGHTHOOD.—"The King will knight you," said Anson to Campbell, as they were proceeding to Court. "I ken nae use that will be to me," was the reply. "But your lady might like it," said Anson. "Well, then," rejoined Campbell, "his Majesty may knight her, if he pleases."

In the course of the late trials of persons engaged in the Manchester riots, we observe the following curious indication of an English witness' notions of Irish characteristics. The witness, we presume, was a provincial *cockney* of the most thorough breed.—*Phil. Gaz.*

A young man named Joseph Grimshaw, an assistant to a surgeon, created some amusement in describing this part of the case. After establishing the important point that not one of the prisoners was the person who struck Lee, he said he was sure it was an Irishman, who behaved so brutally. "It was," repeated he, "a tall Irishman, I am sure it was."

Baron Alderson—Why do you think he was an Irishman?

Grimshaw—I don't knew; he had a sort of a glazed hat on. (Laughter.) Oh! he was a fierce, ill-looking fellow with whiskers. Oh! I am sure he was an Irishman. (Renewed laughter.)

Baron Alderson—Do you think every man who wears a glazed hat and looks fierce is an Irishman? (Laughter.)

Grimshaw—Oh! he was a very ill-looking fellow; I'm sure he was an Irishman. (Laughter.)

Baron Alderson (laughing)—Well! I perceive you consider it impossible that an Englishman could have been guilty of so cowardly an act.

Grimshaw—Yes, my lord.

A POWERFUL PREACHER.—A Kentuckian, who had listened to an eloquent and popular preacher, gave the following account of him:

"I'll tell you what it is," ejaculated he, "that's what I call a real tear down sneezer; he's a barkwell and holdfast too; he doesn't honey it up to 'em, and mince his words—he lets it down to 'em hot and heavy; he knocks down and drags out; he first gives it to 'em in one eye, then in t'other, then in the gizzard, and at last he gets your head under his arm, and then I reckon he feathers it in between the lug and the horn; he gives a fellow no more of a chance than a 'coon has in a blackjacket."

"Then you give him more credit for his sincerity than you usually do men of his cloth?" said the auditor.

"Yes, yes! there's no whipping the devil round the stump with him; he jumps right at him, tooth and toe-nail; and I'm flamberghasted if I don't think he rather worsted the *Old Boy* this morning! and he's the best match I ever raw him have."

TRAVELING BY STEAM ROUND THE PLANET URANUS.—The circumference of the orbit in which Uranus revolves about the sun is 11,314,600,000 of miles, through which moves in 30,686 mean solar days, or about 84 years; it is the slowest moving planet in the system, and yet it pursues its course at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Were a steam carriage to move around the immense orbit of this planet at the continued speed of about 30 miles an hour, it would require no less than 64,570 years before this ample circuit could be completed; and yet a globe 80 times larger than the earth finishes this vast tour in 84 years!—*Dick's Celestial Scenery.*

REAL LOVE.—Sir Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously te his leaving England, he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely on his return thatt he was a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. "Tell him," replied the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul."

"IS HE QUALIFIED?"—"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" said a lady the other day to her husband, who was confined to his chair by the gout.

"Why should I, my dear? replied he," "I am not qualified for the office."

"Nay, but I think you are," returned the wife, "your language and actions are parliamentary. When bills are presented, you order them to be laid on the table, or make a motion to rise; though often out of order, you are still supported by the chair; and often poke your nose into measures which destroy the constitution."

Dr. Humm has drawn up for the Medical Journal the singular case of a man whose nose, in consequence of drinking, was changed from Grecian to Rum 'un.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1842.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—This number terminates the volume and the year. As we have endeavored to fulfil our promises during the past, so shall we in the future. We want the *practical* good wishes of all our *old* friends, and an introduction to as many *new* ones, as may chose to shake hands with the 15th Volume of THE GEM.

"DO GOOD."—We venture to quote this old fashioned exhortation, although, to many, it has doubtless become quite stale. There is room enough for a practical exemplification of the exhortation, for one can scarcely turn around without meeting some object of real charity. A friend visited, a day or two since, a family composed of a husband, wife and four children. The husband was unable to leave his house—one of his feet having been severely frozen. In all else he was well. But he could not work out of doors, and could get nothing to do in the house. The wife was healthy, and a good seamstress; but the family was so very poor that no tailor would trust her with work. Thus, though both father and mother were willing to work, they could get nothing to do and were starving. The friend, however, soon remedied this difficulty. The man could plait whip-lashes, and a deer-skin was furnished him. This was capital enough for him. He made his whip-lashes and sold them. The family now has bread, and without cost to any one, except a little time spent in visiting the family, inquiring into their condition, and saying a good word to those who could give them work.

There are a great many just such cases around us. There are women in our city, with large families, who could earn enough to support themselves, if they could but get any thing to do.—Those willing to "*do good*" should hunt them out, enquire into their circumstances, find out what they can do, and furnish them with work. Without the expenditure of a single farthing, a great deal of suffering could be thus relieved. Every family has some description of clothing to make, which could be made by females thus situated.—It may be a little more trouble to hunt up persons of this character, to do our work, than to have it done in the ordinary manner; but those who would "*do good*" must expect to go out of their way sometimes. But it carries its reward with it. The consciousness of having assisted a half-clad and half-starved family, will contribute more to our happiness than the choicest carvings of a fat turkey.

ORPHAN HOUSE.—The Trustees of the Orphan Asylum have put in circulation a subscription for the purpose of raising funds to erect a building for the institution, and to pay the current expenses for the ensuing year. We understand that from the liberal subscriptions already received, there is good reason to hope that a sum sufficient for the proposed object will soon be realized. The plan of the contemplated edifice is such as will do honor to the city, combining as it does every necessary convenience with a plain and economical style in its arrangement. Such an edifice has long been needed, and every one who is able should become interested in the object by giving liberally according to their ability.

☞ We notice by the Western Business Directory, that there are in this city,

Lawyers,	71	Dry Goods Stores,	26
Dentists,	8	Flouring Mills,	23
Physicians,	41	Grocers,	111
Clothing Stores,	6	Hardware Stores,	8
Book Stores,	6		

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1789, TO THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS IN 1815.—By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E., Advocate. Harper & Brothers. The publication of this great work, says the Express, has been but recently completed in England, and we are gratified to see its republication promptly undertaken in this country. The momentous period of the French Revolution, characterized by such astonishing events and such vast changes in civil and social institutions and in the ideas of men, has found in Mr. Alison an historian in all respects worthy of it. Nor are the subsequent events under the imperial *regime*, the life and fortunes of the wonderful man who rose from a humble post to be almost the master of the world, and the connected events in the history of the civilized world generally at this period, marked by circumstances less deserving of profound attention. Transactions and events so marvelous and so recent cannot be regarded but with intense interest every where, and this work will be read with the same avidity here that it has been in Europe. We were greatly surprised at the disparity in the price of the English edition and the one published by the Messrs. Harpers—the former is advertised at £10, the latter at Four Dollars—a difference of more than 900 per cent in favor of the American edition. The work is issued in semi-monthly numbers of 144 pages each, at 25 cents the number.

We were indebted to D. HOYT for a copy.

"DAWNINGS OF GENIUS."—We are indebted to D. HOYT for a copy of this excellent little volume. It is designed as an intellectual stimulant for the young, and most admirably is it adapted to this purpose. It contains graphic biographical notices of the earlier periods in the lives of Sir Humphrey Davy, Rev. Geo. Crabbe, Baron Cuvier, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lindley Murray, Sir Jas. McIntosh, and Adam Clarke. It is the object of the fair authoress to induce her young countrymen to "aim at the eagle if they only hit the sparrow." The work is an appropriate New Year Gift.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY."—We had supposed that this universal favorite had, before, reached the very climax of typographical excellence, but the present number shows, in the language of a backwoods poet, "a higher heigth" than it had ever before reached. Its matter is also excellent, as it always is. COOPER'S "Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief" occupies the first 14 pages. He is backed up by Willis, Grattan, Mancur, Longfellow, Bryant and others. The engravings, too, are fine—making it fit for a "New Year's gift." To be had at the News Room.

"THE INDICATOR: A MISCELLANY OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT."—We have received No. 3 of this Magazine, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most useful periodical now in course of publication. Every number is worth its weight in gold, to the young man whose aspirations are upward—whose mind reaches out for greater acquisitions. It is well calculated to stir up dormant ambition—to induce new resolves and brush up old ones. This work is for sale at the Arcade news Room.

"THE QUEENS OF FRANCE."—This work receives general praise. It is a most prolific theme, as delicately handled as truth will permit. The intrigues of the ladies of the Court of France, are not, however, always the most pure morsels that might be crammed down the literary gullet.

"QUEENS OF FRANCE AND THEIR FAVORITES"—is a work which will sell, for every one will want to read it. To be had at the News Room.

"THEMES OF SONG."—This is the title which W. H. C. HOSMER, Esq. has given to a Poem which he delivered before the Amphictyon Association of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, in September last. It is a rich production, abounding in beautiful and sublime passages, and reflecting honor upon one of the best poets of the day. Although Mr. H. inhaled his poetic inspiration among the beatiful cliffs and hills which skirt the Genesee, he is equally at home amidst the rugged mountains and sunny plains of Italy and Greece. Few possess stronger descriptive powers or more brilliant fancy, and none bid fairer to occupy a high place in the annals of American Poets.

Only a few copies of the work have been published. They may be had of WM. ALLING, who deserves high praise for the beautiful typography in which he has clothed this poetic gem.

"THE KNICKERBOCKER" closes up the year like one conscious of having performed its whole duty during the eleven preceding months. And well it may, for in the whole catalogue of excellent periodicals, from which the reading world may select, there is not one which has stronger friends or more of them. We hope that it may commence a new year with all of its old and a great many new patrons; for we would fain make those glad who furnish so much real pleasure to others.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK."—We may assert, without the fear of contradiction, that this is the most beautifully executed juvenile periodical in the world. Its typography is equal to the best of our magazines, and its engravings are numerous and admirably executed. Nor is its matter a whit behind its typography. The best pens in the country contribute to its pages. Its tone is purely moral and religious, though generally of a gladsome character. Every child who can read, will become the better by constantly gleaning the pages of "The Young People's Book."

"BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART, comprising the History, Description and Scientific Principles of every Brauch of Human Knowledge; illustrated by Engravings."

This is one of the most useful publications ever got up. It is to be issued in 12 Nos. at 25 cts. each, by the HARPERS. Every student should have a copy of this very comprehensive work, and no Library can be perfect without it. For sale at the Bookstores.

"SMITH'S HISTORY OF EDUCATION.—This is vol. 156 of Harper's Family Library. This work is curious and instructive. It gives a clear history of Education, ancient and modern, than which nothing can be more curiously illustrative of the gradual development of the human mind. It also furnishes a plan of social and moral instruction. For sale at the Bookstores.

"THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE."—This magazine is too well known to the readers of light literature to require any commendation; and as it is to be merged in the Brother Jonathan, it is only necessary to say that *that* work is deserving of patronage.

☞ SAMUEL WOODWORTH, the poet and printer, died in New York last week. He was born in Scituate, Mass., in 1785. He was the author of several volumes of poems, songs, and comedies. In 1823, he established the New York Mirror, and has been a contributor to its columns ever since. He is the supposed author of many odes which have appeared of late years under the authorship of other names. His "*Old Oaken Bucket*" has been translated into almost every language on the Globe.

☞ An oil dealer recently failed in Boston.—He owes $200,000. That is going it *deep* at a *whaling* rate.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Pilgrims.—22d December.

"We bless thee, O, Lord! we are safe, we are free!"
Cried the Mayflower's pilgrim band,
"Thou hast guided our way o'er the fathomless sea,
And our hearts and our lives we surrender to thee,
In this lone, far-western land."

And they knelt them down on the rocky shore,
Those christians holy and true;
And their prayers uprose, amid Ocean's roar,
To the God who liveth forevermore,
That He would now bless them anew.

Oh! Heroes have lived in minstrel lay,
In legend, and tale, and song;
But where have been known in life's actual day,
Heroes so bold as those pilgrims grey,
Or Christian faith so strong?

How cherish'd those shores, by each patriot heart,
And sacred those names, I ween,
There's a halo around them shall never depart,
While our pulses shall throb or our gushing tears start,
Or America's glory be seen.

Bright, beautiful land, of the free and the brave,
Still honor the Pilgrim's God!
That earth's wrong'd and oppress'd ones may bound o'er the wave,
And haste to thy borders, to find them a grave,
'Neath thy verdant and peaceful sod.

But whilst we thus hail thee, fair land of our birth,
We would cherish in love benign,
That isle so renown'd thro' the civilized earth,
Where our forefathers pray'd by their social hearth,
Ere power, or a *name* was thine.

Britannia! we love thee! our father land!
May we friendly be, always, as now,
Natal home of the exiled pilgrim band,
If than our, earth can boast a more favor'd strand,
Land of our sires—tis thou! K.

A Northern Legend, from the German.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

There sits a lovely maiden,
The ocean murmuring nigh,
She throws the hook, and watches,
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a red jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings is from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair.
What gleams upon its finger?
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
"Nay, Knight of Ocean, nay,
It was not thee I wanted;
Let go the ring, I pray."

"Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown;
The ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own."

The Mother to her Child.

Gone—gone—so early gone!
Snatched from my bosom, in thy infant bloom,
Like the opening rose that is cut down
Ere yet its first perfume
Sconteth the Summer air—like blush of even
Fading away and melting into Heaven.

Those rosy lips of thine!
I see them part, a on thy mother's breast
Thou breath'st so sweet—thy warm cheek pressing mine,
While sinking calm to rest,—
Thine infant prayer—"Father, who art in Heaven!
Thy kingdom come—oh, be my sins forgiven!"

Thy sins, my child!—No stain
Hath ever spoiled so pure a spirit's shrine;
No sin upon thy spotless heart hath lain
That needs forgiveness—thine
Hath been an hour of innocence,—and guile
A stranger to that cherub brow and smile.

Thou art but summoned home!
And angels call thee now, to bear thee back;
"Thy gentle spirit we receive; sweet child, come,
See! on our homeward track
Celestial ones are singing. See! near the throne
The sainted spirits welcome thee, loved one."

Hark! Thy last breath and sigh
Upon thy mother's bosom! Thou dost but sleep
And shall awake again in Paradise.
Then who, oh! who would weep?
Sleep on, Cordelia! Sleep! So early gone;
To earth a child is lost—*to Heaven a cherub won!*

The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

BY HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your kiss warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far
The few our father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride!
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave and good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was like to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the spot where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!

From "Poems by H. F. Gould."

Mary Dow.

"Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half open door;
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
And she said, "I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.

"A penny a bunch is the price;
I think you'll not find it too much;
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

I asked, "what's your name, little girl?"
"'Tis Mary," she said, "Mary Dow,"
And carelessly tossed off a curl
That played o'er her delicate brow.

"My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore;
My mother is sad and will weep,
When she hears the wind blow and sea roar:

"She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.

"For every time that she tries,
Some things she'd be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

"I'd go to the yard and get chip;
But then it will make me so sad,
To see the men there building ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

"I have one other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet that's put up, to wear
To Meeting and Sunday School [illegible]

"I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of One, who's so wise and so good;
He knows every action and thought,
And gives even the raven his food.

"For He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust in his word.

"And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home full of joy to your nest;"
For I took all the matches she brought—
And Mary may tell you the rest.

The Wind.

So wistfully the wind doth moan
What doth it want of me?
It sweeps around the house with mournful tone,
As if it fain would flee
From its wide wanderings sad and lone:—
Come woful wind—I will love thee!

Swiftly, swiftly the wind is blowing—
Wild wandering wind, where art thou going?
I know not where,
I go on forever—
I've no toil or care,
Yet rest I never.
Ah, woful wind—thou art like me—
Dost thou not strive from thyself to flee?

Rochester Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

Prospectus for Vol. 15, commencing in Jan., 1843.

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Rochester, October, 1842.

Marriages.

In this city, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Daniel Brown to Miss Clarissa K. Royce, only daughter of Dr. P. A. Royce, of this city.

In this city, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Albert G. Hall, Mr. Simeon Frazer to Miss Catharine Fraser.

In Greece, on the 19th inst., by L. B. Langworthy, Esq. Mr. David Wheeler to Miss Ann Davis, both of Rochester, formerly of Sussex, England.

In Byron, on the 24th of November, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. Chauncey B. Brown to Miss Martha Vaughan, daughter of Elder Daniel C. Vaughan, of Byron.

Also, on the 15th inst., by Elder P. Belknap, Mr. Harvey Mansfield to Miss Charlotte M. Brown, all of Byron.

In Bridgeport, W. T., Nov. 14th, by Rev. J. R. Goodrich, Robert Samuel Hayward, formerly of this city, to Miss Clarinda Smith, daughter of Hoel S. Wright, Esq., of Bridgeport.

In Greece, on the 16th inst., by L. B. Langworthy, Esq., Mr. Hector Ball, of Clarkson, to Miss Harriet Pruyne, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, by the Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, on the 7th inst., Richard T. Holmes to Eliza Seymour Jackson, daughter of Amasa Jackson, deceased, late of the city of New York.

At Naples, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. G. T. Everest, James L. Monier to Miss Margaret Andrews.

In Brighton, on Sunday evening, the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Jacob Morrison, to Miss Matilda D. Rothgangal, all of this city

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. B. Holmes, Mr. Miles K. Church, to Miss Catharine Hendrickson, all of Richland, New York.

In Cambria, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Oaks, Thomas M. Webster, Esq., of Middleport, to Miss Sarah A. Webber, of Cambria, both formerly of Lockport.

In Locke, Cayuga co., on the 22d ult., by Levi Henry, Esq., Mr. Seth Stevens, Esq., of Harford, Cortland co., to Miss Sylvia Heath, daughter of Benjamin Heath, Esq., of the former place. [This interesting marriage took place after nineteen years and four months courtship. Mr. Stevens is a man of 61 years of age, and the fair bride 51.—The young bridegroom has visited his bride once a month during the above mentioned [illegible] which amounts to 232 visits, a distance of 20 miles, which will make 9280 miles travel, which occupied [illegible] days. A cheap wife. Much love and long life.—[Cortland Democrat.